

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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THE LAMENT OF THE COVENANT, 1876.*

"*Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus.*"
BURSCHLIED.

WE built of old a stately house,
Its pillars were a people's vows, —
The sun is set !

Our house was glorious in its day :
We were not worthy there to stay, —
Its sun is set.

God's sun on moor and hill arose ;
Screamed in its face the kites and crows,
And round our towers the eagles came,
With beak of blood and wing of flame, —
Whene'er it set.

Our holy house they stained with blood,
They tore apart its carven wood :
The kings we died for trode us down,
The land we loved forgot its own, —
The sun is set.

The house we built in days of old,
With bars of iron, with bands of gold,
That house has vanished, bars and bands ;
O for a house not made with hands, —
In Scotland yet !

We turn from all that's past and done,
We look to an eternal Sun, —
That shall not set.

Not in the Stewart or the Guelph,
Our Covenant stands in God himself.
Behold, a house comes down from heaven,
Behold, a house by God is given, —
To Scotland yet !

The house we loved of old was clay ;
Fashioned by man, it passed away.
Man's walls of clay must fall aside,
God's true house evermore abide, —
Scotland yet !

We loved our Covenant-house, because
It mirrored God's eternal laws ;
That ancient form among us stood,
A passing image of the good.
We hold the old, we hold the new,
We cling to the eternal true, —
Scotland yet !

From hill and moor the shadows fly,
A better morning floods the sky ;
Above our house, with broken bands,
Stretches a house not made with hands, —
In Scotland yet !

* The Cameronian or "Reformed Presbyterian" Kirk — the most ancient and intensely national of all the fragments of Scotch Presbytery — after remaining separate on the ground of the Covenant for two hundred years, unites this year with the Free Kirk. The union is fixed for Thursday, the 25th of May.

And though that house no more is here,
Its very dust to us is dear ;
Their bones who built its walls of old
Have long since crumbled into mould, —
Their sun is set.

But may our hands forget their skill,
When we forget
Graves that are green on every hill, —
Of Scotland yet !
ONE OF THE HILL-FOLK.
Craigh-au-Righ, May 16. Spectator.

A BALLAD OF PAST MERIDIAN.

I.

ONE night returning from my twilight walk
I met the grey mist Death, whose eyeless brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of chalk
He reached me flowers as from a withered bough :
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest thou !

II.

Death said, "I gather," and pursued his way.
Another stood by me, a shape in stone,
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with breasts
of clay,
And metal veins that sometimes fiery shone :
O Life, how naked and how hard when known !

III.

Life said, "As thou hast carved me," such
am I.
Then memory, like the nightjar on the pine,
And sightless hope, a woodlark in night sky,
Joined notes of Death and Life till night's de-
cline :
Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes are
mine.

Fortnightly Review. GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE DEATH OF THE VIOLET.

O GENTLE sunbeam ! in that quiet time
When I lay still in the expectant earth
I felt thy touch, and bit by bit my life
Unfolded in the glow of thy soft smile ;
And when the spring was clothed in fresh
green

I trembled, and sprang out to meet thy kiss.
O cruel sunbeam ! I can bear no more
The glory of thy light ; for I fade fast,
And thou dost scorch me with thy fiercer heat.
The roses kiss thee now, and gaudier flowers
Bask in thy lavished gold. Farewell, farewell !
Only my sighs remain, and their perfume
Shall tell of my past sweetness ; while my
tears,

Glistening at night when thou art gone, shall
help
Some fairer flowers to bloom and gladden
thee.

Tinsley's Magazine.

E. N. G.

From The Westminster Review.

THE INTELLECTUAL REVIVAL OF THE
MIDDLE AGES.*

UNLIKE the previous volumes of the International Scientific Series, the new work of Dr. Draper, entitled "The Conflict of Science and Religion," addresses itself to a literary and historical subject. The author commences by briefly sketching the state of the Hellenic mind in the age of Alexander, the conquests of that monarch, and the effect upon the Greeks of a more extended acquaintance with foreign lands, and a more intimate connection with Oriental nations. Thence he passes to an account of the Alexandrian Library and Museum, of the scientific discoveries which have immortalized that renowned seat of learning, and of the wealth, luxury, and scepticism of the Roman Empire in the first centuries of our era. The rise of Christianity, the decline of the empire, the decay of genius and of knowledge, and its probable causes, are next considered. He then reviews with rather more fulness the early history of Islam and the growth of the Saracenic power, devoting a considerable space to the progress of Arabian learning, and its influence upon the European mind. The revival of that mind, the vain efforts of the Church to retain her empire, the gradual advance and diffusion of scientific truth, and the present conflict between enlightenment and orthodoxy, afford materials for the remainder of the work. From this imperfect sketch our readers may conceive the magnitude of the subject, which is virtually the history of the human mind during twenty-two centuries. Dr. Draper is a gentleman of high literary and scientific distinction, well known on both sides of the Atlantic by several excellent works, and well fitted for this theme by reason of his twofold knowledge of nature and of history. Whether the present volume will add to his reputation we are unable to say. It wants neither extensive reading, nor original reflection. It is written in a lively and interesting style; but the mind is dissatisfied by the treatment, always cursory, and sometimes inaccurate, of a subject

which deserves and would require the varied learning of Buckle, the judicial impartiality of Hallam, and the concise yet clear and majestic eloquence of Gibbon.

It would, however, be unjust to blame the author for the painful necessity of bringing his work within the compass of a single small octavo, or to deny that, even in its present cramped state, it suggests many new and interesting reflections. The most satisfactory portion is that which relates to the period intervening between the fall of the Western Empire and the outbreak of the Reformation — a period whose history, full of the most valuable instruction, seems to have been either perverted or misunderstood by the most gifted and penetrating writers. It has been the fashion to represent the Church throughout the Middle Age as the preserver of learning, the friend of civilization, and the parent of all that was elevated or beautiful in that gloomy time. Few who have read Macaulay's splendid, though, alas! unfinished "History of England," will forget the noble passage where, with all the impetuous ardour and gorgeous eloquence of his peerless style, he urges this strange theory to its utmost extent, and even struggles to prove the beneficial effect of the monasteries, the pilgrimages, and the crusades which were the fruit of mediæval piety. He looks with complacency on that Church which established the most grinding of all intellectual slaveries, which constantly encroached on the rights of states and individuals, and which awarded the crown of virtue, not to active and useful merit, but to misdirected liberality and degrading asceticism. The perusal of the work before us confirms an opinion which we had long ventured to entertain, that, on the contrary, the Church was sometimes hostile, and almost always culpably indifferent, to the promotion of learning; that Europe, beneath her undisputed rule, made scarcely any progress in civilization; and that the revival which followed the year 1000 owed its origin to the Saracens of Asia, of Africa, and, above all, of Andalusia. But as this unfortunate opinion is neither venerable on account of its antiquity, nor rendered orthodox by a numerous body of

* *The Conflict of Science and Religion.* By Dr. DRAPER, LL.D. London. 1875.

supporters, nor gilded by the splendors of classic eloquence, we shall perhaps be forgiven if we venture to urge a few certain and well-known facts in support of so audacious and unpalatable a theory.

If the strength of a religion is to be measured, not by the number and intelligence of its professors, but by their unquestioning faith and ardent devotion, the close of the seventh century is perhaps the era at which Catholicism reached the full maturity of power. Not only did she reign without a rival in all the countries which had once been united beneath the Roman sway, she had annexed Ireland, an island in former times severed by a lonely ocean from the rest of mankind, and Caledonia, whose fierce mountaineers had, during many generations, successfully resisted the imperial armies. The Arian heresy had been completely crushed in France, Spain, Italy, and the Byzantine Empire. Justinian had extinguished with pious cruelty the last relics of the Greek religion and the Greek philosophy. During three centuries the hoarded wealth of the ancient world had been showered with an unsparing hand on the Church and her ministers. We learn from Ammianus that in the reign of Valentinian I., the table of the Roman pontiff surpassed in luxury and elegance that of the emperor himself. The same monarch found it necessary to incapacitate the clergy from receiving those legacies which were so frequently bequeathed to them by wealthy saints, especially of the fair sex. But his successors, by their laws and example, rather stimulated than checked this dangerous munificence. On the Church of St. Sophia alone, Justinian expended at least one million sterling; the columns were of marble, porphyry, and jasper, crowned with capitals of gilded bronze; the walls and cupola were encrusted with gorgeous mosaics; the sanctuary contained forty thousand pounds' weight of silver; and the vases for the use of the altar were of pure gold, adorned with the richest gems. Nor was this the only instance of his piety: he erected twenty-five churches in Constantinople and its suburbs, covered the provinces with temples and monasteries, presided in the

synods, persecuted the heretics, and augmented the privileges of the orthodox clergy. Whatever portion of the consecrated treasures had been lost by the Arian heresy, must have been recovered with large increase on the extinction of that schism. But the Gothickings spared the wealth of the Catholic clergy, and, even in the sack of Rome, Alaric respected the massy gold plate destined for the altar of St. Peter.

The number and organization of the clergy, both regular and secular, were not inferior to their wealth. In the reign of Constantine, eighteen hundred bishops governed the spiritual provinces of the Roman Empire; the inferior ministers were proportionally numerous; and their discipline and obedience were far more complete than could be found among the servants of the civil power. Yet even they seem few in comparison with the recluses, whose mode of life, originally introduced from India, soon met with general favor in every Christian country. Although Egypt was the chief home of these ascetics, they were distributed over the whole Western world, from Syria to the Hebrides. Five thousand inhabited the Desert of Nitria, fourteen hundred occupied the Island of Tabenne in the Upper Thebais, and the city of Oxyrinchus contained the astonishing number of twenty thousand monks, and ten thousand nuns. The rocky islets that rise above the waves of the Mediterranean, our own and the adjoining countries were filled with these brethren, whose multitude may be conceived from the fact, that the monastery of Bangor once contained more than two thousand votaries. In the severity of their penance, as much as in their numbers, the monks of that age excelled their degenerate successors; the followers of Antony and Pachomius refrained from the use of meat, and considered bathing a sinful luxury, whilst other anchorites carried their humility to the extent of literally grazing in the fields.

The natural consequence of the advantages possessed by the clergy was that they became the most influential order in the Christian world. A pontiff seated on the throne of Rome or Alexandria, armed

with the spiritual thunders, and strong in the reverent affection of an immense capital, was often able to defy the feeble successor of Constantine. Heretics and idolators were taught by frightful experience to what a degree the hierarchy controlled the legislation of every orthodox state. The Arians, Nestorians, and Jacobites; the Samaritans of Palestine, the Jews of Spain, and the heathens of northern Germany were persecuted with unrelenting cruelty; death was inflicted by Charlemagne on those who refused baptism or ventured to eat meat in Lent, and the laws of Alfred chastise idolatry with all the rigour of the Mosaic code.

The professed business of every priesthood is to guard the piety and morals of true believers, pure and undefiled; and in addition to these onerous duties, the care of education, as we are informed by the highest authority, has always belonged to the Catholic Church as her especial province. When we remember this, and remember also the zeal and numbers, the wealth, the leisure, and the careful organization of the clergy, our imagination is filled with a splendid scene of intellectual activity. We picture to ourselves the stately colleges, the innumerable schools, the vast libraries, and the well-equipped institutions for scientific research which must have been the fruit of such riches and genius devoted to the cause of human improvement. We seem to see discoverers who eclipse the profane glories of Alexandria, learned scholars publishing magnificent editions of the classics, historians and philosophers enriching mankind with the most permanent and valuable of all earthly treasures. We turn to the real history of those ages; and darkness covers the face of the earth. The clergy appear eager to extend their sway over the minds and bodies of men, but not at all anxious to use the dominion thus obtained for the intellectual welfare of their flocks. Gregory the Great sternly rebuked a bishop who had the impious audacity to teach grammar and to study the Latin poets, and it could hardly be expected that any of his brethren should excel the wisdom of a pontiff and a saint. How much progress the Christian world

was likely to make under such teachers the candid inquirer may judge for himself. But the results of ecclesiastical supremacy will best be understood by recalling to mind, however imperfectly, the general state of Europe from the beginning of the seventh to the close of the tenth century.

Our first attention is due to the Eastern Empire, the most ancient, extensive, and civilized of the Christian states. The spacious territories from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, which formed the wealthy inheritance of the Byzantine emperor, were divided into sixty-four provinces, and adorned with nine hundred and thirty-five cities. To these fair dominions the victories of Belisarius had united the southern half of Italy, Sicily, and almost the whole province of Africa. By the labours of Tribonian and his colleagues, a code, incomparably the most perfect yet devised by human ingenuity, had been elaborated from the confused mass of Roman jurisprudence. In the splendour of its capital, the revenue annually poured into its treasury, and the pomp of court and Church, the Greek Empire surpassed every other state of Europe and perhaps of Asia. The useful arts were still practised with diligence and success. But these fading glories could not veil the progress of a rapid and incurable decay. A weak, wasteful, and arbitrary government, despised by its enemies, distrusted by its allies, hated by its subjects, paralyzed the national strength and exhausted the national resources. Trade was burthened with heavy exactions, the administration of justice was corrupt, offices were sold in the palace itself, and, whilst rapacious favourites accumulated vast wealth, the soldiers and sailors were left without pay or provisions. Province after province was rent by victorious invaders from the once dreaded Roman Empire. The capital was thrice besieged in the space of a single century. In conjunction with these national misfortunes were a decay and stagnation of the intellect such as can hardly be credited. Philosophy, after passing through a tedious period of decline, had been forcibly extinguished by the despotic bigotry of Justinian. The eloquence and poetry of Athens had long

since followed her liberty and virtue. With Procopius disappeared the last Greek historian worthy of the name. A magnificent, though clumsy, style of architecture flourished on the wealth of the empire; but in the land of Phidias and Apelles we might long search in vain for a painter or sculptor of even average merit. Science, the first department of knowledge to feel the blighting influence of tyranny and superstition, had absolutely retrograded. The ridiculous fables which Procopius, a traveller and a scholar, relates about Britain, show in the most striking manner the decline of geographical knowledge since the days of Constantine. In the opinion of his contemporaries the world was an oblong plane four hundred days' journey in length, two hundred in width; they adopted the Homeric idea of a surrounding ocean, denied the existence of more than one temperate zone, and piously rejected the heathen absurdities of Ptolemy. But the culmination of folly was reached by a geographer named Cosmas, who says, in a passage quoted by Dr. Draper, that "the plane of the earth is not set exactly horizontally, but with a little inclination from the north; hence the Euphrates, Tigris, and other rivers running southward, are rapid; but the Nile, having to run uphill, has necessarily a very slow current."

Still even the decaying civilization of the Greek Empire derives an accidental splendour from its contrast with the absolute and unmitigated barbarism of the West. The wars, indeed, consequent on the fall of the Roman power had at length come to a close. Throughout the greater part of what had once been Gaul, the dominion of the Franks was firmly established; the rich plains of northern Italy were held by the Lombards; the Goths ruled over Spain in luxurious tranquillity; and the Angles and Saxons possessed the fairest districts of Britain. Yet, in spite of this comparatively peaceful state of affairs, no general and sustained improvement is noticeable until the beginning of the eleventh century. Layman and clerk, prince and peasant, were almost equally destitute of the most rudimentary knowledge. "In almost every council," says Hallam, "the ignorance of the clergy forms a subject for reproach. It is asserted by one held in 992, that scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest of a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of saluta-

tion to another. In England, Alfred declares that he could not recollect a single priest south of the Thames (the most civilized part of England), at the time of his accession, who understood the ordinary prayers, or could translate Latin into his mother tongue. Nor was this better in the time of Dunstan, when, it is said, none of the clergy knew how to write or translate a Latin letter." It would be rather interesting to know how these holy men could have performed the sacrifice of the mass, administered the sacraments, or pursued their theological studies whilst thus unacquainted with the language of Jerome and Ambrose, of Augustine and Lactantius. As all schools and libraries were then attached to monasteries or cathedrals, and as no places of instruction for secular purposes then existed, the laity were, if possible, more ignorant than the clergy. Charlemagne, the restorer of the Western Empire, the patron of learning, was unable to write; Pope Sylvester, the only philosopher of the time in Italy, was accounted a magician by his illiterate countrymen; and Alfred himself with difficulty translated the pastoral instruction of St. Gregory. After such instances of barbarism as these, it need scarcely be said that the literature of the dark ages is lamentably wanting in extent and fulness, and that its best specimens are characterized by poverty of style and matter, by the utter absence of the critical faculty, and by a miserable want of original thought or expression. During this long period of more than four centuries, the West, in the opinion of Hallam, produced only two men of real literary genius, and it is a remarkable fact that both were obliged to seek in distant lands the cultivation unknown at home. The first of these, John Scotus, the celebrated Irish metaphysician, resided for some time in Greece, and there studied the Oriental philosophy; the other, Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., acquired in the schools of Cordova that mathematical knowledge by which he has gained a just celebrity.

Some authors who ought to have known better have extolled in unmeasured terms the virtue and piety of the dark ages; but a very slight acquaintance with history will lead the impartial critic to form a far different judgment. The practice of exporting slaves hence to Ireland prevailed until the reign of Henry II.; the Venetians carried on a lucrative trade in human beings with the Saracens, and the prohibitory law of Carloman shows that the French were no less guilty in this respect.

Could anything be more immoral than the customs of judicial perjury, of private war, of plundering travellers, and even of selling them as slaves unless a ransom were forthcoming? Frequent complaints are made by the writers of that age of the lewdness which disgraced convents and monasteries, pilgrims and crusaders. Yet the virtues which excite their loudest applause are a childish veneration of saints and relics, the liberal endowment of religious foundations, and a fanatical hatred for all outside the pale of the true Church. "Robert, king of France," says Hallam, "perceiving how frequently men forswore themselves upon the relics of saints, and less shocked, apparently, at the crime than at the sacrilege, caused an empty reliquary of crystal to be used, that those who touched it might incur less guilt in fact, though not in intention." At Toulouse it was the custom to give a blow on the face to a Jew every Easter, and at Beziers to attack the houses of these unfortunate infidels with stones. In a much more enlightened age St. Louis sought the salvation of his own soul and those of his ancestors by remitting one-third of the debts owed by Christians to Jews, and exhorted his lay friends never to argue with pagans, but instead to run them through with their swords. Nor could there be a more ludicrous instance of superstition than the use, as modes of determining guilt or innocence, of the ordeal, the decision by the cross and the judicial combat, which, although of Germanic origin, were during the dark ages uniformly sanctioned by the Church.

The physical condition of western Europe in that age was in accordance with her intellectual and moral state. These countries, so flourishing under the Roman domination, had almost relapsed into a state of nature; the greater part of their surface was covered with vast forests, morasses, and bogs; and although the population was exceedingly thin, the inhabitants suffered frequently from scarcity. Out of the seventy-three years occupied by the reigns of Hugh Capet and his two successors, forty-eight were years of famine, and from 1015 to 1020 every country in western Europe was destitute of bread. Contemporary authors relate that in these famines mothers ate their children, children their parents, and that human flesh was exposed for sale, although not without some attempt to conceal its real nature. The total population of England at the Conquest seems not to have exceeded one million and a half; at the compilation

of Domesday-Book York contained only seven thousand inhabitants, and London in the reign of Stephen could not boast of more than forty thousand. Germany, until the age of Charlemagne, contained no towns except a few Roman cities on the Rhine and Danube. The public buildings were generally insignificant, the private dwellings generally miserable. Amongst us the art of erecting structures in brick was forgotten until reintroduced in the fourteenth century. Manufactures were only carried to the extent absolutely required by human wants. Leather was extensively used as a material for clothing. So late as the reign of Frederick II. the Italians of the middle class were unacquainted with the luxuries of wooden-handled knives or tallow candles. It would be unnecessary to dwell on the state of commerce, for the essentials of its existence, the strict enforcement of a uniform code, the facilities for cheap and easy transit of goods and passengers, and the resources of accumulated capital were so utterly wanting as to render it of no importance in the economy of nations.

When we compare the state of Europe during the above-mentioned period with the magnificent picture of wealth, order, and refinement which it presented even in the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine, we are naturally led to inquire what was the cause of so mournful a change. The enfeeblement of the human mind which is seen in progress so early as the death of Augustus, and the ruin and desolation wrought by the barbarian conquests must be regarded as the direct and primary causes. But the more fully the history of that period is considered, the more evident does it appear that these alone were inadequate. In the first place, the sterility of mind characteristic of the Roman Empire in its later days should have been corrected by a large infusion of fresh and vigorous blood. The blending of the Græco-Latin, the Celtic, and the Teutonic races should have produced, and did, as history shows, actually produce, a family of nations gifted with such capabilities for art, for literature, and for science as in ancient times had been found in Hellas, and in Hellas alone. Secondly, the barbarians do not appear to have been the cruel and licentious conquerors they have been depicted by the prejudice or imagination of ancient writers. The ravages of the Huns were indeed terrible, but they were transient, and the empire of these savages collapsed with the death of Attila. There is reason to believe that many ex-

cesses were committed by the Vandals in Africa, and still more by the heathen conquerors in Britain. But the Goths, who subdued Gaul, Italy, and Spain, appear to have been earnest Christians, upright and virtuous in their lives, and not without knowledge of Roman literature or veneration for Roman antiquities. Illustrations of this character may be seen in the conduct of Alaric after the capture of Rome and Athens, and in the glorious and beneficent reign of Theodoric in Italy. This enlightened monarch restored the authority of the Roman laws, established order and security throughout his dominions, enforced an impartial and universal toleration, and, beside repairing the monuments of the empire, himself erected many great works of public utility. Undoubtedly he was a man of rare virtue and talent; yet the same spirit of moderation and humanity is more or less visible in the conduct of other Gothic kings, and Mariana confesses that his countrymen, wearied with Roman oppression, hailed as a relief the yoke of the barbarians. It must always be borne in mind that our authorities for this period are almost all orthodox, and therefore cannot be trusted to do justice to Arian virtue.

Whilst, therefore, making the fullest allowance for the working of these causes, we cannot admit that they were alone sufficient to produce that murky night of ignorance which darkened the Christian world for four centuries, and which, during as long a period, maintained a doubtful conflict with the dawn of light.

A third cause largely contributed. Much, very much, was undoubtedly due to the Church—that organization which alone remained erect and intact amid the ruins of the empire and the devastations of the barbarians, to which all looked for guidance, and before which the proudest barbarian cowered, on which rested the obligation, and which alone possessed the means, intellectual and material, to protect her children from the growing ills of a state so wretched. Yet this Church sat for four hundred years, without making one corporate effort to mitigate the ever-deepening gloom, though all the time quite busied about her rights and her power, her monies and her privileges.

Whilst Europe, after a thousand years of intellectual supremacy, was sinking rapidly into this abyss, a mighty revolution was already taking place amongst the despised barbarians of Arabia. Although the character, life, and teaching of Mohammed have a direct and important

bearing on our subject, they form a theme far too extensive and far too well-investigated for cursory treatment. After centuries of misrepresentation, after appearing in the drama of Voltaire as a fiend who disguised the most atrocious schemes of ambition and revenge under the hypocritical mask of piety, and after being described by Southey as a stupid and mischievous impostor, the Arabian prophet has at length met with discerning and impartial criticism. The work lately published on Islam and its founder, by a clergyman of the Church of England, is a most striking instance of this enlarged and tolerant spirit. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that no religion has ever been more rapidly propagated, or more stubbornly upheld, than Mohammedanism, and that perhaps none, after an existence of more than twelve centuries, can boast of having equally retained its primitive vigour and simplicity. Within the ten years which elapsed between the Hegira and his death, the whole of Arabia acknowledged the temporal and spiritual supremacy of Mohammed; within one hundred years after his death, his successor ruled over the nations of the earth, from the mouth of the Indus to that of the Douro, and from the Caspian Gates to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. Without reaching any remarkable age, one who in his boyhood had seen the prophet a helpless and lonely fugitive, on the road to Medina, might behold his successor on the throne of Damascus, sending one army to besiege Constantinople, another to subdue Mauritania, and a third to invade the regions beyond the Oxus, whilst his fleets swept the Mediterranean, and his treasury was filled by the tribute of Persia and Syria, Egypt and Arabia.

The narration of these conquests belongs to the historian; but there is one celebrated incident, the alleged destruction of the Alexandrian Library, which demands a moment's notice. Gibbon has urged with great force the arguments against its truth; the silence of contemporary authors, both Christian and Moslem, the inconsistency of this act with the teaching of the Islamite casuists, and the probability that the library no longer existed. That part of this famous collection which had been deposited in the royal palace was destroyed with the building in Cæsar's Alexandrine War; and although renewed by Antony, it is uncertain whether it escaped the fate of the edifice, which perished a second time in the reign of Gallienus. The remainder, which

was placed in the Serapeum, was certainly destroyed by Theophilus, the Christian bishop of Alexandria, and uncle of St. Cyril, in the reign of Theodosius, A.D. 389. Such is the power of bigotry that the vandalism of this prelate is suppressed by almost every historian, while the fiercest invective is hurled against the unfortunate Omar, the Arabs and Islam in general, on the strength of a very doubtful anecdote. But several subsequent Mohammedan writers are said to confirm the usually received version of this story, and in such a case great importance may be attached to their testimony. It therefore remains an open question, whether the library was destroyed by the Arabs, but it is certain that it could not have been large or valuable, nor does it seem likely that the conflagration would have caused any serious loss to mankind.

The stability of the vast Arabian empire was secured by colonies, such as Cufa, Bassora, and Cairoan, which were planted throughout its whole extent, by the alliance of the Jews, Nestorians, and Jacobites, and by the intermarriage of the dominant race with the conquered nations. Brought into close contact with the most civilized portions of mankind, a people naturally so intelligent and inquisitive as the Arabs, began to make rapid progress. Under the caliph Abdelmelik, a mint was first established, a step which, like every improvement in every age and country, was met by resistance on the part of some stupid fanatics. Walid, who reigned in the beginning of the eighth century, and whose palace was adorned with the spoils of Bokhara and Toledo, was a liberal patron of Saracenic architecture. The order and discipline of regular warfare, and the refined life of great cities, alike contributed to polish and restrain the rude native of the desert. Nor is it probable that the successful resistance of Constantinople, or the Frankish victory of Tours, could have stayed the torrent of Arabian invasion, had the Moslems preserved internal unity and concord. It was the memorable civil war between the houses of Abbas and Omeya which divided the empire, and moderated the ambition of the Saracens. The Abbasides obtained the sovereignty of Asia and Africa, and founded the splendid capital of Baghdad on a spot which the experience of twelve centuries had proved a natural seat of empire. Spain consoled the last of the Omeiyades for the defeat and slaughter of his kindred.

The rivalry of the two dynasties, and

the cessation of conquest, directed the energies of the people into a nobler channel, where they acquired a glory, and exercised an influence which have survived their empire, and will survive their religion. With an impetuosity such as they had displayed in their martial career, the Saracens applied themselves to the study of every branch of human knowledge, real or imaginary, minute or important, abstract or concrete. At the date of the Hegira they had been a barbarous race, skilled only in war; in the short space of two centuries they became the most refined and intellectual people of the Middle Ages.

In every study the essential preliminary is to acquire whatever has hitherto been known concerning the subject. All of Greek literature that yet survived the neglect or vandalism of centuries, was eagerly sought after by the Saracens, especially scientific and philosophic works, which were translated with elaborate commentaries. Whether the Greek poets were translated, is a disputed point which has been generally decided in the negative. Almamun, seventh caliph of Baghdad, had agents to collect the treasures of Greek learning in Armenia, Syria, and Egypt, and even extorted from the Byzantine emperor a library which contained the *Μεγάλη Σύνταξις* of Ptolemy. Hakem II., of Cordova, had collectors in Egypt, Syria, Irak, and Persia. He requested all men of eminence to send him their works, and employed others to compose fresh ones on history and science; and no present was so agreeable to him as that of a book. In this manner the Saracenic kings formed libraries of unparalleled size and number. That of Hakem amounted to six hundred thousand volumes, of which forty-four were employed in the mere catalogue. Upwards of seventy public libraries were established in his dominions. One hundred thousand volumes were numbered in the library of Cairo, and were freely lent to the studious citizen. The taste of the sovereign communicated itself to the subject, and a private doctor declared that his books were sufficient to load four hundred camels.

Nor were the Saracens less attentive to the foundation of schools and colleges. Eighty of the latter institutions adorned Cordova in the reign of Hakem; in the fifteenth century fifty were scattered over the city and plain of Granada. Two hundred thousand dinars (about £100,000 sterling) were expended on the foundation of a single college at Baghdad. It was endowed with an annual revenue of fifteen

thousand dinars, and was attended by six thousand students. The princes of the house of Omeya honored the Spanish academies by their presence and studies, and competed not without success, for the prizes of learning. Numerous schools for the purpose of elementary instruction were founded by a long series of monarchs. Even our own age and country might derive a lesson in tolerance from the conduct of Haroun Al Raschid, who placed a Nestorian at the head of the system of schools he had organized throughout his empire. In this manner the Arabians, within two centuries, constructed an apparatus for mental improvement which hitherto had not been equalled save in Alexandria, and to which the Church, after ruling the intellect of Europe for more than five hundred years, could offer no parallel.

Whilst thus exploring the mines of ancient wisdom, the Saracens were no less actively engaged in the formation of a new and splendid literature, whose mutilated fragments still excite the respect and admiration of European scholars. That literature appears to have been remarkable for its bulk, the multitude of the topics treated, and the care bestowed by authors on finish and elegance of style — qualities which especially distinguish the writings of the Spanish Arabs, in whom culminated the intellectual powers of their race. Cordova, Malaga, Almeria, and Murcia, alone produced above three hundred authors; women and blind men contributed to the literary riches of their country; and a single individual published one thousand and fifty treatises on subjects so extensive and so various, as ethics, history, law, and medicine. For the purpose of a brief sketch, it will, however, be convenient to divide the works of Arabian genius into three classes, according as their subjects belong to the domain of philosophy, of science, or of what is incorrectly termed literature as separate from these.

A taste for high and mystic speculation has always characterized the inhabitants of Asia, amongst whom the six great religions of the earth have originated, and still exist in a more or less flourishing condition. Nor were the Arabs an exception to this rule. Such was the ardour with which they entered on the path of philosophic study, that their treatises on logic and metaphysics form a ninth part of that celebrated collection which moulders in the gloomy halls of the Escorial. They chose Aristotle as their master, probably because his system had fewer

local peculiarities, and more affinity with the Oriental mind than that of any other Greek writer. Through the Saracens he was made known to the Latin Christians, who for many generations were incapable of reading his works in the original language. In some respects, the excessive veneration entertained for Aristotle was injurious to the Arabian intellect, since the pleasing fields of original research were abandoned for the barren trade of the commentator. But the Moslem sages, thus trained to reason and reflect, were led to perceive the fallacies of the national creed, and to adopt one more consistent and elevated. A variety of pantheism — a belief always congenial to the educated Asiatic mind, which conceives the human soul as emanating from and absorbed into the infinite intelligence — met with very general favor. The halls where Averroes and his brethren lectured have long since been levelled with the dust; their works are only studied by the learned and curious; but they were the first to diffuse through mediæval Europe that sceptical and inquiring spirit to which we owe the blessings of freedom and science.

From their study of Grecian literature the Saracens derived not merely a large store of scientific knowledge, but, what was infinitely more valuable, that sound method of investigation which had been used with such effect by Hipparchus and Archimedes. The experimental method, neglected in Athens and Ionia, had been developed in the schools of Alexandria, and had fructified in many splendid discoveries. By the Arabs it was drawn from obscurity, and again employed in the study of physics, and it again enriched mankind with results which heralded its crowning glory in the hands of Newton and Galileo. Mathematics, the queen of sciences, was ardently cultivated by the Saracens, who introduced, though they did not invent, the numerals which still bear their name, and enlarged the study of algebra by several important discoveries, including the solution of quadratic and cubic equations. Trigonometry, both plane and spherical, was familiar to the Arabians, who substituted sines for chords, and first gave the science its modern form. Al Mansur, the founder of Baghdad, himself studied astronomy. Al Mamun, in spite of orthodox denunciation, caused a degree of a great circle of the earth to be measured by his astronomers, and thereby proved that our planet is a sphere twenty-four thousand miles in circumfer-

ence. This great discovery is the more striking, inasmuch as Columbus, nearly seven centuries later, based his scheme of reaching India across the Atlantic on a false estimate of the magnitude of the globe. During several centuries the various celestial phenomena, such as eclipses, equinoxes, solstices, conjunctions of planets, and occultations of stars were carefully observed, and various minor errors of ancient writers on this subject corrected. A celebrated instance of the skill of the Persian astronomers in the eleventh century is afforded by their reformation of the calendar five hundred years before a similar improvement was executed in Europe. By the Arabs, the pendulum was first employed for the measurement of time, and the numerous observatories which studded their vast empire were the earliest buildings of the kind with which we are acquainted. But their real discoveries were blended with the mysterious nonsense of astrology, a science little honored by modern Europe, though dear to the Oriental nations of every age.

Mechanics and hydrostatics were much developed by the industry of the Saracens, who wrote treatises on the flotation and sinking of bodies in water, constructed tables of specific gravities, and had some general notions of the immortal discovery of Newton. The science of optics was placed on a sure foundation by the correction of the Greek error that rays proceed from the eye to the object, instead of from the object to the eye. Alhazen further proved that the path of a ray of light through the air is curvilinear, and that we see the sun and moon before they have risen and after they have set. Chemistry is, however, the only science which owes its origin to the Arabs. The invention of the alembic, the preparation of mineral medicines, the discovery of the relation between acids and alkalies, and of the reagents sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and alcohol, are all due to them. The revival of the medical art was a natural corollary of this extraordinary progress in physical science, especially in chemistry. An excellent regulation, then and long after unknown in Christian Europe, compelled the student to prove his knowledge by passing an examination, and rewarded with authority to practise the successful candidates, who must have been numerous, since Baghdad alone contained eight hundred and sixty licensed physicians. Nor can we have a more decisive testimony to the skill of the Arabians than the fact that

they gained frequent admission to the proud and bigoted courts of southern Europe.

Although keenly pursuing the intricate and stony paths of philosophy and science, the Arabs did not neglect the lighter and more graceful branches of literature. In the days of ignorance, as they were called, the nation had cultivated eloquence and poetry with considerable success, and the latter remained the favorite amusement of their period of civilization. This remark applies especially to the Spanish Arabs, amongst whom the poetical talent seems to have been universally diffused, from the magnificent sovereigns of Cordova and Granada to the humblest peasant. Their muse was not indeed grand or sublime, for the epic and the drama were unknown, but it was exquisitely tender, melancholy, and voluptuous. As the Arabs studied Greek literature chiefly through the medium of translations, and were but slightly acquainted with the Greek poets, the progress of learning and civilization effected little change in this art, and the strains which resounded through the marble palaces of Cairo and Damascus were but little removed from those which during a hundred generations have cheered the monotonous life of the desert. With poetry we may class those innumerable tales and novels of which the "Arabian Nights" is the best-known specimen, and which, in spite of frequently recurring extravagance and absurdities, display no mean degree of wit and imagination.

The Arabian historians are, on the whole, more remarkable for their number than their merit. Spain alone is said to have given birth to thirteen hundred. But the absence of criticism or philosophy, the adulation so freely bestowed upon very indifferent princes, and the narrow-minded orthodoxy of these writers degrade them to the level of mere annalists, and render their perusal tedious and disagreeable to the modern reader.

The consequence of this mental activity, especially in science, was a great advance in those humble but necessary arts which directly contribute to the happiness of mankind. Irrigation, so essential to the fertility of southern lands, was practised with remarkable care, and afforded the means of subsistence to a dense population in tracts now returned to almost primeval solitude. Many valuable plants, such as the palm-tree, the cotton-plant, and the sugar-cane, were introduced by the Arabians into Spain, and their match-

less breed of horses was naturalized in the provinces of Africa and Andalusia. Gunpowder was used by them upwards of two centuries before it was known to the Christians, and specimens of their cotton and linen paper so early as 1009 and 1106 have been discovered by Casiri. The sword-blades of Toledo, Fery, and Damascus, the silks and cotton of Granada, and the leather of Cordova and Morocco, were all unsurpassed during the Middle Ages. Mining was prosecuted with such energy that five thousand excavations of the Saracenic period have been discovered in the small district of Jaen alone, and the revenue of the Spanish caliphs was swelled by an abundant yield of the precious metals.

This laborious development of every natural advantage produced a wealth and splendor which would justly be deemed fabulous, were they not attested by numerous contemporary historians.

After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty million sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanserais, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the revenue of a province, a sum of two million four hundred thousand gold dinars, before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune.

From a few particulars relating to the condition of Spain, we may conceive the grandeur of that empire of which Spain was but a fragment. A census taken in the tenth century by Hakem II. of Cordova, represents that city as containing two hundred thousand houses, six hundred temples, and nine hundred baths. The grand mosque was supported by one thousand marble columns; the roof was of odoriferous wood, curiously carved, and the edifice was lighted for evening prayer by above two thousand lamps. Whatever could contribute to the beauty or convenience of the Spanish capital—quays, aqueducts, fountains, and hospitals—was liberally provided by the care of the Omeiyades. Three miles from the city, and

embowered in delightful gardens, rose the magnificent palace of Zahra, now vanished like a mist, but once the noblest monument of Arabian grandeur, famed for its fountain of purest quicksilver, its endless arcades of the richest marble, and its hall of audience encrusted with gold and gems. Eighty cities of the first, three hundred of the second order obeyed the caliph of the West; twelve thousand villages and hamlets studded the valley of the Guadalquivir; the annual revenue amounted to six million sterling, and the royal bodyguard consisted of twelve thousand horse gorgeously armed and equipped.

Even so late as the fifteenth century, the kingdom of Granada, in a space not larger than Belgium, displayed the strength and magnificence of a powerful empire. The capital was described by the Genoese as the largest fortified city they had visited. The massy walls were defended by one thousand and thirty towers; the larger of the two citadels could accommodate an army of forty thousand men, and the town could pour fifty thousand warriors through her seven gates. Tessellated pavements, fretted ceilings, fountains, and turrets of wood or marble adorned the lofty dwellings of the nobility. The streets, it is said, were paved and lighted—improvements rarely found in northern Europe even at a much later period. Strangers from every clime thronged the bazaars of Granada, and “such,” says a Spaniard quoted by Prescott, “was the reputation of the citizens for trustworthiness, that their bare word was more relied on than a written contract is now among us.” In a lesser degree, the great ports of Malaga and Almeria, which maintained an active trade with Italy, Africa, and the Levant, might boast an opulence similar to that of the metropolis. Schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, aqueducts, and even public slaughter-houses and ovens, were erected in great numbers by the wealthy princes of Granada, whose revenue amounted to one million gold ducats, or about eighteen hundred thousand pounds sterling. The preparations for war were equally extensive. Seven thousand horsemen were kept in pay on the peace establishment, and the fortresses of the kingdom were ten times as numerous as all that can now be found in the entire peninsula.

However fragmentary and incomplete the facts above mentioned may be, they at least serve to show the immense superiority of the Arabians at that period over all the neighboring communities. The next point to be considered is, what amount of

intercourse had the Saracens with European nations? Sicily was possessed by them for two centuries, and a gradually diminishing, but always considerable portion of Spain for seven hundred and eighty years. Amalfi, the first great commercial republic of Italy, was also the most southern, and the nearest to the Moslem dominions, with which she maintained a profitable trade. A writer of the twelfth century, says Hallam, reproaches Pisa with the Jews, the Arabians, and other "monsters of the sea" who thronged in her streets. And Hallam elsewhere tells us with regard to Venice, "No Christian state preserved so considerable an intercourse with the Mohammedans. While Genoa kept the keys of the Black Sea by her colonies of Pera and Caffa, Venice directed her vessels to Acre and Alexandria. These connections, as is the natural effect of trade, deadened the sense of religious antipathy; and the Venetians were sometimes charged with obstructing all efforts towards a new crusade, or even any partial attacks upon the Mohammedan nations." It appears that the Genoese had mercantile establishments in Granada, and even entered into commercial treaties with her monarchs, whilst Florence imported thence large quantities of silk, and, like other Italian cities, derived her skill in its manufacture from the Spanish Arabs. The long intercourse, both in peace and war, of the Moors and Spaniards, which has been so fertile a theme of romance and poetry, need not be dwelt on here, but it may be noticed that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries many Saracens continued to inhabit Aragon under the Christian kings. The intimacy of the Arabs and Provençals was less close and durable; but it is well known to have been not unimportant. Thus, an intercourse as extensive and unbroken as the feelings of national and religious hatred, and the exigencies of frequent warfare would permit, appears to have been maintained between the Christians of Italy, Spain, and Provence on the one hand, and the Saracens of Asia, Africa, and Andalusia on the other. Whatever the fear and hatred with which the former viewed the populous cities, the stately palaces, the well-cultivated lands, and the industrial skill of the infidels, they could not help learning from them. From England, France, and Germany the studious youth crowded to those famed academies where learned professors expounded the logic of Aristotle, the geometry of Euclid, and the mechan-

ical discoveries of Archimedes. The adventurous trader hastened to those crowded marts, where the hides, the wool, and the tallow of the north might be exchanged for the diamonds and spices of India, the blades of Damascus, and the silk of Granada. In times of peace, many gallant knights found a hospitable reception in the Moorish courts, and displayed their skill and valor in the friendly contests of the bull-fight and the tourney. Many cases might be quoted to illustrate these and other forms of the ancient intercourse between Christians and Moslems, but they would exceed our space, and weary our readers.

Historians are generally agreed in considering the tenth century as the last age of utter darkness, and date from its close the first feeble efforts of reviving mind. During the four succeeding centuries we observe a slow but steady progress in wealth, order, and intelligence, the growing importance of cities, the first establishment of universities, the development of art, and the birth of literature. This happy change first began and advanced with the most rapid steps in Italy, Provence, and Spain, countries which, we have seen, enjoyed the most unrestrained communication with the various Saracenic empires. In many features of this great revolution a candid observer will not fail to remark a powerful influence exerted by the Arabs. Their philosophy spread from Sicily and Andalusia, created numerous heresies, and met with such favor that the Church thought fit to suppress it by persecution. But the metaphysics of Aristotle triumphed over the decrees of popes and councils, obtained a firm hold on the educated mind of Europe, and were at length prudently adopted by the very order which had resisted their introduction. The use of the Arabic numerals gradually prevailed among the nations of the West, several mathematical works were translated from the Oriental languages, and the first medical school of modern Europe was founded at Salerno by an Italian pupil of Avicenna who had studied thirty-nine years in the East. Prescott informs us that the literature of both Provence and Castille received a deep and lasting impress from that of the Saracens. Of the various theories broached concerning the origin of Gothic architecture, none seems more rational than that which assigns it an Oriental source. The pointed arch, its distinguishing feature, is found in a Cairene mosque of the ninth century; the use of window tracery, stained glass, and

elaborate geometrical ornament is common alike to Gothic and to Saracenic art; and it seems unlikely that, if the style had originated in any of these countries, it should appear almost simultaneously in all the others. Whether our author be correct or not in deriving the spirit of chivalry from Moorish Spain, we are unable to say; but it certainly reached there a degree of perfection unsurpassed in any other country, and the virtues which it inspired are as suitable to the character of a Bedouin as of a Christian. To the same source Sismondi attributes the jealousy of the sex, the ideas of honor, and the spirit of revenge which distinguished southern Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Thus intellectual activity is awakened all over Europe; the descendants of the barbarians arise as giants refreshed by sleep; ecclesiastics display a devotion to learning never before surpassed; the Church rejoices in the fame, and blesses the glorious achievements of her children. But, alas! soon is the contest renewed between the free mind and infallible authority, between reason and faith. The renewal of that contest was inevitable; for the Church never was, and never could be the cordial ally of progress. A creed which rejects as profane the use of reason, and exacts an implicit belief in the most startling absurdities, can never maintain a sincere and durable friendship with that spirit of honest inquiry and fearless reflection which alone can elevate the condition of the human race. The increasing strength and boldness of the European mind were always observed by Rome with a jaundiced eye. But to the pious and charitable end of exterminating Mohammedans abroad and heretics at home she devoted all her energy, all her influence, all her resources. It was nothing in her eyes that nearly nine hundred thousand souls had perished in the first crusade, and nearly four hundred thousand in the second; it was nothing that all western Asia had been desolated with fire and sword from the waves of the Thracian Bosphorus to the rock-built towers of Jerusalem; it was nothing that the deluded fanatics were exposed to every species of temptation which could harden or corrupt the heart; she still continued to urge forward the nations of the West on their mad career, until reason and experience rendered futile alike her threats and her exhortations. A crusade was organized against the Albigenses; fifteen thousand, or as others say, sixty thou-

sand of the inhabitants perished in the sack of Beziers; the peculiar literature and civilization of southern France were extinguished, and the celebrated tribunal of the Holy Office was erected to guard against the revival of heresy. Many volumes might be filled with the disgusting recital of similar events, with the various insults and tortures inflicted upon Jews in every Christian country, with the murder of Huss, who was burnt in violation of a safe-conduct, with the extermination of the Lollards, with the forced conversion and subsequent banishment of the Moors in Spain. An elaborate work might be devoted to a subject on which our author touches but slightly, the ruthless warfare carried on by the Church with all heretical science, the six thousand volumes of Oriental learning burnt at Salamanca, the eighty thousand manuscripts which flamed in the squares of conquered Granada, the spiritual thunders directed against the Copernican system, the tortures of Bruno and the recantation of Galileo. The reader of history stands aghast at the sight of such boundless influence, of such steady perseverance, of such unquenchable ardor employed for the purpose of cramping and paralyzing the action of the mind. Is it credible that the Church which could send millions of men to encounter a painful death in the remote regions of the East, which could vanquish the feelings of humanity, of patriotism, and of family affection, and which could induce the wisest of monarchs to deprive themselves of a numerous and unoffending portion of their subjects, suddenly became feeble and helpless when she directed her power to noble and useful ends? And if the vast resources she possessed were faithfully employed for the improvement of her children, why was Europe of the tenth century as ignorant and degraded as Europe of the sixth? Why did the glorious efforts of Charlemagne to rekindle the flame of ancient learning produce so small a permanent result, and why did the yet more honourable labors of Alfred produce none at all? Why were the nations of the West employed six hundred years in acquiring the rudiments of civilization, whilst the Arabs, two centuries after they had emerged from their deserts a barbarous horde, reached a degree of intellectual refinement and material prosperity scarcely inferior to that attained by the most flourishing states of the present age? Few will be disposed to admit that the natives of Asia have mentally or physically any

advantage over those of Europe. Few will be of opinion that the soil and climate of our own and adjoining countries are less favourable to human perfection than those of Spain, Egypt, and Persia. If Gaul, Italy, and Britain had been desolated by foreign invasion, so had Africa and Syria. If anarchy prevailed in the West, the East was afflicted by the most absolute despotism. What credence, then, can we give to those who would have us believe that throughout the Middle Ages the Church labored untiringly for the diffusion of knowledge, that every monastery was a centre of intellectual activity, and that but for her the light of returning civilization would never have dawned upon Europe?

These remarks we have always intended to apply, not to the action of individuals, but to that of the corporate body. Every candid student of history will admit that we are much indebted to several illustrious ecclesiastics for their efforts in the cause of enlightenment — to Nicholas V. for his advancement of classical learning, and to Leo X. for his patronage of the fine arts. But such exceptions are a matter of course in any society which enlists in its ranks the most intellectual and refined spirits of the age.

Besides, it is well known that men like Leo and Wolsey were not remarkable for the ardor of their piety, and that we might with as much justice attribute their lax morals as their enlarged intellect to the influence of Catholicism. It is to those men who were thoroughly penetrated by the faith that we must look if we would see its workings; and such men were St. Gregory, St. Dominic, and Torquemada. Nor can we in justice to the Catholic Church deny that her spirit, although sometimes dissembled by prudence and sometimes modified by circumstances, has ever remained substantially the same; that such as it was when it led the fourth council of Carthage to forbid the reading of secular literature by bishops, and moved Theodosius to establish the office of inquisitor, such it still survives in the court of Alfonso, who persecutes Protestants; and in the pages of the *Dublin Review*, which expresses the mild opinion that Galileo was treated with excessive lenity, and that Rome may still assert her claim, in this respect at least, to the lofty boast of "*Semper eadem*" so rashly questioned by the malignant bigotry of Mr. Gladstone.

Great importance has been justly attached to the beneficial effect which the

fall of the Greek Empire, and the consequent dispersion of scholars and manuscripts, produced upon western Europe. But we may remark that, unless the mind had been thoroughly prepared to welcome these precious relics, a few books and a few students could not have awakened a sleeping world. Every incident in their reception shows the love and appreciation felt by the Italians at any rate for Hellenic literature, and these feelings sufficiently evince the cultivation and refinement they had already acquired. The spread of Greek learning through the countries of France and Germany, Spain and Britain, although not absolutely rapid, went on with a steadiness and success which contrast delightfully with the slow and tedious progress of educational improvement in former ages. The first mighty impulse, whose earliest traces are faintly discernible in the eleventh, and whose maturity is seen in succeeding centuries, must have been derived from some other source, a source which, we think, is found in the Arabian civilization. No other theory with which we are acquainted rests on such a foundation of historical testimony, or is so completely in accordance with the course of events in the Middle Ages. Doubtless many would feel reluctant to admit that aliens in race, in manners, and in religion, were capable of teaching the orthodox natives of Europe; but this reluctance will not alter facts or bias permanently the judgment of modern criticism.

A few decaying manuscripts, a few crumbling ruins, are all that now remain of the Arabian empire; the sceptre of the caliphs has long been broken, their very tombs have disappeared, and in cities where they ruled for centuries the race and name of the Saracens are forgotten. The beautiful valleys of Sicily and Andalusia are abandoned to the brigand and smuggler; the northern shores of Africa are divided between a number of petty and semi-barbarous states; the rich plains of the Tigris are uncultivated; and the power, the wealth, and the magnificence, of which they were once the abode, belong to the list of the things that were and are not. But the imperishable glory of mental worth still sheds its lustre over the mouldering palaces of Baghdad and Granada, and when the passions excited by religious conflict have finally cooled, the admiration now lavished on the savage monks and yet more savage warriors of a barbarous age, will be more wisely bestowed on the munificent princes and gift-

ed scholars to whom mankind owes the preservation and revival of learning at one of the most critical periods recorded in history.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

RIDING FOR THE ROCKETS.

BUT there was one man — and that was Joel Wray — in the crowd who was as ignorant as the shipwrecked men of the fatal nature of the impediments to any attempts at deliverance, and who, within ear-shot of explanations freely vouchsafed to him, flatly refused to be convinced. He kept thrusting himself into the front rank, and calling for a boat, declaring any money would be given for a boat, and volunteering to get afloat himself, while he summoned a crew to join him, in the name of God and Christ and all manhood.

As he urged and entreated, standing there in his labouring-man's clothes among sailors and fishers and those whom Long Dick considered gentlefolks to the like of him, Joel Wray's pleasant brown face seemed ennobled by the workings of disinterested emotion, while his dark eyes were shining, and his whole figure was instinct with energy and daring.

The Cheam crowd, under the pressure of the circumstance to which they themselves rose, bore better than might have been expected Joel Wray's forward and uncalled-for interposition. It was not an unheard-of thing for men, especially young men, to lose their heads before such a spectacle as that which presented itself on the Beacon Rock. It truly did in a manner level all distinctions of rank and calling, and make strangers and natives equal, before the calamity they regarded with common sorrow, and were alike powerless to prevent.

"Thee knowest nowt about it, lad." "Thee mayest trust us, the thing ain't to be done, not for love nor money." "Ay, ay, neither for God's love, nor for good money." "Go afloat with you! It's liker we'll lay violent hands on you for a young madman of a ploughman, or a cowman — as has had no traffic with the water beyond the horse-ponds — and hold you back by main force, from castin' your life away, and

makin' some mother, maybe, lose her bread-winner, and yon furriners not a straw-breadth farrer removed from the watery grave as is appointed for them, and what is we that we can stay the appointment? We didn't make the Beacon Rock and the Gannet Bay, as is impassable for boats in a storm, no more than we made the winds and the waves."

These protests, seasoned by an oath or two, where the men were roughest, were the worst remonstrances that Joel encountered.

It was Long Dick that was specially scandalized by his fellow's unreasonable, "owdacious" conduct. "Stand still, man, and dunno behave like a Jack fool, or a woman," he said grimly; "'ould you 'a a score more widders and orphans — and them near at home — than need be? D'you think nobody has a heart in 's breast, or blood in 's body 'cept yoursen? D'you think the worsen on us 'ouldn't do as much for yon poor perishin' wretches as you did for me in the Broad, if we seed the least chance, which there ain't? You may know summat about fresh water, but them's owd seamen and fishers to right and left on you, and I 'a took a voyage in my time. When we bide still, and can't lift a finger like this, you may 'a the grace to allow that the time 'a come for you to set your teeth and be quiet, and look at what God A'mighty 'a ordained and man cannot hinder, athout makin' a din like a 'oman, or a chile, or a bull o' Bashan, as can do nowt but holler and squeal and fight with the air — not that Pleasance behaves as comes to thatten; see what a brave lady she is."

Pleasance was standing wedged in among the crowd, stock-still and pale, with her fingers tightly interlaced, but uttering neither moan nor murmur. Yet she took in everything, from the raging gulph which yawned beneath the frail ship, held there thrust through, and grating on the rock, to the devouring concern and agony of Joel Wray.

"This be no pleasure sight for you, Pleasance, and you may get your dead on cowl stan'in' there," said Long Dick to her. "Will I take you back to granny's, sin I can do nowt, and there be nowt to be done, but wait for the ship partin' mid-ships, and her hands bein' washed in a minent out of sight, till their corpses come up on the beach, in a week or ten days' time, wind and weather permittin'."

"Oh no," said Pleasance, with a little gasp and shudder; "I could not go and seek shelter for myself, and leave fellow-

creatures hanging there; I ain't cold to speak of, I must watch with the rest."

Joel had forgotten her, but she did not mind that; it seemed only natural and right that he should forget her at such a moment, though she could not lose sight of him with his glistening eyes, and quivering lips; his desperate longing to peril himself to the utmost, so that something—the most desperate thing—were tried for those in great jeopardy.

"Rockets!" cried Joel suddenly, with a loud voice, and the proposal did not fall to the ground, like that for the boat, but was taken up and canvassed quickly in various tones by many voices.

It was just possible that by means of rockets a rope might be thrown to the vessel. They had not been thought of sooner, because none was to be had at Cheam, or nearer than at Dene-Fleet, a coastguard station six miles off.

It was certainly worth while, in the horrible inaction that was forced upon the people, to go in search of the rockets; but the probability was that the ship would not last till the return of a messenger. The jagged rocks in Gannet Bay did their work as speedily as surely. The tide was coming in; some weather-judges held that the storm had not even yet reached its worst, and it was not likely to abate before the turn of the tide. Ere then a ship of twice the tons' burden of this Norwegian brig would, in its position, according to precedent, split asunder, and be dashed rib from rib, and spar from spar. If a single foothold could have been of much matter in such a sea, not one would be left for frozen and cramped feet and hands to stay themselves by, and cling to with the last tenacity of life in death.

"I'll get a horse from the nearest inn, and ride like mad," said Joel, preparing to start off on the instant, and only Long Dick contradicted him this time.

"My lad, let me go; the nearest stabling is at the Ship Ahoy. Landlord be acquainted with me, not with you; he'll trust me with his beast when he may stickle at givin' en to you, even on sich an errand."

The argument was incontrovertible, yet Joel hesitated; but he was put down and compelled to stay, chafing, where he was. Long Dick hurried away, followed by an escort of boys anxious to see him ride off post-haste, with the flints flying from his horse's feet.

The interval between his going and coming again, was trying to those who stood in the blast and watched and keenly meas-

ured every change on the laboring ship—from the snapping like a twig of her bowsprit, to the straining of her mainmast—and calculated with beating hearts how long she would hold out. It seemed to give the bystanders a faint idea of how the time passed with the little group of men—the people on the shore counted five men and a boy—who still kept together at the stern, and still raised from time to time that piercing cry, growing bitter with the foretaste of death, of "Boat! boat!" to those whom the sufferers might judge inhumanly indifferent to the fate of their fellows, or basely careful of their own welfare.

"Men, an' we could on'y tell en that they need not fault us, as does all we can—we does, when we stands here and waits for the rockets, ready to run out in the surf and fling en with all our might! They might trust and forgive we with their last breath," complained an old boatman, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Pleasance, in her large and tender heart, freely forgave Joel Wray for his complete neglect of her. Nay, she turned to comfort him, where he stood in his misery of suspense, his hands clenched and his back turned for a moment upon the spectacle. She managed to push her way to him, and put her hand half-timidly on his arm.

"Long Dick will soon be back, Joel," she said softly.

He looked round on her with a faint, absent smile, took her hand and drew it within his arm, but dropped it the next moment and sprang forward to hail Long Dick, who came clattering down the rough road by which carts were wont to drive from the country round to the Dene and the sands for loads of seaweed.

But a second glance showed that Dick came empty-handed. The coastguardsman at Dene-Fleet in whose charge the rockets were kept had been absent, and his subordinate, a prey to official etiquette, had refused to give them to Dick, unless he were furnished with a letter from the harbor-master,—who bustled forward, too late, at the mention of his name,—or from some other person in authority at Cheam.

"And did you not ride to the next justice or clergyman, and compel the rockets to be given up?" demanded Joel Wray anxiously.

Long Dick dismounted, and looked hurt at the reproach. "I 'a not thought on it," he said; "ought I to 'a done it? Squire and passon might 'a not had the power, or

not trusted to me, no more than coast-guardsmen did. I thought it bessen to ride back fust thing.

Joel Wray was not listening to him; he was tightening the girths of the smoking horse. "He is good for the six miles back to Dene-Fleet," he said, "and I shall get a fresh horse there."

And before Dick Blennerhasset could guess what Joel Wray was about, he had snatched the whip from Dick's hand, leapt on the horse, and was taking it back by the way it had come, considerably faster than Dick had ridden it.

Dick ran some steps, calling, "Stop en, stop en; he'll break 's neck and Muster Bennet's beastes's knees. What 'll Muster Bennet say? and the drowned men not saved when all is done. Joel Wray ain't the man, surely, what'll get the rock-yets, as were refused to me."

Joel Wray was beyond recall. Some of the bystanders said he was a daredevil, and some that he was a chap of spirit and resource, who might succeed. A better-dressed man came out of the crowd, the tanner to whom the unfortunate ship "Christian," of Bergen, was due, and said that he would make good any loss to the landlord of the Ship Ahoy by the overriding of his horse. And the harbor-master tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote a line with a pencil on the crown of his hat, his grey hair fluttering wildly in the wind, as he performed the feat, to be despatched by a third messenger, sent after Joel to confirm his appeal.

No doubt it was a boon to those who were reduced to be mere spectators, to do even so little; and Pleasance followed Joel's headlong course with a passionate hope and prayer, not for his safety — she never doubted that — but that he might be permitted to prevail, and change destiny itself.

In the mean time the raging storm knew no slackening; the battered, bruised ship began to sway where before it had been held as by a vice, and to heel over more and more on its beam-ends, while its hull was perceptibly lower in the fierce strife of the water.

If Joel rode like the wind — no slower, he might be back in time.

Pleasance heard experienced men say, under their breath, that the very minutes of the ship were numbered. She was aware that the lamentations and cries of horror which had greeted the ship's striking, but which had died out in the long watch, were beginning to rise again,

hoarse and shrill, in anticipation of the crisis.

The minutes ceased to lag; they seemed rather to flash past like lightning, and but a few more were gone, when the mainmast of the brig was seen to part clean from the deck, and go over the side, raising such a whirl and spout of water, that for a second the gazers believed that the brig itself had broken up, and sunk bodily.

"Her's gone, it is all over," was the involuntary hushed cry, as when a human creature dies, and a portion of the crowd, consisting mostly of women, hardly knowing what they did, but unable to bear the desolation that they anticipated, broke off from the crowd, turned their backs and began to flee from the sight, which they had braved the morning's exposure to witness.

But not only did the vessel still remain, her crew, of whom only one man had been crushed and washed overboard by the fall of the mast, still clinging, huddled together to the sinking stern, were keenly alive, in their misery, to what passed on the partially revealed shore, to which they looked in vain for salvation. They marked what seemed the dispersion of the crowd, and there arose again that cry of "Boat! boat!" in such a wail of despairing anguish, as those who heard it never forgot, and which caused many of the people present to cover their ears to shut out the sound.

It was the last effort of the foreign sailors; within another minute, when a bigger wave broke over the pitiable wreck, it disappeared as in the twinkling of an eye, without another cry to ring its knell, save from the strange men and women on the shore. All that was left of the ship had been carried back in the trough of the wave, leaving nothing but the water more fiercely churned than before, and here and there a black speck of a floating yard, as the sole vestige of beams and rigging — the sole token where a ship had sailed the sea and carried on board of her human hearts with their freight of hopes and fears. Not a man was there clinging to plank or spar — the men's strength had been worn out by the long and fruitless struggle, their spirit had been broken by the denial of their prayer — in the incidents of the final moment, no so-called happy accident had flung one man of them within reach of a stay, however slight, the bitterness of death was past, and the last conflict was brief.

Pleasance was too sick at heart to in-

dulge in that "good cry" taken by the other women who had stayed to see the end of the "Christian" of Bergen, or to moralize with them on those "Noroway" women, whose men had perished before their English eyes, those women who would have so little knowledge at this moment, in the comfort and cheerfulness of their homes, of the terrible evil that had befallen them.

Still Pleasance resisted being taken back to granny's, when almost everybody was going away, and was fain to stay with the few who lingered in the dreary scene, and share, if she could not solace, what would be Joel Wray's sore disappointment and regret, when he should arrive and find that even though he had been successful, all his exertions were too late.

When Joel did come, he looked at first as if he took the trial more quietly than might have been expected from his previous conduct. He had been aware of the extinction of the last chance, before he had got to the Dene he had seen from the road that the ship had vanished, and his pain might have been partly spent. Anyway, though he alighted in silence, and the tears came into his eyes as he laid down the box of rockets which he had brought with him, and although he quickly and decidedly refused the offer of reward which was pressed upon him both by the harbor-master and the tanner who had an interest in the lost brig, Joel arranged calmly enough to take the strange horse, which he had got somehow, to the stable of the Ship Ahoy, and to assure the landlord of the safety of his horse at Dene-Fleet, and of the transfer of the respective beasts in the course of the afternoon. Then Joel agreed to follow Pleasance and Long Dick to granny's, whence the party must take their way, in the course of the afternoon, back to the manor farm.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GROUND-SWELL IN THE SEA AND IN THE SOUL.

BUT when Joel Wray appeared at granny's, it was clear that the composure which he had assumed at the Dene had been the result of self-restraint, and that he was upset and wretched because of the calamity which he had failed to avert.

He sat with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, mutely declining the viands to which granny, notwithstanding her preoccupation, had added a fresh store, and which she could not conceive that any man in his senses, now that the

wreck was over, and no more was to be seen, could reject.

"Thee's earned thee's meal, lad," she even said, patronizingly, to one who, as she had been told, had contributed creditably, for a landsman, to the day's great doings. "Thee mun be nation hungry, after assistin' at sich a wreck as ain't to be seen often in them days, though they was plenty as blackberries when I were young; fall to thee's victuals, and cut a figure at them, as thee'st cut at thee's first wreck."

But Joel cut no figure either in eating or conversation, and joined in no proposal to make the best of all that was left of the holiday, which had been planned so auspiciously, but the greater part of which had been claimed perforce from the holiday-makers, by the misery at their door.

The storm, as if it had stayed only to wreak its worst on the wrecked ship, and the drowned men, had begun to sink as suddenly as it had risen, growling in exhaustion.

It would soon be possible even for Lizzie to venture abroad, and see what was to be seen in the town and on the shore, but nobody had any heart left for the excursion. Lizzie had kept the house patiently enough, though in trembling solicitude, lest the chimney should fall—lest Long Dick, who was so strong and venturesome, should think of going afloat, though granny said it could not be done. She was too thankful to have them all back, safe and sound, with Long Dick, towering in the midst of them, the safest and soundest of all; she was too content to listen open-mouthed to the dismal account of the wreck, and Dick's somewhat heavy reflections upon the same, to wish for any fresh movement on her account. And those who should have been the life and soul of the holiday, Pleasance and Joel, were not themselves that afternoon to take double joy out of the fragments, as arrears of what had been lost to them.

Joel was pale, troubled, almost distraught, as it seemed, and Pleasance's heart was swelling with pity for him.

"They be past pain now," said Long Dick, with an enviable assurance that he was giving comfort to himself and all around by the unanswerable statement. "The thing be done and ended, and no more at present," went on Dick, vaguely, as if he were finishing a letter, "it beant no better than crying over spilt milk, as well as cryin' out agin Providence to get down in the mouth or go into the dumps and that," and here he looked hard at

Joel's strange disorder, "along on what can't be mended."

"The next thing," said granny, briskly, "will be the corpses bein' washed ashore; if so be, they beant carried away eastward, norard, or sudard out of our wash. There beant no sharkses in our waters like as I 'a heard my owd man tell on sharkses in furrin seas; but the Gannet Bay rocks are wors'n sharkses. Howsomever, the corpses, what's left on them, 'll be laid out clean and purpose in the lock-up, or sich like, though you don't be here to see, till so be passon find time to bury 'em."

Joel writhed and looked up hastily, as if he were going to speak, but said nothing.

"Wool," said Long Dick, still taking the most agreeable view of things under the circumstances, "the poor chaps 'll sleep as sound in the graveyard here at Cheam as in their ownst; and as for murners, why they'll 'a murners enough as is their own people, in time, when the news travels. They ain't friends of ourn, that we should murn for en," ended Dick with a strong sense of the mingled liberty taken and impropriety committed by such extraneous, uncalled-for mourning.

Still Joel Wray, usually so quick, would not take the hint, and still Pleasance was weighed down with his sorrow.

"I'm thinkin' we mun be steppin'," said Long Dick at last, tired of his unusual office of being spokesman to so unresponsive an assembly—unless granny, who went far beyond him in her philosophy, and Lizzie, who was apt to count for nothing with Dick, if she did not disgust him by her unvarying admiration, except when he specially wanted sympathy or solace. "Pouney be fresh, no doubt, but the wind is scrowgin' yet and weather none to boast on; there be foun on us, and one, least-ways, well grown, and we be six good miles from Manor Farm; and Missus Balls—her can't abide lateness—do'ee hear, Pleasance?"

Yes, Pleasance heard; and though she was inclined to have infinite patience with this mood of Joel Wray's, this malady of vicarious suffering on his part, yet for Joel's own sake, she was driven to welcome along with Long Dick the necessary diversion.

When all the preparations were made, Joel started up from his absorption. "I ain't going back with you," he said, hurriedly, "I could not bear it—not to night, I mean. I shall stop a few days behind here, and then"—he caught Pleasance's wondering, distressed, beseeching look, and seemed to change the end of his sen-

tence; "well, then, I may turn up again at Manor Farm, if any one cares to have me there."

"The lad, he be in a creel," said granny, putting her word in, and using an old fish-wife's phrase, "what 'ould take thee to stop here for? We han't wrecks every day, and thee be'st full owd to take to the sea for a livin' after seeing it the master to-day."

Even granny, with her passion for the sea, was puzzled by its conquest on this occasion.

"Not take the cart home, lad!" said Long Dick in unfeigned bewilderment, while he was far too simple and honest himself to catch at the suggestion of getting rid of Joel and his favored suit, by his own queer, extravagant thinskinness, his liability to moping, or whatever it was that was tending to produce in him this waywardness and fickleness. "To stop here 'ould belong to expense, and how could you get back again?"

"Leave the expense to me," said Joel pettishly, in his pain; "and as for the road, it is a little bit to tramp it, as I tramped before; I have walked as far as that many a time before breakfast."

"But why d' you go for to stop?" argued Long Dick, impelled to protest still farther, since it was evident to everybody that Joel was in misery. "You are a day's-man, and may bide away for a day or a week, and be taken on again if bailiff please; but there were no word on stoppen behind when we started. It sounds contrary in you to be arter stoppin' at this time o' day; you can't be so mad as to think t' sea will give up what 'a been swallowed right down all alive and kickin', so as it will be of any use for you to stop and lend a hand? Come, Joel, you be mighty fond on lendin' a hand, I know that, and thank you for it, as my own debt, but there's nowt to be done here; you 'a done your best, bor, more'n was called for, when you rid Muster Bennet's horse twice over. Let a-be what ain't to be betterned, and come with us. Why we 'ould 'a no peace to ride home and go to beds and to works to-morrer a-leaving you dazed and strook, and takin' the wreck to heart like this."

"I have not done my best," said Joel Wray, standing at bay, passionately, "but you know nothing about it. I may have done wrong from the first; there seemed no good in retracting just then—and who would have believed me? Never mind me, Long Dick, or you, Pleasance. I can take care of myself. I shall do very well."

Leave me alone, like good souls. I shall come to you again when I have got over this shock, or whatever you like to call it."

The last words were spoken more like Joel, though they were clearly wrung from him by the exigencies of the moment, as he stood there pale, with the chill of exposure to the storm not thrown off, depressed, tormented by the appropriation to himself of blame and punishment in the disaster which had happened, and which, to the others, was far removed from him and them, except in their common humanity with the sufferers. It constituted a mystery they could not by any means comprehend.

There was nothing for it save for them to go without him, dispirited in their turn, and perplexed by his desertion.

"Joel Wray's heart d' be in the right place," said Long Dick as they drove away, "but there be a want on ballast in the lad."

But Pleasance could not think too tenderly of the generous sensitiveness and self-accusation which had come between and separated her and Joel Wray for the time.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEAD BURIED AND THE LIVING COMFORTED.

JOEL WRAY'S dejection was talked of like everything else at Saxford.

Long Dick felt and confessed, not without rue, because Joel had saved his life, but with candid emphasis, that, when he came to think of it, he could be reconciled to his deliverer's staying away altogether, and never turning up again. Mrs. Balls said openly and loudly, out of Pleasance's hearing, for Pleasance must please herself, that it was an ill wind which blew nobody good, and that she for one would not complain of the storm which had disturbed the thatch on the newly-taken-in stacks, half unroofed the pigeon-house, and wrought greater devastations still on the coast of Cheam, if it had blown Joel Wray clean away from Manor Farm.

But when Clem Blennerhasset went over to Cheam within the fortnight, he brought back word that Joel Wray was coming home—he had used the expression himself—next day. Clem added the information that the bodies of the drowned Norwegian seamen had come ashore and had been buried, and that Joel had been at their funeral.

Long Dick said nothing farther. Joel

Wray was free to come and go; Long Dick would have admitted that at the worst, and Joel was entitled to more than freedom—to a welcome from the man whose preserver he had been. Besides, Joel had established an amnesty between them, even in that nearest matter which went to Long Dick's very heart, and smote it with untold pangs. Mrs. Balls and Joel, natural opponents as they might be, were both right, Pleasance Hatton should please herself, a free field and no favour was all that an honest man could ask.

Long Dick himself had been accustomed to pride himself on his honesty. He knew, as well as another, that though big and strong as Saul among the people, and shrewd and wise enough in country matters, so as to be respected and prospering, he was also slow and dull in what he called "book know" and in manners—not only compared to Pleasance, but to this slip of a stuck mechanic and day's-man. Moreover Dick was keenly conscious, ever since he had been an humble worshipper of Pleasance Hatton's, that he was liable to disgrace and degrade himself by going "on the spree," even though it were, in some measure, she who unwittingly and unwillingly drove him to it. But he thought he was honest; he was willing to stand or fall upon his honesty.

Neither was Dick altogether without hope to encourage him in his honesty, and in his moderation and forbearance. He had been first on the field; his friendship with Pleasance was an old-established fact; her evident, undisguised, while quite maidenly, liking for Joel Wray, with his novelty, his attractions which charmed most women, and his eager homage to herself, might be but a passing fancy, all the more superficial that it was so openly displayed.

Long Dick would not let go his lingering hope. He would not realize defeat with the great purpose of his life frustrated, and only an echoing blank, which might grow hideous, left behind, while a single thread of the strand remained.

Mrs. Balls, being a woman, saw farther. She received the news of Joel Wray's return with a rebellious groan, and with the angry comment that "it would take long ort' devil he were found dead along on the wall."

Pleasance, however puzzled and disturbed, had never lost her perfect trust in Joel Wray. Kind, generous, manly Joel in his laborer's jacket, whose spirit was stirred within him by the woes of others, who had been outwardly gruff and impa-

tient because he was inwardly so gentle, and who had stayed behind to pay the last honor in reverence and tenderness to the stranger dead.

Pleasance had always known absolutely in her own mind that he would reappear presently at the manor farm, as he had reappeared in summer after his first advent in spring. What she felt on hearing that he was soon coming again was not a wild throb of reactionary joy, as intense as the tension of grief and fear which had preceded it, but a soft, all-pervading pleasure, with a longing that was almost painful in its exceeding sweetness, to go forth to meet him, and comfort and praise him.

It was Indian-summer weather that had settled down on the east country, after the first tempest-blast of autumn. It promised an interregnum of sunshine and mellow warmth — all the more acceptable that it was crisped with a tinge of frost in the mornings and evenings — before the regular gales of the early winter should sweep the fields, which wanted wood to make them brown, and which were as yet only white after harvest with a cold blueness creeping into the grass green of the meadows, and meeting the greying russet of the hedges. But it was not November yet — it was no more than the first of October. The flood of golden light which bathed the bare fields, glowed copper-color in the ditches, and flung an orange glory on the purple moorland, and against which the gaunt arms and white sails of the windmills, and the umber sails of the barges, stood out in bold relief, was met by an earth still unblighted, and with a bloom in its bareness, having fruit — wild haws, and blackberries, and domestic apples and pears, where flowers had been, and a few flowers still, silverweed and mallow by the roadside, and marigolds and convolvuluses in the cottage gardens.

Pleasance had gone out in the unbroken, unshaded sunset splendor which was harmless and undazzling, to look through the stream of slanting beams at the cows coming lowing home from the stubble, where they were finding the last and richest clover crop. She was standing thus, with the yellow gables and olive thatch of the manor-house behind her, by the side of the field-path which joined the road to the village — the very field-path where Joel Wray had first seen Pleasance, as she rode up sitting on the unsaddled back of the cart-horse Punch, with Long Dick walking by her side, and Miles and Phillis Plum following behind — when she en-

countered Joel on his way back from Cheam.

He looked grave, and a little worn still, as if he had come through some trouble, and been having a trying time of it; but he smiled to see her, and stopped at once, calling her attention to the beauty of the evening, and saying that he could not have enough of it, and was loth to go in, for he was not wearied by his walk, and he was not wanting his supper yet. He should prefer to loiter about and see the last of this unclouded sunset, one of the most simply gorgeous in its peace that he had ever beheld. Would she stroll with him to the first ridge of the moorland? It was not above ten minutes' walk from where they stood, and the prospect there, though more confined, would be even finer in its way, and then he could tell her all that he had been doing in the recovery of the bodies of the poor lost foreign fellows, and the laying them in the earth.

Pleasance complied at once, coloring a little with that rich radiant color of hers which made her, while it lasted, so beautiful a woman.

Joel Wray did not say much as they went — beyond a passing question about how things had been going on at the farm in his absence, and an observation on the partridges they startled in the turnip-field and on the rooks which were going home to roost.

He was languid, if no longer oppressed, and sought quiet and a soothing influence, which he had an instinct that he would find on the moorland ridge in such companionship.

"Ah! now I can speak to you about it all," he said, half wearily, half in pleased anticipation of an outlet to his pent-up feelings, as he threw himself down on a flat stone and clasped his hands above his head. "Will you sit down beside me, Pleasance, and listen; but first tell me, ain't you fond of this spot?"

There was at this time a curious blending of boyishness and manliness in Joel, and in that lay a part of his charm, especially to such a woman as Pleasance Hutton, in whose nature undeveloped motherliness was a strong element, and whose love would always crave to give as well as to take protection along with every other benefit. Sometimes this boyishness of Joel Wray's had a strain in it of imperiousness and refractoriness, belonging to the spoiledness of which he had once spoken to Long Dick. But at the present moment it was the wholly winning boyish-

ness of a manly nature, essentially youthful in its manliness, and which was recovering from a blow or check and looking round ready and willing to take, without any churlishness, whatever good things should be granted to it in compensation.

Pleasance could tell him that she was very fond of the spot where they were resting.

It was, as he had said, not more than ten minutes' walk from Manor Farm, in the opposite direction from the village; but it had such an atmosphere of solitude — with exceptions which only tended to make the solitude in other respects more felt — that it might have been a nook among the everlasting hills hundreds of miles away from the flat, tame, bullock-feeding, and milk-producing east country.

The high level of the land rose here from pasture to moorland, and being broken into a dip between a greater and less heather and furze crowned summit, it shut the spectator into a purple and golden hollow, from which nothing could be seen of cultivation or civilization save the swinging arms of one of the unfailing windmills, and the gliding sails of an equally unfailing barge on one of the slow rivers which flowed through the moor as through the pasture-land.

Pleasance had been wont to come here at rare leisure times, to find herself alone, except for the windmill, and it might be a barge, with the heather, the furze, and the sky; to fancy herself away in a northern wilderness; to look for plovers' and moorhens' nests; to listen to the crow of the moorcock; to gather little tufts of blue and pink liverwort, yellow rock-rose, and white grass of Parnassus, in addition to heather-bells when they were in season.

But whether the shoulder of the moor lay in the clear light of the morning, or dappled by the great cloud-shadows of noon, or in the tempered serenity of the afternoon sun, or as now under the burning gold, passing into rose and crimson and purple, and wavering and waning away again in its glory, into pink and lilac, amber and buff, and the intermediate dim sea-green that terminated in the deepest blue, and in which the first star or the new moon hung themselves, she was satisfied that her bit of moor was nearest perfection at sunset.

Joel began to speak at last — with an effort even yet, and in an undertone, while he leant on one elbow and plucked the heather with the other hand — of the men for whose loss he, a passing stranger, had grieved as it seemed beyond bounds.

"Yes, they are laid at rest; we have been able to do that for them," he said, with a face that contracted and a voice that grew stern, and sunk into a smothered groan, as if recollection had brought back upon him the mental burden which had been hardly lifted off.

"But why should you, of all men, reproach yourself, Joel?" Pleasance could not refrain from asking in remonstrance; "you who strove to the utmost to avert the poor sailors' fate."

"You do not understand — none of you understand," he kept saying, half impatiently, half wearily. "I am not so clear about there having been no possibility of putting out a boat; but it may have been as they said; Gannet Bay may be such ground that no boat could have lived there, and to send out one would only have been to destruction; and the boatmen might have known that so thoroughly, that, rightly enough, neither money nor influence, nor anything else, could have urged them to the rash deed. But look here, Pleasance: if I had ridden first to Dene-Fleet, I should have got the rockets at once; the lost time would have been saved; the rockets would have come in time; a line might have reached the vessel, and these five men and the boy who are now (all that are left of them) stark and still in Cheam graveyard might have been as hale and hearty as we are this night, returning to comfort their wives and mothers, to get fresh ships, and go on new ventures until they were grown old and grey, and — escaping the sea at last — might have died in their beds with their children and grandchildren about them."

"But it seemed most expedient that Long Dick should go," argued Pleasance, divided between feeling half hurt for Long Dick — who, she was certain, had done his best — and experiencing the most genuine compassion for the pain told by the voice at her elbow. "You might have failed, to begin with, as he did, and then —" And she hesitated, and spoke again as if impelled to speak, in low tones of earnestness and awe. "It is God's will, though it is a mystery to us why He should not have saved them. The men were in his hands all the while. Their time had come. He suffered them to die thus. It is very sad; but if it be his will, it cannot be altogether wrong and miserable, can it?"

"I should not have failed," Joel insisted, perversely going back to the first count in her speech; "there might have been delay, but it would not have been for long.

I happened to know better than the rest of you. You women always lay hold on devout consolations. Well, I am far from objecting to them, when one can take refuge in them. I believe in God and his providence, and in the Lord who once walked on the sea; but to be fit to take that comfort a fellow must have done his best. I have not done mine, as all you innocent people credit me with doing. I have held myself bound by an obligation which, whether foolish or not, was of my own imposing, when I should have broken loose from it. It is useless to speak of it now," he ended, with a deep sigh; "I shall never cease to reflect upon myself for not doing all I could to hinder these poor fellows' melancholy end. And think what it was for me to see them," he ended with a shudder, "when the sea gave them up at last, all mangled, with the very stamp of humanity beaten out of them by the rocks. But I shan't inflict the miserable description on you; I shall only tell you about the little lad. He could not have been more than twelve years old. His body had been carried far out beyond the bay, and was floated in upon the soft sands, and there was not a bruise or cut upon him. Except for the blue whiteness of his lips, his draggled hair, and his eyes staring sightless at the sky, he might have been sleeping. And, Pleasance, his pockets were stuffed with toys — such little jumping-jacks and dolls as a boy of twelve would hold in utter contempt. I suppose he had bought them the last time he was on shore to carry home to his little brothers and sisters. I remember buying the like when I was a boy, at fairs, for my sister Jane."

He stopped abruptly with a break in his voice, for which, even in the middle of his desperate compunction, he was ashamed and angry with himself.

Pleasance looked away from him, not to appear to see how moved he was, and because she was crying herself very quietly; but as she turned aside her head, she put her warm hand into his. He held her hand fast, and then, as he continued to clasp it, a flush came into his brown face, and a new light into his eyes.

"I know that I am not worth very much," he said, with his voice more unsteady than before, but with a world of different meaning, of entirely changed ideas and partially repressed eagerness and longing in its faltering, "I know that better than ever, at this moment; but if you were content to stand by me always, Pleasance, I think you might make some-

thing of me; and come what like, I shall seek you for my wife, because I love you dearly."

She did not answer him at first; there seemed no need of answer when she sat with her hand in his, which drew her nearer to him still. Her face was hidden on his shoulder. And then it flashed upon her that he had come to Manor Farm the poorest wanderer, that he was not considered by those who granted her the working-woman's independence in pleasing herself, a fit match for her, and that she was better born than her fellows, and had her little patrimony. So she took heart, and lifted up her face, and said fairly,—

"And I love you, Joel; I think I have loved you from the moment that we first saw each other — ever since you loved me."

He kissed her fondly after that word, and they walked back to the manor farm together, plighted man and wife, before the day which had brought them so much was quite done, while its radiance was still bright in the west.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TALK IN THE GARDEN.

NOT even Mrs. Balls knew that night of the engagement which had taken place. Pleasance wished to keep it to herself till she could realize it as a fact — the greatest, most blessed fact of her life — accomplished so suddenly, almost inadvertently, but never to be set aside, or undone, or forgotten, while she lived and retained thought and feeling and memory of happiness.

She wished, too, to enter on some arrangement with Joel Wray, that should make the news which they had to give sound less improbable and daring, perhaps even less foolish and imprudent. The couple must occasion disappointment and give pain; there was no help for it, Pleasance told herself, with pitiful regret intruding upon and subduing the exultation of her natural pride and joy; but not she herself would feel such tender concern for the dreams that they would disperse, the hopes they would extinguish, and the wounds they would inflict, as would Joel Wray. Pleasance even wept to think of the generosity and gentle kindness of the brave lad who had set his love upon her, and told herself that in place of his not being worthy of her — as in his modesty and propensity to self-depreciation he had asserted — she was not worthy of him.

Pleasance had not much care for the utter unworldliness of the marriage she was about to make. She had identified herself with that class, who, being so low that they need fear no fall, can afford to be unworldly; and she believed that they two could command between them such qualities and faculties, in addition to a little fund of ready money to begin upon, as should enable them to start in life without debt, and to go on with a fair prospect of a reasonable amount of prosperity in their station.

Joel Wray had shown himself, as far as he was known, perfectly sober and well-principled. He had placed himself in the debatable position of a young man who had chosen to abandon his original calling, and was a working-man on the tramp, doing odd jobs, and hiring himself here and there; nevertheless, he was active, industrious, and wonderfully capable in work that was strange to him. The instability or eccentricity which had caused a young working-man — who had been so worthily ambitious that he must have spent every spare hour on self-improvement, in order to get the culture which he had won — to frustrate his own aims and spoil his future, by giving way to fancifulness, had stopped short of doing him farther injury.

And this eccentricity, as Pleasance preferred to call it, had a certain sweet fascination for her, belonging, as it seemed to do, to the unworldly chivalrous side of his nature. Joel Wray worked to help; he did not care so much for the particular nature of the work, or for the wages. Like the god Apollo, he would be an assistant all over the world.

There might be a little conceit, as Pleasance was fain to admit (indeed the curious compound in Joel Wray of boyish conceit and manly humility was very manifest), in this desultoriness; but it was a gracious conceit, and how could Pleasance be angry or even vexed with the eccentricity which had brought Joel from being a thriving mechanic in a town, to be a day-laborer, hoeing wheat and cutting corn, and electrifying her with his knowledge and grace and learning, to love her at Manor Farm?

From Macmillan's Magazine.
NATURAL RELIGION.

VII.

THE reader of these papers will have long since remarked that by natural relig-

ion is not here understood, as in the deistical speculations of the eighteenth century, a religion which is the same in all countries and times, and is equally accepted "by saint, by savage, or by sage." That is, "natural" is not here opposed to "revealed." On the contrary, the religion here spoken of is conceived as revealed in different degrees to different men, and as developing itself through the course of history by means of successive revelations. It is called natural only in distinction from supernatural religion, and even to supernatural religion it stands in no opposition. The object of drawing the distinction was not to throw doubt on the supernatural, but merely, since doubt *has* been thrown on it, to inquire how much or how little of religion would remain to us if all that part of it which is founded on supernatural occurrences had to be abandoned. Accordingly, whereas in the old sense of the phrase, natural religion was exclusive of Christianity, in the sense in which it is here used it must be regarded as including Christianity, since Christianity is one of the great steps in the historical development of religion.

But the reader will have noticed that I have deviated from common usage still more in my treatment of the word "religion" than of the word "natural." This indeed was unavoidable, and it will more and more be felt in religious discussion how necessary it is to give some fixed and definite meaning to this word. Till lately this necessity was less felt because the word religion was identified in most minds with a visible institution of commanding power. Religion meant a vast and vague class of things connected with the Christian Church, as politics means a class of things connected with the State; and so long as the vast organization of the Roman Church, with her temporal power untouched and shielded by great states, subsisted in the very heart of civilization, all other Churches, even those most hostile to her, reaped the advantage of the definiteness which she gave to the word religion. Her rapid decline has thrown a number of questions open, and those who now think about religion do not put before their minds instinctively the body of doctrine taught by the Christian Church, and ask themselves whether it is true, but they begin by inquiring whether this body of doctrine, or something different, is what is meant by religion.

Hitherto then it has been supposed that there could be no serious dispute as to what is meant, at least in a general way,

by religion. What is contained in the early creeds, what is held in common by the Catholic and older Protestant Churches — this, as a matter of course, was Christianity, and for all practical purposes this was identical with religion. Anything different from this might be a philosophy, though more probably it was only a cant, but it was certainly not a religion, and to set it up for Christianity was nothing less than impudent hypocrisy. Thus the Church, or rather the greater Churches of Christendom, were supposed, even by those who most bitterly opposed them, to have the exclusive right of deciding what was religion, and, still more, what was Christianity. Nevertheless, those who refuse to submit to ecclesiastical authority upon theological dogmas have just the same reason for having an opinion of their own about the nature and definition of religion. Authority is as likely to be mistaken in the one case as in the other. In the one case as much as in the other the decisions of the Church were liable to be perverted by the extravagant predominance always given in the Church to a professional caste, and by the exaggerated respect always paid to tradition, and that a tradition from half-barbarous ages. Hence, as soon as unshackled minds begin to work constructively upon religious subjects — and that is the ruling characteristic of the present age — they take up a position quite different from that of the infidel; they dispute the authority of the Church to prescribe the subject of the debate; they do not so much give new answers to the old questions as propound new questions. They do this not at all from a desire to conceal a heterodoxy which they are afraid to avow, and just as little from a weak thralldom to old associations which makes it necessary to them still to fancy themselves Christians and religious when in reality they have ceased to be either. They do it because they sincerely believe that, in the controversy of the age, Is Christianity true? or, what is commonly believed to be the same question, Have we a religion? the defendants, so to speak — they are really two — are not in court, and are represented there by a single changeling. They believe that it matters little what becomes of the dogmatic system which is so keenly controverted, because in any case it is not Christianity, and even if it were Christianity it would by no means be identical with religion.

Although religion is understood to have been much confused by controversies, yet

most people hold that the grand outlines of it are quite unmistakable. Whatever it is not, at any rate, they think, it refers to a future state, and prescribes rules of life which may procure us happiness in that future state; or whatever it is not, it is certainly an attempt by means of faith to enter into mysteries hidden from the reason; or whatever it is not, certainly religion is a belief in a personal Deity with human qualities. And yet these assertions, which most people cannot hear questioned without losing their temper, are so evidently false that we can only understand how they come to be made by considering the dazzling influence that a single form of religion has for many centuries exerted on men's minds. None of these characteristics are to be found in all or in many of the religions of the world; many of the religions that have been most powerful and most beneficent have known nothing of them. There is little reason to think that the prophet Isaiah contemplated any future state, and therefore little reason to suppose that he regulated his life with a view to it; and it would be rather hard to make out that all religion is anthropomorphic in the face of the fact that the very foundation of the Jewish religion is laid in the denial of anthropomorphism. But all this has been sufficiently urged above. I have endeavoured to substitute for this idea of essential religion, not some new idea devised by myself, but an idea attained by the ordinary method of observation and abstraction; instead of examining only one religion in order to find out what religion consists in, I have looked at many religions of the most diverse kinds, and have tried to abstract their common characteristic. This common characteristic reveals itself very easily when this simple method is adopted, and appears still more plainly when, as in the last paper, that which is antithetical to religion is examined. In religion, then, we find a rule of life founded upon the principle of worship or habitual regulated admiration; and this rule of life is opposed to the mechanical, languid, and torpid routine of those who occupy themselves only with the interests of their own livelihood, or comfort, or prosperity.

But now if we are able to shake ourselves free from the inveterate misconception produced both in the minds of Christians and disbelievers by absolutely identifying religion with modern Christian orthodoxy, we find our view of many things modified. In particular, that easy philosophy of history which has become current

of late years through the influence of the newspapers will require to be reconsidered. The doctrine, that religion received in the last century from Voltaire, Hume, and the others, a blow which is proving gradually mortal, that the patient has been steadily sinking ever since, and that the transient recoveries, the well-meant Socinianisms, deisms, etc., are more and more plainly seen to be in vain, so that the only prospect is of atheism and complete cessation of all religion—all this is seen to be founded simply upon the confusion of religion with orthodoxy, and to be made all the more fatally plausible because almost all the defenders of religion, being clergymen, instead of doing their best to clear up this confusion, are in a manner pledged to perpetuate it. When we look at the same course of events, having the other definition of religion in our minds, it appears to have quite a different tendency. It appears to point, not at a cessation of religion, but at a great growth of natural religion in the sense defined above, *i.e.*, natural religion, including revealed, but no longer dependent on supernatural religion.

That incredulity with respect to the supernatural steadily increases is evident; it has extended itself to the classes which formerly delighted in nothing so much as the marvellous. This is not surely because the case against the supernatural has grown stronger; indeed, in some respects it seems to have grown weaker; at least, the darling argument of the old sceptical schools, that we may pronounce *à priori* all occurrences of the class called supernatural to be impossible, is now given up by scientific men. But it might have been predicted from the first that when the notion of scientific law had been popularized beyond a certain point the popular mind would take the infection of that intolerance of miracle which had always been remarked in the scientific few. To minds on the look-out for regularity in nature exceptions or miracles are annoying; and so the hatred of miracles becomes as much a superstition of the scientific mind as it is a superstition of the poet to attribute personality to inanimate things. There could not but come a time when this habit of thought would become general, and so far as the supernatural enters into any form of religion, it will, when this happens, give rise to scepticism about the religion itself. But inasmuch as religion itself has not necessarily any connection with the supernatural, and inasmuch as there is very much in Chris-

tianity and even in the ecclesiastical form of Christianity which is independent of the supernatural, we may notice in the recent history of religion much besides this partial decay. We may notice, in fact, a revival not less rapid and steady, a mighty revival of the spirit of religion, which is bringing us more and more into sympathy with those generations which believed intensely. Only the Church has still retained possession of the *vocabulary* of belief; the old phrases, so vigorous, natural, and poetic, had fallen into the hands of the professional caste, had been stiffened by too much definition, had been cheapened by too much use, had lost their sweetness through too much controversy; and so the reviving religious spirit has not gone back to them, but has chosen rather to coin new phrases, and the new coinage, seldom so good as the old, has still seemed preferable, because it could not be suspected of having been tampered with or debased. Hence it is often a matter of difficulty to identify the ancient belief when it is re-issued in quite new language, and often by those who passionately repudiate it so long as it is expressed in the ancient formula. Thus at the very moment when men began to dare to call themselves atheists they began to use the language of religious worship towards nature. Poets were inspired with hymns in praise of nature, philosophers began to study nature with a new kind of ardor and devotion; and in course of time through this new worship the old Hebrew sublimity returned to poetry, the old Hebrew indignation at anthropomorphism showed itself in science; and still it was long—so completely was the phraseology of worship preoccupied by the Church—before it was understood that these feelings were really, and not in mere metaphor, worship; long, too, before the object of this worship was perceived to be none other than He who was worshipped from the beginning, the ancient God, “our dwelling-place in all generations.” About the same time, too, when men began to confess their repugnance to theology, their contempt for a science so unprogressive and so quarrelsome, they began, on the other hand, to imagine the possibility of drawing a rule for human life from the new and vast views of the universe that were opening with the progress of science; but still they called theology their enemy, and did not perceive that to aim at such a new synthesis was to aim at reviving theology. Once more it is worth noticing how from the

beginning of the period of denial the word humanity has haunted men almost as much as the word nature; and all this while they have pursued Christianity as an enemy upon whose destruction they were bent, refusing to see that the worship of humanity is as truly the revival of specific New-Testament Christianity as the scientific view of the universe is the revival of the austere Jewish theism.

Many other examples might be adduced of the silent reappearance of ancient beliefs under a new name, if I had undertaken here to treat the subject fully.

In one word, instead of a steady tendency to leave behind the religious views and feelings of the past, a tendency checked by nothing but the tenacity of old associations, we may observe in the age an ever-strengthening determination to retain as much of the religion of the past as can be retained without accepting the supernatural, or submitting to priestly authority.

But now among these revivals of old views under new names do we observe any reappearance of that which in the past was called more technically or in a narrow sense religion or religiousness? When we hear those most penetrated with what is called "the modern spirit" say that the only divinity left to man in these days is science, we recognize after a little consideration that a confusion of language has been committed precisely similar to that of the Hindoos when they use the word *Brahma*, which is said to mean prayer, to describe the Deity approached by prayer, and that science is not the Deity, but the way of approaching the Deity, viz., God in nature, most devoutly recognized in these ages. When they speak of the necessity of bringing the results of science to bear upon society and upon the individual so as to regulate human life, it is easy enough to see the revival of theology. Christianity again is very thinly disguised under the name humanity. But among those possessed with the modern spirit what do we find answering to the religiousness of past times? That religiousness was not a mere rule of action. It was a play of feeling; it was described as a life, as a mode of consciousness which the religious man had to himself, and which partly absorbed and partly supplemented the life he had in common with others. It was attacked as a delusion, but if our view be correct, if the old beliefs are regaining their hold as far as they can do so without accepting the supernatural, we may expect to find

so far as the revival has gone a new religiousness springing up, though we may expect at the same time that it will disguise itself under some new name. Is this then so? and what is the religiousness that belongs to natural religion?

What religiousness *might* be inspired by it I considered before, and I quoted Goethe and Wordsworth as examples of men in whom such religiousness might be observed. The question is now not of exceptional men, but of a path of religiousness worn smooth and distinct and trodden by numerous feet, of a type become sufficiently common to have received a name to itself. For this we may expect to find if natural religion be the growing influence it is here represented.

The word "culture" has made its way among us from Germany mainly through the influence of that very Goethe who has just been referred to. It used to be a shibboleth of his disciples, but it has since rubbed off its exclusive associations, and at the same time taken a deeper root. We speak now of the culture, whether of a nation or an individual, as a kind of collective name for all that belongs to the higher life of either. When the word is used by historians it commonly includes religion. A chapter on the culture of the Greeks or Romans would discuss along with other matters their religious ideas. When we speak of the culture of an acquaintance we think among other things of his views about religion. But what precise relation culture and religion bear to each other is somewhat unsettled in most minds. The men who profess culture commonly speak of religion with a sort of pitying kindness as a thing good in substance but vulgar in form, a thing which they can sympathize with, but only when it is translated into another dialect. Moreover, culture is understood to be a much more comprehensive word than religion, and in fact to refer principally to matters that have nothing to do with religion. It suggests to us art and science sooner than such things as self-sacrifice and charity.

Now if we consider a moment we shall find that here still the old confusion haunts us. This again is a misapprehension which comes from the inveterate habit of identifying religion with ecclesiastical Christianity. How unless we make this mistake could we come to think of religion as having nothing to do with art and science? How could we avoid seeing that wherever a society has been strongly religious, its religion has been, I

do not say connected with its science and its art, but incorporate with and almost inseparable from both? Science begins in religious cosmogonies; art begins in hymns sung to a deity and in the sculpture or painting that adorns his temple. At this day look at those classes of our people who live completely in the old atmosphere. Their science is drawn from the Book of Genesis; their art consists in favourite hymns. Nor is it just to say that at a riper stage art and science do and should assert their independence of religion; this is a mistaken interpretation of the historical fact that the organization of religion is liable to become immovably conservative, and to drive into rebellion or separation the artistic and scientific impulses which in the beginning were the breath of its own life. Art and science may indeed be often found completely independent of Churches, but, as these papers have labored to show, this is not because they have nothing to do with religion; on the contrary wherever they are found in appearance separate from religion, they form in reality rival or heretical religions.

Nor is it less erroneous to suppose that religion is necessarily connected with morality, than to consider it as unconnected with science and art. Those who tell us that religion is only "morality touched with emotion," mean probably to say that this is the kind of religion they approve, or, it may be, all they mean is that this appears to them the original and genuine character of Christianity. But if we are inquiring what religion is, and not merely what we think it ought to be, we shall see that its connection with morality is often very slight; nay, that it often appears as the great enemy of morality. How often is it found — this indeed was the discovery that made the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century so embittered against religion — that while morality is fostered by good laws and wholesome institutions, by religion, on the contrary, bad passions are nourished, atrocious actions justified, and ancient abuses consecrated! And in the cases where religion has worked on the whole for good, its good effects have not always been perceived in the department of morality. Why is it that we think with pleasure and tenderness of the religion of ancient Greece? Not because we can trace to it much improvement in morality, except indeed in its primitive stages. In the phases of it best known to us, its moral influence was either slight or positively mischievous; but it was of priceless value to mankind as the mould

in which the idea of art took form. Even where as in Christianity the two great impulses which move mankind, religion and morality, by a rare happiness coincide, it is still easy to perceive their distinctness. Christianity consecrates morality, yes! but gives it at the same time a new character. It arrives at the same results, but, as it were, by a different road. Social convenience, considerations of public order, prudential calculation, have a principal share in creating what is ordinarily called morality; the same morality in the hands of religion is animated anew, and extended without being altered. Religion, in fact, treats morality just as genius — I call it so to be understood; but it would be better to say religion again — treats art and science. Utility by itself, or almost by itself, might create a sort of art, painting of the Dutch kind, useful didactic poetry; it might in like manner create a sort of science, and discover those natural laws which affect most directly human convenience. But art, in the high sense, is the fruit of instinctive loving admiration of natural forms, and science in the main has been created not by those who wanted to invent some new convenience, but by those who were haunted by the sense of law, and the passion for truth. In like manner, if by morality we understand, as most of us do, merely the habits tending to the general well-being that are gradually formed under the influence of law and order, of such morality Christianity from the very beginning has always shown itself impatient. It has undergone much obloquy for doing so; it has often been reproached for its "to him that worketh *not*," for its "*pecca ortiter*," for its "scrap of morality," and this is because Christianity is a religion, and religion even when it most favours morality remains distinct from it.

We come back then to the position we have maintained all along — that religion is concerned with the whole higher life of man, and that this higher life is sustained by admiration or worship, so that art and science are as much included in religion as morality is, and that indeed morality is only included in religion when it severs itself from the utilities and conveniences with which it is commonly connected, and bases itself on the love or worship of man. But if so, religion has just the same sphere as the modern "culture." The formula in which culture was summed up by Goethe, answers pretty exactly to that threefold division of religion on which we have insisted; life in the whole, in the

good, in the beautiful. Here morality, under the name of life in the good, stands between art, which is life in the beautiful, and science, or the knowledge of the law of the universe, which is life in the whole.

Thus if the friends of culture and those of religion do not very well agree together, it is none the less true that culture and religion deal with the same things, and have the same object. Both are concerned with the higher life of man, and with the whole of that higher life. Both have the same adversary, though religion calls it worldliness, and culture calls it Philistinism, in that predominance of the lower life, which is fed by "bread alone," and the object of which is livelihood, or respectability, or comfort. If they quarrel among themselves, if culture is apt to think religion narrow or superstitious, and religion on the other hand charges culture with epicureanism or want of seriousness, this is because both have the associations of their history sticking to them; because religion, when it appears in the concrete, is Christian and ecclesiastical, that is, predominantly moral in its spirit, and somewhat archaic in form, while culture sprang up among literary men in recent times, and is therefore spick-and-span in its equipment of phrases, and treats morality somewhat lightly compared with science and art. Such differences are merely historical, and the friction of time wears them away. The spirit of religion grows larger and recollects its original affinity with beauty and scientific truth; the spirit of culture grows every day more moral since the time when its great master Goethe betrayed the weakness of his original conception in the helpless want of sympathy with which he regarded the first political struggles of reviving Germany.

Culture, then, when it is purified, will answer fully to the old religiousness such as that would naturally grow to be in the new time. The new name is the best that could be chosen by those to whom the true name, religion, was forbidden by circumstances. The higher life of the human spirit, as we have so often said, consists in its religion, in the habitual admirations and devotions which keep it noble and sweet, but this higher life, like every form of life down to that of the vegetable, requires to be fostered according to a definite system. This system is culture: when, therefore, those who wish to speak of the higher life, and are afraid to call it religion, fall back upon the word culture, they use the same makeshift as when to avoid speaking of God revealed in the

universe, men speak of science; that is, they put for the thing itself some process closely connected with the thing.

Nevertheless there comes practical mischief from putting a word which denotes an artificial process in place of one which marks a living spirit. The word religion makes us think of feelings, emotions, convictions, or the acts that flow immediately out of them; but the word culture makes us think rather of the machinery of training, of art-schools, academies, universities. All this machinery is of no use unless the living thing is there which it is intended to cultivate; and yet when the attention is so constantly called to the machinery this is apt to be forgotten. The cry is, "Set up more universities; pay people better for research," if the love of truth appears to be less strong among us than it ought to be. Or when the flatness and ugliness of English life is dwelt on, the believer in culture is apt to treat the evil as one which could be easily remedied by establishing schools of art in the manufacturing districts. And it may be true that art-schools should be established and that research should be encouraged, but it is also true that if the religion of beauty and the religion of truth were dead among us all such machinery would avail little. The teaching of art in that case would end only in lifeless mechanical imitation, and research, however encouraged, would lead only to new cobwebs of a barren scholasticism.

In a Protestant country like this the danger affects art much more than science. The religion of truth and reality is not weak among us, and better machinery perhaps is here the main thing. But the religion of beauty is surely at the lowest ebb at the very time when art is more recognized and has a higher place given to it than ever before. This age will be remembered for having, as it were, established art among us, for having asserted its dignity as a pursuit by the side of politics, for new relations established between the different kinds of art, painters rising into poetry and setting the fashion in literary taste, great authors employing their eloquence to celebrate paintings and painters, novelists and dramatists depicting with a new interest the character, life, and struggles of the artist. But the age will scarcely be remembered for any increase in the general fund of feeling and imagination in which art finds its materials; scarcely as an age in which English life has grown more poetical, more picturesque, or more harmonious. And yet the public interest is not that a large number of cred-

itable poems, pictures, etc., should be produced — this is a very secondary matter — but that the largest possible number should take those elevated views of life and have that keen enjoyment of nature which are ends in themselves, and which may at the same time encourage the artist, admonish him to aim high, and insure his success. In other words, it is not so much culture as religion that is wanted, not so much that the artist should be taken out of the community and trained, as that the perceptions and sensibilities of the community itself should be quickened. And here culture, so far from being equivalent to religion, becomes too frequently antagonistic to it. The differentiation of the artist class may prove unfavorable to the spirit of art. It may make art a thing of schools and cliques, the affair of a profession now become rich enough to judge itself and applaud itself, and tyrannizing over a public of whose suffrages it has become independent. Just so in the Christian Church in its first inspired and victorious moment, the maxim was that every Christian was a priest; it was not till somewhat later that a sacerdotal order was differentiated. The differentiation was probably necessary, but who does not see the danger of this increase of machinery? Who does not see now that the only hope for the Christian religion lies in moderating this professional influence? Clericalism is well-nigh fatal to Christianity. Precisely the same law holds in the lower religion of art. Goethe asks himself, "What drives poetry out of the world?" And he answers, "The poets!"

Such then, it seems to me, looked at in outline, is religion in its modern aspect. It is not forward to assume the name of religion, because of the ecclesiastical associations that have gathered round that name, but for the most part prefers the somewhat less appropriate name of culture. It is a natural religion, rejecting for the present everything called miraculous as inconsistent with the notion it has formed of the laws of nature; and it has suffered so much from the abuse of priestly power in former days that it dislikes and avoids, certainly more than is reasonable, everything that reminds it of Church organization. On the other hand it is larger and richer than the religion of past times. It is richer by the Renaissance in art and by science. From the buried ruins of the pagan world it has dug up a precious treasure, the worth of which early Christianity had not been able to perceive, and under the influence of science, while

it has revived the Hebrew awe of God and conviction of the mistake of imagining him under the form of man, it has at the same time acquired an immense and perpetually increasing knowledge of the laws through which he manifests himself in the universe.

When one religion is set up against another controversies begin and embarrassments. But when the principle of all religion is compared with the opposite principle, when the life inspired by admiration and devotion is compared with the life that begins and ends in mere acquisition, then there is no controversy at all among those whose opinions are valuable. Looked at so, religion is seen to be entirely beyond dispute and to be only another name for the higher life, the life of the soul. Again when on the scene of history religion appears in some partial, one-sided form, it is easy to find fault with its workings, and, as it is a principle of enormous vigor, it has been in such cases the instigator of more tremendous deeds and the cause of more wide-working ruin than any other principle. It has been easy for philosophers preaching on the text *tantum religio potuit*, etc., to make out religion itself a mischievous principle and that it ought to be a main object to moderate, if we cannot hope to kill, this unfortunate propensity in human nature. And yet almost everything else that is highest in man might be looked at in the same way. In the individual, for instance, what a dangerous, mischievous thing is genius or originality! What sleepless nights does it cause, what weariness of spirit! How it disconcerts society, interrupts the tranquil course of its vegetation, perplexes the methodical logomachy of parties! Or philanthropy again! What hindrances to trade has this restless principle caused, now putting down slavery, now passing factory-laws; and what flagrant mistakes has it made at times! And then there is the spirit of liberty. Why, it may safely be said that if only this spirit did not exist the art of government would be a comparatively simple matter, whereas it is an almost impossible problem to govern tolerably nations in which it has been allowed to become strong. Of all these intractable forces the greatest by far is religion. If only it could be destroyed! In that case we might picture the human family entering upon that happiness which has no history, beginning a career chequered by nothing that could be called incident, and varied only by the gradations of progress, a career the annals of which would con-

sist only of the ever-improving statistics of production and enjoyment; in short, "feeding like horses when you *hear* them feed!" But indeed such a consummation would be only a kind of euthanasia of human nature. It is precisely these impulses and emotions that are so hard to control which give dignity and worth to life. It is for their sakes that we produce and consume. And so it is a more hopeful course to consider whether those sinister workings of the higher life may not be as happily prevented by giving it a full and harmonious development as by vainly trying to extinguish it.

Such harmony, I think, is to be found, and is gradually being found, by the religion or culture of the age in the coalition of three forms of religion, which in past history have generally regarded each other as enemies. A form of religion which, when it appears by itself, does mischief, works ill, and so is justly attacked as false, may, when it finds its right place and proper subordination, turn out to be true and fruitful of good. Paganism was very justly attacked by the Christians as a false religion, but its falseness did not consist in the honor it paid to sensuous beauty, but in its paying honor to nothing higher (as well as to many things lower), and the very same worship of visible things, when it is revived in proper moderation by modern culture, may be not merely harmless, but most right and valuable, most indispensable to the harmony of religion. The same may be said of ecclesiastical Christianity, and of that new religion of modern science, viz., that each by itself may be attacked as false, but that each, taken in conjunction with the other, is true and indispensable.

These three forms of religion have a sort of correspondence to the three stages of human life. Paganism may be called the childhood of the higher life, and so when continued too long, and not duly subordinated, it is the childishness and frivolity of it. Christianity (in the narrow sense) is its youth, its phase of enthusiasm and unbounded faith both in man and the universe; this, too, if it stands too much alone, becomes degraded into sentimentalism. Science is the later phase, when reality is firmly faced, when the sombre greatness of the law under which we live, and at the same time the limitations it imposes on us, and the patience it requires from us, are manfully confessed; but this also taken alone is no more than the cynical old age of the higher life. For it is essential to its complete manhood not

only to have acquired what comes latest, but also to retain and not to lose what came earlier. Humanity must constantly renew its childhood and its youth as well as advance in experience. At the same time that it observes and reasons with scientific rigor, it must learn to hope with Christian enthusiasm, and also to enjoy with pagan freshness.

How different does paganism look when we contemplate it in the age of Pericles, or that of Scipio, when it began to be quietly left behind, and, again, in the days of the final triumph of Christianity when it was aggressively destroyed. In the one case we see with contempt its childish absurdity; in the other we mark with some regret its freshness and brightness. In the great Athenian age a few artists still with studied conservatism cling to it; and we may indeed observe that when this is no longer possible the great imaginative poets come no more; but to the majority of intelligent men it has become a mass of absurdity no more credible than Brahminism to the young Bengal of to-day. With still more decisive contempt do the strong prosaic intellects of Rome put aside and utterly forget their old Italian religion. All this seems to us, when we read of it, neither to be avoided nor to be regretted; what was absurd could not but appear to be so sooner or later. But when, after many centuries, the revolution has gone much further; when the Church has rooted out of the minds of the common people what then only dropped quietly out of the belief of philosophers; when the temples of the gods are thrown down and their names held abominable; when a completely new page of history begins, and all such ways of thinking are decisively left behind, some sort of revolution takes place in our feelings. The new world appears too monastic, too much tormented with conscience, not spontaneous or natural enough. We delight to see the old pagan fire break out sometimes in Caedmon, and are inclined to wish it had free way, and that there were no Christianity near to smother it. How much we prize what glimpses we can get of those old beliefs; how much it disappoints us when the writings of those times are silent about them, and give us instead only Christianity and monotonous lives of saints! In some cases we are disposed to complain even that the native genius of a nation has been killed by the foreign faith when we find a literature, after perhaps a promising commencement, paralyzed for long ages by ecclesiastical influence. Then

it is that we see the other side of paganism, and what before appeared childish we are now disposed rather to describe as childlike. We are struck now by the free zest and relish of the world that went to the making of those frivolous creeds; here and there perhaps we see in them the rudiments of a true philosophy. We are angry that this vigorous play of mind should be brought to an end, and that not by a truer philosophy of nature, but by a timid morality which looks only within, and is afraid to philosophize on nature at all. In fact, we have just the same feelings as when in an individual we see childhood come to an end, and the merry, boisterous boy turned into the awkward, perhaps self-conscious and sickly youth.

Hence the reaction which steadily and more or less secretly has for so many centuries gone on under the name of Renaissance. It is analogous to the growth in cheerfulness and healthy worldliness which comes to the youth as he grows accustomed to manhood. The hobbledehoyhood of humanity was long and trying. Its pagan childhood was artificially prolonged till it was more like dotage than childhood, and when the new feelings of self-sacrifice, duty, enthusiasm came, instead of quietly controlling and modifying the old, they began a violent war against them. One extreme was substituted for another — for the pagan view of life, not properly the Christian, but the monastic. The renunciation of selfishness was violent in proportion to the intensity with which it had been indulged; the world was hated as much as it had been loved; the extremes of self-devotion were explored with the eagerness natural to a first discovery. These excesses are outlived in time, and youth ripens into manhood by recovering something of the child. And thus the Renaissance is not merely the revival of ancient arts, the adoption of ancient models, it is the revival in proper degree and subordination of the ancient religion. It is the restoration of the worship of the forms of nature. This worship returns, purified, of course, from all mixture of delusion, purified from superstition, and, what is still more important, subordinated duly to other worships infinitely higher and more solemn, but none the less a worship, an admiration which may become unbounded in degree and rise to ecstasy, and which is essential to the healthy vigor of the higher life.

But manhood differs from youth, not merely in having recovered something which youth had parted with, but also in

having gained something unknown both to youth and childhood. Beyond the forms of nature and the ideal of moral goodness there remains another discovery to be made, the recognition of a law in the universe stronger than ourselves and different from ourselves, and refusing to us not only the indulgence of our desires but also, as we learn slowly and with painful astonishment, the complete realization of our ideals. It is not in the time when we are forming those ideals that it is possible for us to recognize the limitation imposed by nature upon the fulfilment of them, and yet until we can make the recognition we shall be liable to constant mistake and disappointment. The special superiority of manhood to youth lies in this recognition, in the sense of reality and limitation. Youth is fantastic and utopian compared to manhood, as it is melancholy compared both to manhood and childhood. Here again the parallel holds between Christianity (in the narrow sense) and youth. Nothing can be more mistaken than the comparison made by some of those who have regretted paganism (Schiller, for instance, in "The Gods of Greece"), between the melancholy of Christianity and the melancholy which is the mark of old age. Most evidently all that has been morbid in Christian views of the world has resembled the sickliness of early youth rather than the decay of age. Old age is subject to cynical melancholy, early youth to fantastic melancholy, and assuredly it is the latter rather than the former that has shown itself in Christianity. All the faults that have ever been reasonably charged against the practical working of Christianity (apart from those arising from faulty organization) are the faults which in the individual we recognize as the faults of youth, a melancholy view of life, in morals a disposition to think rather of purity than of justice, but principally a *Schicksalslosigkeit*, an intolerance of all limitation either in hope or belief. "All things are possible to him that believeth," is a glorious formula of philanthropic heroism; the mistake of the Church, as the mistake of young men, is to treat it as literally and prosaically true.

The opposite maxim has to be learned in time, that some things are impossible, and to master this is to enter upon the manhood of the higher life. But it ought not to be mastered as a mere depressing negation, but rather as a new religion. The law that is independent of us and that conditions all our actions is not to be reluctantly acknowledged, but studied

with absorbing delight and awe. At the moment when our own self-consciousness is liveliest, when our own beliefs, hopes, and purposes are most precious to us, we are to acknowledge that the universe is greater than ourselves, and that our wills are weak compared with the law that governs it, and our purposes futile except so far as they are in agreement with that law.

This assuredly is the transition which the world is now making. It is throwing off at once the melancholy and the unmeasured imaginations of youth; it is recovering, as manhood does, something of the glee of childhood, and adding to that a new sense of reality. Its return to childhood is called Renaissance, its acquisition of the sense of reality is called science. We may be glad of both; science will save us from those heroic mistakes of which the Catholic centuries were so fruitful, from unworldliness ending on the one hand in squalor and pestilence, on the other in greedy mendicancy, from pity creating pauperism, and chastity by reaction promoting vice. Renaissance will redeem the lower levels of life from the bald barrenness of money-getting, and give humanity the *fond gaillard* that may carry her through the trials in store for her. We may take sides firmly with the modern world against the Syllabus, against all unfortunate attempts to preserve a justly cherished ideal by denying and repudiating reality, to protect against all subsequent modification the first sublime exaggerations of the new-born spirit of self-sacrifice, to banish criticism because it is cold, and philosophy because it is calm, and to try and give the feelings of youth the one thing precisely which is most foreign to them — infallibility and unchanging permanence.

Nevertheless, the analogy that we have been pursuing will suggest to us that the victory of the modern spirit would be fatal if pressed too far, as indeed it is essentially a melancholy triumph, and that the youth of humanity, crushed out too ruthlessly, would have a Renaissance still more irresistible than its childhood. The sense of reality gives new force when it comes in to correct the vagueness of our ideals; this is manhood; but when it takes the place or destroys the charm of them, this is the feebleness of old age. Healthy manhood must continue to savor of its youth as of its infancy, to be enthusiastic and tender as well as to be buoyant. It must continue to hope much and believe much; we praise caution and coolness in a youth, but a few stages on these quali-

ties cease to seem admirable, and the man begins to be praised for the opposite qualities, for ardor, for enthusiasm, in short for being still capable of that of which youth is only too capable. But in the individual we regard this persistent vitality as only possible for a time. Old age sets in at last, when, if enthusiasm still survive, it is not so much a merit as a kind of prodigy. Is humanity to verify the analogy in this respect also? When we have learnt to recognize the limitations imposed on us, that we cannot have everything as our enthusiasm would make it, and that if our ideals are to be realized in any considerable measure it must be by taking honest account of the conditions of possibility; when we have gone so far, are we to advance another step and confess that the conditions of possibility are so rigorous that most of our ideals must be given up, and that in fact humanity has little to hope or to wish for? It need not be so if, as was said above, the service of necessity may become freedom instead of bondage, if the power above us which so often checks our impatience and pours contempt on our enthusiasms can be conceived as not necessarily giving less than we hope for because it does not give precisely *what* we hope for, but perhaps even as giving infinitely more. On this hypothesis humanity may preserve the vigor of its manhood. Otherwise, if reality, when we acquire the power of distinguishing it, turns out not merely different from what we expect but much below what we expect; if this universe, so vast and glorious in itself, proves in relation to the satisfaction of our desires narrow and ill-furnished, if it disappoints not only our particular wishes but the very faculty of wishing by furnishing no sufficient food, then humanity also has its necessary old age. And if its old age, then surely that which lies beyond old age. We must not merely give up the immortality of the individual soul — which some have persuaded themselves they can afford to give up — but we must learn to think of humanity itself as mortal.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

CHAPTER I.

THE BERESFORDS.

JAMES BERESFORD and Annie his wife had been married for more than a dozen years — their only child, indeed, had

nearly attained the age of twelve at the time when this history begins. They had both got footing on that plateau of middle age which, if it comes to something like level ground at thirty, need not think of a descending step for twenty years — the time of the greatest enjoyments and most solid progress of life. He was at one end and she at the other of the first decade; the one approaching the forties, the other scarcely well out of the twenties; both ready to laugh at the advance of years which was as yet but a joke to them, and neither having thought of bidding any grave farewell to youth. She was impulsive, enthusiastic, and nervous; he philosophical and speculative, a man ready to discuss any theory in earth or heaven, and without any prejudices such as might make one subject of discussion appear less legitimate than another. They were not very rich, but neither were they poor in any sense of the word. He had been called to the Bar, but had never gone any further in that career. They had enough between them to live on without show, but without pinching, as so many people of quietly social, semi-literary tastes do in London. They knew a number of people. They saw all the pictures, read all the books, and heard all the music that was going; not absorbed in any art, but with just enough devotion to all to make their life full and pleasant. And there could scarcely be a pleasanter life. The fantasies of youth, but not the sentiments of youth, had ended for both. Mr. Beresford had some mildly scientific pursuits, was a member of some learned societies, and of one or two new and advanced clubs where clever men were supposed to abound. Occasionally in his comfortable library he wrote an article for a review or magazine, which was very much talked about by his friends, to the great edification and amusement of people who live by writing articles and say nothing about them. This gave him an agreeable sense of duty to add seriousness to his life; and he was never without occupation — meetings of committees, scraps of semi-public business, educational and other projects, which, for the moment at least, seemed full of interest to the world, made him feel himself a not unimportant, certainly not a useless, man. Mrs. Beresford, on her side, had the natural occupation of her housekeeping, and her child, whose education gave her much thought — so much thought that many people with full nurseries listened with a certain awe to her ideas of all that was

necessary for her little girl, and sighed to think how much less was possible when there were six or seven little girls to think of. The child, however, was not so over-educated and overcared for as might have been fancied; for the parents were young, as I have said, very fond of each other, and fond of their own way; which attachments did not consist with the burden of dragging a small child with them wherever they went. The Beresfords liked to go about "honeymooning," as their friends called it, and as they themselves were not displeased to call it, by themselves, over the world. They would start sometimes quite suddenly, to the Riviera in the middle of winter to escape London fogs and wintry chills; to Paris at Easter; to Scotland in the autumn; even to Norway sometimes, or such difficult places: and it stood to reason that they could not take the child with them when they started quite suddenly on these delightful journeys. For these journeys were delightful. They were well enough off not to require to count the cost; they went lightly, with little luggage and no servants; and they went everywhere together. But it would have been bad for the little girl; therefore she stayed at home, under the care of the best of nurses, who had been Mrs. Beresford's nurse before the child's; and the father and mother, like two lovers, roamed lightly about the world. But when they were at home, Mrs. Beresford talked a great deal about education, and had plans enough to have educated six princesses, let alone one little girl of undistinguished lineage. It was a very lucky thing for all parties, their friends said, that they had but this one child. Had they been hampered by half a dozen, what could they have done? It would have changed their life completely. And one of their many felicities was, that whereas they were preserved from the old-maidishness of childless married persons by having a child, their freedom of action was preserved by the fact that they had but one.

And they were wonderfully free of other relations who might have hampered them. Mrs. Beresford had been an orphan from her childhood, brought up by her grandmother, who in the course of nature was dead too; and Mr. Beresford's only two relations were a wealthy aunt, Charity Beresford, who lived in a pretty house in the country, within driving-distance of London, and with whom lived his eldest sister, Cherry Beresford, named after her aunt, and living in considerable subjugation.

tion to that energetic woman. Miss Beresford was the richest member of the family, and her nephew had expectations from her; and Charity was the favourite female name of this branch of the race. But the idea of calling her child Charity did not at all smile upon young Mrs. Beresford when her baby was born. She was beguiled, however, by the unusual look of it, which charmed her into calling the little girl by the more melodious name of Carità, contracted prettily into Cara in the drawing-room, and Carry in the nursery. Aunt Charity growled when she heard of it, but did not otherwise complain, and gentle Aunt Cherry declared herself unfeignedly glad that her little niece had thus escaped the worst consequences of a symbolical name. When the young couple went away pleasuring, little Cara very often would be sent to Sunninghill, to pass the quiet days there under the charge of the aunts; and so all responsibility was removed from the minds of the parents. They had a letter sent to them every day to assure them of her welfare, however far off they might go—an extravagance which Aunt Charity condemned loudly, but which Aunt Cherry was proud of, as showing the devotion of the parents to little Cara. The child herself was very happy at Sunninghill, and was a much more prominent person there than at home, where very often she was in the way, and interrupted conversation. For a father and mother who are very fond of each other, and have a great deal to talk of, often, it must be allowed, are hampered by the presence of one curious child, with quick ears and an inconveniently good memory. In this particular the half-dozen would have been more easily managed than the one.

Thus the Beresfords led a very pleasant life. They had the prettiest house; naturally, travelling so much as they did, they had been able to “pick up” a great many charming things. You could scarcely see their walls for pictures; some very good, one or two wonderful windfalls, and the rest pretty enough; nothing strikingly bad, or next to nothing. Where other people had ordinary china, they had genuine old faïence, and one or two plaques which Raphael himself might have seen perhaps—Urbino ware, with Messer Giorgio’s name upon it. Not to speak of the Venice point which Mrs. Beresford wore, there were brackets in the drawing-room hung with scraps of old *point coupé* which many a lady would have been glad to

trim her dress with; and, instead of common *portières*, they had two pieces of old tapestry from an Italian convent which devotees went down on their knees before. But I have not space to tell you how many pretty things they had. It was one of the pleasures of their life whenever they saw anything that pleased them to bring it home for the decoration of that pretty drawing-room, or the library, which Mr. Beresford had filled with old vellum-bound volumes of curious editions, and pretty books in Russia leather which kept the room always fragrant. What was wanting to this pleasant, warm, full, delightful living? Nothing but continuance; and it had not struck either of them that there was any doubt of this for long, long years at least. What a long way off threescore years and ten look when you are not yet forty! and death looked further off still. No one thought of dying. Why should they? For, to be sure, though we know very well that must happen to us sometimes, in our hearts we are incredulous, and do not believe that *we* ever can die. The Beresfords never dreamt of anything so frightful. They were well, they were happy, they were young; and as it had been, so it would be; and a world so bright they felt must mean to go on forever.

When Cara was about ten, however, the mother began to feel less well than usual. There was nothing much the matter with her, it was thought: want of “tone”—a little irritability of disposition—a nervous temperament. What she wanted was change of air and scene. And she got that, and got better, as was thought; but then became ill again. No, not ill—unwell, indisposed, *mal à son aise*, nothing more. There was nothing the matter with her really, the doctors thought. Her lungs and heart, and all vital organs, were perfectly sound; but there was a little local irritation which, acting upon a nervous temperament—The nervous temperament was perpetually kept in the front, and all sorts of evils imputed to its agency. At Sunninghill, it must be confessed, they did not believe in the illness at all.

“Fudge,” said Aunt Charity, who had always been strong, and had no faith in nerves, “don’t talk to me of your nervous temperaments. I know what it means. It means that Annie has fallen sick of always having her own way. She has everything she can desire, and she is ill of having nothing more to wish for. A case of Alexander over again in a Lon-

don drawing-room — that's what it is, and nothing else, my word upon it; and I know my niece."

"Yes, Mr. Maxwell, perhaps there is some truth in what Aunt Charity says," said Miss Cherry. "I think you know I don't judge harshly —"

"That means that *I* judge harshly," said Miss Charity, bursting in; "thank you, my dear. Well, you may call me uncharitable if you please; but there's where it is; let James lose the half of his fortune, or all his china get broken, and she'd come round in no time — that's what ails Annie. But as she belongs to a very refined society, and has a silly husband, it's called nerves. Bless me, Cherry, I hope I knew what nerves were, and all about it, before you were born."

"You could not know Annie before I was born," said Miss Cherry, who was devoid of imagination. "I hope you will give her your best attention, Mr. Maxwell. My brother James is a very fond husband, poor fellow! If anything happened to Annie, he would never get the better of it. As for marrying again, or anything of that sort —"

"Good heavens," said the doctor; "I hope there is no need to take such an idea into consideration. We must not go so fast."

Miss Charity laughed. She was a great deal older than her niece, but much more sensible. "There's the seventh commandment to be thought of," she said; for her remarks were sometimes more free than they ought to be, and put Miss Cherry to the blush: and this was all the worse because she immediately walked out into the garden through the open window and left the younger lady alone with the doctor, who was an old friend of the family, and contemporary of the second Charity Beresford. Very old friends they were; even it was supposed that in their youth there had been or might have been passages of sentiment between these two now sitting so calmly opposite each other. Dr. Maxwell, however, by this time was a widower, and not at all sentimental. He laughed too as Miss Beresford made her exit by the window. He was very well used to the family and all its ways.

"*She* wears very well," he said reflectively. "I don't think she has aged to speak of for these twenty years. When I used to be coming here in my early days, when I was beginning practice —"

"The rest of us have changed very much since then."

"Yes," said Dr. Maxwell, thinking most

of himself; "but she not at all. I could think when I look at her that I was still, as I say, a young fellow beginning practice —"

Miss Cherry sighed — very softly, but still she did sigh: over forty, but still in the position and with many of the sentiments of a girl. People laugh at the combination, but it is a touching one on the whole. What ages of lingering monotonous life had passed over her since her present companion began his practice, since her Aunt Charity had begun to be an old woman! Dr. Maxwell had married, had lost his wife, had gone through perhaps sharper troubles than Miss Cherry had known. He was now middle-aged and stoutish and weather-beaten — weather-beaten in aspect and in soul — while she was slim and soft and maidenly still. The sigh was half for those uneventful years, and half for the undevelopment which she was conscious of — the unchangedness of herself, underneath the outer guise, which was changed; but this was not safe ground, nor could it be talked of. So she brushed away the sigh with a little cough, and added quickly, —

"I know perhaps what nerves are better than my aunt does, and I know Annie better. Tell me seriously, Mr. Maxwell, now we are alone. You don't apprehend anything serious? Should she go on travelling and running about as they do, if there is really anything the matter? No one can be so much interested as I am. You would be quite frank with me?"

"It is the best thing for her," said the doctor. "You now — I should not say the same for you. You are a tranquil person and patient; but for her, the more she runs about the better. It distracts her and keeps her from thinking. If she worries, it's all over with a woman like that."

"She has so little to worry about."

"Just so; and the less one has to bear the less one is fit for; that is to say," said the doctor, getting up and going to the window, "the less some people are fit for. There's that old aunt of yours to prove me a fool. She has never had anything to bear, that I know of; and she is strong enough to bear anything. Sixty-eight, and just look at her. There's a physique for you — that is the kind of woman," Mr. Maxwell said, with a little outburst of professional enthusiasm, "that I admire — as straight as a rod still, and every faculty in good order. That a woman like that should never have married is a loss to the world."

Miss Cherry, who had gone to the win-

dow too, and stood by his side, looked out somewhat wistfully at her old aunt. Cherry was not like her, but took after the other side of the family, her own mother, who had died young, and had not possessed any physique to speak of. "It is very sweet to-day in the garden," she said, inconsequently, and stepped out into the world of flowers and sunshine. Sunning-hill was an ideal house for two ladies, a place which people who were shut out from such delights considered quite enough for happiness. Indeed, Miss Cherry Beresford's friends in general resented deeply the little plaintive air she sometimes took upon her. "What could she wish for more?" they said, indignantly; "a place that was just too good to be wasted on two single women. There should be a family in it." This was especially the sentiment of the rector's wife, who was a friend of Cherry's, and who felt it a personal slight to herself, who had a large family and many cares, when Cherry Beresford, with not a thing in the world to trouble her, presumed to look as if she was not quite happy. The house stood upon a hill, fringed round with small but delightful woods. These woods were on a level with the highest turrets of the great beautiful royal Castle of St. George, which lay within full sight in the afternoon sunshine. So you may imagine what a view it was which was visible from the old smooth velvet lawn round the house, which formed the apex to these woods. The quiet plain all around lay basking in the light underneath, and the castle upon its hill dominated, with a broad and placid grandeur, that majestic sweep of country, with all its lights and shadows. The royal flag fluttered on the breeze, the great tower rose grey and solid against the sky. Green branches framed in this picture on every side; the cuttings in the trees made a picture-gallery indeed of different views for different hours, according to the lights. "What a lovely place it is!" Mr. Maxwell said, with sudden enthusiasm; "I always forget how lovely it is till I come back."

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Cherry, who was used to it. "If you are going to send them away, I suppose Cara may come to us for the summer?—that makes such a difference." Cherry was very well used to the different lights. She acknowledged the beauty of her home, and yet I can fancy circumstances under which she would have liked a pretty little house in a street better. Man nor woman either cannot live by beauty alone any more than by bread.

"Here's a pretty business," said Miss Beresford briskly; "half of my roses, I believe, spoiled for this year; no second show this time. Jones is the greatest idiot; he pretends to know everything, and he knows nothing. Your *protégé*, Cherry, of course. All the incapables hang on by you."

"I can't see any signs of deficiency," said the doctor, looking round.

"Not at this moment; if there were, he should go on the spot. If those two go off again, as you are always sending them off, tell James I insist on the child's coming here. Ah, that's what your women of nervous temperament do—leave their children at home in a poky London square, while they go wandering over the world. Tell them I wish it," said Miss Beresford, with a laugh; "they never go against me."

"They know how kind you always are."

"They know I'm old and will have something to leave behind me, that's the plain English—as if I was going to accept poor Cherry's subjection, poor soul, without rewarding her for it. It is she who will have everything when I'm gone. I've told them that, but still they think there's a chance that Cara might cut her old aunt out. I can see through them. I see through most people," she added, with a laugh, looking at him full. How could she know the thought passing through his mind at the moment, which was the abrupt reflection, uncalled for perhaps, that for a professional man, who had made no extraordinary name in his profession, Cherry Beresford, though an old maiden, would make not such a bad wife? Could the old witch see through broadcloth, and the comfortable coating of middle-aged flesh and blood, straight into a man's heart? He grew red foolishly, as if that were possible, and stammered a little in his reply.

"I can believe everything that is clever of you as well as everything that is kind; though why you ladies should make such a point of having a little chit like that, who can only disturb your quiet in this paradise of a place——"

"Oh, how can you say so!" said Cherry. "The child's voice and the child's face make all the difference—they are better than sunshine. They make the place beautiful. I would give it all, twenty times over, to have the child."

"Whom her mother is very glad to leave behind her."

"Hold your tongue, Cherry," said the elder lady; "you mild little old maids, you are always in a way about children. I

never took up that line. A child in the abstract is a nuisance. Now, a man — there are advantages about a man. Sometimes he's a nuisance too, but sometimes he's a help. Believe them, and they'll tell you that marriage was always far from their thoughts, but that children are their delight. That's not my way of thinking. But I happen to like little Cara because she is Cara, not because she is a child. So she may come and take her chance with the rest."

Cherry had turned away along the garden path, and was looking through one of the openings at one of the views. She knew it by heart — exactly how the light fell, and where were the shadows, and the name of every tower, and almost the shape of every cloud. Was it wonderful that this was not so delightful to her as to the strangers who could not see that view every day in their lives? To some people, indeed, the atmospheric changes, the effects of wind and colour, the warnings and dispersions of those clouds, would have made poetry enough to fill up all that was wanting; but poor Miss Cherry was not poetical in this big way, though she was very fond of pretty verses, and even wrote some occasionally; but how she longed for the child's innocent looks — the child's ceaseless prattle! Her gentle delicacy was hurt at that unnecessary gibe about the old-maidishness, and her supposed sham rejection of the husband who had never come that way. "Why should she talk of men — especially before *him*? What do I want with men?" said poor Miss Cherry to herself; "but my own niece — my brother's child — surely I may wish for her." And surely there could not have been a more innocent wish.

CHAPTER II.

A FRIGHT.

"WHICH you please; you are not gouty or rheumatical, or anything of that sort," said Mr. Maxwell, almost gaily. "Homburg, for instance — Homburg would do — or Baden, if you prefer that. I incline to the one you prefer; and enjoy yourself as much as you can — that is my prescription. Open air, novelty, change; and if you find you don't relish one place, go to another. The sea, if you take a fancy for the sea; and Sir William is of my opinion exactly. Choose the place which amuses you most."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Beresford, "that these wise men are laughing at you,

Annie. They know there's nothing the matter with you. If I was not much obliged to them for thinking so, I should say you had some reason to be offended. One knows what you doctors mean when you tell a patient to do whatever she likes best."

"It means one of two things," said Mrs. Beresford; "either that it is nothing, or that it is hopeless —"

Her husband burst into a soft laugh. "Well!" he said, "it is very evident it cannot be the last — so it must be as I say. It is injurious to our pride, my darling; for I allow that it is pleasant to possess either in your own person or your wife's a delicate and mysterious malady, of which it can be said that it baffles the doctors, without very much hurting the patient; but never mind. If you can bear this disrespectful verdict that you have nothing the matter with you, I assure you it makes me quite happy."

Mrs. Beresford looked at the doctor with very keen, eager eyes — eyes which had grown bigger and keener of late, perhaps from the failing of the round, smooth outlines of the face. She noticed that, though Maxwell saw very well that she was looking at him, he did not reply to those looks, but rather turned to her husband and answered him, as if he had not noticed her.

"I don't mean to be disrespectful," he said; "there is a little disturbance of the system, that is sometimes as serious as you could desire, and takes away the comfort of life perhaps more completely than a regular disease; but I hope that is not likely to happen here."

"No; I don't think it," said the easy man. "We shall try Baden, which is the prettiest — unless you prefer some other place; in short, we shall go off without guide or compass, and do exactly what pleases ourselves. We have done so, it must be allowed, pretty often before — but to do it with the sanction of the faculty —"

"And the child — as usual — will go to Sunninghill?"

"Why should you say as usual, Mr. Maxwell?" said Mrs. Beresford, with a suspicion of offence. "Do you think I should take her with me? Do you suppose, perhaps, that I might not come back again — that I might never — see —"

"This is so unnecessary," said the doctor, remonstrating. "What must I say? I wish I was as certain of a thousand a year. You will come back quite well, I hope."

"When people are very ill don't you say much the same things to them? There was poor Susan Maitland, whom you banished to Italy to die. People talked of her coming back again. Oh, no! I am not thinking of myself, but of the subject in general. One needed only to look in her face to see that she would never come back."

"People have different ideas of their duty," said Maxwell. "Some think it best not to frighten a patient with thoughts of death. I don't know that one can lay down any rule, one is guided by circumstances. To some nervous people it is best not to say anything. Some are more frightened than others—just as some people are more susceptible to pain than others."

"Now I am going to ask you another question," said Mrs. Beresford. "Suppose you had a patient very ill—I mean hopelessly ill, beyond all cure—do you think it is right to keep them alive as you do now, struggling to the last, staving off every new attack that might carry them off in quiet, fighting on and on to the last moment, and even prolonging that, when it comes so far, with cordials and stimulants? Keeping their breath in their poor, suffering bodies till you get to the end of your resources—your dreadful cruel resources, that is what I call them. Do you think this is right? I had an aunt who died dreadfully—of cancer."

"Ah! An aunt? You did not tell me this," said the doctor, off his guard; then, recovering himself, with something that looked like alarm, he said, hurriedly, "What would you have us do—kill the poor creatures? neglect them? refuse what aid, what alleviation we can——"

"I'll tell you what I should like you to do if it were me," she said, eagerly. "When it was all over, when you were sure I could not get better, when there was nothing more in life but to suffer—suffer; then I should like you to make a strong, sweet dose for me to put me out of my trouble. I should like James to give it me. Do you remember what was said that time in India, in the mutiny? I don't know if it was true, but people said it. That the husbands of some of the poor ladies kissed them and shot them, to save them; don't you remember? That is what I should like you to do—a sweet, strong dose; and James would bring it to me and kiss me, and put it to my lips. That would be true love!" she said, growing excited, the pale roses in her cheeks becoming hectic red; "that would be true

friendship, Mr. Maxwell! Then I should not be afraid. I should feel that you two stood between me and anguish, between me and agony——"

Both the men rose to their feet as if to restrain her vehemence, with one impulse. "My darling, my darling!" said James Beresford, in dismay, "what are you thinking of?" As for Mr. Maxwell, he walked to the window and looked out, his features working painfully. There was a moment in which the husband and wife clung together, he consoling her with every assuring word he could think of, she clinging to him with long hysterical sobs. "My love, what has put this into your head?" he said, half sobbing too, yet pretending to laugh. "My Annie, what fancy is this? Have you lost your wits, my darling? Why this is all folly; it is a dream; it is a craze you have taken into your head. Here is Maxwell will tell you——"

Here Maxwell made him a sign over his wife's head so impassioned and imperative that the man was struck dumb for the moment. He gazed blankly at the doctor, then stooped down to murmur fond words less distinct and articulate in her ear. Fortunately, she was too much excited, too much disturbed, to notice this sudden pause, or that the doctor said nothing in response to her husband's appeal. She held fast by his arm and sobbed, but gradually grew calmer, soothed by his tenderness, and after a while made a half-smiling, tearful apology for her weakness. It was after dinner on a lovely summer evening, not more than twilight, though it was late. The two gentlemen had been lingering over their claret, while she lay on the sofa waiting for them, for she did not choose to be shut up up-stairs all by herself, she said. After she had recovered they went to the drawing-room, where the windows were all open, and a couple of softly-burning lamps lit up the twilight with two half-veiled moons of light. There was not a lovely prospect as at Sunninghill, nothing, indeed, but the London square, where a few trees vegetated, just room enough for the dews to fall, and for "the little span of sky and little lot of stars" to unfold themselves. But even London air grows soft with that musical effect of summer, and the sound of passing voices and footsteps broke in with a faint, far-off sound as in dreams. The country itself could not have been more peaceful. Mrs. Beresford, half ashamed of herself, sat down at the little bright tea-table just within the circle of one of the lamps, and made tea, talking with a little attempt at gaiety, in

which, indeed, the natural revulsion of relief after that outbreak of alarm and melancholy was evident. It was she now who was the soul of the little party, for the doctor was moody and preoccupied, and her husband watched her with an anxiety almost too great to be kept within the bounds of ordinary attention. She rose, however, to the occasion. She began to talk of their probable travels, of Baden and Homburg, and all the other places which had been suggested to her. "We shall be as well known about the world as the Wandering Jew," she said; "better, for he had not a wife; and now that we have nearly exhausted Europe, there will be nothing for us but the East, or Egypt—suppose we go to Egypt, that would be original?"

"Not at all original," said Mr. Maxwell, who seemed half to resent her newborn gaiety. "All the cockneys in the world go to Egypt. Mr. Cook does the Pyramids regularly; and as for Jerusalem, it is common, common as Margate, and the society not much unlike."

"Margate is very bracing, I have always heard," said Mrs. Beresford, "and much cheaper than a German bath. What do you say to saving money, James, and eating shrimps and riding donkeys? I remember being at Margate when I was a child. They say there is not such air anywhere; and Mr. Maxwell says that the sea, if I like the sea——"

"As for bracing air, my love, I think there is nothing like St. Moritz. Do you remember how it set me up after that——"

"Give him a big, well-sounding name, doctor," said Mrs. Beresford, laughing; "it was only a bilious attack. But, talking of the sea, there is Biarritz—that would do, don't you think? It is warm, and it *was* gay. After all, however, I don't think I care for the sea. The Italian lakes are fine in the autumn, and as it gets cooler we might get on perhaps to Florence, or even Rome—or Kamtschatka, or Timbuctoo, or the Great Sahara," she said, with a burst of laughter. "You are complaisance itself, you gentlemen. Now I'll go and sing you something to reward you for humoring me to the top of my bent, and licensing me to go where I please."

She had a pretty voice, and sang well. The piano was at the other end of the room, the "back drawing-room" of the commonplace London house. The two men kept their places while she went away into the dim evening, and sat down there scarcely visible and sang. The soft, sweet

voice, not powerful, but penetrating, rose like a bird in the soft gloom. James Beresford looked at the doctor with an entreating look of secret anguish as the first notes rose into the air, so liquid, so tender, so sweet.

"Are you afraid? tell me!" he said, with pathetic brevity.

Maxwell could not bear this questioning. He started up, and went to look this time at a picture on the wall. "I don't know that I have any occasion to be afraid," he said, standing with his back turned to his questioner, and quite invisible from the piano. "I'm—a nervous man for a doctor when I'm interested in a case——"

Here there was a pause, for she had ended the first verse of the song, and the low warble of the symphony was not enough to cover their voices.

"Don't speak of her as a case," said Beresford, low but eager, as the singing recommenced; "you chill my very blood."

"I didn't mean to," said the doctor, with colloquial homeliness; and he went away into the back drawing-room and sat down near the piano, to escape being questioned, poor Beresford thought, who sat still mournfully in the narrow circle of the lamplight, asking himself whether there was really anything to fear. The soft security of the house with all its open windows, the friendly voices heard outside, the subdued pleasant light, the sweet voice singing in the dimness, what a picture of safety and tranquillity it made! What should happen to disturb it? Why should it not go on forever? James Beresford's sober head grew giddy as he asked himself this question, a sudden new ache undreamed of before leaping up, in spite of him, into his heart. The doctor pretended to be absorbed in the song; he beat time with his fingers as the measure went on. Never in the memory of man had he shown so much interest in singing before. Was it to conceal something else, something which could not be put into words, against the peace of this happy house, which had come into his heart?

Fortunately, however, Beresford thought, his wife forgot all about that agitating scene for some days. She did not speak of it again, and for about a week after was unusually lively and gay, stronger and better than she had been for some time, and more light in heart, talking of their journey, and making preparations for it with all the pleasant little sentiment which their "honeymooning" expeditions had always roused in her. When everything was

ready, however, the evening before they left home a change again came over her. Cara had been sent to Sunninghill with her nurse that day, and the child had been unwilling to go, and had clung to her mother with unusual pertinacity. Even when this is inconvenient it is always flattering; and perhaps Mrs. Beresford was pleased with the slight annoyance and embarrassment which it caused.

"Remember, James," she said, with some vivacity, as they sat together that evening, "this is to be the last time we go honeymooning. Next time we are to be respectable old married people (as we are, with our almost grown-up daughter). She is nearly as tall as I am, the child! nearly eleven — and so very tall for her age."

"I think we might take her," said Beresford, who indeed had often wished for her before. "She is old enough to bear the travelling, and otherwise it would do her good."

"Yes, this must be the last time," she said, her voice suddenly dropping into a sigh, and her mood changing as rapidly. A house is dreary on the eve of departure. Boxes in the hall, pinafors on the furniture, the pretty china, the most valuable nicknacks all carried away and locked up — even the habitual books disturbed from their places, the last *Pall Mall* on the table. The cloud came over her face as shadows flit over the hills, coming down even while she was speaking. "The last time," she said. "I can't help shivering. Has it grown cold? or is it that some one is walking over my grave, as people say?"

"Why, Annie, I never knew you were superstitious."

"No. It is a new thing for me; but that is scarcely superstition. And why should I care who walked over my grave? I must die some time or other and be buried, unless they have taken to burning before then. But there is one thing I feel a great deal about," she added, suddenly. "I said it once before, and you were frightened, James. If you knew that I was going to die of a painful disease — *must* die — that nothing could happen to save me, that there was nothing before me but hopeless pain — James, dear, listen to me! — don't you think you would have the courage for my sake to make an end of me, to put me out of my trouble?"

"Annie, for heaven's sake don't talk so. It is nonsense, but it makes me unhappy."

"As a matter of speculation," she said, with a knowledge of his weakness, "you can't think it would be wrong to do this — do you, James?"

"As a matter of speculation," he said, and the natural man awoke in him. He forgot the pain the idea had caused him, and thought of it only as an idea; to put it in other words, the woman beguiled him, and he got upon one of his hobbies. "There are many things one allows as speculation which one is not fond of in fact. People must have a certain power over their own lives, and I think with you, my love, that it is no charity to keep infirm and suffering people just alive, and compel them to drag their existence on from day to day. Notwithstanding heaven's canon 'gainst self-slaughter, I think people should be allowed a certain choice. I am not altogether against euthanasia; and if indeed recovery is hopeless and life only pain —"

"Yes, James," she said, eagerly, her eyes lighting up, her cheeks flaming with the red of excitement; "I am glad you see it like that; one might go further perhaps — when from any reason life was a burden; when one was useless, hopeless, unhappy —"

"Stop a little; we are going too fast," he said, with a smile, so entirely did the argument beguile him. "No one is justified in treating unhappiness like a mortal disease; unhappiness may pass away — does pass away we all know, even when it seems worst. I cannot allow that; neither would I let people judge which lives were useless, their own or other people's; but illness which was beyond the possibility of cure ought to be different; therefore, if the patient wished it, his wish, I think, should be law — Annie, my darling! what is this? what do you mean?"

She had suddenly risen from where she was sitting near him, and thrown herself half at his feet, half into his arms.

"Only this," she said; "promise me — promise me, James! if this should ever happen to me — if you had the assurance, not only from me, but from — the people who know — that I had a terrible complaint, that I could never get better; promise that you would put me out of pain, James. Promise that you would give me something to deliver me. You would not stand by and see me going down, down into the valley of death, into misery and weariness and constant pain, and, O God! loathsomeness, James!"

She buried her head in his breast, clinging to him with a grasp which was almost fierce; her very fingers which held him, appealing strenuously, forcing a consent from him. What could he say? He was too much distressed and horrified to know

how to shape his answer. Fond words, caresses, soothings of every kind were all in vain for use at such a moment. "Far be it from you, my darling; far be it from you," he cried. "You! oh, how can you let your imagination cheat you so, my love! Nothing like this is going to happen, my Annie, my best, my dearest —"

"Ah!" she cried, "but if it were not imagination! — promise me, James."

Whether she did eventually wring this wild promise from him he never knew. He would have said anything to calm her, and finally he succeeded; and having once more cleared her bosom of this perilous stuff, she regained her gaiety, her courage and spirits, and they set off as cheerful as any pair of honeymoon travellers need wish to be. But after she had left him and gone to her room pacified and comforted that night, you may fancy what sort of a half-hour that poor man had as he closed the windows, which had still been left open, and put out the lamps as was his practice, for they were considerate people and did not keep their servants out of bed. He stepped out on the balcony and looked up at the moon, which was shedding her stream of silver light as impartially upon the London housetops as if those white roofs had been forest trees. How still it seemed, every one asleep or going to rest, for it was late — a few lights glimmering in high windows, a sensation of soft repose in the very air! God help this silent, sleeping earth upon which even in her sleep dark evils were creeping! Was some one perhaps dying somewhere even at that serene moment, in the sweet and tranquil stillness? His heart contracted with a great pang. In the midst of life we are in death. Why had those haunting, terrible words come into his ears?

From Temple Bar.

THE KINGS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

CHARLES VIII. AND LOUIS XII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE sun of chivalry set upon the fields of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and it and mediævalism sank together; an interregnum, a long night, followed, and lasted until Charles the Eighth invaded Italy; then came the dawn of the Renaissance. With the extinction of chivalry there terminated a great and wonderful human tragedy that had endured through many

generations of spectators. After which the curtain was dropped, and the stage was prepared for a new drama, which came to an end only about eighty years ago.

A very strange, unreal, fantastic, mystical production, very unlike anything the world had ever seen before or is likely to see again, was that tragedy. Read by that hazy light which time casts over the past, and which so wondrously refines and softens, it is all unreal as the world of Oberon and Titania. Its most striking characteristic is its utter denaturalization. Its men and women were only natural in those things to which the hot fierce passions of their uncultured souls compelled them — in lust, blood, and cruelty. In all else they were opposed to nature; as Michelet says, *they feared her*. They shrank in horror from her truths and manifestations, or transfused them into the forms of their own weird imaginations; numbers and mathematics served only as symbols of mysticism; chemistry became alchemy; the science of the stars, astrology; to endeavor to penetrate the secrets of nature was blasphemous, to invest her with supposititious attributes venial. To slay men in thousands for mere wantonness was scarcely a sin, to dissect one dead body for the advancement of science was impious. Their religion was equally distant from the natural and the revealed; it was a creation of their own, suggested by various heathenisms that had preceded its birth. There was a pantheon of saints and angels; there was a Virgin Mary and a Redeemer, but there was *no Godhead*, or if there was, he was as abstract as the Hindoo Brahma; he was never prayed to, never appealed to; no temple was raised to him; and until the thirteenth century, and then but rarely, we find no mention of a Supreme Being. There was the Mother and Son, but neither Father nor Holy Ghost.

Passing on to the arts and literature, we find the same abnegation of nature. Those pictures of saints with gilt suns at the backs of their heads resemble nothing in humanity. The architecture of the Middle Ages was founded neither upon the laws of science nor of nature; those fragile pillars that support nothing, that multiplicity of ponderous buttresses and arches giving support where none is required, that crowding of grotesque ornamentation; every detail of their work ignores the useful and exalts the fantastic. For which proclivities, however, we of this utilitarian age owe the architects a

deep debt of gratitude. Not even Greece and Rome better succeeded in impressing upon their temples and coliseums the peculiar genius of their age and people than did those mediæval masons in transferring the very spirit of their times into their glorious churches and cathedrals. Their symbolisms, the eternal multiples of the number three, as representing the trinity, and others that we can no longer recognize, for there was not a hideous gargoyle that had not its significance, I say the letter of this symbolism is dead to us, but its spirit yet haunts the echoing aisles, the ghostly cloisters, and broods in the dim religious light of the stained windows of the lonely chapels, and among the tombs and the recumbent effigies of priest and warrior. Pass out of the broad daylight, the dull prosy turmoil of this workaday age, into the twilight obscurity of a Gothic cathedral, and in that second time leaps back centuries, and all that remains to us of the present is the distant murmur of that other world of which scarcely a second ago we were denizens; but now we are among the ghosts of alchemists, sorcerers, troubadours, knights-errant, Rosicrucians, monks, and mystics,—for all these weird influences lurk among the grey stones and weigh down upon the imagination.

Not the grandest buildings of the Renaissance, not St. Peter's nor St. Paul's affect us thus; they strike us with awe and admiration, but our feelings are definable, never soaring into the regions of the unknown and supernatural, but confining themselves to the wonders of the real. We regard them as glorious triumphs of art, conceived by minds wholly artistic. And the subtle essence of *the thought* suffuses all the works of men's hands, even though they attempt to disguise it, and can never be dissociated therefrom. In the most commonplace letter we may *feel* things which no analysis of the words can convey. The dunce and the genius use the same collocation of words, the same expressions, and yet to the productions of each clings the subtle essence of the soul which produced them.

Although the presence of decay, which weakens the appreciation of *present* reality, renders the influence less potent than among the well-preserved ecclesiastical buildings, there is much of the same weird glamor over the ruins of the old feudal castles, less gloomy and mystic, perhaps, but more ideal and romantic; there we were among only the ashes of chivalry, here we are amidst the scenes of its life.

A life it was full of vigor, in which all animal enjoyment, all the pleasures that nature has implanted in strong thews and robust health were developed to the utmost; the war, the chase, the banquet, the joust, the sense of omnipotent power to destroy or to protect—these gave an ecstasy to existence of which our languid being and cold sluggish blood can give us no conception.* But with the frost and snow came a period of hibernation. Very dull and dreary must have been those great fortresses, isolated on the summits of hills, surrounded by their huge walls, no sign of life beyond, except the straggling, squalid huts of some vassal village. The châtelaine and her daughters had their household duties, they spun and worked tapestry. But those lusty men, what could they do to pass away the time, but eat, drink, talk over past and future wars, and hunts, and tourneys, and at night fall asleep over a game of chess? Visitors there were none, except some stray pilgrim or traveller, always welcome for the news he brought of the outward world.

But with returning spring came the most welcome of all visitors, the wandering *jongleur*. A pleasant sight it was to seigneur and châtelaine, to demoiselle and squire, to page and serving-man, to see him in his many-coloured garb, his *aumônier* at girdle, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, winding his way up the steep road that led to the castle. The arrival of a packet of new books at some remote unvisited country-house is but a feeble excitement to that which animated all who gathered in the great hall to hear the recital of some new romance he had composed since he last wandered that way, or to their old favourite, the "*Roman de la Rose*," or "*Chanson de Roland*." With what a fierce delight the men listened to those stories of bloody and heroic deeds, of the prowess of Charles Martel and Charlemagne, of their battles with giants, and dragons, and infidels; and how the ladies' eyes sparkled, aye, and the men's too, at the tales of gallant knights and lovely demoiselles, captives in enchanted castles, persecuted by

* In one of the ancient *chansons* of the "*Roman des Loherains*," a feudal seigneur is made to say:

"Si je tenais un pied un paradis,
Si j'avais l'autre au château de Naisil,
Je retirerais celui de paradis
Et le mettrais arrière dans Naisil."

[If I had one foot in Paradise and the other in the castle of Naisil, I would draw back the one that was in Paradise and put it behind the one in Naisil.]

sorcerers and caitiff barons, miracles of love and constancy. And these songs and recitals would sometimes last for months, until summer had merged into autumn; then the *jongleur* would depart laden with presents, and frequently honored with knighthood. These men were the high-priests of chivalry; their songs filled the fiery souls to which they were addressed with eager emulation, suffusing their whole being and their every act with the roseate glow of romance; "and no warrior," says Sismondi, "had any other conception of war, no prince of politics, than what they found in the romances."

Louis the Eleventh destroyed feudalism, and with it chivalry — how sordid, vile, and degraded was that age I have endeavored to depict in a previous article; romanticism was dead, and no other birth of intellect or imagination had yet taken its place.

But across the Alps a new era of art and life had long since dawned, and was within a few years of its meridian splendor. Giotto, taking nature as his type, and drawing from living models, had revolutionized art, and soon the splendid genius of Da Vinci burst upon the world. Brunelleschi, in the great cathedral of Florence, the earliest specimen of Renaissance architecture, had given the fruits of years of study among the ruined edifices of ancient Rome, and asserted the practical over the mystic and fantastic; the resuscitation of classical literature,* and above all, the introduction of the art of printing, had dealt a blow to legend and romance, which not even the appearance of Dante's great poem, that noblest production of the mediæval mind, could heal. The overthrow of the Greek Empire had scattered the learning of Constantinople, a pernicious gift, which impeded for several generations the progress of true science by the sophisms of the schools. The discovery of America, and the promulgation of the theory of Copernicus, had overthrown all preconceived ideas of the universe.

Only faint shocks of these intellectual earthquakes had as yet been felt in the West. Italy was the great centre of these vast movements, and towards her all eyes were turned longingly, wonderingly. Solitary travellers and mercenaries, returning to their homes, brought with them marvellous stories of Venetian splendor, of Florentine art, of Roman refinement, of

Genoese wealth, of luxurious modes of life, of wondrous pictures, marble palaces, gold and silver used for delf and wooden trenchers; of a climate voluptuous as Paradise, a nature more lovely and prolific than northerners could even dream of, women whose beauty intoxicated the soul; such stories were drunk in by the greedy ears of peasant, noble, and prince, filling them with longings to behold and to conquer this glorious land.

And Italy had ever been a land of promise to the French; the thought of war with which stirred the pulses of the nation as our own were stirred by war with France. Even Louis the Eleventh, had he dared to leave his kingdom, would have led an army across the Alps; but he paved the way for his successor, by having fostered such aspirations, and more so by the soulless dulness to which his base, *bourgeois* mind had condemned the nation throughout his reign.

His death was the lifting of a nightmare, and France breathed once more. His daughter Anne, the wife of the Seigneur de Beaujeu, who, although only twenty years of age, was a woman of great ability and vigorous mind, seized upon the regency and the custody of the king's person, to the prejudice of the Duc d'Orléans, the first prince of the blood, who had decidedly a prior claim. Charles had only just entered his fourteenth year; a small, sickly boy, with a prodigious head sunken between his shoulders, a pigeon breast, limbs all disproportioned, legs so small and thin that they seemed incapable of supporting his frame. Condemned from childhood, by a father's jealousy, to a seclusion little short of imprisonment, no one much higher than menials allowed to approach him, his mind was as weak as his body.

After years of fear and enforced quietude, the turbulent elements of the nation were sure, under a minority, to rise again to the surface; there was an assembly of the States-General; a great clamor of grievances, a revolt of the Duc d'Orléans, assisted by the old enemies of France, the duke of Brittany and Maximilian. The regent, however, contrived to quell the first, to defeat the combination in a pitched battle, and take Orléans prisoner.

But these difficulties were no sooner adjusted than there arose other complications; the duke of Brittany died without male heirs; it was the last great fief that remained disunited from the crown of France, and France longed to complete her unity. An antiquated claim to the

* Virgil was printed 1470; Homer, 1488; Aristotle, 1498; Plato, 1512.

duchy was advanced upon the part of Charles, and the Bretons, refused all aid by England, offered their young duchess in marriage to Maximilian, whose wife, Mary of Burgundy, was recently dead. The proposal was accepted, the nuptials celebrated by proxy, when and where is unknown, for there is a veil of mystery over the whole transaction. But Maximilian was too much embarrassed by the turbulence of his Flemish subjects to be able to afford any succor to the Bretons, and France was making rapid progress towards their conquest. Their danger was imminent, when a new and extraordinary shuffle of the cards, which astonished all Europe, solved the difficulty, triumphantly for France, honorably for Brittany. Charles had been betrothed to the daughter of Maximilian while she was yet an infant, and the young lady had been brought up in Paris and bore the title of queen. But Anne de Beaujeu conceived the daring idea of repudiating this engagement, procuring the dissolution of the duchess's marriage with Maximilian, which had never been consummated, and obtaining her hand for the king. It was a master-stroke of policy, but difficult of execution as daring of conception, for the young duchess affected Maximilian. The Duc d'Orléans was released from prison to act as mediator; at the same time Charles advanced with a powerful army to the gates of Rennes, at that time her residence. The double persuasion was too potent to resist; the gates were opened, and the marriage soon after solemnized. Too late, England bestirred herself, and landed a large body of troops upon the French coast; Spain also assumed a threatening aspect; a large sum of money and a pension bought off the avaricious Tudor; Spain was quieted with the restoration of Roussillon, while the insulted father and disappointed bridegroom had to content himself with the cession of Artois and Franche Comté, which had formed his daughter's dowry.

Neither pusillanimity nor an imitation of the late king's policy was the motive which dictated this seemingly shameful peace. Charles was now of age, and within that puny, ill-formed body, and weak, uncultured mind, burned a fiery ambition to emulate, if not surpass, the deeds and conquests of Charlemagne, to whom it was his great desire to be compared! The idea which engrossed all his thoughts, and to which he was ready to make any sacrifice, was the conquest of Naples, to the crown of which he pretended, as heir to

all the possessions of Charles Comte de Maine, the last of the house of Anjou. France, weary of the reign of dulness and *bourgeois*, and impelled by that mysterious impulse which drives effete societies to seek new developments, eagerly seconded his ambition. To the which impulse a considerable impetus was given by the announcement that the acquisition of Naples would be but the preliminary step to the conquest of Constantinople and Jerusalem, and the general overthrow of the infidel. There were counsellors, among them his sister Anne, who strove hard to persuade him against this design; and wisely, too, to judge by the statements of that veracious chronicler, Philippe de Commines: —

The king [he says] had neither money nor talent for such an enterprise. . . . He was very young, weak in body, obstinate, surrounded by few persons of prudence or experience; money he had none, insomuch that before his departure he was obliged to borrow one hundred thousand francs from a banker of Genoa at an enormous interest, as well as to resort to other places for assistance. He had neither tent nor pavilion, and in this fashion he began his march into Lombardy. One thing only seemed favorable to him, he had a gallant company, consisting chiefly of young gentlemen, though with little discipline.

Nevertheless, he was not insensible to the advice of his more prudent counsellors, as continual vacillations evidenced; the orders given one day were countermanded the next, and Commines tells us that even after he, Commines, had commenced his journey, he was sent back and told the attempt was relinquished.

At length the king's mind was finally resolved, and the troops were put in motion. His army has been variously estimated by different historians as from twenty thousand to fifty thousand men; his effective force was probably about thirty thousand; but it was of different calibre to any that had been led by his predecessors, and opened a new era in military history. That heterogeneous mass of feudatories and their vassals, whose jealousies and disaffections could at any moment render the king powerless, the which was the only army the sovereigns of France could command, was replaced, *for the first time*, by a body of men which, though half mercenaries, half volunteers, the latter, as Commines says, sadly lacking discipline, was to a certain extent homogeneous and obedient to one head. Another distinguishing feature of this armament was the strength of the artillery

and the accumulation of military stores, by which the soldiers were no longer dependent for sustenance upon forage and plunder. This army has an especial historical importance as being the initiatory of modern warfare.

Michelet thus describes it entering Rome:—

At the head, to the beat of the drums, marched the barbaric battalions of Swiss and Germans, clothed in short tunics and close-fitting pantaloons of a hundred different hues; many were of enormous stature, and to render themselves taller they wore in their helmets a great plume of feathers. Most of them carried, with their swords, a sharp-pointed lance; one-fourth had halberds, the iron axe of which was formed in four angles, a most murderous weapon in their hands both for thrusting and hewing: each thousand of soldiers contained a hundred fusiliers. These Swiss despised the cuirass, and the first rank only wore corslets. Behind these Swiss giants came five or six thousand small men with sun-burned, savage visages; these were the Gascons, the best men for marching in Europe, full of fire, spirit, resources, sure and quick of hand, firing ten shots to others' one. The men-at-arms followed on horseback, two thousand five hundred enveloped in iron, each one attended by his pages and two valets. Then six thousand light cavalry, feudal troops in appearance, but very different in reality, for the captains were no longer lords leading their vassals, but officers of the king commanding men of nobler birth than their own. Their big horses shorn, in the French fashion, of tail and ears, made them look monsters in the eyes of the astonished Italians. The light horse carried the great English bow of Agincourt and Poitiers. Around the king there marched on foot, with the Scotch guards, three hundred archers and two hundred chevaliers covered in purple and gold, but with masses of iron upon their shoulders. Then came thirty-six bronze cannons, each weighing six hundred pounds, some long culverins, these were followed by a hundred *fauconneux*,* not dragged along by bulls in the Italian manner, but each piece placed upon a carriage and drawn by six horses.

It was on the 31st of December, 1494, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that this imposing procession began to pass through the narrow, tortuous streets of Rome, and long ere it was finished, the short winter's day had closed and torches had to be lit. A weird and terror-inspiring sight must it have been by that red, dusky light, that cast a thousand grotesque and monstrous shadows upon house and road. Almost as terrible as the invading hordes of the Goths and Huns had been to their remote ances-

tors was this host of fierce barbarians to the luxurious and effeminate Italians, who never drew a sword when dagger or falsehood would serve their turn, and whose battles, fought by mercenaries, never by themselves, were mere shams, a playing at warfare. Of such unwarlike habits, and split up into petty states, which hated each other more virulently even than they hated the foreigner, what resistance could Italy make to such invaders? Florence, Pisa, Rome, opened their gates to them receiving them with *fêtes* and splendors such as their eyes had never before gazed upon. The king of Naples fled before their approach, which from the Alps to the southern extremity of the country was one magnificent progress, with scarcely a shadow of opposition.

And yet Italy, and not France, was the true conqueror, and soul subdued brute force as the eye of man can subdue the wild beast.

The contrast [says Michelet] was so strong to the barbarism of the north, that the conquerors were dazzled, almost intimidated by the novelty of the objects. Before those pictures, those marble churches, those delicious vines peopled with statues, before those beautiful girls crowned with flowers, who came, palms in their hands, to bring them the keys of the towns, they remained drunk with stupor. Then their joy burst forth in noisy vivacity.

The French barbarians must have had some wonderful illuminations during their stay in Rome. The vices of the Cæsars could scarcely have exceeded those of the pontiffs of this age. Sixtus the Fifth was guilty of every crime, from incest downwards. Innocent the Eighth followed in his steps, and was as tolerant to others as he was to himself. A man had slain his two daughters; the pope was appealed to for justice. "God does not wish the death of the sinner, but that he *should pay* and live," was the answer through the mouth of his chamberlain. About the same time two monks, whom he had sent into Trêves, were burning six thousand people for sorcery! The culmination of infamy was attained by the elevation of Roderigo Borgia to the papal throne. Guicciardini describes him as being prudent, persuasive, sound of understanding, vigilant, and incredibly persevering; but immoderate in his avarice, more than barbarous in his cruelty, and a monster as depraved as Nero or Caligula. Charles and his nobles must have doubtless witnessed some of the lascivious orgies of that terrible family, perhaps such a one as that which celebrated the nuptials of

* A great gun about six and a half feet long.

Lucrezia to D'Este, when fifty courtesans danced naked before his Holiness and his sons and daughter for a prize bestowed upon her whose motions were the most suggestive. Much of the sensuality which disgraced the French court for the next three hundred years was born of these and the subsequent Italian expeditions. Thus the invaders were at the same time brought under the influence of the highest and most refining developments of the human mind, and the lowest forms of bestialism which man can assume, and out of the combination of the two has sprung our modern civilization. The Borgias found in Charles something of a kindred spirit. On his march from Paris he had halted a month at Lyons, delivering himself up to the most sensual debauchery, from which he was roused only by the energetic remonstrances of his sister; and at Milan his life nearly paid the forfeit of such indulgences.

Treachery opened to him the gates of Naples; and on the 22nd of February, 1495, he entered that city amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants; and within thirteen days from his departure from Rome the whole of the kingdom submitted to him. But the Neapolitans very speedily discovered that they had not bettered themselves by the exchange of masters; the nobles who had so readily assisted him were deprived of their estates, and the whole country was ravaged by the licentious soldiery with brutal violence. Dangers began to gather fast about the conqueror, the least of which was the disaffection of his new subjects. The treacherous Sforza, who had first prompted him to the enterprise, and who through his aid had, after poisoning his nephew, usurped the ducal throne of Milan, had formed a league with Venice and Rome, to which both Spain and Austria promised assistance, to destroy him and his troops.

Alarmed for his safety, Charles determined to return to France, and, after performing an empty pageant, in which he made a public entry into the city as king of France, Sicily, and Jerusalem, and garrisoning the capital and the principal fortresses, he commenced his homeward journey. He encountered little resistance, although his soldiers committed more than one act of butchery, until he arrived upon the plains of Lombardy; there an army of the allies barred his further progress; a battle was fought, in which very little bravery was displayed upon either side, although the king is said to have fought

like a common soldier. The Italian mercenaries plundered the French tents of the spoil of Naples, and then fled. The victory was doubtful, but the allies decidedly had the best of the situation; they invested the city of Novara, which Orléans had captured, reduced him and his garrison to a state of famine, and compelled Charles to enter into a treaty with Sforza. About the same time the French were expelled from Naples, and young Ferdinand re-seated upon the throne. In October, 1495, Charles re-entered his kingdom with a mere remnant of his grand army, and that worn out by disease and fatigue, after having accomplished nothing in the present, but much, both good and evil, for the future. The year of his return, 1496, was the first of the Renaissance in France. The reconstruction of the Château d'Amboise in the Italian style was the first fruit.

He survived this expedition but three years, and left no issue, the Dauphin having died in his infancy. The character of such a man needs no analysis. And yet it was weak rather than naturally vicious, and possessed many amiable qualities.

I never saw [says Commynes] so solemn a mourning for any prince, nor one that continued so long. He was the sweetest-natured and most affable prince in the world. I verily believe he never said a word to any man that could in reason displease him.

Charles was succeeded on the throne, his son having died in its infancy, by the Duc d'Orléans, a man in the prime of life and of a very different calibre. The first acts of his reign, however, were a continuation of the policy of his predecessor. He at once asserted his claim as king of France to the crown of Naples, to which he superadded a claim, as the heir of the Orléans family, to the duchy of Milan.

The treaty of Rennes, which provided for the marriage of Charles and Anne, stipulated that in the event of the king's death she should bestow her hand upon the next sovereign, or upon the heir presumptive, a clause introduced to secure the possession of Brittany under any contingency to the crown of France. But Louis was already married, twenty-two years before, to a daughter of Louis the Eleventh; they had lived separate, however, nearly ever since, for she was crooked and ugly, and had been forced upon him. A divorce and dispensation were easily obtained from Pope Alexander, and the new nuptials were very speedily celebrated. Nearly all the French historians tell us a

story of the lady's secret attachment to Orléans previous to her first marriage. But a comparison of ages and dates shows the absurdity of the legend. She was fifteen years younger than he, and at the time these love-passages were supposed to have occurred she was seven, he twenty-two years of age, a discrepancy which renders the incident very doubtful. If her heart were given to any one it was to Maximilian; to Orléans she had conceived a positive dislike, on account of the joy he had expressed at the news of her son's death. Political considerations, however, were more powerful than personal feelings.

Having formed an alliance with the pope and the republic of Venice, Louis crossed the Alps with twenty thousand men, captured the Milanese territory, and on the 6th of October, 1499, entered the city as sovereign. His gracious behaviour, his patronage of men of letters, and the restoration to the nobles of the rights of the chase, of which they had been deprived by the Sforzas, rendered him highly popular. The news of the birth of a daughter hastened his return to France. Trivulzio was left in command, and very soon that cruelty and licentiousness, which has ever disgraced French conquest, drove the people to prefer their old tyrants to their new. Milan again opened her gates to Ludovico Sforza; but at the last moment the treacherous desertion of his Swiss mercenaries ruined him; he fell into the hands of the French, and expiated a life of crime by imprisonment till death, in the castle of Loches. There, in a chamber, from which all light was excluded, he lingered out an existence of ten long miserable years.

This conquest secured, Louis turned his attention towards Naples. Federigo, the reigning king, had refused to give his daughter's hand to Cæsar Borgia, and to avenge this insult to his family, Pope Alexander threw all his weight upon the side of France. A secret compact, one of the most foully treacherous in history, was also entered into between Louis and Ferdinand of Spain, the substance of which was as follows. Upon the advance of the French Ferdinand was to send a body of troops to Naples, ostensibly to the support of Federigo, but as soon as they had obtained his confidence they were to join the forces of Louis, seize upon the kingdom, and divide the spoil between them. This infamous treaty, sanctioned by a papal bull, was successfully carried out. But speedy retribution overtook one of the perfidious monarchs. As might have

been expected, the robbers fell out over the division of the spoil, the superior genius of the "Great Captain," Gonsalvo,* struck the balance in favour of Ferdinand; and the French were expelled from the Neapolitan territory, which was secured for Spain, and remained an appanage of that crown until our own time. The prestige of the French was likewise greatly weakened by the result of a combat, brought about by Gallic braggadocio, in which thirteen French were opposed upon equal terms to thirteen Italians; the result of which was the complete victory of the latter.

In the next cut of the cards we find Louis and Ferdinand sworn brothers, the latter taking the French king's niece, Germaine de Foix, to wife, promising to pay the expenses of the war, and entering into secret conferences, out of which came the famous League of Cambray. The purpose of this treaty was the humiliation and dismemberment of the great Venetian republic, the territories of which were to be divided between France, Spain, Austria, and Rome. The power of that great oligarchy at this period may be estimated by its being able to make head against so terrible a combination. In a short time the Venetians brought forty thousand troops into the field, and these were supported by a naval force of corresponding strength. But treachery within assisted the foe without—their arsenal was set on fire by some unknown hand, and their naval and military stores and twelve ships of war destroyed; shortly afterwards the castle of Brescia was blown up. About them on all sides gathered, like locusts, the forces of their invaders, while Julius the Second† thundered upon them the anathemas of the Church; fire and sword and massacre ravaged their towns, and at the battle of Ghiaradadda the French, led by the celebrated Gaston de Foix, completely routed their army. Their seagirt capital and their numerous fleet, however, still remained intact, and gathering together the remnant of their forces they struggled on bravely against overwhelming odds. The history of the struggle is but a repetition of horrible massacres on the part of the French, and retaliations on the part of the Italians. Until the pope, having obtained his share of the spoil, Romagna, and not choosing France to be

* A celebrated commander in the service of Spain who had received that cognomen on account of his great military talents.

† Alexander the Sixth was now dead and had been succeeded by the celebrated Julius the Second.

come master of the whole of northern Italy, withdrew from the robber quartette, endeavored to persuade Maximilian to follow his example, united with Spain to drive the French out of Italy, and despatched envoys to Henry of England, urging him to make a descent upon their coasts.

The odious treachery which characterized every leading actor in these Italian wars forms one of the most revolting records in history. Such had for generations disgraced the diplomacy of Italy, while its barbarous neighbors were still influenced by principles of chivalric honor, and scorned deceit at least while they could wield the sword. But these wars inoculated the northern nations with the crooked policy of the south. Again we are brought face to face with the transitions of this period; the omnipotence of the sword was passing away; men began to trust to their brains as well as to their arms, although at first they could find in them only baseness and devilish cunning. All Europe was seething, fermenting; everywhere its old forms and boundaries were being swept away; the destruction of the feudal system, with its numerous semi-independent states, its dukes and counts, and great barons, tended to the consolidation of vast empires and to the creation of the lust of conquest in their rulers. France, for the first time homogeneous, lusted to incorporate more territory, the warlike and ferocious pontiff thirsted to restore the papal power to all its pristine strength and magnificence; but more dangerous than all was the restless ambition of Spain. In a single generation she had advanced from an inferior to a superior power; she had driven the Moors out of the land they had possessed over seven hundred years; she had expelled the Jews and created the Inquisition; the avarice and ambition of Ferdinand were insatiable. Maximilian, surrounded by wolves, and of a lupine nature himself, was obliged to join the pack or be devoured; the greedy eyes of all were turned towards the fair land of Italy, and so she was made the battleground of that great struggle between the past and the future.

The combinations now shift with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope. The pope forms an alliance, which is called the Holy League, with Spain, England and Venice, the object of which is the expulsion of the French. Louis, uniting himself with Maximilian, who is himself desirous of the papacy, and supported by certain disaffected cardinals, summons a general coun-

cil at Pisa, for the purpose of reforming the Church and checking the overweening power of the pontiff. Upon which the terrible Julius excommunicates them all. France has, however, a great general at the head of her forces, in young Gaston de Foix; within fifteen days he raises the siege of Bologna, defeats the allies in several engagements, and after a fierce struggle captures Brescia. French barbarity more than sullies all the glories of the victors; eight thousand people are slaughtered, and for seven days the unhappy city is given over to rapine. This is followed by the terrible battle of Ravenna, in which the bravest and noblest perish upon both sides, among others De Foix himself, an irreparable loss, as his country soon discovers; another indiscriminate carnage, in which neither age nor sex is spared, takes place. But from that day the star of the French declines — defeat follows defeat until they are finally driven out of Lombardy across the Alps, and fifteen hundred of their soldiers and merchants, left behind in Milan, are massacred by the Milanese in revenge for the sufferings which had been inflicted upon them.

A little later, and we find these Milanese, disgusted with their duke, again opening their gates to the French, who are now, by another shuffle of the cards, allied with the Venetians. But a body of Swiss mercenaries in the pay of the pope — the terrible Julius is now dead, and the Cardinal de Medici, as Leo X., sits in the chair of St. Peter — attack their forces at immense disadvantage before Novara, and drive them, with the loss of all baggage and ammunition, once more across the Alps. This disaster was quickly followed by the invasion of France by an English army of fifty thousand men, led by Henry the Eighth and Maximilian. The most noticeable event of this expedition was the battle of Guinegate, or the battle of the Spurs, as it is usually called, on account of the cowardice displayed by the French. But this great victory, which might have led even to the reduction of Paris, was not followed up, and Henry soon afterwards returned to England with his whole army. Shortly afterwards Louis, who was still under the ban of Rome, at the unceasing urgings of his wife, a devout daughter of the Church, humbled himself to the pope, and so drained the cup of humiliation to the last drop.

As yet, we have seen Louis the Twelfth only as a treacherous and perfidious diplomatist, and a cruel and merciless soldier, but there was quite another side to

his character, which rendered him one of the most popular and best-beloved monarchs of his nation, and which earned for him the title of "Father of his People." This king, so evil and harsh abroad, was a just and gentle ruler at home. Upon coming to the throne he had reduced all the imposts which pressed hardly upon the people, and never throughout the long and costly wars which he waged did he increase their burdens; neither did he contract any debts, but by the strictest attention to economy contrived to discharge all expenses out of the funds he possessed, or at the worst sequestered some portion of the crown lands to meet extraordinary demands. A measure even more beneficial was the rigid discipline he caused to be enforced upon the soldiery, who had in previous reigns pillaged their own country-people with as little remorse as they did the foe; by paying the troops regularly, and mercilessly punishing every such act of violence committed by them, he entirely suppressed these abuses. He also made great reforms in the administration of justice, taking it entirely out of the hands of the men of the sword, and entrusting it solely to men of letters versed in the law. He would frequently repair to the *palais* unattended, and seat himself beside the judges to hear the causes. He created the Parlement of Rouen and Aix, and abolished sanctuaries; under his equitable rule commerce, agriculture, and every kind of industry largely increased, and, as a natural sequence, the national wealth.

He was most tolerant in all things, even when they affected his own person and dignity:—

There was so much liberty among the French [says a contemporary chronicler] that the comedians represented the king upon the stage, sick and pale with his head wrapped up, crying loudly for drink, but refusing all drink save potable gold; * and Louis, far from being angry or punishing them, laughed heartily and praised the liberty of the people.

"I prefer to see my courtiers laugh at my avarice, than my people weep at my extravagance," he said. When in 1504 he lay at the point of death, for his health during some years was very feeble, St. Gelais, a contemporary historian, tells us:—

It would be an incredible thing to write or recount the laments and regrets which were made throughout the kingdom of France for the illness of the good king. At Blois, Am-

boise, Tours, and everywhere else, men and women were seen going barefooted to the churches and holy places to pray the divine clemency for the restoration of health and convalescence to him they had such a great fear to lose, as if he had been each one's father.

When he was passing through the country men and women would come three or four leagues to see him. "This good king," they said, "maintains justice and lets us live in peace. He has abolished the pillaging of the soldiery, and is better than any other king in existence. Pray God give him prosperous and long life."

When the States-General assembled in 1506,—

It resembled [to quote the same chronicler] none that had been previously seen in France, for instead of, as in all others, the orator being charged to carry to the king the griefs and sufferings of the nation, he was charged only to draw a picture of the benefits he had conferred, and to pay him in the name of the nation a just tribute of praises. It was at this assembly that Bricot, the canon of Notre-Dame, first bestowed upon him by universal consent the title of "Father of his People."

Contemporary historians devoted their attention so exclusively to the Italian wars that they sadly neglected the chronicles of their own country; thus our knowledge of this reign is singularly meagre. Still we obtain such occasional glimpses of the social relations of the king as will suffice us to form a tolerably accurate picture of the whole. Louis and his queen seem to have lived together in an almost *bourgeois* domesticity. There was a strong attachment, at least upon his part, and he seems to have given up all the wild courses for which he had been notorious as Duc d'Orléans, and yielded to her arrogant disposition with an uxoriousness not to be commended. Her vindictive temper frequently compelled him to commit acts of injustice, as the following anecdote will show. Her predilections were all with the house of Austria, and her great desire was to unite her daughter Claude to the grandson of Maximilian, afterwards Charles the Fifth. Such a contract was entered into by the treaty of Blois, but, happily for France and Europe, Louis afterwards annulled an obligation which would have reduced his country to a mere appanage of the Imperial crown and given to Charles the empire of the world. The queen especially hated the young Count d'Angoulême, the presumptive heir to the throne, regarding him as the obstacle which stood between her daughter and the succession. During the

* The strict economy which he was obliged to practise caused the courtiers to accuse him of avarice.

king's great illness at Blois, to which reference has been already made, although she tended him with a great show of affection, the chroniclers tell us that she made every preparation to assert her independence as duchess of Brittany in the event of his death, and that all her valuables were already stored away in ships upon the Loire ready to be conveyed, together with her daughter, to Nantes. The Maréchal de Gié, who had the care of D'Angoulême's person, fearing she might attempt to get possession of his charge, refused passage to these vessels, and even went so far as to seize upon them. All this was done purely from a sense of the duty he owed his sovereign and his country. Nevertheless, the queen, who was furious against him, so harassed the king that she compelled him to bring the maréchal to trial and strip him of all his offices.

After her death this daughter was married to D'Angoulême.

The great influence which Anne of Brittany wielded over the king was the commencement of a new era in the history of French women. Under the *régime* of chivalry and feudalism their position, spite of the adoration and servility they won from poets and chevaliers, was a degraded one; in girlhood woman was a toy, in maturity she sank into a mere drone, who seldom stirred beyond the gloomy walls of her husband's castle, her only occupation the superintendence of the household, her amusements spinning or working tapestry, while her husband was either hunting or fighting. War being the all-absorbing occupation of man, there could never be, in any true sense, a bond of union between husband and wife. The position of royal pairs was precisely similar. The queens had their own apartments in the palace, where certain ladies attended them; but they were really apart from State life, save at times of feasts and *fêtes*, the monarch being too much occupied with wars and councils of war, and disputes with his subjects, to give any time to their society. Again, the wives and daughters of the nobles were kept at home, and seldom stirred beyond their husband's or father's domains. It was Anne of Brittany who first brought the influence of women to bear upon court life; it was she who instituted the order of *dames* and *filles d'honneur*, and who, Brantôme tells us, first began to train the "*grande cour des dames*; for," he adds, "she had a very great suite of ladies and maids, and never refused any, but always inquired of the gentlemen, their fathers, who were at court, whether

they had any daughters, and what they were, and demanded them of them." She had also her own guard of a hundred gentlemen of Brittany, who always attended her wherever she went.

Louis the Twelfth had a truer and more earnest taste for literature than his successor, who has gained the title of "the Father of Letters." He brought with him from Italy some of its most distinguished *savans* to teach Latin and Greek in the French universities, treating them with great liberality and distinguished favor. He also enriched the royal library with many valuable works. His own favorite author was Cicero; his model, Trajan. Many of the authors who are the glory of the reign of Francis began to write under his; Rabelais was over thirty years old when Louis died; Jean Marot was the poet of his time; Clement Marot was born; Commynes, St. Gelais, De Seyssel, wrote their histories; *les Enfants sans Souci* had developed the moralities and mysteries into a rude Aristophanic drama, and laid the foundations of modern satire and comedy.

It is quite refreshing to pause for a time upon this picture of simple court life, almost realizing the old fairy-tales of kings and queens, which stands so uniquely between the savage turmoils of mediævalism and the licentious magnificence of Francis the First. A happy and contented people loving their sovereign, a king who is as faithful to his spouse as though he were a vulgar citizen, a court handsome and pleasant without luxurious extravagance. Why it reads like a story of the golden age. And yet this monarch, so estimable at home, was carrying fire, sword, and famine, through an unoffending land, and countenancing atrocities that would have disgraced savages.

Weakly as was his health, and frequently as his life had been despaired of, he yet survived his haughty queen, and took another, Henry of England's sister Mary, then only fifteen years of age. This marriage brought about a great change at court, for the young queen was fond of gaiety and magnificence, and banquets and *fêtes* were given to please her; and "the good king," we are told in the "History of Bayard," "for the sake of his wife, totally altered his manner of living. Whereas before he used to dine at eight o'clock in the morning, he now did not dine till noon. He had also been accustomed to go to bed at six in the evening, and he now frequently sat up till midnight." Even during the marriage festivities he

was carried about on a litter, and these completed the dissolution of a frame already worn out by disease. Three months after her espousals the young queen was a widow.* He died while meditating a new descent upon Italy; the past had not taught him wisdom any more than did the failures of his two predecessors prove a lesson to the next king. The follies of others never do, for each man considers himself to be free from the faults of his fellows, and so much wiser than they, that the story of their errors can never be applicable to himself.

Very little can be added to what has been already said in the course of this article upon the character of this king. It was not marked by any grand or statesmanlike qualities; but, even after making all allowance for acts committed by his representatives during his absence from the seat of war, and for the difficulty of restraining the brutal ferocity of the mercenaries of that age, it was disfigured by much perfidy and cruelty. On the other hand he was undoubtedly one of the best and gentlest kings that ever ruled over France; his reign was wholly free from bloody executions and internal dissensions; only once, and that during his last years, did a foreign invader set foot in his kingdom; next to his ambition, the happiness of his subjects was the great object of his life, and under his rule they enjoyed a freedom and a prosperity which they had never before experienced, and which well entitled him to the epithet with which his name is coupled in history — "THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE."

* Two months afterwards she married her former lover, Charles Brandon, Earl of Suffolk.

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EARLY AUTUMN ON THE LOWER YANG-TZE.

IN Western lands the most welcome and most joyous of the seasons is the spring. In all ages poets have hymned its arrival, or invoked its approach. From sunny Italy to the chill and brumal north, they have sung the grateful change wrought upon the face of nature by the Favonian breeze, and the ethereal mildness of gentle spring. Its smiling sunlight and fertilizing showers, its promise of a warmer and more productive time, have excited the imaginations of many more than poets, and have enriched the speech of nations with pleasing metaphors.

The foreign sojourner in distant China, with half the globe between him and his Western home, hails with delight the advent of a more sober season. Having passed over vast and stormy seas, he has changed not only climate, but his mind — at least in this. The stifling heat and heavy rains of July and August have passed away. The fiery fierceness of the summer sun is no longer to be dreaded, nor the sweltering temperature of a cloudy afternoon. Cool mornings and delicious evenings, with noons not too sultry, make up the early autumn day. A delicate azure, broken by the white of fleecy clouds, replaces the brazen ardor of the summer sky, or the heavy fall of cloud and mist of the rainy months. The soft moisture of the oppressive south-west wind is dispelled, and the reviving breezes of the north-east monsoon blow gaily.

In the foreign settlements life enters upon a new phase. It is as though limbs were stretched and exercised after an interval of enforced repose. The Western stranger bethinks him of the sports and pastimes of his countrymen in their own land. The stable regains its interest; the race-committee is elected; the walls of the club-house display notices of the "autumn meeting," and lists of the events of the approaching race-week. On roads, and on open ground near the settlement, Chinese grooms — quaint objects, clad, but for the incongruous exception of the strange head-gear of their nation, in strict equestrian costume — are encountered leading out to exercise the "entries" for these events; diminutive steeds as carefully enveloped in the regulation clothing, as though just arrived from Eltham or the Wolds. But there are no such costly imports into China now. The golden age of foreign commerce, when the trade lay in the hands of a few princely firms, has gone, and with it many extravagances. The senior and junior messes at the *Hongs*, with their bounteous table and ever-flowing wines, have disappeared, and no "cracks" come from Europe to dispute the prizes of the Chinese turf with the native princes.

As autumn comes on, sportsmen look to their guns. The flight of birds moving southward is noted at seaports farther north, and the house-boat — most commodious of river conveyances — is prepared. On all sides there are symptoms of a cooler air. The punkah is unhooked from the ceiling, the punkah-coolie is paid off, and fireplaces and stoves are set in order. Even the mosquito-curtain disap-

pears from the bedroom, — this last being perhaps the most welcome of all the signs of autumn. Summer migrants from Shang-hai to cooler and more salubrious spots — to the heights and baths of Hakone, and the sea-bathing of Chefoo — return home. Passengers begin to arrive from Europe, and homeward-bound steamers carry but few away. Foreign admirals come in their flag-ships, mustering their squadrons in the Woo-Sung River, and announce their arrival by thundering salutes. The anchorage is filled with steamers and stately clipper ships. The streets of the foreign settlement are crowded with a busy population, foreign and Chinese — officers, merchants, sailors on shore from the ships, braves from the camp outside the south gate of the native city, Chinese coolies and servants, jostle each other in a living stream as wide as that which flows through Cheapside at noon. On the Bund — the wide esplanade that embanks the river — pass and repass, in endless ebb and flow, handsome equipages, in which ride fashionably-dressed European ladies, *jin-rik-shas*, or man-power carriages, and the high-wheeled barrows, the hackney-coach of eastern China. The Bund itself is a scene worth notice: a few years ago it was a foul, unwholesome marsh, scoured with runlets made by the receding tide. Now it rivals the quays of Paris. Well-kept and prettily laid-out gardens adorn its widest part. It is edged with bungalows embowered in shrubs and flowers, spacious consular residences, and imposing buildings, the premises of banks and great public companies, thronged with Western clerks and native *shroffs* and *compradores*. The styles of architecture are various — some stately, some fantastic. The prevailing style inclines to the classical, and is, according to the local jest, not Doric, but *compradoric*. But the whole is not without a certain grandeur and an air of wealth.

Twelve miles lower down the Wong-pu — the branch of the Yang-tze which flows past Shang-hai — the stream is crossed by a bar of mud and silt, which precludes the approach to the city of heavy vessels. Therefore the huge ironclads and great frigates of the Western admirals lie moored below it, off the village of Woo-Sung. Their presence imparts liveliness to a usually dreary spot. Abreast of where they lie stand but three houses of European build, of which one is deserted; another is the office of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, the pioneer of telegraph enterprise in China. The banks

on either side are low and uniformly flat. The entrance to the river from the wide embouchure of the great Yang-tze recalls the lower Scheldt. Indeed, not in the configuration of the ground alone can a resemblance be traced to the Low Countries of western Europe. A fleet of high-sterned craft, such as Vandervelde might have painted, is working up the river with a favorable tide. Clumps of green poplars break the sky-line, and diversify the dead level of the scene. Beneath their shade here and there come down to slake their thirst in the river, groups of cattle, recalling the canvas of Cuyp. Berghem or Hobbema might have painted such landscapes as those on which the eye can rest on either side.

The prospect of a stay of some weeks at Woo-Sung gave promise to the writer of but a dreary time. Cut off by the twelve miles of steam — the regular highway — from the pleasures and conveniences of Shang-hai, Occidentals, doomed to loiter below the bar, might well be forgiven their grumblings at the dulness of the place. The shooting-season had not yet begun, or at any rate had hardly begun in these thickly populated plains. That unfailing resource of the sailor on shore — riding on horseback — was denied in this roadless district. A whirling current and muddy fore-shores precluded all hope of that most cheerful of naval recreations — hauling the seine. Kicking a football about the narrow strip of meadow that intervened between the embankment and the stream, or attempting *sphairistiké* on a polygonal scrap of rugged lawn, would inevitably grow tiresome when the ball in one case was being perpetually kicked into the river, or in the other being knocked into a fetid drain. Resignation came at length, and was in some sort a solace; and a conscientious attempt was made to take advantage of whatsoever was interesting and novel in the surrounding scene.

To some at least the attempt turned out to be by no means unsuccessful. There was an air of strangeness about all that was seen and heard — about place, people, and occupations — which long retained its freshness and the pleasure-giving faculty of a new sensation. There was something almost startling in the obtrusive contact daily, nay, hourly, observed between ancient habits and the most recent phases of modern civilization. A mile farther down the stream, the brilliant flame of a Western lighthouse of the newest pattern gleamed throughout the night. A long line of telegraph posts stood

gauntly up from the level fields. An endless succession of steamers — provided with the latest improvements in construction and equipment — passed and repassed, bound up or down the Yang-tze, or to or from the coast-ports north and south of the great river. Whilst within a stone's throw of the water's edge slumbered, as it were, in perfect unconsciousness of all these symptoms of progress, the China of Confucius. On the water the vivacity of the scene was heightened by depth of contrast. Huge river steamers, such as ascend the St. Lawrence or crowd the leveés at New Orleans, were constantly going to, or returning from, Hankow, six hundred miles above the mouth of the great stream, their decks crowded with natives of the middle kingdom, and their names inscribed in Chinese characters on their paddle-boxes. A whole fleet of trading vessels of recent European type plied between Shang-hai and the other ports, bearing the dragon flag, which it has become a convention of the sea to recognize as the ensign of China. Trim ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company and the statelier vessels of the *Messageries Maritimes* threaded their way amidst fleets of junks of a form so ancient as to have been familiar in these waters before the alluvial flats on either hand were laid down. The stillness of the early autumn morning air was perpetually broken by a noisy concert of sailors' voices. The deep song of the Western leadsmen calling the soundings, and the sharp orders of the European pilots, mingled with the chant of the Chinese mariners, hoisting the sails of mat, or celebrating their return from the open sea by the loud crackle of fireworks exploded in sacrifice to the river-god. Smart pilot-schooners, trim and saucy as Solent yachts, skimmed lightly over the smooth surface of the stream. Whilst the lumbering junks of Amoy and Ningpo, with their multiplicity of masts and towering poops, dropped slowly down to run home again before the monsoon, which, with Oriental patience, had been awaited for nigh six months.

Once landed on the river-shore, the stranger left behind him almost all trace of Western intrusion, save indeed when an occasional backward glance revealed above the trees the tall masts of foreign vessels, or a black cloud of coal-smoke from the funnel of a steamer. The landscape was as strange and foreign as were the inhabitants and their customs. For many miles to the right and to the left, to the front and on the other side of the

river, stretched the wide level of a vast alluvial plain, which in less than a thousand years* has grown up between the city of Shang-hai and the sea. Roads there were none, but between the fields there were numerous smooth but narrow paths on which pedestrians could walk easily and comfortably in Indian file. The top of the embankment of the river offered a convenient, but rather round-about way to Shang-hai. The path which ran along its summit for some seven or eight English miles met, six miles below the city, the broad and well-kept esplanade, known as *the Point* road, one of several handsome drives, constructed by the municipal council of the foreign settlement. A little farther inland was a broad strip of uncultivated land reserved, and in some shape actually put in order, for what will be the first railway in China. But that this is crossed in several places by broad canals, it would soon become the high-road between Woo-Sung and the city. As it was, our road — the usual one — wound in its greater length between fields and farmhouses, through villages, and past temples in the most perplexing meanderings. Canals and streams had to be crossed on bridges of long slabs of stone, sometimes double, but often only single, and so narrow as to make crossing a somewhat precarious undertaking.

The whole surface of the plain was covered with the autumn cotton-crop still standing. The economic husbandry of China lays hold of every bit of ground, and not a single rood was lying fallow. In the spring this vast extent of cotton-covered ground, now a snowy expanse of fleecy bolls, starred here and there with bright sulphur-yellow blossom, had been one huge field of waving corn. During the rainy months, such is the fertility of the rich alluvial soil, it had produced its third crop — namely, rice. There was an air of quiet, of peace and plenty, pervading the whole district. Its denizens seemed neither to heed nor to require the products of other lands. Villages there were none to be seen. The inhabitants dwelt in single homesteads, or in snug cottages, collected in little groups, like tiny hamlets, of three or four. These pleasantly diversified the landscape. Clumps of trees from between which peered out the quaint, curved roof, so marked a feat-

* "The custom-house officer was in A.D. 1101 ordered to remove to Shang-hai, which then became the seaport, and rapidly increased in importance." — "Shang-hai Considered Socially." By H. Lang. 2nd edit., p. 5. Shanghai, 1875.

ure of the architecture of eastern China, cut the sky-line, and redeemed the view from the dull monotony of an endless plain. The farms bore the aspect of being owned by the well-to-do. As the narrow pathway passed in front of each prosperous-looking homestead, it widened into a smooth esplanade. On the one hand a broad trench divided the roadway from the fields; on the other ran a neat lattice fence, deftly woven of split bamboo — often overgrown with a luxuriant creeper which surrounded the little garden and the various farm-buildings. Within this fence stood the stately trees which overshadowed the roofs, and rows of a slim and graceful bamboo growing not in clusters as farther south but in single stems. The little plot between the house-walls and the paling was planted with lettuces and other vegetables. The Chinese husbandman grudges even a corner to garden flowers; but here and there bloomed a few asters or chrysanthemums which would put our Temple-garden shows to shame; and, once in a way, the gorgeous crimson of the gigantic Chinese cockscomb glowed against the dingy background of the farmhouse wall. The first tints of autumn were already deepening on the leaves, and rich yellows, browns, and reds added color to a picture which would otherwise have presented too great a sameness of hue.

The dwellings invariably faced the esplanade, and filled up an interval in the fence which joined them at either end. We will describe one. It was long and low, without an upper story. The principal room was in the centre, and was entered by wide folding-doors. Within it the members of the family who were not in the fields could be seen at meals, or at indoor work. Some few, perhaps, were weaving long strips of coarse cotton cloth on the esplanade in front. At a window was an aged dame whirling a spinning-wheel, or turning the rollers of the simple machine that frees the white tufts of cotton from the seeds. A sharp, twanging sound issued from a chamber at the side. By inquiry we learnt that it was caused by young lads "teazing" the cotton into thin flakes with a quaint implement like a fiddle-bow. The stranger was received with civility, or rather with that absence of incivility which seems the sum-total of politeness among the Chinese.

A hideous chorus, set up by the yelping curs which infested every homestead in the neighborhood; a sharp reproof from the farmer or his lads, which produced si-

lence or low and scarcely audible growls; a ready response, in pantomime, to a question in the same form as to the way; and then a relapse into silence and busy labor, as though no one of foreign race was within a league — such was the stranger's only greeting.

The children and the younger women retreated within the gates, or back to the farther corners of the room, when the strange face of the "barbarian" was seen approaching. The former had already donned their winter clothing, as early and late the autumn air was fresh and nipping. The blue blouses and leggings, quilted and stuffed with cotton, were piled on one above another, till the little wearers looked like miniature balloons. The gait of the women, with their poor pinched feet, according to the universal custom in these northern provinces, was ungraceful in the extreme, and they toddled about in so uncertain a manner as to excite astonishment at their untiring industry in the fields. Their dress was tasteless in shape and color; and their features lacked even the slight share of good looks possessed by their sisters of the provinces farther south.

There was little to attract the stranger to stay, or to induce him to investigate the style and processes of the native farm. Foul odors assailed his sense of smell as soon as he approached one of these latter. The ditch between the homestead and the fields was but a fetid sewer. Unutterable horrors were collected beneath the windows by the wayside, and the filth of the garments of men, women, and children was such as must be seen to be believed. The comfort and even abundance, of which so many signs were evident, was overlaid by a superlativeness of dirt which the squalor attendant on the most abject poverty can hardly match. The visitor gladly turned away to continue his walk, and to contemplate scenes which could only be enjoyed when looked at from afar.

Some way off from the farm rose a pile of buildings, evidently those of a temple, as shown by two dark-red poles in front. The walls, once vermilion, had faded through age and neglect to a dull orange. The ridge of the curved roof was ornamented with the scaly dragons so common in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country. Seen from a distance, there was a certain picturesqueness in the group. The orange tint harmonized not inaptly with the autumn hues of the surrounding groves. The bright green and yellow enamel of the earthenware monsters on

the rooftree, seen through Charles Lamb's "lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay," brightened a prospect not too wealthy in gay colors. On close inspection the charm of a distant view faded away. The buildings were little better than squalid barns. A wide opening in the front exposed an interior with three altars, and three hideous deities bedizened with a tawdry finery, rendered almost ghastly by filth and dust. A gateway at the side admitted to an ill-paved courtyard. On one side were the dwellings of the priests and keepers of the temple, storehouses, and hay-lofts; on the other an odd museum of spare divinities, clad, as the cold weather had approached, in faded garments of quilted cotton.

Here and there the plain was dotted with mounds of many sizes and varied shapes, the sepulchres of many generations of farmers of these lower Yang-tze shores. Some of these mounds were freshly made, and preserved their strictly conical form and sharp apex. Others were fading into the dead level around them, and were being more and more encroached upon by the ploughs and spades of the practically-minded descendants of the departed agriculturalists sleeping beneath. These barrows were not the only objects which marked the burial-places of the dead. Occasionally, tombs of brick with black-tiled roofs and whitewashed walls — miniature copies of the houses of the living — were met with. In many cases unburied coffins, sometimes perhaps lightly covered with a thin thatch of straw, were lying in the fields waiting till the priests should declare the geomantic conditions suitable for committing their mouldering contents to the ground.

Turning from these, we came upon a very different scene in the drama of life. Harsh but not discordant music was heard coming from a little troop conveying a bride to her new home. In front marched two musicians, one with a trumpet, the other with a kind of fife, from which instruments they occasionally drew out the fragments of a tune. The bride was hidden within the recesses of a scarlet-covered chair. The bearers and musicians were decked with unusual finery in honor of the occasion. Smart official hats with saucer brims and crimson tassels were on their heads, and loose garments of blue silk, covered, but scarcely hid, their own private rags. Behind the chair, on litters and frames of wood, painted a bright vermilion, were borne the bridal presents, and the viands to be consumed at the wedding-

feast — sweetmeats, vegetables, and small roasted pigs. A few friends or relatives brought up the rear of the small *cortège* as it wound and was lost to sight among the tombs.

In its many turnings the path again led the visitor to the near neighborhood of the river. More music of the same kind, but somewhat more solemn and sonorous, was audible upon the right. From behind a clump of trees and bamboos, in which a snug homestead lay embowered, emerged a long procession. In front came the musicians, then several men carrying staves, then a gaily-dressed object on a triumphal chair, and then a body of men and a very few women; all of whom together — perforce moving along the narrow path in single file — made up a goodly show. Upon the triumphal chair was seated, in gorgeous robes of scarlet, with a tinsel crown and jewels, a divinity of wood with a pink complexion, a long black beard, and Aryan features. The chair was borne high on the necks of four stalwart coolies; and by its side, steadying it as it swayed to and fro in its passage along the narrow way, walked with difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the path, a grave citizen of the higher class. Lictors, bearing stout staves, formed a body-guard. All — bearers, lictors, musicians — wore a peculiar head-dress, a kind of tall, flower-pot-shaped hat, with a brim not unlike those seen in illustrations of the life of our English Puritans.

As the procession passed in front of the homesteads, the inmates came out and exploded whole strings of crackers. In front of many houses small altars were placed, on which were burning slender scarlet tapers, and little sheaves of incense sticks placed in censers of brass or earthenware. Children were brought out by their mothers, and taught to render obeisance — to *chin-chin*, as the expression in the "Pidgin" dialect is — to the image as it was carried by. The blasts of music grew louder and louder, gongs were sounded, more crackers were exploded, and the procession turned off to wind about amongst the fields. Strange and grotesque as it all was, it still reminded the spectator of the periodical outings of St. Spiridione to bless the vineyards of the olive-groves of Corfu. Its meaning was thus explained in "Pidgin" by a bystander who had a slight knowledge of that wonderful dialect. Thrice a year the divinity is carried forth in solemn procession, that sickness may be warded off from the country.

A collection of *tumuli* lying in one spot,

rather closer together than usual, formed quite a hillock on the unending plain. Thither the procession wended its way, and on the summit of the eminence, in front of a table beneath an awning, the image was deposited. An attendant fired off four barrels of a quaint petard, volleys of crackers were exploded, and a fire was lighted on the ground before the image. A bonze, with completely shaven head, then advanced, recited a long prayer, and scattered bowlfuls of cooked rice on all sides. Piles of Chinese offertory money, made of gold and silver paper, were offered up and burned in the fire. The bonze rang a bell and said more prayers; the image was lifted up in its chair, and the procession moved onward on its way.

A small temple stood not far off. In its main hall the divinities were being regaled with a sumptuous banquet. Three long tables covered with viands—sweetmeats, fruits, vegetables, and the inevitable roasted pig—were stretched athwart the pavement of the hall. At the upper end of each were placed three images, both male and female, all bedizened with a tawdry finery of tinsel and inferior silk. Here was a veritable *lectisternium*; on a small provincial scale it is true, but perhaps not an inexact reproduction of the great *epulum Jovis* held ages ago in the Roman capitol. Crowds of peasants were standing outside looking on. In the court in front were piled strange-looking instruments of music—fifes, trumpets of prodigious length, and guitars made of snake-skin.

In these sights there was nothing to recall even the existence of the Western nations, whose great outpost of commerce was so near at Shang-hai, and whose ships were covering the great river close at hand. But as the path along the river-bank was followed, many evidences of Western influence, and a quaint grafting of Western customs upon those of the middle kingdom were apparent. Woo-Sung was the scene of a smart action in the first war with a European power in which China was ever engaged, and long lines of parapet, forming a straddling and inefficient defence, pierced with many embrasures, could be traced upon the banks. But behind them a new work was rising, built upon different principles. Huge casemates were being constructed of barks of timber and iron plates from Europe, intended to hold guns as heavy as any that Woolwich can produce.* These works

will be truly formidable to any enemy attempting to attack them in front. But the Chinese engineers, in carrying out the plans of foreigners, have had still some loyalty to ancient custom. So the forts were open in the rear, and were so placed that ships can lie behind an angle of the shore out of fire, and destroy the defenders.

Hundreds of men were at work hurrying on the construction. A large force of soldiers was lying in several entrenched camps close to. These men were disciplined and drilled in the English manner, and manœuvred in obedience to words of command given in English. They were armed with rifles, both breech and muzzle loading, which they often practised with at targets on the shore. But at least one contingent of troops was still armed with spears and battle-axes; and it was a sight almost too suggestive to be comic, to witness a body of these exercising according to ancient fashion, and to an excessive tom-toming of a native drum, on the same parade-ground with comrades who complied with such directions as "Attention!" and "Quick march!" Large mud fortifications protected the camps. A common shape was that of a square, bastioned at the corners. The bastions bore some resemblance to those of Vauban, and were large enough to allow of an efficient flank defence; but the engineers had adhered to ancient plans, and had made their bastions mere solid masses of earth, and therefore shams. Imposing-looking *caponnières* and *tenailles* protected the curtains, but they were too slight to stop the passage even of a grapeshot.

Off the village a squadron of men-of-war junks lay at anchor. They were gaily dressed with flags—tricolors, white ensigns with vermilion characters upon them, and crimson streamers marked with legends in black. Higher up among the Western craft were handsome steam gunboats and a frigate, all armed with Krupp and Armstrong guns, with engines and hulls constructed by native artificers at Shang-hai or Foo-chow. The force of contrast could hardly go farther than in that presented by these two squadrons. Both were bravely decked with colors, those of the new type as well as their consort junks. A new viceroy, who was to fix his seat at Nanking, was expected, and the vessels had mustered to do him honor.

He arrived in due time. In the early morning his vessel approached. The river-banks were alive with troops and

* The successful construction of the 81-ton gun was not then known in China.

spectators. Long lines of crimson banners gleamed through the slight mist just dispersing before the rising sun. The junks saluted with crackers and their guns of ancient form. More regular salutes were fired from the batteries by the troops on shore. The sailors of the frigate ran aloft, and manned the yards in imitation of the ceremonies obtaining in Western navies. There was a pleasant freshness in the gelid autumn air; and the waving banners and gay flags added brightness to an interesting scene. The viceroy was Shenpao-Shan, a friend to foreigners, of whom it has been said, that he never took a bribe or perpetrated a "squeeze." The significance of such merits will be understood by all who know anything of a country cursed with that vilest of all governments, a literary bureaucracy.

The pure serenity of this day was followed, as usual, by a brilliantly moon-lit night. Sleep came readily to many, to whom the heat of summer nights elsewhere had long denied it, and those who had visited numerous climes, agreed that few possess greater charms than does early autumn in far eastern China.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

From The Sunday Magazine.

ZACHARY MACAULAY.

BY W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D.

THE book-reading world has been enjoying a great treat in the "Life of Lord Macaulay," written by his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. The nephew has caught something of his uncle's charm of style, and happy treatment of biographical materials, and has produced a book which will long rank among our best-written biographies. And in many points, Macaulay, as drawn in this book, ranks higher in public estimation at this day than he did three months ago. The deep family affection which now comes to light, his love and reverence for his parents, and his almost romantic attachment to his younger sisters, give warmth and color to a character that formerly seemed cold and hard. His conscientious industry and thoroughness in work; his constant endeavor to act fairly; his abhorrence of all wrong, falsehood, and selfishness; his deep interest in the welfare of mankind, and sense of obligation to do all he could to promote it, reveal a higher and nobler character than the outer world knew of.

On one point of awful interest — his personal relation to God and the character of his unseen life — no light has been thrown in this biography. We close the book with a chill on our hearts; we leave his body in Westminster Abbey, but are shown no bright vista opening beyond.

There is another figure conspicuous in these volumes, which attracts many an eye, and wherever it is studied, leaves a profound impression. It is Zachary Macaulay, the father of the peer. His name was already familiar as one of the Clapham sect, one of the noble band whose labors gave the death-blow to slavery in the dominions of the British empire. Sir James Stephen, in his well-known volume of ecclesiastical biography, had devoted two or three pages to him among the other members of the "Clapham sect," but they were of such a kind as to stimulate curiosity rather than satisfy it. It is from the memoir of Lord Macaulay that, for the first time, we learn somewhat fully what manner of man this Zachary Macaulay was. No common man, certainly. Not particularly attractive, as regards his natural character — perhaps we should say the opposite of attractive. Hugh Miller used to say of the national Scottish character that, apart from religion, it was ungainly and uninteresting. The remark might very fairly have been made of Zachary Macaulay. And with equal truth it might have been said that religion made him a hero, a patriot, a dear friend, a beloved and honored parent. Many of his qualities reappeared in his son; but, strange to say, in the son they appeared dissociated from that profound spirituality which in the father was the fountain of them all.

Zachary Macaulay was born at the manse of Cardross, on the banks of the Clyde, in the year 1768. His father was minister of the parish of Cardross, and was the father of a numerous family, of which Zachary was a younger son. All that we know of his early training is contained in three lines of Sir James Stephen's essay. "Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek." The religious instruction seems to have been carried by divine power with great force to the centre of his being. While yet a boy, he was sent to the West Indies as book-keeper on an estate, where he soon rose to be manager. From the first his soul was intensely grieved by what he saw of slavery, a system which the in-

instincts of his heart as well as his reading of the Bible showed to be inconsistent with the will of God. He tried for a while to mitigate the evils which he could not prevent, but by-and-by he felt his position unendurable, and in his twenty-fourth year, abandoning a pursuit which promised him early wealth and distinction, he returned home to commence the world anew. His next situation was in the deadly climate of Sierra Leone. It had been resolved to establish there a city of refuge for slaves, — a colony of emancipated negroes; and young Macaulay was appointed second member of the Council, where, soon after his arrival, he succeeded to the position and duties of governor.

It turned out to be the very place for him, as he proved to be the very man for the place. All the more, that the colony had enemies without and troubles within; slave-traders without, who were enraged at the spoiling of their business, and within, a motley company of negroes from Jamaica, London, and Nova Scotia, excellent at eating, but miserable at working. Extraordinary patience, self-control, and courage were needed for such a post. "His very deficiencies," says Mr. Trevelyan, "stood him in good stead; for in the presence of the elements with which he had to deal, it was well for him that nature had denied him any sense of the ridiculous. Unconscious of what was absurd around him, and incapable of being flurried, frightened, or fatigued, he stood as a centre of order and authority amidst the seething chaos of inexperience and insubordination. The staff was miserably insufficient, and every officer in the company had to do duty for three in a climate such that a man is fortunate if he can find health for the work of one during a continuous twelve-month. The governor had to be in the counting-house, the law-court, the school, and even the chapel. He posted ledgers, he decided causes, he conducted correspondence with the directors at home, he visited neighboring potentates, he preached sermons, and performed marriages. . . . He made a point of allotting the lightest work to the negroes who could read and write; and such was the stimulating effect of this system upon education that he confidently looked forward to the time when there would be few in the colony unable to read the Bible."

The settlement was exposed to utter ruin in 1794 by a squadron of eight French sail, commanded by "Citizen Allemand," containing as villanous a set of *sans-culottes* as even the republic could muster.

One Sunday morning the squadron moored within musket-shot of the quay, and swept the streets for two hours with grape and bullets; thereafter the apostles of liberty landed, plundered, hacked, shot, gutted on every side; the whole town was reduced to ruins; museum, library, philosophical instruments smashed and torn to pieces; books that had any resemblance to the Bible treated with especial contempt; poultry and pigs were wantonly slain; even a favourite musk-cat killed and eaten. Any ordinary man would have been filled with disgust and despair. Macaulay waited for help from home, and patiently set himself to build up the desolations. Happily, he did not starve; for his own infected with the spirit of plunder, had stolen a good share of the provisions, and when the French departed they were compelled to disgorge.

A year after, he paid a visit to England for the benefit of his health. On this occasion he fell in love with a Quaker young lady, Miss Mills, who returned his affection, but whose friends positively refused to allow her to go with him to Sierra Leone. Macaulay returned alone early in 1796. He remained for three years and a half, till the colony had been set on its feet, and had begun to assume an air of prosperity. Returning to England, he achieved his marriage, and became secretary to the company, continuing in this capacity his services to a people for whom he felt that he had received his very being from God.

His eldest son, Thomas Babington Macaulay, was born on October 25th, 1800, at Rothley Temple, the house of Thomas Babington, who had married one of the Cardross Macaulays. The interest of his life from this point divides between the career of his son, who from his very infancy was a prodigy of genius, and the campaign against slavery, in which he bore a most important part. Mr. Macaulay gave all due encouragement to his son for the cultivation of his unrivalled intellectual powers, but never eulogized him. On the contrary, in dealing with him he rather depreciated him. If he had heard of him speaking loudly and confidently at school, he pointed out the unseemliness of such a tone. If he found him desultory, impulsive, romantic, careless of dress and appearance, and writing a horrible hand, he strove to make him orderly, thoughtful, business-like. Especially in his earlier years he sought to imbue him with his own deep religious convictions. No doubt, while highly pleased with the lad in many

ways, he was disappointed with him in some. Young Macaulay had a deep reverence and even love for his father, but must have felt, as he grew up, that, in reference to his deepest convictions, there was a widening gulf between them. Evidently, too, Tom became more and more the real ruler of the house. By his brothers and sisters he was absolutely idolized. His influence led them to share his literary tastes, and especially his love of novels. To all novels his father was at first opposed. He came, however, to tolerate what he could not approve. But he warned his family very strongly against reading novels in the forenoon, — a practice which he likened to drinking drams in the morning.

Zachary Macaulay was editor of the *Christian Observer*, and on one occasion he inserted in his magazine an anonymous letter in favor of novels, especially those of Fielding and Smollett. He did not know at the time that the writer was his own son, then in his sixteenth year, otherwise he might have hesitated about inserting a communication which brought down on him the most violent remonstrances from scandalized contributors, one of whom informed the public that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames, and should thenceforth cease to take in the magazine.

It is a very common impression that earnest men, like Zachary Macaulay, were severe in their domestic rule, and very stern in their exactions. This is shown by Mr. Trevelyan to be a mistake, and as he sets himself in this particular to meet the misrepresentation of Thackeray in "The Newcomes," his words are all the more worthy of notice. "The method of education in vogue among the Clapham families was simple without being severe. In the spacious gardens and commodious houses of an architecture, already dating a century back, which surrounded the Common, there was plenty of freedom and good-fellowship, and reasonable enjoyment for young and old alike. Here again Thackeray has not done justice to a society that united the mental culture and the intellectual activity which are developed by the neighborhood of a great capital, with the wholesome quiet and the homely ways of country life. Hobson and Brian Newcome are not fair specimens of the effect of Clapham influences of the second generation. There can have been little that was narrow, and nothing vulgar, in a training which produced Samuel Wilberforce, and Sir James Stephen, and Charles

and Robert Grant, and Lord Macaulay. The plan on which children were brought up in the chosen home of the Low Church party, during its golden age, will bear comparison with systems about which, in their day, the world was supposed never to tire of hearing, although their ultimate results have been small indeed."

Though Lord Macaulay never became a Claphamite himself, he showed a profound regard for them. Especially he showed his appreciation of them as men of great power in moving mankind. Writing to one of his sisters in 1844, he said, "I think Stephen's article on the Clapham sect the best thing he ever did. I do not think with you that the Claphamites were men too obscure for such delineation. The truth is, that from that little knot of men emanated all the Bible societies, and almost all the missionary societies, in the world. The whole organization of the Evangelical party was their work. The share which they had in providing means for the education of the people was great. They were really the destroyers of the slave-trade and of slavery. Many of those whom Stephen describes were public men of the greatest weight. Lord Teignmouth governed India at Calcutta. Grant governed India in Leadenhall Street. Stephen's father was Perceval's right-hand man in the House of Commons. It is needless to speak of Wilberforce. . . . Thornton, to my surprise, thinks the passage about my father unfriendly. I defended Stephen. The truth is, that he asked my permission to draw a portrait of my father for the *Edinburgh Review*. I told him that I had only to beg that he would not give it the air of a puff; a thing which, for myself and for my friends, I dread more than any attack. My influence over the review is so well known that a mere eulogy of my father appearing in that work would only call forth derision. I therefore am really glad that Stephen has introduced into his sketch some little characteristic traits which, in themselves, were not beauties."

As to Zachary Macaulay's life in the cause of philanthropy after his return to England, its most conspicuous feature was his wonderful laboriousness. All the sect were men of great perseverance and painstaking. Of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Babington it was often true that the slave-trade occupied them nine hours daily. Zachary Macaulay had business to attend to, a magazine to edit, and many other labors of love; but withal he was known as so thorough a man, that when Wilber-

force was at a loss for a piece of information, he used to say, "Let us look it out in Macaulay." Moreover, he enjoyed the confidential friendship of many men of literary eminence. Lord Brougham, Francis Horner, and Sir James Mackintosh were among his correspondents at home; and in France, Chateaubriand, Sismondi, the Duc de Broglie, Madame de Stael, and Dumont. In the manse of Scotland he had friends not a few, and on one occasion, in 1817, when Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay took their son, then in his seventeenth year, with them on a Scottish tour, the youngster had a grievous complaint of the long prayers and expositions which they encountered at the manses. In recording this circumstance respecting Lord Macaulay, his sister, Lady Trevelyan, says, "I think, with all the love and reverence with which he regarded his father's memory, there mingled a shade of bitterness that he had not met quite the encouragement and appreciation from him which he received from others. But such a son as he was! Never a disrespectful word or look; always anxious to please or amuse; and at last he was the entire stay and support of his father's declining years."

Zachary Macaulay proved unfortunate in business in the latter period of his life. Clouds seem to have gathered round him, and his religion seems to have wanted that element of radiance that would have kept a smiling sky. It was a painful circumstance that he died before his son's return from India in 1838, and that the detention of the ship beyond the usual period prevented the meeting which both very eagerly desired.

Sir James Stephen and Mr. Trevelyan concur in ascribing all that was noble in the life of Zachary Macaulay to the power of faith. Referring to his work at Sierra Leone, his grandson says, "The secret of his character and of his actions lay in perfect humility and an absolute faith. Events did not discompose him, because they were sent by One who best knew his own purposes. He was not fretted by the folly of others, or irritated by their hostility, because he regarded the worst or the humblest of mankind as objects, equally with himself, of the divine love and care. On all other points he examined himself so closely that the meditations of a single evening would fill many pages of diary; but so completely in his case had the fear of God cast out all other fear, that amidst the gravest perils and the most bewildering responsibilities, it never occurred to him to question whether he was brave or

not. He worked strenuously and unceasingly, never amusing himself from year's end to year's end, and shrinking from any public praise or recognition as from an unlawful gratification, because he was firmly persuaded that when all had been accomplished and endured, he was yet but an unprofitable servant, who had done that which was his duty to do."

Sir James Stephen indicates more clearly how the deeper life of the man overcame his natural defects. He talks of a countenance earnest and monotonous; of gestures not easy and flexible, but firm and deliberate; of overhanging brows that ever appeared fatigued, and of a figure athletic but ungraceful. Nevertheless there was an inward charm which excited towards this man, in his own chosen circle, a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm. He talks of a mind not naturally imaginative, to which self-devotion imparted an element of poetry; of a commonplace aspect and demeanor which it made impressive; of a phlegmatic temper which it fired with energy; of a discursiveness which it brought to unity; and of a physical languor to which it imparted dignity. "His earthward affections," says Sir James, "active and all-enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him."

It is all very well to eulogize the genial type of Christianity, of which recent years have given us some beautiful specimens. But there is something still higher in the earnest devotion and unbending principle of Zachary Macaulay, striving in every action of his life to do not his own will, but the will of Him that sent him.

Mr. Trevelyan tells us that his epitaph in Westminster Abbey is the only biography of Zachary Macaulay that has been written, or is likely to be written. We are sorry to hear it. The diary of Zachary Macaulay must be a document of singular interest. It would need to be dealt with by some wise but sympathetic spirit; but it would shed most interesting light on a career which will more and more command the admiration of Christian men. Yet even if Mr. Trevelyan's surmise shall prove true — and he has the fulfilment of his prophecy in his own hands — it will

be much for Zachary Macaulay to be remembered as the man —

WHO DURING FORTY SUCCESSIVE YEARS,
PARTAKING IN THE COUNSELS AND THE LABORS
WHICH, GUIDED BY FAVORING PROVIDENCE,
RESCUED AFRICA FROM THE WOES
AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM THE GUILT
OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE,
MEEKLY ENDURED THE TOIL, THE PRIVATION,
AND THE REPROACH,
RESIGNING TO OTHERS THE PRAISE AND THE
REWARD.

From The Queen.

TRICKS OF MEMORY.

THE tricks and feats, the oddities and uncertainties of memory, like the tricks and oddities of dreams, have exercised the attention of the learned for many generations. How to account for them — by what process do they come about? What is memory in its essence, and how does it work? Is it a "molecular change in the particles of the brain," according to the language of the scientists, or a "wave of mental life," according to that of the spiritualists and those antepenultimate reasoners to whom the term "mental life" has a meaning independent of physical conditions altogether? Who can tell? So far as we have gone, no one. As with the science of meteorology, so are we as yet only gathering materials for future laws and demonstrations on the matter of memory. . . .

Memory is one of the faculties that can be improved by care and cultivation, and, above all, by forcing the attention. When people excuse themselves for forgetfulness by saying, "I have such a bad memory," in nine cases out of ten they really mean, "I am so careless, so inattentive." With a mind half-asleep, thoughts vague, wandering, dreaming, their attention floating everywhere like a leaf on a stream, not anchored, not concentrated, they hear what is said to them in a woolly, muffled kind of way, as one sees objects through a veil, or as the deaf hear an indistinct voice. Nothing makes a sharp impression, simply because they are inattentive, and do not give their minds to the subject on hand; hence they forget all that they are told, and when chidden or reminded, plead their bad memory as an excuse for their wandering thoughts. Taken early, this kind of thing may be educated out of a person; but if the habit of inattention is suffered to root, no after efforts will be of much avail; for the will weakens as habits strengthen, and there is, besides, the

accumulated force that belongs to continuance to be overcome. Hence the absolute necessity of gently correcting and sweeping out of a young mind this fatal habit of inattention, and thus improving that much-maligned "memory," which is not really in fault. This, however, does not touch the misfortune of a bad memory when a real defect of the brain, and not only the consequence of a remediable cause. Bad memory comes from two things: either grave preoccupation — the place already filled and taken — by reason of much thought, or from the natural failing of old age. A man who has the minute details of delicate experiments, say, to think of and calculate, can scarcely be expected to remember the name of the cook who was sent away last year. He has heard it twenty times and oftener; but, inattentive from other causes than those which make our dreamy boy, our vague and wandering girl, oblivious of all that they should remember, he has forgotten it as if it had never been, and no efforts can recall it.

In like manner, the memory wears out with age; and one of the first symptoms of that sad "fall of the leaf," which is so soon to leave us first bare and then dead, is in the difficulty which we have in remembering faces, facts, dates, and names, save such as belonged to early youth; these are clamped fast on to our memory, but the later events hang loose, and drift away altogether. Some people have been known even to forget their own names, — which uncomfortable state of temporary imbecility has happened to the writer of these lines, as also a total forgetfulness, for the moment, of the name and style of the dearest and most intimate friends possessed. The consequence of this fact has been that more than once an introduction sought to be made between strangers and friends has been nothing more than an unintelligible muttering so far as these last are concerned. The stranger's name was remembered with precision, but the friend's vanished into space, and remained there. Again, too, short-sightedness generally includes a bad memory for faces, if not for facts. The cloudy obscurity of vision which gives outlines and general appearance rather than details, runs all faces, all people, into types, instead of keeping them distinct as individuals; by which the memory gets bewildered with those tormenting fallacies "false likenesses," only too well known to short-sighted people, so that they are never quite sure of themselves, and do

not know if this person is he to whom they were introduced last night, nor what names belong to the faces which they do remember. Between thinking that they ought to know people whom they never saw in their lives before, and forgetting those whom they ought to remember, the lives of the short-sighted are weighted with a heavier burden than belongs to most; and, however disagreeable to others may be their forgetfulness, they are more deserving of pity than censure. And if to the physical defect of eyesight is added much intercourse with the world and a crowd of acquaintances met at intervals, we come to the last degree of this kind of discomfort, and the ultimate misery to which want of memory for faces can bring the poor sufferer from this defect.

All great people have had good memories. It seems, indeed, as if this were one of the essential conditions for success. A good memory utilizes all that is learnt; it is the true cumulative faculty by which days add treasure to treasure, solidly built up in the mind—not like those shifting sandheaps of acquirement, when the memory is bad, which are dispersed as soon as gathered. Great intellect joined to a bad memory is like a lame giant. The strength is there, but the ability to use it—nowhere! Every day begins, as it were, a new mental era in the life of such a one. He forgets much of the good got by him in the time that has gone, and, though he brings glorious faculties to the study of the subject undertaken at this moment, he does not bring the full experience of that which he has gained before—the full value of that which he has already learnt. Hence no one with a treacherous memory can ever hope to become absolutely successful; and all those who have been world-famous have

had faithful and tenacious memories, quick, serviceable, and trustworthy. The royal memory is a proverb; but it embodies a truth greater than its apparent flunkeyism, in the fact that a good memory is in its essence royal, and noble, and kingly; and the first-rate men who have had good memories—supremely good—can be counted up by scores.

Learning by heart is a good method for improving the memory, especially learning by heart poetry and “pieces.” Many technical systems, too, have been advanced by which the memory may be assisted by mental corks and buoys, mounted on stilts and fastened firmly to central nails. One instance of this the writer remembers—and only one—out of the set of lectures given by the inventor of a certain system of artificial memory. It is the date of Henry IV. “See,” said the lecturer, “I take four eggs, and place one in each corner of this muff. The eggs will remind you of a hen, and ‘Hen’ is the first syllable of ‘Henry;’ the four eggs will tell you that this hen is Henry IV. By figures the muff spells ‘1366,’ ‘m’ being the thirteenth letter in the alphabet—eliminate the ‘u’ ‘f’ being the sixth. Thus, to remember the date of Henry IV., put your four eggs into the four corners of a muff.” But whether the muff meant the birth, accession, or death of this king of four eggs is a fact that, not being buoyed up by any such artificial cork, is now forgotten, and has to be verified only by reference to history. But the best way for a person possessing a bad memory to avoid the inconveniences resulting, is to make careful notes of all that it is necessary to remember, and to organize his life and doings with extreme punctuality and method.

THE QUANTITY OF TANNIN IN TEA.—This question has been, with many others in relation to the chemistry of this plant, gone into by Mr. T. Wigner, whose papers have been published in the *Chemical News*. The number of the *C. N.* for Nov. 12, 1875, contains the author's remarks on the tannin question. He says that the percentage of tannin in tea is very variable, and there is little doubt that this is in a great degree the cause of the erroneous estimate which English tea-drinkers frequently make of the dietetic value of tea. They prefer tea which gives a dark-coloured infusion, and has some sensible astringency, to those varieties which give a paler and less bitter liquor. This probably accounts, to

some extent, for the high estimation in which some kinds of Assam are held for mixing-purposes. The acetate-of-lead process seems more reliable for determining the percentage of tannin than the old gelatine process, and it is certainly easier. I have therefore adopted it. I find that a sample taken from a mixture of six samples of Assam tea gave 45·5 per cent. of tannin, while some of the highest results were—

	Per Cent.
No. 82. Moyune young Hyson	30·0
No. 83. Very choice Assam	33·0
No. 1. Indian young Hyson	39·0
No. 97. Assam tea from Dr. McNamara's garden	27·7
No. 75. Caper (mixed)	42·3

Popular Science Review.

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THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
 In a place where time had ceased,
 And we talked of my former living
 In the land where the years increased.
 And I felt I should have to answer
 The question it put to me,
 And to face the answer and question
 Throughout an eternity.
 The ghosts of forgotten actions
 Come floating before my sight,
 And things that I thought were dead things
 Were alive with a terrible might.
 And the vision of all my past life
 Was an awful thing to face, —
 Alone with my conscience sitting
 In that solemnly silent place.
 And I thought of a far-away warning,
 Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
 In a land that then was the future,
 But now is the present time.
 And I thought of my former thinking
 Of the judgment-day to be,
 But sitting alone with my conscience
 Seemed judgment enough for me.
 And I wondered if there was a future
 To this land beyond the grave;
 But no one gave me an answer,
 And no one came to save.
 Then I felt that the future was present,
 And the present would never go by,
 For it was but the thought of my past life
 Grown into eternity.
 Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
 And the vision passed away,
 And I knew the far-away warning
 Was a warning of yesterday, —
 And I pray that I may not forget it,
 In this land before the grave,
 That I may not cry in the future,
 And no one come to save.
 And so I have learnt a lesson
 Which I ought to have known before,
 And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
 I hope to forget no more.
 So I sit alone with my conscience
 In the place where the years increase,
 And I try to remember the future
 In the land where time will cease.
 And I know of the future judgment,
 How dreadful soe'er it be,
 That to sit alone with my conscience
 Will be judgment enough for me.

Spectator.

EPICEDE.

(James Lorimer Graham died at Florence, April 30,
 1876.)

LIFE may give for love to death
 Little; what are life's gifts worth
 To the dead wrapt round with earth?
 Yet from lips of living breath

Sighs or words we are fain to give,
 All that yet, while yet we live,
 Life may give for love to death.

Dead so long before his day,
 Passed out of the Italian sun
 To the dark where all is done,
 Fallen upon the verge of May,
 Here at life's and April's end
 How should song salute my friend
 Dead so long before his day?

Not a kindlier life or sweeter
 Time, that lights and quenches men,
 Now may quench or light again,
 Mingling with the mystic metre
 Woven of all men's lives with his
 Not a clearer note than this,
 Not a kindlier life or sweeter.

In this heavenliest part of earth
 He that living loved the light,
 Light and song, may rest aright,
 One in death, if strange in birth,
 With the deathless dead that make
 Life the lovelier for their sake
 In this heavenliest part of earth.

Light, and song, and sleep at last —
 Struggling hands and suppliant knees
 Get no goodlier gift than these.
 Song that holds remembrance fast,
 Light that lightens death, attend
 Round their graves who have to friend
 Light, and song, and sleep at last.
 Athenæum. A. C. SWINBURNE.

MOONLIGHT.

THE bluest grey — the greyest blue,
 Where golden gleaming stars are set;
 A moon whose glorious yellow waves
 Make fair the rippled rivulet.

Night has her curtain over all;
 The firs show dark against the sky:
 The only sound is in the song
 Of a late nightingale close by.

The wooded walks which seemed so sweet
 Seen in the morning's faery light,
 Now dim and shadowy hold no charm,
 Save the mysterious charm of night.

One swallow stirs, the gold stars fade,
 In the cold sky a chill wind wakes;
 The grey clouds frighten out the morn,
 And thro' pale mist the new day breaks.

Good morn — good night — which is the best?
 God grant some day that I may find
 Both true: good morn to joy begun,
 Good night to sorrows left behind.
 Sunday Magazine.

D.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

I HAVE been bold in my title; and, in order to convey a distinct idea, have promised what I cannot do more than most imperfectly perform.

My paper is a paper for the day. We live in a time when the interest in religious thought, or in thought concerning religion, is diffused over an area unusually wide, but also when the aspect of such thought is singularly multiform and confused. It defies all attempts at reduction to an unity, and recalls the Ovidian account of chaos:—

Nulli sua forma manebat,
Obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.*

At every point there start into action multitudes of aimless or erratic forces, crossing and jostling one another, and refusing not only to be governed, but even to be classified. Any attempt to group them, however slightly and however roughly, if not hopeless, is daring; but, as they act upon us all by attraction and repulsion, we are all concerned in knowing what we can of their nature and direction; and an initial effort, however feeble, may lead the way to more comprehensive and accurate performances.

I shall endeavor, therefore, to indicate in a rude manner what seem to be in our day the principal currents of thought concerning religion; and as, in a matter of this kind, the effect can hardly be well considered without the cause, I also hope in a future paper briefly to touch the question, how and why these currents have been put into their present sharp and unordered motion.

The channels in which they mainly run, according to my view, are five. But this Punjaub differs from the Punjaub known to geography, in that its rivers do not converge, although for certain purposes and between certain points they, or some of them, may run parallel. Neither do they, like Po and his tributaries, sweep from

the hill into the plain to find their rest;* but, for the time at least, the farther they run, they seem to brawl the more.

My rude map will not reach beyond the borders of Christendom. There are those who seem to think that, as of old, wise men will come to us from the East, and give us instruction upon thoughts and things. It will be time enough to examine into these speculations, as to any practical value they may possess, when we shall have been favored with a far clearer view, than we now possess, of the true moral and spiritual interior of the vast regions of the rising sun. We may thus, and then, form some idea of the relations both between their theoretical and their actual religion, and between their beliefs and their personal and social practice; and we may be able in some degree to estimate their capacity for bearing the searching strain of a transition from a stagnant to a vivid and active condition of secular life. At present we seem to be, for the most part, in the dark on these capital questions, and where, as in the case of Islam, we have a few rays of light, the prospect of any help to be drawn from such a quarter is far from encouraging.

Provisionally, then, I set out with the assumption that in handling this question for Christendom, we are touching it at its very heart. The Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, are the great, the imperial, thought, tradition, and society of this earth. It is from Christendom outwards that power and influence radiate, not towards it and into it that they flow. There seems to be one point at least on the surface of the earth—namely, among the negro races of West Africa—where Mahometanism gains ground upon Christianity; but that assuredly is not the seat of government from whence will issue the *fiats* of the future, to direct the destinies of mankind.

Yet other remarks I must prefix. One is apologetic, another admonitory. First, I admit that many writers, many minds and characters, such for example as Mr. J. S. Mill, and such as the school of Paulus, and such as many of those now

* Ov. Metam., i. 17.

* Dante, Div. Comm., v. 98.

called Broad Churchmen, will not fall *clean* into any one of the five divisions, but will lie between two, or will range over, and partake the notes of, several. This must happen in all classifications of thought, more or less; and here probably more rather than less, for the distinctions are complex, and the operation difficult. Secondly, my aim is to exhibit principles, as contradistinguished from opinions. Let it not be supposed that these always go together, any more than sons are always like their parents. Principles are, indeed, the fathers of opinions; and they will ultimately be able to assert the parentage by determining the lineaments of the descendants. Men, individually and in series, commonly know their own opinions, but are often ignorant of their own principles. Yet in the long run it is the principles that govern; and the opinions must go to the wall. But this is a work of time, in many cases a work of much time. With some men, nothing less than life suffices for it, and with some life itself is not sufficient. A notable historic instance of the distinction is to be found in those English Puritans of the seventeenth century, who rejected in block the authority of creeds, tests, and formularies. Their opinions were either Calvinistic, or at the least Evangelical. After three or four generations it was found that, retaining the title of Presbyterians, the congregations had as a rule become Unitarian; and yet that they remained in possession of buildings, and other endowments, given by Trinitarian believers. Upon a case of this character arose the well-known suit of Lady Hewley's charity. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who decided it, knew well that every hair on Lady Hewley's head would have stood on end, had she known what manner of gospel her funds were to be used to support; and he decided that they could only be employed in general conformity with her opinions. Satisfied with a first view of the case, the public applauded the judgment; and it has not been reversed. But the parties in possession of the endowments were not to be dislodged by the artillery of such pleas. They appealed to Parliament. They showed that their

Puritan forefathers had instructed them to discard all intermediate authorities; and to interpret Scripture for themselves, to the best of their ability. It would indeed have been intolerable if those, who taught the rejection of such authority when it was ancient and widely spread, should, in their own persons, have reconstituted it, all recent and raw, as a bond upon conscience. The Unitarians contended that they had obeyed the lessons they were taught, and that it was not their fault if the result of their fidelity was that they differed from their teachers. Parliament dived into the question, which the Bench had only skimmed, and confirmed the title of the parties in possession.

And again. As men may hold different opinions under the shelter of the same principle, so they may have the same opinions while they are governed by principles distinct or opposite. No man was in principle more opposed to the Church of Rome than the late Mr. Henry Drummond. But he expressed in the House of Commons a conception of the eucharistic sacrifice so lofty, as must have satisfied a divine of the Latin Church. Again, the doctrine of transubstantiation was received in the thirteenth century on the authority of a papal council; but it is probable that many of the "Old Catholics," who have renounced the dominion, may still agree in the tenet.

I think it will be found that these remarks will explain the cases already indicated of persons who do not fall into any of the five classes. They are I think, chiefly, either the indolent, who take up at a venture with narrow and fragmentary glimpses of the domain of religious thought, or the lovers of the picturesque, who are governed by exterior color and other superficial signs; or they are writers in a state of transition, who have received the shock which has driven them from their original base, but have not yet found a region suited to restore to them their equilibrium, a fluid of the same specific gravity with themselves.

I take no notice of the system termed Erastian. It can hardly, as far as I see, be called a system of or concerning religious thought at all. Its centre of gravity

is not within the religious precinct. The most violent Ultramontane, the most determined Agnostic, may alike make excellent Erastians, according to the varieties of time and circumstance. If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship, or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man.

Non ragioniam di lui; ma guarda, e passa.

Lastly, it is plain that a chart of religion, such as I am endeavoring to present in outline, has reference to the *Ecclesia docens*, rather than to the *Ecclesia discens*; to the scientific or speculative basis of the respective systems, and the few who deal with it, not to their development in general life and practice, a subject far too difficult and invidious for me to consider.

I may now set out the five main schools or systems, which are constituted as follows. We have:—

- I. Those who accept the papal monarchy: or the Ultramontane school.
- II. Those who, rejecting the papal monarchy, believe in the visibility of the Church: or the Historical school.
- III. Those who, rejecting the papal monarchy and the visibility of the Church, believe in the great central dogmas of the Christian system, the Trinity and the Incarnation. These will here be termed the Protestant Evangelical school.
- IV. Those who, professedly rejecting all known expressions of dogma are nevertheless believers in a moral Governor of the universe, and in a state of probation for mankind, whether annexing or not annexing to this belief any of the particulars of the Christian system, either doctrinal or moral. These I denominate the Theistic school.
- V. The Negative school. Negative, that is to say, as to thought which can

be called religious in the most usual sense. Under this head I am obliged to place a number of schemes, of which the adherents may resent the collocation. They are so placed on the ground that they agree in denying categorically, or else in declining to recognize or affirm, the reign of a moral Governor or providence, and the existence of a state of discipline or probation. To this aggregate seem to belong —

1. Scepticism.
2. Atheism.
3. Agnosticism.
4. Secularism.
5. (Revived) Paganism.
6. Materialism.
7. Pantheism.
8. Positivism.

I.

OF these five main divisions, the first is much before any one of the others in material extension. Its ostensible numbers may nearly equal those of the second and the third taken together. The fourth and the fifth are made up of votaries who are scattered and isolated; or whose creed is unavowed; or who, if they exist in communities at all, exist only in such minute communities as to be but specks in the general prospect.

The Ultramontane system has also the great advantage for working-purposes of by far the most elastic, the most closely knit, and the most highly centralized organization.

Again, it derives its origin by an unbroken succession from Christ and his apostles. No more imposing title can well be conceived; yet it naturally has no conclusive weight with such as remember or believe that a theistic system, given by the Almighty to our first progenitors, passed, in the classic times, and in like manner, through far more fundamental transformations. It was by a series of insensible deviations, and without the shock of any one revolutionary change, that in a long course of ages, after a pure beginning, there were built up many forms of religion, which, at the period of the Advent, had

come to be in the main both foul and false. The allegation may possibly be made that the traditions, as well as the personal succession, of the Latin Church, are unbroken. But this will of course be denied by those who regard the Council of 1870 as having imported at a stroke a fundamental change into the articles of the Christian faith. To the vast numerical majority, however, the Roman authorities seem to have succeeded in recommending the proposition, and the claim passes popularly current.

This singular system, receiving the Sacred Scriptures, and nominally attaching a high authority to the witness of tradition, holds both in subjection to such construction as may be placed upon them from time to time, either by an assemblage of bishops, together with certain other high functionaries, which derives its authority from the pope, or by the pope himself, when he thinks fit to take upon himself the office. It is true that he is said to take advice; but he is the sole judge what advice he shall ask, and whether he shall follow it. It is true that whatever he promulgates as an article of faith he declares to have been contained in the original revelation; but by his vision alone can the question be determined whether it is there or not. To the common eye it seems as if many articles of Christian belief had at the first been written in invisible ink, and as if the pope alone assumed the office of putting the paper to the fire, and exhibiting these novel antiquities to the gaze of an admiring world. With regard, however, to matters of discipline and government, he is not restrained even by the profession of following antiquity. The Christian community under him is organized like an army, of which each order is in strict subjection to every order that is above it. A thousand bishops are its generals; some two hundred thousand clergy are its subordinate officers; the laity are its proletarians. The auxiliary forces of this great military establishment are the monastic orders. And they differ from the auxiliaries of other armies in that they have a yet stricter discipline, and a more complete dependence on the head, than the ordinary soldiery. Of these four ranks in the hierarchy, two things may be asserted unconditionally: that no rights belong to the laity, and that all right resides in the pope. All other rights but his are provisional only, and are called rights only by way of accommodation, for they are withdrawable at will. The rights of laymen as against priests, of priests as

against bishops, of bishops as against the pope, depend entirely upon his judgment, or his pleasure, whichever he may think fit to call it. To all commands issued by and from him, under this system, with a demand for absolute obedience, an absolute obedience is due.

To the charm of an unbroken continuity, to the majesty of an immense mass, to the energy of a closely serried organization, the system now justly called Papalism or Vaticanism adds another and a more legitimate source of strength. It undeniably contains within itself a large portion of the individual religious life of Christendom. The faith, the hope, the charity, which it was the office of the gospel to engender, flourish within this precinct in the hearts of millions upon millions, who feel little, and know less, of its extreme claims, and of their constantly progressive development. Many beautiful and many noble characters grow up within it. Moreover, the babes and sucklings of the gospel, the poor, the weak, the uninstructed, the simple souls who in tranquil spheres give the heart and will to God, and whose shaded path is not scorched by the burning questions of human thought and life, these persons are probably in the Roman Church by no means worse than they would be under other Christian systems. They swell the mass of the main body; obey the word of command when it reaches them; and they help to supply the resources by which a vast machinery is kept in motion.

Yet once more. The Papal host has reason to congratulate itself on the compliments it receives from its extremest opponents, when they are contrasted with the scorn which those opponents feel for all that lies between. Thus E. von Hartmann, the chief living oracle of German pantheism, says it is with an honorable spirit of consistency (*Consequenz*) that "Catholicism" has, after a long slumber, declared war to the knife against modern culture and the highest acquisitions of the recent mental development;* and he observes that, while he utterly denounces the mummy-like effete-ness and religious incapacity of Ultramontan-ism, still "it ought to feel flattered by my recognizing in it the legitimate champion of historical Christianity, and denoting its measures against modern culture as the last effort of that system at self-preservation."† According to his most severe denunciations

* *Der Selbstversetzung des Christenthums*, p. 15 (Berlin, 1874).

† *Ibid. Vorwort*, p. x.

are reserved for "Liberal Protestantism," his next neighbour, even as the loudest thunders of the Vatican are issued to proclaim the iniquities of "Liberal Catholics." *

I shall recite more briefly the besetting causes of weakness in the Ultramontane system. These I take to be principally: (1) its hostility to mental freedom at large; (2) its incompatibility with the thought and movement of modern civilization; (3) its pretensions against the State; (4) its pretensions against parental and conjugal rights; (5) its jealousy, abated in some quarters, of the free circulation and use of the Holy Scripture; (6) the *de facto* alienation of the educated mind of the countries in which it prevails; (7) its detrimental effects on the comparative strength and morality of the states in which it has sway; (8) its tendency to sap veracity in the individual mind. If this charge were thought harsh, I could refer for a much stronger statement to the works of the late Mr. Simpson, himself a convert to the Roman system from the English Church.

II.

NEXT in order to the Ultramontane school comes a school which may perhaps best be designated as Historical; because, without holding that all, which has been, has been right, it regards the general consent of Christendom, honestly examined and sufficiently ascertained, as a leading auxiliary to the individual reason in the search for religious truth. To this belong those "Liberal Catholics" who have just been mentioned, and who, unlike the "Old Catholics," remain externally in the Latin communion, bravely and generously hoping against hope, under conditions which must ensure to them a highly uncomfortable existence. Their position appears to be substantially identical with that of a portion of the Protestants of the sixteenth century, who in perfectly good faith believed that they were maintaining the true system of Christianity as attested by Scripture and sacred history, but who had to uphold this as their own conviction in the teeth of the constituted tribunals of the Latin Church. The appeal now made, indeed, is from the Council of the Vatican to a council lawfully conducted; but the right of appeal is denied by the living authority, and appears therefore, now that that authority has given a final utterance

on the dogma of infallibility, to rest on the ultimate groundwork of private judgment. The question here, however, is not so much their ecclesiastical position, as their form of religious thought, and their proper place in the general scheme or chart. Few they may be, and isolated they certainly are. But they are essentially in sympathy with many who do not wear the same badge with themselves, in short with all who, rejecting the papal monarchy, adhere to the ancient dogma formulated in the creeds, and who believe that our Lord, and his apostles acting under his authority, founded a society with a promise of visible perpetuity, and with a commission to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments. That gospel is the faith once delivered to the saints; and, while some of these believers would admit the Church may err, they would all agree in holding that she cannot err fatally or finally, and that the pledge of her vitality, if not of her health, is unconditional; unconditional, however, not to any or to every part, but to the whole, as a whole. They would agree that she is divinely kept in the possession of all essential truth. They would agree in accepting those declarations of it, which proceeded, now between twelve and fifteen centuries ago, from her as one united body, acting in lawful councils, which received their final seal from the general acceptance of the faithful. They would recognize no final authority subordinate to that of the united Church; and would plead for a reasonable and free acceptance of that authority on the part of the individual Christian. Or, if these propositions lead us too far into detail, they believe in an historical Church, constitutional rather than despotic, with its faith long ago immutably, and to all appearance adequately, defined; and they are not to be induced by the pretext of development to allow palpable innovations to take their place beside the truths acknowledged through fifty generations.

If to those, who are thus minded, I give the title of historical, it is because they seem to conform to the essential type of Christianity as it was exhibited under the apostolic, the episcopal, and the patriarchal system; and because they do not tamper in practice with that traditional testimony, of which in theory they admit the real validity and weight, and the great utility in conjunction with the appeal of the Church to Holy Scripture.

This, in its essential outlines, is the system which constitutes the scientific basis

* The latest specimen may be seen in a pastoral of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, the hero of the remarkable and rather famous Guibord case. Published in the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of Feb. 10, 1876.

of the Eastern or Orthodox Churches. I do not speak of the defects, faults, and abuses, which doubtless abound in them, as in one shape or another they do in every religious body; but of the ultimate grounds which, when put on their defence, they would assume as the warrant of what is essential to their system.

Great, without doubt, is in every case the interval between the written theory and the practice of ecclesiastical bodies. The difference is scarcely less between their authorized doctrine, in the proper sense, which they hold as of obligation, and the developments which that doctrine receives through the unchecked or little checked predominance of the prevailing bias in the works of individual writers, and in the popular tradition. It is with the former only that I have here to do. Inasmuch, however, as few or none of them are judged among us (in my opinion) so superficially and harshly as the Churches of the East, I would observe, on their behalf, that they know nothing of four great conflicts, which more than ever distract the Latin Church as a whole: conflict between the Church and the State; conflict between the Church and the Scripture; conflict between the Church and the family; conflict between the Church and modern culture, science, and civilization.

While the largest numerical following of this scheme of belief is to be found in the Eastern Churches, a recurrence to the outline, by which I have described it, will show that it includes, together with the so-called Liberal Catholics whom the papal court regards as the parasitic vermin of its Church, and the Old Catholics whom it has succeeded in visibly expelling, the classical theology of the English Church. This may be said to form one of its wings. The standard books and the recognized writers, that express the theological mind of Anglicanism, proceed throughout on the assertion, or the assumption, that the Church is a visible society or congregation; and her leaders and episcopal rulers preserved with an unflinching strictness the succession of bishops, at a time, and under circumstances, when the policy of the hour would have recommended their treating it as a matter of indifference. This proposition is by no means weakened by the fact that in most or many cases they made large allowance for the position of the Protestants of the Continent. Their position was then, to a great extent, undefined and provisional, and was capable of being regarded as to a great extent, representing, with respect to

government and order, a case of necessity. The changes made in England during the sixteenth century as to tenets and usages, they treat as having been within the competence of the local Church which accepted them,—used as never having been condemned by a legitimate authority; and they fear lest the general rejection of tradition should really mean contempt of history. These principles are treated by many who view them from an exterior standing-point, for example by Lord Macaulay, as “the crotchets of the High-Church party.” But it is an established fact of history that “the High-Church party” is but another name, rough perhaps, but true, for the influence which has moulded the theology of the English Church, or rather of the Anglican Churches, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present hour.

Among non-Episcopal Protestants, a small portion of the German divines are perhaps alone in sympathy with the system here described. As a recent, yet not too recent, specimen of this class, I would mention Rothe.* But in other times the description would have included many of the weightiest names of Protestantism, such as Casaubon and Grotius, and, towering even over these, the great Leibnitz.

The strength of this system lies generally, first in its hold upon antiquity, and in the authority and consent of the earlier Christian writers, known as Fathers, every one of whom holds the visibility and teaching-office of the Church, while it is only the wrenching of a word here and there from a very few of their works into forced prominence and isolation, that can bring any one of them so much as upon speaking-terms with the papal monarchy. At this point a distinction must be taken between East and West. Oppression and poverty have thrown the Churches of the East into a defensive attitude, and have of necessity limited the range of learning, and condemned them specially to the evils of stagnation. But their doctrinal continuity is not liable to the challenge which impeaches that of the Roman Church. In old times they appear as Protestant, in the most legitimate and historic sense of the word, against the innovations of the papal supremacy, and of interpolation in the creed of Nice and Constantinople. At the present day, they are the most determined and the most dreaded of the an-

* *Anfänge der Christlichen Kirche*. Wittenberg, 1837.

tagonists to the Vatican Council. In the West, this scheme of religion has rested on learning and weight rather than on numbers and organization. But its respect for history and mental freedom, and the general moderation of its views of ecclesiastical power, had, at any rate down to our own day, sensibly mitigated the violent asperities of the Roman system; and, under an Anglican form, have in some way enabled it to maintain, in recent times even to strengthen, its hold upon a large portion of the most active and the most self-asserting among all the nations of the Old World. Lastly, the scheme has the advantage that it is not the mere profession of a school and a system on paper or in the brain, but is firmly, though variously, incorporated in the authentic documents, and historical traditions, of large ecclesiastical bodies, great limbs of Christendom.

If such be the strength of the second among my five schemes when impartially viewed, it has likewise marks of weakness properly its own. Its adherents, while they teach that Christians ought to be united in the visible organization of the Church, are *de facto* severed one from another, as well as (most of them) from the largest portion of the Christian world. What is still worse, in a merely popular sense—and it is only in the popular sense that I now presume to speak of strength or weakness—is, that it lies essentially in a mean; that it accepts the basis of religious belief in much the same fashion as we have all to accept those of providential guidance and moral duty in practical life. It acknowledges the authority of the Church, but cannot, so to speak, lay its finger on any means whereby that authority can at any given moment be fully and finally exercised. It allows Holy Scripture to be supreme in matters of faith, but it interposes more or less of an interpretative sense, in controverted subjects, between the Divine Word and the individual mind. What men like most in religion is simplicity and directness. But this method does not speak with the directness or simplicity of either of its neighbor systems: whereof one directs inquiries straight to the priest, the bishop, and the pope; and the other promises a private and personal infallibility which is to follow the pious exercise of the mind upon the Divine Word. The same thing happens to them in a great religious crisis, as to the moderate shades of opinion in times of revolutionary excitement. They are apt to disappear like the

Presbyterians before Cromwell, or like Lafayette before the Gironde, which was, in its turn, to give place to the Terror. The most sharply defined propositions are those, which most relieve the understanding by satisfying the emotional part of our nature. Both on this side and on that the stammering lips are silenced; and adherents are individually liable, as experience has shown, to be hustled into the opposite camps, where such propositions are the watchwords of the rival hosts.

III.

THE third to be noticed of the great powers* on the map of religious thought and feeling is that which I have made bold to term the Protestant Evangelical. For the pure and simple name Protestant is now largely and loosely used; sometimes even by men who, themselves believing nothing, nevertheless want countenance for their ends from among those who believe something, and who trust for this to the charm that still invests the early stages of its career, and associates it with a battle manfully fought for freedom against oppression and abuse. To fasten down its sense, the affix "Evangelical" may suffice. The phrase, thus enlarged, comprehends all who, rejecting the papal monarchy, either reject, or at least do not accept, the doctrine of a Catholic Church, visible and historical; and who, without always proceeding to an abstract repudiation of all aid from authority or tradition, are on behalf of human freedom extremely jealous of such aid, and disposed rather to rely on the simple contact of the individual mind with the Divine Word. Such is their negative side. But they adhere to nearly all the great affirmations of the creeds. They believe strongly, if not scientifically, in revelation, inspiration, prophecy; in the dispensation of God manifest in the flesh; in an atoning sacrifice for the sin of the world; in a converting and sanctifying spirit; in short, they accept with fulness, in parts perhaps with crude exaggerations, what are termed the doctrines of grace. It is evident that we have here the very heart of the great

* A remarkable effort has been made to incorporate the idea which I have described as the basis of this third division, in what was known as the Surrey Chapel. It was originally founded for the Rev. Rowland Hill, and now, under the ministry of the Rev. Newman Hall, the congregation is about to migrate to a larger and more stately building. The scheme rests upon a "schedule of doctrines," which excludes the visible Church as an historical institution or polity, but requires dogmatic belief of the character stated in the text; and it does not require, or include, connection with any particular persuasion of professing Christians.

Christian tradition, even if that heart be not encased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, such as is maintained in principle by the ancient Churches. It is also surely evident to the unprejudiced mind that we have here a true incorporation of Christian belief to some extent in institutions, and to a yet larger extent in life and character. And this scheme may claim without doubt, not less truly than those which have gone before, to be a tree bearing fruit. It has framed large communities. It has formed Christian nations; or at least, has not unformed them. It has sustained an experience of ten generations of men. It may be that it does not generate largely the most refined forms of religion, or much of the very highest spirituality; but he would be a bold man who should attempt to fasten on it any clearly marked and palpable inferiority of moral results as compared with those of other Christian schemes. I do not enter on the disputable question of the claim it would probably advance to a marked superiority. My object is to establish on its behalf that it has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact: that it cannot be put out of the way by any expedient or figure of controversy, such as that it is a branch torn from the stem, with a life only derivative and provisional. Open to criticism it is, as may easily be shown; but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists in the world. It is eminently outspoken, and tells of its own weaknesses as freely as of its victories or merits; it rallies millions and scores of millions to its standard; and while it entirely harmonizes with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its seal in the work of all works, namely, in uniting the human soul to Christ.

The phrase I have employed would at the period of the Reformation have correctly described, with insignificant exceptions, the Reformed communities of the Continent. Now, in the nineteenth century, I apprehend it can only be considered to represent a party, larger or smaller, in each of those communions: a party, of which the numerical strength is hard to estimate even by conjecture. In the United Kingdom, however, it may claim nearly the entire body of Presbyterians and Nonconformists under their various denominations. Moreover, that section of the Church of England which is termed the Evangelical or Low Church, not now very large, but still active and zealous, seems in great

measure to belong to it. Of the English-speaking population in the New World, that is to say, in the United States and the British Colonies, which may be roughly taken at fifty millions, it may claim perhaps as many as thirty for its own; nor does any portion of the entire group seem to be endowed with greater vigor than this, which has grown up in new soil, and far from the possibly chilling shadow of national establishments of religion.

On its popular and working side, in its pastoral and missionary energy, in the almost unrestrained freedom of its movements, the group is strong. Nor need it suffer greatly from the reproach of severances in outward communion, when it is considered that the particular forms of religious organization are, in its view, matters of comparative indifference, and that the intermixture of ministerial offices, so incongruous and unseemly where enjoined principles draw the line of demarcation, is for its respective sections nothing else than a fostering and cheering sign of brotherly good-will. Its weakness is on the side of thought. This is the form of the Christian idea, which, and which alone, accepts the responsibility of upholding the main part of the dogmatic system of the first ages, but renounces, for fear of ulterior consequences, the immense assistance which its argument on the text and *corpus* of the sacred books derives from the living development, through so many ages, of the Christian system, and the continuous assent of the Church to one and the same faith. It is burdened with the necessities of an exclusive scheme; for it not only denounces as desertion from the faith the abandonment of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, but likewise, in some of its sections, it interpolates new essentials of its own, such as personal assurance, particular election, final perseverance, and peculiar conceptions respecting the atonement of Christ and the doctrine of justification. In respect of this last, it has often ascribed to faith the character and efficacy of a work, seemingly not even aware that it was thereby cutting from beneath its feet the famous *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. It has a logical difficulty in ridding itself of such excrescences; seeing that the excrescence and that to which it clings grow out of one and the same soil, as they are received upon one and the same warrant, whether it be that of a favorite religious teacher, or of a personal illumination. Most of all, it has very severely suffered from the recent assaults on the *corpus* of Scripture,

which it had received simply as a self-attested volume; and on its verbal inspiration, a question which has never offered so serious a dilemma to those who are content to take their stand on the ancient constitution of the Church, and to allow its witnessing and teaching office. Grounding itself with rather rigid exclusiveness upon the canon of the Bible, it is obliged to protest against the government and many of the doctrines of the Church at the very epoch when that canon was made up. Its repudiations are so considerable, and so far-reaching, that there remains hardly any adequate standing-ground for the defence of that which it is not less decidedly set upon retaining. It is, therefore, as might be expected, a school poor as yet in the literature of Church history, of dogmatic theology, and of philosophic thought. Its own annals, from the sixteenth century downwards, supply abundant proof of its lying open at many points to the largest disintegration. This disintegration is not, as in the last case, personal and atomic. It is not the mere occasional departure of individual deserters: it is the decrepitude and decadence of organic laws. Even now amidst its many excellences there are signs that danger is at hand. Indeed, were it not for the ground of hope, ever furnished by true piety and zeal, it seems hard to assign any limit to the future range of the destructive principle. Even the evanescence of Calvinistic crudities, once required as the very quintessence of the gospel, may excite misgiving in the minds of friendly though extraneous observers, when they reflect that no higher or other authority, than that which these crudities have enjoyed, is allowed to the highest and most central verities of the ancient creeds.

IV.

WE now pass away by a great stride into the region of Theism. We have quitted the zone, in which all alike adore the name and person of the Messiah; in which Scripture is supreme; in which is recognized a supernatural, as well as a providential order; in which religion is authoritative and obligatory, and based on an objective standard. We have entered a zone in which the subjective instinct, the need or appetite of man for religion, is regarded as its title, and as its measure; in which, as far as religion is concerned (not, I presume, in other matters), truth is mainly that which a man troweth; and in which the individual, growing towards maturity, instead of accepting and using

the tradition of his fathers until his adult faculties see ground to question it, is rather warned against such acceptance, as enhancing the difficulties of impartial choice. We are here commonly introduced, at least in theory, to a new mode of training. In things touching his bodily and his intelligent life, the youth is indeed allowed to profit by the vast capital, which has been accumulated by the labor and experience of his race. But, in respect to the world unseen, and to its Author, he must not be imbued with prejudice; there is no such thing as established or presumptive truth of which he can avail himself; he is doomed, or counselled, to begin anew. What he attains, as it began with his infancy, so it will die with his death. He inherited from no one, and no one will inherit from him.

In making this transition, I confess to feeling a great change of climate. It is not simply that certain tenets have been dropped. The mental attitude, the method of knowledge, have been changed. Under the three former systems, that method was traditional and continuous: it is here independent, and simply renewable upon a lease to each man for his life.

Such a sketch is, I think, conformable to the theory of modern theism, and such is its goal or final standing-point in practice. But this is not the whole picture. It is time to show its positive side. It recognizes one Almighty Governor of the world; and, if it has scruples about calling him a person, yet conscious of him as one who will deal with us, and with whom we have to deal, as persons deal with one another. This Almighty Being has placed us under discipline in the world; and will in some real and effective manner bring it about that the good shall be happy, and that those who do evil shall surely suffer for it. These are truths of the utmost value in themselves. Nay, who shall say that, were the great disease of the moral world less virulent than it is, they would not, of themselves, supply it with a sufficient medicine? But further, most of the theists have come to be such, not by a rejection of Christianity, but by a declension from it: and in quitting their ancient home, they have carried away with them a portion, sometimes a large portion, of the furniture; a deep personal reverence for the person of the Saviour, and a warm adhesion to the greater part at least of his moral teaching; nay, even, as for example in the writings of Mr. Martineau, a devout recognition of its higher spiritual aims.

There may be observed, however, on

the part of this school of teachers, not exclusively but specially, a disposition to recommend their system by associating it with what is called Universalism, or the doctrine that all human, or more properly all created being, however averse and remote it may now be from God, shall at some future time be brought into conformity and consequent felicity. There can be no doubt of the predisposition of very many to fall in with a notion of this kind. It gives the sort of pleasure which we may conceive to attend the removal of a strongly-constructed bit from the mouth of a restive horse. But it propounds a belief; and an affirmative proposition must have for its foundation something more solid than a mere sense of relief. In order that a scheme of this kind may attain to weight and authority, as distinguished from mere popularity, it seems requisite that some effort should be made, I will not say to support it from Scripture or tradition, but to establish for it a place among the recognized principles of natural religion; to sustain it by analogies and presumptions from human experience, and from the observation of life, character, and the scheme of things under which we live. When, by a solid use of the methods of Butler, it shall have been shown that a scheme of this kind takes hold of and fits into the moral government of the world, and the natural working of the human conscience, then indeed some progress will have been made towards obtaining a hearing for its claim to be accounted an article of religion. But till that time comes, it will not perhaps be a source to its advocates of great intellectual or moral strength.

Now, we have no right whatever to impute bad faith to the profession of the Unitarians and others, that they cannot and will not part with the name of Christians; that they are the true professors of a reformed Christianity; and that they have effected with thoroughness and consistency that reduction of it to the form of its original promulgation by its illustrious Teacher, which, in the sixteenth century, others were either too timid, or not enough enlightened, to effect.

Since the time of Belsham, considerable changes seem to have taken place in the scheme of Unitarianism. At the present day it probably includes much variety of religious thought. But I am not aware that it has abandoned the claim to be the best representative of the primitive gospel as it was delivered by Christ himself.

The Jews, who, taken together, are a rather large community, have hitherto be-

lieved themselves the stewards of an unfulfilled redemption. But it seems that a portion at least of them are now disposed to resolve their expected Messiah into a typical personage, prefiguring the blessings of civilization. It may be doubted whether such a modification as is thus indicated would greatly add to the moral force of Judaism, or make its alliance more valuable to the scheme which I am endeavoring to sketch.

Now, since it was the doctrine of the incarnation which gave to love, as a practical power, its place in religion, so we might suppose that, upon the denial of that doctrine, that seraph would unfold its wings and quit the shrine it had so long warmed and blessed. But it is not so. Whatever be the cause, devotion and fervor still reside, possibly it should be said still linger, within this precinct of somewhat chill abstractions. There are within it many men not only irreproachable in life, but excellent; and many who have written both in this country and on the Continent with no less power than earnestness, in defence of the foundations of the belief which they retain. Such are, for example, Professor Frohschammer in Germany and M. Laveleye in Belgium: while in this country, without pretending to exhaust the list, I would pay a debt of honor and respect to Mr. Martineau, Mr. Greg, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Jevons. See, for example, Mr. Greg's last edition of "The Creed of Christendom;" Dr. Carpenter's address to the British Association at Bristol; the remarkable chapter with which Mr. Jevons has closed his work on scientific method; and, most recent of all, the powerful productions in which Mr. Martineau has exhibited the "theologic conception" of the great Causal Will, as the "inmost nucleus of dynamic thought."

The truth is, that the school consists not of a nation or tribe, with its promiscuous and often coarse materials, but of select individuals, scattered here and there, and connected by little more than coincident opinion. They are generally men exempt from such temptations as distress entails, and fortified with such restraints as culture can supply. It is not extravagantly charitable to suppose that a portion of them at least may be such as, from a happy moral, as well as mental, constitution, have never felt in themselves the need of the severer and more efficacious control supplied by the doctrines of the Christian Church. In this sense, under the conditions of our human state, goodness itself may be a snare. In any at-

tempt, however, to estimate the system as a system, it must be recollected that the moral standard of individuals is fixed not alone, and sometimes not principally, by their personal convictions, but by the principles, the traditions, and the habits of the society in which they live, and below which it is a point of honor, as well as of duty, not to sink. A religious system is only then truly tested, when it is set to reform and to train, on a territory of its own, great masses of mankind.

Still we should not hastily be led by antagonism of opinion to estimate lightly the influence which a school, limited like this in numbers, may exercise on the future. For, if they are not rulers, they rule those who are. They belong to the class of thinkers and teachers; and it is from within this circle, always, and even in the largest organizations, a narrow one, that go forth the influences which one by one form the minds of men, and in their aggregate determine the course of affairs, the fate of institutions, and the happiness of the human race. What for one I fear is that, contrary to their own intentions, while the aggregate result of the destructive part of their operations may be large, in their positive and constructive teaching, tried on a large scale, they will greatly fail.

It is not their numerical weakness alone which impresses me with the fear that, if once belief were reduced to the dimensions allowed by this class of teachers, its attenuated residue would fall an easy prey to the destroyer. It is partly because the scheme has never been able to endure the test of practice in great communities. The only large monotheism known to historic times is that of Mahomet; and, without wishing to judge that system harshly, I presume that none regard it as competent to fill the vacuum which would be left by the crumbling away of historical Christianity. The general monotheism, which many inquirers, and most Christians, trace in the most primitive times, did not live long enough to stamp even so much as a clear footprint on the ground of history. The monotheism of the Hebrews lived, upon a narrow and secluded area, a fluctuating, chequered life, and apparently owed that life to aids altogether exceptional. The monotheism of the philosophic schools was little more than a declamation and a dream. Let us listen for a moment to Macaulay on the old philosophers:—

God the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a concep-

tion; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudice of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust.*

This system then is dry, abstract, unattractive, without a way to the general heart. And surely there are yet graver and more conclusive reasons why it should, in its sickly revival, add another failure to those which have hitherto marked, and indeed formed, its annals. It is intellectually charged with burdens which it cannot bear. We live, as men, in a labyrinth of problems, and of moral problems, from which there is no escape permitted us. The prevalence of pain and sin, the limitations of free will, approximating sometimes to its virtual extinction, the mysterious laws of interdependence, the indeterminateness for most men of the discipline of life, the cross-purposes that seem at so many points to traverse the dispensations of an Almighty benevolence, can only be encountered by a large, an almost immeasurable, suspense of judgment. Solution for them we have none. But a scheme came eighteen hundred years ago into the world, which is an earnest and harbinger of solution: which has banished from the earth, or frightened into the darkness, many of the foulest monsters that laid waste humanity; which has restored woman to her place in the natural order; which has set up the law of right against the rule of force; which has proclaimed, and in many great particulars enforced, the canon of mutual love; which has opened from within sources of strength for poverty and weakness, and put a bit in the mouth and a bridle on the neck of pride. In a word, this scheme, by mitigating the present pressure of one and all of these tremendous problems, has entitled itself to be heard when it assures us that a day will come in which we shall know as we are known, and when their pressure shall no longer baffle the strong intellects and characters among us, nor drive the weaker even to despair. Meantime no man, save by his own wilful fault, is the worse for the advent of Christ, while at least many are the better. Then, in shedding upon us the substance of so many gifts,

* Essay on Milton. Essays, i. 22.

and the earnest of so many more, it has done nothing to aggravate such burdens of the soul as it did not remove. For adventitious, forced, and artificial theories of particular men, times, and places, it cannot be held responsible. Judged by its own authentic and universal documents, it is a remedial, an alleviating scheme. It is a singular puzzle of psychology to comprehend how men can reject its aids, bounteous even if limited, and thus doom themselves to face with crippled resources the whole host of the enemy. For, as theists, they have, to make all the admissions, to do battle with all the objections which appear to lie against the established provision for the government of the world; but they deprive themselves of the invaluable title to appeal either to the benevolent doctrines of historical Christianity, or to the noble, if only partial, results that it has wrought.

But it is now time to set out upon the last stage of our journey.

V.

I NEED not repeat the catalogue of schemes which appear to fall under my fifth and last head, and which have been given on a former page.

It is a social truism that to tell A he is like B in most cases offends him; and to tell B he is like A commonly has the same effect. I fear the classifications thus far attempted may have a similar consequence, and with more reason; for we are bound to think well of our beliefs, but not of our countenances. Still less acceptable may possibly be the bracketing, in which no less than eight systems will now be presented to view. Let me as far as may be anticipate and forego displeasure by stating anew that the principle of classification is negative; and that the common tie of the systems now to be named together is that they do not acknowledge, or leave space for, a personal government and personal Governor of the world, in the sense in which these phrases have recently been defined. Religion, in its popular and usual sense, they seem by a necessity of their systems to renounce; but to say that they all renounce it in its sense of a binding tie to something which is external to themselves, is beyond my proposition, and beyond my intention. Hartmann, in the work I have already referred to, gives us what he thinks a religion, to replace departing Christianity, under the name of pantheism; Strauss offers us the worship of the *Universum* in his "*Alte und Neue*

Glaube;" Comte claims to produce a more perfect apparatus in the religion of humanity. This profession is one which I may be unable to distinguish from an hallucination, but I am far from presuming to pronounce or believe it an imposture. But more than this: in the individual case, it may not be an hallucination at all. To many an ancient Stoic the image of virtue, to many a Peripatetic the constitution and law of his own nature as it had been analyzed and described by Aristotle, may have constituted in a greater or a less degree an object of true reverence and worship, a restraint upon tendencies to evil, an encouragement to endeavors after good, nay, even a consolation in adversity and suffering, and a resource on the approach of death. In many a modern speculator images like these, nay, and systems far less rational than these, may at this moment live and open, or at the worst live without closing, the fountains of good influence. But, as in wines, it is one question what mode of composition will produce a commodity drinkable in the country of origin, and what further provision may be requisite in order that the product may bear a sea voyage without turning into vinegar, so, in the matter of belief, select individuals may subsist on a poor, thin, sodden, and attenuated diet, which would simply starve the multitude. Schemes, then, may suffice for the moral wants of a few intellectual and cultivated men, which cannot be propagated, and cannot be transmitted; which cannot bear the wear and tear of constant re-delivery; which cannot meet the countless and ever-shifting exigencies of our nature taken at large; which cannot do the rough work of the world. The colors, that will endure through the term of a butterfly's existence, would not avail to carry the works of Titian down from generation to generation and century to century. Think of twelve Agnostics, or twelve pantheists, or twelve materialists, setting out from some modern Jerusalem to do the work of the twelve apostles!

But, whatever the systems in question may seem to me to threaten in their eventual results, I desire to avoid even the appearance of charging the professors of them, as such, with mental or moral lawlessness. I am not unmindful of the saying of an eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Norman Macleod, that many an opponent of dogma is nearer to God than many an orthodox believer, or of the words of Laertes on the dead Ophelia and the priest:—

A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.*

I shall not attempt to include in this paper, which has already perhaps exceeded its legitimate boundaries, any incisive sketch of these several systems, or to pass, indeed, greatly beyond the province of a dictionary.

By the Sceptic, I understand one who, under the pressure either of intellectual or of moral difficulties, presented to him in the scheme of revelation and providence, makes that suspense of judgment, in regard to the unseen, universal, which the believer in Christ, or in some form of religion, may admit as partially warrantable; and who consequently, by conviction in part, and in part by habit, allows the influence of the unseen upon his mind to sink to zero. This outline would leave a broad distinction between the sceptic proper, and the questioner who is in good faith and with a practical aim searching for an answer to his questions; though the two may be agreed at the moment in their stopping short of all affirmative conclusions.

By the Atheist I understand the man who not only holds off, like the sceptic, from the affirmative, but who drives himself, or is driven to the negative assertion in regard either to the whole unseen, or to the existence of God.

By the Agnostic, again, is signified one who formulates into a proposition the universal doubt of the sceptic; agreeing with him, in that he declines to predicate the non-existence of the objects of religion, but agreeing with the atheist in so far as that he removes them, by a dogma, from the sphere open and possible to human knowledge, either absolute or practical.

Then comes the Secularist. Him I understand to stop short of the three former schools, in that he does not of necessity assert anything but the positive and exclusive claims of the purposes, the enjoyments, and the needs, presented to us in the world of sight and experience. He does not require in principle even the universal suspense of scepticism; but, putting the two worlds into two scales of value, he finds that the one weighs much, the other either nothing, or nothing that can be appreciated. At the utmost he is like a chemist who, in a testing analysis, after putting into percentages all that he can measure, if he finds something behind so minute as to refuse any

quantitative estimate, calls it by the name of "trace."*

Next of kin to the secularist would be the professor of what I have described as a Revived Paganism. I would rather have termed it Hellenism, were it not that there lives and breathes in the world of fact another Hellenism, with a superior title to the name. This scheme evokes from the distant past what at any rate once was an historical reality, and held through ages the place, and presented to the eye the shell, of a religion, for communities of men who have profoundly marked the records of our race. It may perhaps be called secularism glorified. It asserted, or assumed, not only the exclusive claims of this life, but the all-sufficiency of the life on behalf of which these claims were made. It was plainly a religion for Dives and not for Lazarus; a religion, of which it was a first necessity that the mass of the community should be slaves to do the hard rough work of life, and should be excluded from its scope; and of which it was an undoubted result to make the nominally free woman, as a rule, the virtual slave of the free man. But its great distinction was that it was a reality, and not a simple speculation. It trained men boldly, and completely, in all the organs of the flesh and of the mind, and taught them to live as statesmen, soldiers, citizens, scholars, philosophers, epicures, and sensualists. It had, too, its schisms and its heresies; an Aristophanes with a scheme more masculine, an Alcibiades with one more effeminate. It had likewise a copious phantasmagoria of deities; a hierarchy above, represented in the everyday world by a priesthood without force either social or moral, yet supplying a portion of the grandeur required by the splendid and elaborate art-life of the people, and perhaps still partially serving the purpose of the legislator, by imposing the restraint of terror upon the lower passions of the vulgar. To the masses of men, this system did not absolutely prohibit religion; a religion idolatrous in form, but not on that account wholly without value. To the

* The following paragraph is from the prospectus of a weekly periodical: — "The *Secularist* is an exponent of that philosophy of life termed secularism, which deprecates the old policy of sacrificing the certain welfare of humanity on earth to the merely possible and altogether unknown requirements of a life beyond the grave; which concentrates human attention on the life which now is, instead of upon a dubious life to come; which declares science to be the only available Providence of man; which repudiates groundless faith and accepts the sole guide of reason; and makes conduciveness to human welfare the criterion of right and wrong."

* Hamlet, v. i.

educated life of the free citizen, the prohibition was as complete as it could be made; and the spectacle of that life in the classical age of Greece can hardly be satisfactory to those, who teach that we have, in the inborn craving of the human heart for religion as a part of its necessary sustenance, a guarantee for the conservation of all that is essential to it as a power, and as an instrument of our discipline. This, then, I dismiss as the religion of "the sufficiency of life;" with a debased worship appended to it for the ignorant, but with no religating, no binding power, between the educated man on the one side, and anything beyond the framework of the visible world on the other. Such a scheme as this could not but end in utter selfishness and degeneracy; still we must not forget, how long it takes our wayward and inconsequent race to work out the last results of its principles; and, so long as men were only on the way to moral ruin, there was space and scope for much patriotism, much honor, and even much love.

Materialism finds in matter the base and source of all that is. Perhaps this is properly and strictly a doctrine of philosophy rather than one touching religion. I am too slightly possessed of the real laws and limits of the conception to speak with confidence; but I do not at present see the answer to the following proposition. In our actual world we have presented to us objects and powers simply material; and we have also presented to us objects and powers *including* what is wholly different in fashion and operation from matter. If, then, upon a materialistic basis we can have "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," the works of Aristotle, the "*Divina Commedia*," "The Imitation of Christ," the Gospels and Epistles, there may in the unseen world possibly be reared, on this same basis, all that theology has taught us. And thus materialism would join hands with orthodoxy. Such may be the scheme from one point of view. In common use, and in what is perhaps the most consistent use, I am afraid the phrase is appropriated by those who desire to express, in a form the most crude and crass, the exclusion of Deity from the world and the mind of man, and from the government of his life; and the eventual descent into matter of all that now idly seems to our eyes to be above it. Such a materialism is the special danger of comfortable and money-making times. The multiplication of the appliances of material and worldly life, and the increased

command of them through the ever-mounting aggregate of wealth in the favored section of society, silently but steadily tend to enfeeble in our minds the sense of dependence, and to efface the kindred sense of sin. On the other hand they are as steadily increasing the avenues of desire, and enhancing the absorbing effect of enjoyment. With this comes the deadening of the higher conception of existence, and the disposition to accept the lower, and the lowest, one.

A candidate in greater favor for the place, which it is supposed Christianity and theism are about to vacate, is Pantheism. Meeting it often in its negative and polemical aspects, I am not so well aware from what source to draw an authentic statement of its positive character. It sins, perhaps, in ambiguity of definition, more than any of the other symbols adopted to designate a scheme of religion. It may be understood to conceive of God as the centre of the system, by will and might, penetrating and pervading all being to its outermost circumference, and immanent in each thing and each organism, in proportion to its constitution, capacity, and end. Or, this moral centre of all life and power may be resolved into the negative centre of the circle in mathematics, the point which hath position but not parts, and whose imagined gravitating power is but a name for the sum of forces not its own, which happen to find at that point their maximum, and which give it accordingly a conventional entity to denote in concentration what exists only in diffusion. In the former of these two senses, I am by no means sure that Dante is not a pantheist. For he thus speaks of the divine will: and by the mouth, too, of a spirit in bliss:—

In la sua volontade è nostra pace :

Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove,
O ch' ella cria, o che natura face.*

In this sense pantheism is, or may be, the highest Christianity. But in the other sense of the phrase, the conception of God is diluted, not enlarged; the visible creation, which is called his robe, is a robe laid upon a lay figure; all by which he indicates a will, all by which he governs, all by which he inspires the awe, reverence, and love that cluster round a person; all that places us in personal relation to him, and makes personal dealings with him possible, is disintegrated and held in solution, and can no more fulfil its

* Div. Comm., Parad., c. iii.

proper function than the copper which is dissolved in acid can before precipitation serve the purpose of a die.*

There now remains of this formidable octave only the subject of Comtism or Positivism, or, as it might be called, Humanism. In a general view, it seems to improve upon pantheism, by bringing into the account certain assets, which pantheism does not stoop to notice, namely, the vast roll of the life and experience of the great human past, summed into an unit. In human characters, aggregate or select, it sees, or thinks it sees, a noble picture; in human achievement, a large accumulation of moral and social, as well as material capital: in the one a fit and capable object to move the veneration, and thus mould the moral being of the race; in the other, the means and appliances needful for continued progress in the future career. When this system is viewed from the standing-ground of belief, nothing can redeem it from the charge of that great initial act of destruction, in which it partakes with the seven competitors: yet there is, one would think, much of faith and of chivalry in this constructive effort; and some sympathy will be felt for a gallant endeavor to build up a working substitute for the old belief, and to efface the Ichabod written on the tablets of a deserted shrine.

Several of the schemes, which I have presumed to arrange in this fifth division, are, in the mouths of their more selfish and vulgar professors, mere names to cover the abandonment of all religion; sometimes, perhaps, even of much moral obligation. With regard to the rest, I think it important to dwell upon the observation that they are, from one cause or another, exceptional and not ordinary men — men so conditioned that the relation between belief and life in their case affords no indication whatever of the consequences with which a like state as to belief, becoming widely prevalent, and in a measure permanent, would be followed among the mass of men. They are, for example, *rari nantes*; for though their aggregate number, in the circle of men devoted to intellectual pursuits, may be at this moment large, the number of those whose witness agrees together, who are (so to speak) in any positive sense of the same communion, is small; and small sects of opinion, not em-

boldened by wide and general countenance, do not rapidly develop, even in their own consciousness, the extreme consequences that their schemes would produce in practice. From many motives, good as well as inferior, they are content to breathe the moral atmosphere of the community around them, are governed by its traditions and its fashions, and wear its habiliments, which they oftentimes mistake for the work of their own hands. Again, they are men whose life is absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and who are saved by the high interest of their profession or their function from the mischiefs left to idle hands and idle minds, cursed as these so often are with unbounded means and opportunities of indulgence. Once more: I lately ventured, in this review, to propound an opinion comforting to some, and not offensive, I hope, to any, that in some cases the disposition to undervalue, or retrench, or even abandon the old Christian belief, may be due to a composition happier than the average in the amount or energy of its tendencies to evil, and a consequent insensibility to the real need both of restraining and of renovating powers for the true work of life. While conscious, however, of no disposition to restrict admissions of this kind, but rather willing to enlarge them, I earnestly protest against the inference, in whatever shape, that no other fruits than such as are known to be reaped from the isolated and depressed existence of these schemes would follow upon their general adoption. Let me repeat it: I should as readily admit it to be possible that the life and health of an entire community could be sustained upon a dietary framed on the scale that has sufficed in those very singular cases, occasionally to be met with, of persons who are able to live, and in a manner thrive, on an incredibly small amount of aliment, and who seem already to have passed into an existence half-ethereal.

When dealing with the four first departments of this rude chart of religious thought, I have in each case attempted to indicate some of the special sources of their weakness and of their strength respectively. In regard to the fifth, I postpone any such attempt, as it would lead me into a general consideration of the causes which have recently brought about, and which are still stimulating, a great movement of disintegration in the religious domain. The patience of the reader has been too severely taxed already to allow of my entering on a new field of discussion. I therefore leave for the present

* The various possible senses of pantheism are set out with clearness at the opening of Mr. Hunt's first chapter in his essay on the subject (Longmans, 1866). Of Mr. Hunt's proposition that personality involves limitation (p. 341) I have never yet seen a proof.

as it stands this multitudinous array of dislocated, and to a great extent conflicting, force; sensible that it may wear in some eyes the appearance of an attempt to describe the field, and the eve, of the battle of Armageddon.

From The Sunday Magazine.

FOR PITY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE following afternoon Lady Ursula drove into Sedgeborough. She had left her son behind, anxious and ill at ease, as she knew, and she herself was far from being happy or at rest.

She had attempted during the forenoon to resume the conversation of the previous day, but the major had not been so communicative as before. The truth was that he had said all he intended to say. He would not describe Jane Francis; he would say nothing of her character, neither of its faults nor its virtues; nor would he even say what fascination there was about her powerful enough to influence so strangely proud a man as himself. He had not refused to answer, but he had answered in the most general way; and his mother had not even a vague idea of the woman whom she had been asked to receive as a daughter. She dared not indulge her imagination. The picture it drew of the druggist's niece was too painful.

On one point only the major had not left her in doubt. The strength and reality of his love had been made apparent to a degree that left no ground for any hope whatever. She knew something of his strength of purpose, of his natural tenacity and immutability, and she had taken these things into consideration from the beginning. The remembrance of them had caused her to refrain from fighting a battle which she must inevitably have lost; yet there was war in her heart, and a tumult of conflicting emotion that made it all but impossible for her to delay her acquaintance with the worst any longer.

I believe that the least emotional people have exceptional passages in their inner lives, passages revealing strange and unsuspected depths of affection. A sudden prospect of loss or change will deepen a liking to tenderest love; where love had

been one finds a yearning and enthusiastic passion in possession.

Once before in the major's life there had been a time when he had aroused his mother's affection for him to a state of abnormal sensitiveness. Years ago it had been; but she remembered it as she drove toward Sedgeborough, and it seemed to her that she could have given him up far more easily in those past years than she would be able to do now. Even had this person at the druggist's shop been a woman after her own heart, there would have been pain and sorrow in the task she was forcing herself to to-day. But she told herself that she did it for her son's sake, and we all know how love strengthens in pain endured for its object.

Lady Ursula left her carriage at the top of the steep little street. There were gaping children about, passers-by stopped and stared as the tall, grand old lady descended with stately step and stiff antique-looking garments. They watched her curiously as she hesitated for a moment in front of the closed druggist's shop. Her servant appeared to be inquiring the way; she dismissed him presently, and then she disappeared slowly down Cross Lane, drawing her shawl closely about her, wrinkling her poor withered old face into all manner of strange and unhappy expressions.

She waited a moment to recover breath before she tapped with her stick at the door on the wooden gallery. It was opened quickly. There was a girl behind it, blue-eyed, smiling, pretty, and of substantial figure. She was dressed in a black cotton dress, irradiated with white clover-leaves; she curtsied, and in answer to Lady Ursula's question as to whether Miss Francis lived there, said in the broadest patois —

"Will ya cum in?"

The poor old lady did go in, with sinking heart and trembling feet. Doubtless this was Jane Francis herself. But the cotton dress, after dusting one of the wooden chairs with her apron and placing it for Lady Ursula, disappeared with another curtsy. There might yet be a little hope; but the bare, dingy, sordid room, without one trace of culture or refinement, did not afford much ground for hopefulness.

Lady Ursula's hearing was not of the quickest. She had hardly been aware of any sound, when she suddenly felt that she was not alone in the room. A pale, elegant little lady stood before her, with mourning dress and white crape collar

and cuffs. She bowed quietly, and then sat down with a graceful ease of manner that put the elder lady's former visions to flight forever. Lady Ursula spoke at once as to an equal. Her prepared speeches, reproachful and appealing, were all forgotten. In her great relief she felt for the first few moments as if she could be almost gracious to the unpretending yet dignified girl, who could hold her own position without flippancy or pertness, and be deferential without sycophancy or obsequiousness.

Of course, her original views of the real facts of the case came back upon her almost immediately. Jane Francis was Jane Francis still. A refined, eloquent face, a cultivated voice, and an almost perfect manner did not for one moment, in Lady Ursula's estimation, outweigh Quant's Yard and the druggist's shop. Still, now that she knew the worst, her common sense told her at once that it was not so bad as to leave any doubt as to the wisdom of making the best of it. There would be a stir in the neighborhood when the truth was known; but the thought of such a stir was in no way appalling to Lady Ursula. Her own grandfather, the fifth Earl of Kilworth, had married an actress of no standing, without losing caste for a moment; and the precedent was not without its influence upon the fate of Jane Francis.

But of all that was passing in Lady Ursula's mind Jane knew nothing. She listened to the harsh, gruff voice, to the abrupt, broken sentences, in which something evidently meant for condolence was being offered. Her nerves were at too great tension for her sorrow to make itself felt as keenly as it had been doing. She hardly heard the words, yet she was relieved when another subject was introduced.

"You are not alone in the house, I think?" Lady Ursula said, speaking with more interest than before.

"No; Martha James, a daughter of one of our neighbors, who was out of place, is to remain with me for the present. I dare say she will stay until I leave Sedgborough."

"Where are you going?" asked the brusque old lady, with keen eyes, and surprised expression.

"I am going to Switzerland."

Lady Ursula gave one of her peculiar little exclamations. "What are you going to do there?" she asked.

"To stay with some friends."

"Friends! H'm. What kind of friends?"

"Respectable sort of people," said Jane. "They are rather of the Bohemian class, though perhaps on the upper edge of it."

"What's the name of them?"

"Charlewood."

"George Charlewood, who used to live near Guildford, and married Amy Beckworth on twopence-halfpenny a year, and went to live somewhere in the neighborhood of Chillon?"

"Yes; Mr. Charlewood was a friend of my father's."

"Oh, indeed! Do you know that my sister, Lady Margaret Hughes, is staying with them now?"

"Yes; Mrs. Charlewood told me in her last letter."

Another dubious and puzzled little grunt was heard. Lady Ursula was pondering in a dissatisfied way on the curious manner in which society seemed to be mixing itself up in these modern times. It had not been so in her days. Yet she could not but acknowledge that under present circumstances this dangerous elasticity was rather an advantage, if not to her, at least to Jane Francis. Yet even to herself, though perhaps she was hardly conscious of it, there was satisfaction in learning that the future wife of her son was about to visit, on terms of equality, people whom she herself had looked upon as equals. It was of more importance to the descendant of half-a-dozen earls that her daughter-in-law should be "in society," than that she was a woman of wide culture and gentle nature. But Lady Ursula knew very little of Jane's nature yet, though what she did know she was pleased to approve. Old and world-worn as she was, she could not but feel a strange little thrill as she pictured to herself her son lying hurt and unconscious in the road, and this small, fair, red-haired girl acting as his Good Samaritan. Perhaps she had saved his life! Who could tell? Certainly a sense of gratitude mingled with her half-unwilling approval. Her peace of mind had by means returned yet, but it was returning. And there was no need for indulging much present uneasiness or unhappiness. The untoward event could not be consummated for some time yet; and Jane Francis would not be near to trouble her, or remind her, or vex her by prematurely claiming the society of her son. She could afford to take a generous leave, though an affectionate one was, of course, impossible.

"You will be going away from Sedgborough soon then, I suppose?" she asked, with less *brusquerie* than before.

"Yes, very soon; but I do not know the exact date yet. It depends partly upon the transaction of some legal matters."

"Oh, indeed!"

Lady Ursula had been about to add something more; but the something required an effort, and she paused a while, speaking at last with a shade of very evident reluctance.

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you at Duncote before you go?"

It was Jane's turn to pause now. She could hardly help a little flush of gratification, and, slight as it was, it was pleasing to Lady Ursula; and Jane's reply was pleasing likewise.

"Thank you," she said, with her peculiar bright and winning smile, and her straightforward look—"thank you, I should like to come very much, but I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure. I have reasons yet for preferring that—that my future plans may be as little known as possible. It might cause at least suspicion if it were known that I had been at Duncote. Will you pardon my refusal?"

"Certainly. I think you are acting very wisely."

Lady Ursula went away then, promising to write to her sister, hoping Jane would have a pleasant journey, and giving utterance to civilities that some of the people of her own rank would have received with surprise. It was not until the very last moment that she mentioned the name of her son.

"I suppose I shall hear of you through Edward?" she said, with a sudden softening of glance and voice as she held out her hand.

And Jane could only reply by a look. A tide of crimson color spread over her face, there was a moment of almost painful confusion, and then she was alone. Had she been an effusive woman, she would probably have kissed something that had been touched by Edward's mother.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Jane's departure, the druggist's shop was re-opened by a smart young man in a green and white checked tie; and the shop had to be dusted and painted to suit the smart young man's ideas. Beyond this, for a whole year, nothing that was noteworthy happened in Sedgeborough.

Nor was there any change at the rectory. Mr. Harcourt preached his four sermons weekly, said evensong daily, visited the schools, his poorer parishioners,

and the workhouse, and trained the choir. It will be seen that he had no time for the indulgence of sentimental sorrows, even if he had any leaning toward sentiment; but no one could suspect him of any such weakness. It is true that there was that quiet in his voice of which I have spoken; and now and then in his sermons, one who knew of that little episode in his life which has been related, could detect certain veins of thought that seemed to rise very naturally out of his unwritten autobiography. Not exactly sad thought; but thought not all brightness. There was acknowledgment, at least, of the need and virtue of resignation; and mention of the life wherein resignation will be no longer needed came far more frequently from his lips than before.

Of course he knew of the happiness that was in store for Jane, nay, that was actually hers now in that far-away Swiss canton; but the knowledge had been given him in confidence, and so far as he knew his sister and nieces were still unacquainted with it. But Mrs. Rushbrooke was beginning to perceive with sorrow that those secret hopes of hers were not destined to fruition. Twice during the year the major had been away from home for a considerable time; and twice on his return there had been floating hints of his engagement to some lady of wealth and rank who was travelling with his mother's sister, Lady Margaret Hughes. He had gone away now for the third time, and Mrs. Rushbrooke had learnt from her maid, Hallett, that some small improvements and alterations had actually been begun at Duncote. There was no question but that some change in the household was contemplated, nor was there much question as to the nature of the change. Yet still the information that Hallett had been able to gain was limited, and Mrs. Rushbrooke decided to go over to Duncote herself. The December days were dull and gloomy, the cold was intense, the rain and the sleet were blinding; still there would be relief in going over to Duncote.

But as there had been difficulties in the way of the maid, so there were difficulties in the way of the mistress. Lady Ursula was in what Mrs. Rushbrooke termed "one of her moods;" in other words, the attempt to extract detailed information had been met with a resolution that no such attempt should be successful.

Mrs. Rushbrooke knew that she might only go so far without forfeiting Lady Ursula's acquaintance forever; and even

acquaintanceship was better than nothing — especially as it was probable that the Duncote of the future would be in every way different from the Duncote of the past. It behoved Mrs. Rushbrooke to be careful, and careful she tried to be, not only in what she said, but also in what she left unsaid.

Yet Lady Ursula was very obtuse. The alterations were alluded to, commented upon, but no gleam of confidence was elicited. Hints were thrown away, conjectures were ignored, assumptions misunderstood. And the time was passing on; the visit had already been unreasonably long, yet Mrs. Rushbrooke was as ignorant as when she came. There was nothing for it but to strike out boldly as she rose to go.

"We are so delighted to hear that Major Falconer is intending to bring a bride home with him," she said, speaking with a kind of nervous vivacity that was sufficiently amusing.

"Thank you," Lady Ursula replied, bowing stiffly. "I will not forget to give my son your kind congratulations."

Mrs. Rushbrooke hesitated, then — almost breathlessly — ventured again, —

"The lady is one of Lord Wynton's daughters, we have understood?"

"Perhaps you should rather say misunderstood," replied Lady Ursula, with a grim, suppressed smile.

"Oh! should I? I beg pardon." And then with eager inquiring eyes and expectant attitude, Mrs. Rushbrooke stopped.

But Lady Ursula took no advantage of the pause, suggestive and full of meaning as it was. A certain wicked little plan was working in her brain; and she was not the woman to spoil it by premature disclosure.

"Well — whoever the lady may be, we shall be charmed to make her acquaintance," Mrs. Rushbrooke said, with irrepressible amiability. And then with many "Good-byes" to dear Lady Ursula, and many more kind messages to the major, she went away. She was annoyed a little, but she did not nurse her annoyance. Her mind was filled with other things. The major's marriage would doubtless be a grand thing for her daughters. There would be something like life at Duncote now, and it should not be her fault if her dear girls were not permitted to share the advantages of it. It was fortunate that she had never really cared much for the major himself — more fortunate still that she had never mentioned those foolish notions of hers to anybody but that girl who

used to live at the druggist's shop. What a good thing it was that she had left the place! Mrs. Rushbrooke could imagine the kind of superior smile there would have been in her eyes if she had ever happened to meet her after the major's marriage. Somebody had said that she had gone to be a nursery-governess in the south of England; but Mrs. Rushbrooke had a private opinion that if her informant had said "nursery-maid" she would have been much nearer the truth. Anyhow, it was a relief to know that she was no longer in Sedgeborough.

About a fortnight later Hallett had the supreme satisfaction of disclosing to Mrs. Rushbrooke at least half-a-dozen new and interesting facts. Major Falconer and his bride were expected at Duncote on the twenty-third; there was to be a grand feast for the tenantry and their children at the manor school on St. Stephen's Day, the twenty-sixth; and subscriptions had been made among the farmers' wives and daughters for a gold locket set with rubies and pearls; among the farmers for a set of silver-gilt sugar-sifters; among the servants at the manor for a drawing-room clock. These things, with some more trifling gifts from the schoolchildren, were to be presented at the beginning of the feast; and there was to be dancing at the end of it. The decorations had already been begun. Hallett believed that the children at the school had been allowed to put aside lessons entirely; and were occupied all day making flags, inscriptions, and evergreen wreaths. There had never before been such excitement in the neighborhood of Duncote.

The poor little woman was not quite pleased that she had to learn all this from her maid; but it was not a time for the indulgence of displeasure. She ordered her carriage at once, drove to the manor, and offered her own services and those of her daughters, with such genuine and hearty good-will that even Lady Ursula unbent a little. She would be very glad indeed if Mrs. Rushbrooke and the "dear girls" would kindly superintend what remained to be done in the way of decoration; and she need hardly say that their presence, as well as that of the rector, on the evening of the festivities, would add materially, not only to her own pleasure, but to that of her son and daughter. This Lady Ursula said in her best manner, which was kind and courteous as well as impressive. And Mrs. Rushbrooke went away to undertake gladly and willingly,

for the sake of Major Falconer's bride, the hardest week's work she had ever known.

She was almost as happy during that week as any human being has a right to expect to be in an ordinary way. She was a person of importance at Duncote; the knowledge that such was the case had rapidly spread everywhere; and already she fancied that a new and more respectful element was becoming perceptible in the neighborhood of Sedgeborough. Yet her happiness had its drawbacks. Lady Ursula was suffering from one of her bad attacks of neuralgia, and was obliged to keep her own room till the very day of the arrival. She had sent kind messages to Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters, who were at work at the school from daylight to dark; she had begged that they would not fatigue themselves, that they would go up to the manor for rest and refreshment whenever they felt inclined; but she had not once been able to see them. And Mrs. Rushbrooke would rather have had the opportunity of seeing Lady Ursula for half an hour than have received a hundred notes and messages. There were several important points on which she was still in the dark, and darkness that could not be hidden from others without subterfuge and evasion was not at all a pleasant thing. Neither was it pleasant to foresee that her acquaintance with the major's bride must be made, as it were, in public, when all the world, as represented by the tenants and cottagers at Duncote, would be there for the same purpose. This last was a most annoying prospect, and required to be kept out of sight as much as possible.

It was a very happy Christmas-tide at Duncote Manor. Something less than eighteen months of hope and happiness had transformed our poor little chrysalis of a heroine into a bright, sweet woman, with gentle, thoughtful ways, and a winning self-forgetfulness that charmed everybody. Lady Ursula had her reward—all the more welcome because so little anticipated. Her health had been failing, longer and more certainly than any one knew but herself; and to her, weak health was, like any other weakness, something to be ignored, hidden away out of sight. She had claimed no pity, no help, no consideration, because of it; but Jane offered her all these things and more, without waiting for any sign that they were expected. There was something in her half-reverent tenderness of word and look and act that came

to the elder lady as rain comes to the thirsty land; yet she made no show of gratitude. If now and then her heart melted within her, and her eyes shone with a sudden mist, the latent emotion was treated as she would have treated symptoms of faintness, or any other unpleasant ailment. But Jane needed no encouragement by words. She felt, and understood, and was glad.

How should she not be glad? More than her heart's desire had been given to her. The measure had been pressed down and was running over. She looked back upon the years of negation and pain, but not sadly, not bitterly. They had all been needed, and God had sent them. How save for them could she have had any fulness or wideness of capacity for due appreciation of the life that was hers now?

She had a little dreaded these first days at Duncote; but she forgot that she had so dreaded until the day fixed upon for the festivities at the school. Then, when the programme was explained to her, she shrugged her shoulders a little, but to no purpose. The major would have been quite as glad to escape from the intended honors as Jane would have been, but escape was impossible. Lady Margaret Hughes, who had travelled with them from Paris, and was intending to stay at Duncote for a month or two, declared that she should quite enjoy seeing them under torture. The major had better prepare his speeches; and Jane had better retire a while to practise her most fascinating bows and smiles before a looking-glass. Lady Margaret was a little critical about Jane's manner. It was good in its way, but there was not enough of it for a married woman.

Jane's little doubts and reluctancies vanished for the most part toward evening. She had apparently caught something of the spirit that pervaded both the house and the neighborhood. As twilight drew on she could see the lights in the school-room windows twinkling beyond the black masses of trees; the band belonging to the Sedgeborough volunteers passed through the park, playing their loudest; and soon after a shrill drum-and-fife band followed. How good it was of them all! But of course it was for her husband's sake, she said to herself as she went upstairs to dress for dinner. It had been finally arranged that the party from the manor was not to go down to the school until tea was over there. The rector and his sister were superintending the arrange-

ments. The Miss Rushbrookes had nothing to do but sit still and look as expensive and as pretty as they possibly could.

And for once it was conceded that they did look pretty, but then everybody was willing to concede everything that evening. I hardly know how to describe it all. Outside, in the frosty starlight night, there was a tent pitched, and in the tent the music was playing, and lights were swinging, and wreaths of evergreens, with pink paper roses were drooping and hanging in every direction. The men were having something more substantial than tea at the long white tables that were ranged down the middle. There was a smell of roast beef, and the clanking of ale-cups mingled with the music and the laughter. There was a chairman, of course, who proposed the toasts; and the responses might have been heard up at the manor if anybody there had listened.

And if all within the tent was bright, and gay, and merry, what shall we say of the schoolroom? It was in itself a pretty room, new and spacious, with a high-pitched roof and oaken rafters, and illuminated texts in bright colors all round the walls, and over the doors and the fireplace. And it was here that Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters, with a crowd of helpers from the hamlet, had spent their busy days. Wreaths of holly and ivy were festooned along the walls, and across the room from side to side. Colored lamps were swinging, gay banners were waving. The window-sills were crowded with greenhouse plants, the pots buried in moss. There were inscriptions in crimson letters on white grounds, bordered with evergreens — "Long life and happiness;" "Lo the twain are joined in one;" "Happy may ye be;" and others of like nature. Some one had lent a piano, and there was a crowd round it, and a couple of violins in the crowd. They were only tuning the violins, to be quite ready when the signal was given. Tea was hardly over yet. The room was full of gay colors and smiles, and clinking china and steam. Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters sat in stately chairs near the fire. The rector was everywhere.

There were one or two tremulous moments when everything was quite ready. The rector did the best he could to keep up the hum and chatter of voices, the sound of pleasant laughter. Mrs. Rushbrooke was growing quite friendly with a stout old farmer's wife, who stood near her; and Cecilia and Elinor were growing even pinker and prettier than before.

They had not long to wait. There was a sound of carriage wheels, a clang of music, a roll of drums, a moment of intense, voiceless excitement, and then the crowd round the door gave way, and an avenue was made all along the room to where the table stood with the gifts upon it, and the chairs where Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters had been sitting.

They were all three standing now; and if ever there was a moment in their lives when the fault of self-consciousness could not be laid to their charge, I think certainly that must have been the moment. Four persons had entered the room — three of them tall, imposing, and of commanding presence; the fourth fair, fragile, and slight as a child. Yet this childish figure, with her sweeping lavender silk skirts, her white mantle, her small white gauzy bonnet with drooping flowers, was the only one they saw. She was leaning on the major's arm as they came up the room, looking up to his face a little timidly; and he was bending down toward her with a reassuring smile. And behind came his aunt and mother in slower and more stately fashion, stopping to acknowledge the curtsies and congratulations that met them on every side. The rector was the first to offer a welcome to Jane, and I think that was the pleasantest moment of the evening for her. The quiet gladness of his face was a relief she had hardly hoped for. She was only partly aware of the blank amazed looks that were passing between Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters. She turned and held out her hand with sweet diffident smiles and half-shy glances, and perceived with something that was almost regret that they did not seem inclined to respond to her desires for friendliness. But she had no time to think of their odd manner. Mr. Wooler, the principal tenant, was preparing to make a speech, Lady Ursula was introducing Mrs. and Miss Wooler, there was a mass of silk and satin, and cotton and muslin, waiting behind to be introduced; and all seemed confusion and smiles, and gay colors, and good wishes, with violin and pianoforte accompaniment. Very few of the people there concerned themselves with the fact that Jane Falconer had been Jane Francis, and had lived for the greater part of her life over the druggist's shop in Sedgeborough. Some of them knew it, and some did not; but to all of them she was Major Falconer's bride, and Lady Ursula's daughter.

Doubtless, her position was an important element, and of value as an aid to her

natural powers of attraction; but it is not probable that her position alone would have won for her such golden opinions as she won from the unfashionable but warm-hearted little assemblage in the school-room that evening. She made no effort, she seemed half afraid to make any; but her peculiarly gentle yet dignified manner, her eloquent face, her rare and wonderful smile, had an effect beyond the reach of effort.

I hardly think that anything inherent in Mrs. Falconer herself had much to do with the change in Mrs. Rushbrooke's manner; but there was change, and that of a very decided nature. Perhaps a brief conversation that she had with Lady Ursula had something to do with it. Anyhow, it became patent to everybody before an hour was over that Major Falconer's bride and the rector's sister and nieces were destined to be the best of friends. None joined more loudly in the buzz of admiration that filled the room after the departure of the ladies from the manor. And when the major returned alone to open the dance with Miss Rushbrooke, no one overpowered him so completely with fluent and enthusiastic patronage as her mother.

Major Falconer did not stay long, and Mrs. Rushbrooke's carriage was ordered immediately after his departure. During the drive home the usual order of things was reversed; Mrs. Rushbrooke sat silent; her daughters chattered ceaselessly. This strange thing that had happened had not happened in the pages of a novel — it had come into their own experience, making it doubly strange. Yet nothing beyond a stray comment could be elicited from Mrs. Rushbrooke. She seemed almost paralyzed as she went back over the events of the past two years. She was obliged to believe the thing that she had seen with her own eyes, but she told herself that nothing would ever enable her to understand it. Here, in the present, was Major Falconer's bride, a lady of position, with a lady's means, manners, and appearance. There, in the past, was Jane Francis, poor, of no birth, uneducated, and unknown. I believe it was at this point in her meditations that an erratic gleam of light flashed across her mind. They had arrived at the rectory, and were taking off their wraps in the hall. They were all silent at that moment. Suddenly Mrs. Rushbrooke turned, the lamplight flashing in her face, betraying her compressed mouth, her intense eyes, her perturbed expression.

"I suppose," she began with an emphatic deliberation, and in a voice so changed as to be almost startling, "I suppose Major Falconer *has* proved himself a fool, as he will find to his cost. I suppose he *has* married Jane Francis. But I am quite sure of this — that he has married her FOR PITY'S SAKE!"

I have read somewhere to the effect that our wishes are prophetic, that we seldom dream in youth of attaining to heights which we are not competent to win. Has the reader forgotten the dreams that Jane Falconer had while she was yet Jane Francis? Her half-childish, and perhaps wholly unphilosophic house-philosophy? Her fitful but eager —

Dreams of doing good
To good-for-nothing people?

Perhaps I need hardly say that these dreams, and many others that seemed but idle, and were but half indulged, have "proven true." The old manor-house, with its wide oaken chambers, its heavy stone-mullioned windows, its echoing stairs and corridors all hung with fading pictures, and tattered banners, and ghostly armor, seems strangely familiar and congenial to her. There are times when she would not find it difficult to believe that she had dwelt in it in some former state of existence. Mrs. Rushbrooke is perpetually suggesting improvements (?) — new damask here, the removal of too sombre furniture there, and so on; but Jane only smiles, realizing afresh her own great content.

And that other dream, wherein she figured as Lady Bountiful? That, too, has its realization. There is hardly a single house in the hamlet where Jane's face is not as well known as the face of any of its own inmates. The sick, the aged, the very poor, long for her and wait for her as one could imagine the impotent folk must have waited by the pool of Bethesda. And it is her tact, her sympathy, quite as much as her generous gifts that have won for her her place in the hearts of the cottagers. Her great natural reverence, and her humble opinion of herself, constrain her generally to confine her ministrations to things somewhat lower than the highest. And she remembers for her comfort that it was for relieving physical needs and distresses, for meat given to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, shelter to the stranger; for clothes given to the naked, and visits paid to the sick and imprisoned, that the wondering sheep

were called to inherit the kingdom, to sit forever and ever on the right hand of God.

From The Fortnightly Review.
JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

IN his "Life of Reynolds," Northcote tells an interesting story of the great painter. Soon after he came to London he went to a picture-sale. The room was crowded, the business was going on briskly. Suddenly, there was a pause, a flutter at the door, and then the company divided, to make a lane for a great man to approach the auctioneer's rostrum. The great man was Mr. Pope. As he passed up the room he shook hands with the persons nearest him. Reynolds, who was in the second rank, put out his hand, the poet took it, and Sir Joshua used to relate in after-life that this was the only time he saw Mr. Pope, and how much he treasured the memory of that shake of the hand. In the same book, Northcote tells a somewhat similar story of himself. When he was a boy of sixteen, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson came on a visit to Plymouth. It was in 1762. "It was about this time," he says, "that I first saw Sir Joshua. I had seen several of his works which were in Plymouth (for at that time I had never been out of the county), and these pictures filled me with wonder and delight, although I was then very young; insomuch that I remember when Reynolds was pointed out to me at a public meeting, where a great crowd were assembled, I got as near to him as I could from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind." It was a genuine case of hero-worship, which lasted throughout Northcote's life. He begins at sixteen with touching the skirts of Sir Joshua's coat; seventy years afterwards, when he is dying of old age, almost his last words are praises of Sir Joshua.

There was a long interval, however, between this first contact with Reynolds and the close association with him which afterwards marked the lives of the two painters. Northcote had to struggle very hard with adverse fortune, narrow means, and restricted opportunities. His father was a watch and clock maker in Market Street, Plymouth Dock. He was poor — so poor indeed, that, as Allan Cunningham relates, it was said by the members of a little club to which he belonged, that

in his supper with them he took his dinner. James, his second son, was born on the 22nd of October, 1746. Even in boyhood he had a liking for painting, but as this taste developed, it was repressed by the elder Northcote, who intended the lad to be his own apprentice. He was a Dissenter, too — a Unitarian — and in those days art did not stand well in the estimation of persons of his class or creed. Besides, he had views of life, and made estimates of character. "My father used to say," Northcote tells us, "that there were people of premature ability who soon ran to seed. He had known several who were very clever at seventeen or eighteen, but who turned out nothing afterwards; at that time of life the effervescence and intoxication of youth did a great deal, but we required to wait till the gaiety and dance of the animal spirits subsided, to see what people really were." Whatever his motive, the old man made Northcote wait. He apprenticed him to the watch-making, and allowed him to paint only in the evening and morning hours of leisure. Northcote submitted, and persevered. He served out his term of apprenticeship, and continued to work at his father's business until he was twenty-four years old — painting, meanwhile, as much as he could; confining himself chiefly to portraits, and studies of animals.

In 1771 his chance came to him. His portraits were talked about in Plymouth; people spoke of him as a prodigy; and then Dr. Mudge, the friend of Reynolds and of Johnson, encouraged him to go to London to see Sir Joshua, giving him a letter of introduction for that purpose. Northcote went at once. It is said that he walked the whole distance from Plymouth to London; and it would seem that at first he made little progress in his great desire. Reynolds shook his head at the crude performances of the young man, and Northcote had to seek employment — that of coloring prints of flowers at a shilling a sheet — to get bread. He was persevering, and did it, contriving to improve his knowledge of art at the same time, until Reynolds, struck with his determination, took him as a pupil and assistant, not only into his studio, but as a resident in his house.

It was in the year 1771 [says Northcote in his "Life of Reynolds"] that I was first placed under the tuition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was introduced and strongly recommended by my good and much respected friend, Dr. John Mudge. I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in

breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of art; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar.

It was a good house to be in: a house in which there was the best art and the best company — Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Garrick; the wits and the poets, politicians and painters, rank and fashion, and, above all, Sir Joshua himself, sovereign in art, polished in manners, capable of holding his ground alike with men of fashion and men of letters.

Here Northcote remained for five years, treated, he tells us, quite as one of the family. Sir Joshua appreciated his earnestness and industry, encouraged his studies, both at home and in the schools of the Academy, and relished his sharp outspoken comments and retorts. In his "Century of Painters" Mr. Redgrave says that Northcote, in his apprenticeship to Reynolds, "had full opportunity of acquiring the technical knowledge he must have so greatly needed. He stood beside Reynolds before his easel, he enjoyed free converse with him, he saw his works in all stages, he assisted in their progress, laying in draperies, painting backgrounds and accessories, and forwarding the numerous duplicates and copies required of such a master, and he shared the usual means of advancement and study enjoyed by Reynolds's pupils; at the same time he did not neglect the essential study of the figure at the Royal Academy." Northcote himself, in the "Life of Reynolds" and in his "Conversations," gives a somewhat different account. He worked with Reynolds, no doubt, and derived benefit from the association; but he complains that Sir Joshua was a bad master, that he taught him nothing directly, would not allow him to use any but the commonest preparations, and locked up his own colors. "He would not suffer me," Northcote says, "during the whole time I resided in his house, to make use of any other materials than the common preparations of color, just as we have them from the hands of the colorman; and all varnishes, and every kind of experiment, were strictly prohibited. Likewise, all his own preparations of color were most carefully concealed from my sight and knowledge, and perpetually locked secure in his drawers, thus never to be seen or known by any one but himself." Sometimes, however, Reynolds gave him a sharp lesson in

practice. "It was very provoking," Northcote writes, "after I had been for hours laboring on the drapery of one of his portraits, from a lay figure, to see him, with a few masterly sweeps of his brush, destroy nearly all my work, and turn it into something much finer," and yet, he adds, with a touch of pride, "but for my work it would not have been what it was." Copying pictures, though unquestionably useful to him, Northcote detested. "It is," he says, "like plain work among women; it is what anybody can do, and therefore nothing but a bare living is to be got from it." Occasionally he tried to argue with Reynolds, and got put down. Criticising some directions as to color, given by a visitor, Sir Joshua replied, "He is a sensible man, but an indifferent colorist. There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of coloring: we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art." Notwithstanding this rebuff, Northcote ventured to advise Reynolds himself: —

I once humbly endeavored to persuade Sir Joshua to abandon those fleeting colors, lake and carmine, which it was his practice to use in painting the flesh, and to adopt vermilion in their stead, as infinitely more durable, although perhaps not so exactly true to nature as the former; I remember he looked on his hand, and said, "I can see no vermilion in flesh." I replied, "But did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh color?" Sir Joshua answered rather sharply, "What signifies what a man uses, who could not color? You may use it if you will."

Of Northcote's imitative art, Sir Joshua had a high opinion. Northcote painted a portrait of one of the maid-servants. The likeness was recognized by a macaw belonging to Sir Joshua; the bird disliked the woman, and flew right at the face of the portrait, and tried to bite it. Failing here, he struck at the hand. The experiment was often repeated for the amusement of visitors. Of his own work at that time, Northcote had not formed a very high estimate. Many years afterwards he told Hazlitt how keenly he noted the failures of other pupils in the Academy: —

The glaring defects of such works almost disgusted me with the profession. Is this, I said, what the art is made up of? How do I know that my own productions may not appear in the same light to others? Nothing gave me the horrors so much as passing the old battered portraits at the doors of brokers' shops, with the morning sun shining full upon them. I was generally inclined to prolong my walk, and put off painting for that day;

but the sight of a fine picture had a contrary effect, and I went back and set to work with reboulded ardor.

The direct connection between Reynolds and Northcote ended in 1775, when Northcote was twenty-nine years old. They parted on good terms, Reynolds saying that Northcote had been very useful to him, more so than any other scholar that had ever been with him, and adding, "I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live." Northcote now went back to Plymouth for a time, and painted portraits until he had made enough money to fulfil his purpose — that of going to Italy to study the great masters — to steal from them, as he afterwards described the process. He spent three years in Italy, not knowing a word of the language, or indeed of any language but his own. This proved no hindrance. He said to Hazlitt, speaking of this journey, "There may be sin in Rome, as in all great capitals, but in Parma, and the remoter towns, they seem all one family. Their kindness to strangers is great. I travelled from Lyons to Genoa, and from Genoa to Rome, without speaking a word of the language, and in the power of a single person, without meeting with the smallest indignity; everywhere, both in inns and on the road, every attention was paid to my feelings, and pains taken to make me comfortable." In the "Conversations" Hazlitt sums up Northcote's impressions of this period: —

He spoke of his journey to Italy, of the beauty of the climate, of the manners of the people, of the imposing effect of the Roman Catholic religion, of its favorableness to the fine arts, of the churches full of pictures, of the manner in which he passed his time, studying and looking into all the rooms in the Vatican. He had no fault to find with Italy, and no wish to leave it. Gracious and sweet was all he saw in her. As he talked (this was when he was an old man of eighty) he looked as if he saw the different objects pass before him, and his eye glistened with familiar recollections. He said, "Raffaello did not scorn to look out of himself, or to be beholden to others; he took whole figures from Masaccio to enrich his designs, because all he wanted was to advance the art, and to ennoble human nature." "Everything at Rome," he said, "is like a picture, is calculated for show. I remember walking through one of the by-streets near the Vatican, where I met some procession in which the pope was; and all at once I saw a number of the most beautiful Arabian horses curvetting and throwing out their long tails like a vision, or part of a romance. All our pageants are Bartholomew Fair exhibitions compared with what you see at Rome. And then, to see the pope give the benediction at

St. Peter's, raising himself up, and spreading out his hands in the form of a cross, with an energy and dignity as if he was giving a blessing to the whole world!"

Raffaello, Titian, and Michael Angelo — the last-named especially — were the great objects of attraction to him. He told Reynolds, on his return, "For once that I went to look at Raffaello, I went twice to look at Michael." He made good use of those studies. You must use the great masters, not imitate them: that was his conclusion. It is easy, he says, to imitate one of the old masters, but repetitions are useless.

If you want to last, you must invent something. To do otherwise is only pouring liquor from one vessel into another; that becomes staler every time. We are tired of the antique; the world wants something new, and will have it; no matter whether it be better or worse, if there is but an infusion of new life and spirit, it will go down to posterity. There is Michael Angelo, how utterly different from the antique, and in some things how superior! There is his statue of Cosmo de Medici leaning on his hand, in the chapel of San Lorenzo, at Florence. I declare it has that look of reality in it, that it almost terrifies one to be near it. Is it not the same with Titian, Correggio, and Raffaello? These painters did not imitate one another, but were as unlike as possible, and yet were all excellent. Originality is neither caprice nor affectation. It is an excellence that is always to be found in nature, but has never had a place in art before.

Northcote, as this passage shows, was a sound critic. He could also describe a fine picture so as to bring it bodily before us. Speaking of Titian, he said to Hazlitt: —

There is that fine one which you have heard me speak of — Paul the Third, and his two natural sons, or nephews, as they are called. My God! what a look it has. The old man is sitting in his chair, and looking up to one of the sons, with his hands grasping the arm-chair with his long spider fingers, and seems to say, as plain as words can speak, "You wretch, what do you want now?" while the young fellow is advancing with a humble, hypocritical air. It is true history, and indeed it turned out so, for the son (or nephew) was afterwards thrown out of the palace windows by the mob, and torn to pieces by them.

Here is another criticism, on Velasquez.

When a work seems stamped on the canvas by a blow, you are taken by surprise, and your admiration is as instantaneous and electrical as the impulse of genius which has caused it. I have seen a whole-length portrait by Velas-

quez, that seemed done while the colors were yet wet; everything was touched in, as it were, by a wish; there was such a power, that it thrilled through your whole frame, and you felt as if you could take up the brush and do anything.

A criticism of Titian's portraits is worth recalling. Hazlitt gives it in the "Conversations."

He mentioned his going with Prince Hoare and Day to take leave of some fine portraits by Titian, that hung in a dark corner of a gallery at Naples, and as Day looked at them for the last time, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Ah! he was a fine old *mouser*." I said I had repeated this expression (which I had heard him allude to before), somewhere in writing, and was surprised that people did not know what to make of it. Northcote said, "Why that is exactly what I should have thought. There is the difference between writing and speaking. In writing you address the average quantity of sense or information in the world; in speaking, you pick your audience, or at least know what they are prepared for, or else previously explain what you think necessary. *You* understand the epithet, because you have seen a great number of Titian's pictures, and know that cat-like, watchful, penetrating look he gives to all his faces, which nothing else expresses, perhaps, so well as the phrase Day made use of; but the world in general knows nothing of this; all they know or believe is, that Titian is a great painter, like Raffaele or any other famous person.

Some painters are as little impressed as the world in general, by the glories of Italian art. Romney and Edwards were in Italy, and went to the Sistine Chapel. Edwards, Northcote says, "turned on his heel and exclaimed, 'Egad, George, we're *bit*!'"

While Northcote gained inconceivably in art by his Italian journey, he lost little or nothing in purse. He was very thrifty. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of the Painters," sketches his way of living when abroad.

I have heard that as necessity and nature united in making him economical, he lived meanly; associated with none who were likely to lead him into expenses; and as he copied for dealers or travellers a number of the favorite works of the Italian masters, he improved his skill of hand, and rather increased than diminished the sum with which he started from England. Common apartments, common clothes, and common food sufficed for one who was too proud to ask aid from any source, and who had resolved to be independent.

His powers as an artist were recognized, however, by others than dealers. The

Italian artists elected him a member of the academies of Florence, Cortona, and Rome. Thus fortified in mind, reputation, and purse, Northcote returned to England, and settled for a time in Devonshire, but removed in 1781 to London, where he took a house in Old Bond Street, with the resolution of combining portraiture and historical painting, making the money earned by the one provide leisure for the other.

He met with discouragement at the beginning of his career. Reynolds told him, half playfully, that there was not much chance. "Ah! my dear sir, you may go back; there is a wondrous Cornishman who is carrying all before him." This was Opie, lately come to London, under the auspices of Dr. Wolcot, best known as Peter Pindar. "What is he like?" asked Northcote. "Like? why like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one." Northcote was a prudent man; he resolved to be on friendly terms with the Cornish wonder, and friends they became, though they were commonly considered rivals in painting. Mrs. Opie's letters bear testimony to Northcote's intimacy with her husband. She quotes, with manifest satisfaction, Northcote's observation, that "while other artists painted to live, Opie lived to paint." Speaking to Hazlitt of Opie, Northcote said, "You did not know Opie. You would have admired him greatly. I do not speak of him as an artist, but as a man of sense and observation. He paid me the compliment of saying that we should have been the best friends in the world if we had not been rivals. I think he had more of this feeling than I had; perhaps because I had most vanity." Northcote, however, had the feeling of rivalry pretty strongly. In 1787 Opie and he were elected full members of the Academy. Northcote exhibited his picture — perhaps his best work — "Wat Tyler," now in the Guildhall. Opie exhibited his chief work, "The Murder of Rizzio," now also in the Guildhall. While the works were in progress, Northcote went to see Opie's picture. He found it better and more advanced than his own.

When I returned to my painting-room, I took up my palette and pencils with an inveterate determination to do something that should raise me a name; but my inspiration was only a momentary dream. The ghost of that picture stood between me and my blank canvas. I could see nothing but the murderers of Rizzio. I felt I could have rejoiced if they had seized the painter and murdered him instead. Yes, I could. This dwelt upon my

fancy until I laughed at the conceit, for, thought I, then there had been a meddling fiddler and rival painter despatched at the same expense; and if all the fiddlers and painters were smothered, for aught I know they might well be spared. I dreamed of the picture whilst wide awake, and I dreamed of the picture when fast asleep. How could I help it? There was a passage in the composition wherein the torches—for the scene was represented, as 'ee may remember, by torch-light, and it was the finest trait of effect that ever proceeded from mortal hand. I still dwelt upon it in my mind's eye, in sheer despair. To attempt anything so original, so gloriously fine, I might as well have set about creating another world. I should have died, but for a fortuitous circumstance. I called again to see the hated picter. "Well, my dear friend," asked Hazlitt, "and how did you feel?" "How did I feel? Gude God! I would not have had Opie know what was passing in my mind for all the world; no, not even to have been the author of the picture. Judge, if 'ee can, what I felt. Why, some wretch, some demon had persuaded him to alter the whole structure of the piece. He had adopted the fatal advice, had destroyed the glory of the art, and ruined—yes, to my solace—irrecoverably ruined the piece.

Candid, this; but Northcote was candid. When Opie died, in 1807, they feared to tell Northcote, lest he should be too greatly shocked. There need have been no such alarm. "Well, well," he said, "it's a very sad event; but I must confess it takes a great stumbling-block out of my way, for I never could succeed where Opie did."

In this endeavor to sketch the character of Northcote it is needless to dwell at length upon his pictures. It is said that he painted altogether about two thousand works—portraits, historical, and scriptural pieces, subjects from home life, and studies of animals, in the last of which he excelled. The best-known of his larger works are the gallery pictures painted for Alderman Boydell. The engravings afford sufficient means to judge of them. They are powerful in parts, but are exaggerated in attitude, and generally too careless in composition, and, like all other works of that period, utterly defiant of propriety in costume and other accessories. He was thinking of Michael Angelo, and aiming at the grand style; but the grand style proved too large for him—it needed the hand of a great master.

The man himself, however, is a more interesting study than his works. He lived so long and his life covered so great a period—from 1746 to 1831—that he became a sort of institution, a depository

of art traditions, professional and personal, of the most varied and amusing kind. These he loved to narrate in his own dry, cynical way, for he was an admirable talker. In person he was very short, in dress very careless—his trousers were commonly too long, and his shoes too large,—and in habits penurious to miserliness. By saving, and pinching, and screwing, he accumulated more than £40,000—a large fortune in days when prices were so much lower than they are now. One of Fuseli's sarcasms points this phase in his character. Somebody said that Northcote was going to keep a dog. "Northcote keep a dog!" exclaimed Fuseli; "why, what will he feed him on? He will have to eat his own fleas!" Something had occurred at the Academy to gratify Northcote: "Now," said Fuseli, "he will go home, put more coals on the fire, and almost draw the cork of his only pint of wine." When the exhibition of old masters was begun at the British Institution, a scurrilous publication, called "The Catalogue Raisonné," was issued; it was presumed in the interests of the Academy. Haydon writes, as a departure from Northcote's ordinary habits, that he "ordered a *long* candle, and went to bed to read it in ecstasy." Notwithstanding his niggardliness and his biting sarcasm, Northcote's studio was for many years a common resort. "About eleven o'clock" (I quote Mr. Redgrave), "unless he had a sitter, a sort of *levée* commenced. It seldom happened that he remained long alone—one succeeded another, occasionally three or four at a time; and he talked over his work till his dinner-hour, freely discussing any subject which arose, with great sagacity, acuteness, and information, and always maintaining his own opinions."

Haydon in his autobiography mentions Northcote more than once. This is an entry in 1807:—

On the day the exhibition opened, we all dined with Hoppner, who hated Northcote, who in his turn hated Hoppner. We talked of art, and after dinner Hoppner said, "I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of art who paints like that fellow Northcote, Heaven only knows."

In 1821, in a sketch of the sale of Reynolds's pictures, Haydon again introduces Northcote. The former had induced Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Phillips to buy Reynolds's "Piping Shepherd" for four hundred guineas, then a very large price.

The purchase [he says] made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. I soon found it was considered by the artists a sort of honor to be near him, and in the midst of the sale up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused. I turned round and found on the other side, Northcote! I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the "Shepherd Boy." At first he did not recollect it, and then said, "Ah! indeed! Ah! yes! it was a very poor thing. I remember it." Poor Mr. Phillips whispered to me, "You see people have different tastes." I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous of something. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are quite amusing: he exists upon it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face when he knows that something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond everything; and as soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away.

Again, in 1825, Haydon has another fling at Northcote, now an old man of eighty, and who might well have been spared:—

While I was at the gallery yesterday, poor old Northcote, who has some fine pictures there, was walking about. He nodded to me. I approached. I congratulated him on his pictures. "Ah! sir," said he, "they want varnishing, they say." "Well," said I, "why don't you varnish them?" He shook his head, meaning he was too feeble. "Shall I do it?" "Will 'ee?" said Northcote. "I shall be so much obliged." To the astonishment of the Academicians, I mounted the ladder and varnished away. The poor old mummy was in raptures. I felt for the impotence of his age. He told me some capital stories when I came down.

Readers of Northcote's "Conversations" know well enough that "the poor old mummy" revenged himself amply on Haydon. In Leslie's "Recollections" we have an equally graphic, but kindlier notice of Northcote:—

It is the etiquette for a newly-elected member to call immediately on all the Academicians, and I did not omit paying my respects to Northcote among the rest, although I knew he was not on good terms with the Academy. I was shown up-stairs into a large front room filled with pictures, many of the larger ones resting against each other, and all of them dim with dust. I had not waited long when a door opened which communicated with his painting-room, and the old gentleman appeared, but did not advance beyond it. His diminutive figure was enveloped in a chintz dressing-gown, below which his trousers, which looked as if made for a much larger man, hung in immense folds over a loose pair of shoes,

into which his legs seemed to have shrunk down. His head was covered with a blue silk nightcap, and from under that, and his projecting brows, his sharp black eyes peered at me with a whimsical expression of inquiry. There he stood, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and a mahl-stick, twice as long as himself, in the other: his attitude and look saying, for he did not speak—"What do you want?" On telling him that I had been elected an associate of the Academy, he said, quickly, "And who's the other?" "Mr. Clint," I replied. "And so Clint's got it at last. You're an architect, I believe?" I set him right, and he continued, "Well, sir, you owe nothing to me; I never go near them; indeed, I never go out at night anywhere." I told him I knew that, but thought it right to pay my respects to all the Academicians, and hoped I was not interrupting him. He said "By no means," and asked me into his painting-room, where he was at work on an equestrian picture of George IV. as large as life, which he must have made up from busts and pictures. "I was desirous," he said, "to paint the king, for there is no picture that is like him, and he is by far the best king of his family we have had. It has been remarked that this country is best governed by a woman, for then the government is carried on by able men; and George IV. is like a woman, for he minds only his own amusements, and leaves the affairs of the country to his ministers, instead of meddling himself as his father did. He is just what a king of England should be—something to look grand, and to hang the robes on." I asked leave to repeat my visit, which was readily granted, and from that time we were very good friends. He talked better than he painted.

Leslie continues:—

When I first found myself painting in the exhibition-rooms of the Royal Academy, where most of its members were at work, retouching their pictures, I was a good deal puzzled at the very opposite advice I received from authorities equally high. Northcote came in, and it was the only time I ever saw him at the Academy. He had a large picture there, and not hung in the best of places, at which he was much dissatisfied. I told him of my difficulties, and that Wilkie and Lawrence had just given me extraordinary advice. "Everybody," he said, "will advise you to do what he himself would do, but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, and if not you may spoil your picture."

Northcote then complained to Phillips of the ill-usage he had received from the Academy, and said, "I have scarcely ever had a picture well hung. I wish I had never belonged to you." Phillips said, laughing, "We can turn you out!" Northcote answered, "The sooner you do so the better; only think of the men you *have* turned out. You turned out Sir Joshua, you turned out Barry, and you

turned out West; and I shall be very glad to make a fourth in such company."

Mr. Shee, with the adroitness which was natural to him, paid him some compliments. Northcote said, "Very well, indeed. You are just the man to write a tragedy" (Shee was a very indifferent poet), "you know how to make a speech." At another time Northcote complimented Shee in his own peculiar manner, by saying, "You should have been in Parliaentm, instead of the Academy."

Another painter — Thomas Bewicke, the pupil of Haydon — records in his journals a visit to Northcote shortly before his death. Bewicke had been sent to Rome by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to copy some of Michael Angelo's pictures in the Sistine Chapel. On his return he went to show his drawings to Northcote.

An old servant, almost blind, who had lived with him for half a century, and who had been ordered to leave scores of times, but would not go, opened the door. I sent in my card, and was ushered into the miser's study. I found him alone, dressed in an old dingy green dressing-gown, and cap to match. He received me very graciously, and when I told him I had just returned from Italy, he opened his eyes with amazement. I said I had brought my drawing of Jeremiah to show him. I then unrolled the drawing, and he, holding up his hands, said, "Ah! wonderful — strange! How grand. Ah! sir, Raffaele and Michael Angelo were grand fellows — we are puny and meagre compared with them, and I fear ever shall be. The style of education in the arts is so effeminate, if I may so speak, in this country." Then, in a sententious manner, he added, "No, sir, they will never be able to comprehend the grandeur of Michael Angelo; you may show Jeremiah upside down for the next century, and no one will see the difference."

One more quotation — from Hazlitt, the closest friend and intimate of Northcote's closing years: —

Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man, eighty years of age, pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away; and yet, what fine things he says. "Yes," observed some one, "and what ill-natured things: they are all malicious to the last word." Lamb called him "a little bottle of aquafortis, which, you know, corrodes everything it touches." "Except gold," interrupted Hazlitt; "he never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters." "Well," persisted the other, "but is he not flowing over with envy, and hatred, and all uncharitableness? I am told that he is as spiteful as a woman. Then

his niggardness! Did he ever give anything away?" "Yes," retorted Hazlitt, "his advice; and very unpleasant it is!" At another time the conversation turned upon the living painters, when one of them (Haydon, I think) was praised as being a capital relater of an anecdote. This brought Hazlitt's thoughts to Northcote, of whom he spoke again — "He is the best teller of a story I ever knew. He will bring up an old defunct anecdote, that has not a jot of merit, and make it quite delightful by dishing it up in his own words: they are quite a *sauce piquante*." "All he says is very well," said some one, "when it touches only our neighbor; but what if he speaks of one's self?" "You must take your chance of that," replied Hazlitt; "but, provided you are not a rival, and will let him alone, he will not harm you; jostle him, and he stings like a nettle."

This last remark is illustrated by a story told by Mr. Redgrave in his sketch of Northcote. He hated Sir Thomas Lawrence, probably because the portrait-painters of the Reynolds school had gone down before him.

An artist, then young [says Mr. Redgrave], who afterwards became a member of the Royal Academy, relates that one day calling upon Northcote, he found him mounted on a pile of boxes, working away with the zeal of a boy at one of his equestrian portraits of George the Fourth, and that his first inquiry of the visitor was whether he had been at the exhibition, and what he thought of the year's collection. To this interrogatory the young artist replied that he thought Lawrence had in the exhibition one of the most perfect pictures in the world. "A *perfect* picture, do 'ee say, and from the hands of Lāarence! A perfect picture! Why, you talk like a fule! A perfect picture! Why, I've been to Rome, and seen Raffaele, and I never saw a perfect picture by him; and to talk of Lāarence doing a *perfect* picture, good Lord! what nonsense! Lāarence doing anything perfect — why, there never was any perfect picture; at least I never saw one.

Occasionally, his sharp retorts were turned to legitimate uses. Once when a pedantic coxcomb was crying up Raffaele to the skies, he could not help saying, "If there was nothing in Raffaele but what *you* can see in him, we should not now have been talking of him." Sometimes Northcote professed to be troubled, or really was troubled, by the sharpness of his tongue. Hazlitt says he blamed himself often for uttering what he thought harsh things; and on mentioning this to his friend Kemble, and saying that it sometimes kept him from sleep after he had been out in company, Kemble replied, "Oh, you need not trouble yourself much

about them, others never think of them afterwards!" Northcote returned to this point seriously in one of his talks with Hazlitt, and spoke of it with much shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

It will never do [he said] to take things literally that are uttered in a moment of irritation. You do not express your own opinion, but one as opposite as possible to that of the person who has provoked you. You get as far from a person you have taken a pique against as you can, just as you turn off the pavement to get out of the way of a chimney-sweeper; but it is not to be supposed that you prefer walking in the mud, for all that. I have often been ashamed myself of speeches I have made in that way, which have been repeated to me as good things, when all I meant was that I would say anything rather than agree to the nonsense and affectation I heard. You then set yourself against what you think a wrong bias in another, and are not like a wall but a buttress—as far from the right line as your antagonist, and the more absurd he is, the more so do you become.

Though he had no great literary capacity, and literally no school training, Northcote was desirous of making a reputation as an author. His reading was extensive, but his faculty of composition was limited. He knew no language but English, and this imperfectly. Throughout life he spoke with a broad Devonshire accent, and spelled many words, amongst them the commonest, much as he pronounced them. For Greek literature, even in translation, he had no relish.

There are some things [he said to Hazlitt] with respect to which I am in the same state that a blind man is as to colors. Homer is one of these. I am utterly in the dark about it. I can make nothing of his heroes or his gods. Jack the Giant-killer is the first book I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me, even now. [This was when he was eighty.] I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. I do not know what it is (whether good or bad), but it is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. This is what I was going to say about Homer. I cannot help thinking that one cause of the high admiration in which it is held, is its being the first book that is put into the hands of young people at school; it is the first spell which opens to them the enchantments of the unreal world. Had I been bred a scholar, I dare say Homer would have been my Jack the Giant-killer.

The narrow culture thus indicated scarcely fitted the painter for the business of authorship; but, with his customary perseverance, he contrived to write a good

deal, and to do it fairly well. He began by contributing essays on art, critiques, and poems, to Mr. Prince Hoare's journal, the *Artist*, in 1807. "Mr. Prince Hoare" (he says) "taxed me the hardest in what I wrote for the *Artist*. He pointed out where I was wrong, and sent it back for me to correct." His "Life of Reynolds"—still, to a great extent, the best memoir of Sir Joshua—was published in 1813, when Northcote was sixty-seven. Many years afterwards he published a series of his fables, in prose and verse, illustrated by spirited engravings of animals; and a second series was issued after his death. At eighty, he published his "Life of Titian"—none but an artist, he said, could write the life of an artist. It is, however, a feeble and tedious performance, although Hazlitt assisted in the composition, as he did also in that of the fables. This has been denied; but we have Hazlitt's own testimony to the fact.

A close intimacy had been struck up between Hazlitt and Northcote, and had lasted for several years. Hazlitt conceived the idea of writing down and publishing their conversations. Northcote assented. "You may, if you think it worth while; but I do assure you that you overrate them. You have not lived long enough in society to be a judge. What is new to you, you think will seem so to others." The conversations were printed, under the title of "Boswell Redivivus," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under Campbell's editorship. Their personalities, their freshness, and the racy character of Northcote's sayings, attracted much notice, and provoked sharp controversy. This led to a quarrel between Northcote and Hazlitt. The Mudge family, who had befriended Northcote in youth, were somewhat coarsely assailed in the conversations. Mr. Rosdew, of Plymouth, the nephew of Mr. Zachary Mudge, expostulated with Northcote. The painter "broke out into the most violent expressions of rage and passion. He called Hazlitt a Papist, a wretch, a viper, whom he would stab if he could get at him." Then he wrote to Campbell:—

I find there are frequently papers in your publication, entitled very modestly, "Boswell Redivivus," insinuating that the hero of this trivial stuff is to be compared to the immortal Dr. Johnson. This person seems pretty clearly to be made out to be myself. Good God! do you not feel this to be dreadful? But this is not the worst of the matter. I have often, in my vain moments, said that I should be pleased to receive morning visits

from the devil, because I might be amused by his knowledge of the world, and diverted by his wit, and should be sufficiently on my guard to avoid his snares. This impious desire has indeed been granted to me, and "Boswell Redivivus" is the consequence.

Now that personal controversies are silenced by time, we may estimate the "Conversations" of Northcote at their true value. As republished in a volume — in the life time of the painter — they are softened down from the original draught; but spice enough is left to make them most attractive and amusing reading. Northcote was unquestionably proud of them. "Don't," he would say to his visitors with a chuckle, "go and print what I have said;" and, as to the "Conversations" themselves, he excused himself by saying that "he did not print them," while Hazlitt excused himself by saying that "he did not speak them." This depreciation, however, is mere affectation; both speaker and writer were secretly delighted with their work: and not without cause, for there are few books of the same class which are more original, fuller of shrewd observation, or expressed with greater force and freedom. The reputation of Northcote may, indeed, rest more securely upon this volume than upon his more pretentious efforts in literature, or than even upon his pictures; for, as Hazlitt presents him, he was far brighter and more picturesque than he was upon canvas. To the collected and revised editions of the "Conversations," Hazlitt prefixes a motto from Armstrong —

The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite.

With a liberal interpretation, this is not too much to say. The charm of the book consists in its frankness and its discursive character. Stimulated by his acute interrogator, Northcote discourses with unreserve on whatever topic may happen to come uppermost — the old masters; Sir Joshua; the brilliant group which met at Reynolds's house; contemporary men, women, and manners; politics, literature, religion, morals — all take their turn, and are all discussed with vigorous freedom, and illustrated with witty observations, or appropriate anecdote. All the while the talker himself is present to the life — his tastes, fancies, prejudices, preferences.

Cynicism was Northcote's habit of mind. He knew it, and tried to excuse the propensity. "I am sometimes thought cold and cynical myself; but I hope it is not

for any overweening opinion of myself. I remember once going with Wilkie to Angerstein's, and because I stood looking and said nothing, he seemed dissatisfied, and said, 'I suppose you are too much occupied with admiring, to give me your opinion?' I answered hastily, 'No, indeed! I was saying to myself, "And this is all that the art can do."' But this was not, I am sure, an expression of triumph, but of mortification, at the defects which I could not help observing even in the most accomplished works." The Ireland forgeries were mentioned. "Caleb Whitefoord," said Northcote, "who ought to have known better, asked me if I did not think Sheridan a judge, and that he believed in the authenticity of the Ireland papers. I said 'Do you bring him as a fair witness? He wants to fill his theatre, and would write a play himself and swear it was Shakespeare's. He knows better than to cry stale fish.'" Some printsellers failed. Northcote "did not wonder at it; it was a just punishment of their presumption and ignorance." Hazlitt told him that he had seen "the hair of Lucrezia Borgia, of Milton, Bonaparte, and Dr. Johnson, all folded up in the same paper. It had belonged to Lord Byron." Northcote replied, "One could not be sure of that; it was easy to get a lock of hair, and call it by any name one pleased." Of authors and painters he said, "The most wretched scribbler looks down upon the greatest painter as a mere mechanic; but who would compare Lord Byron with Titian?" Speaking of Byron, and the dispute about burying him in Poets' Corner, he said, "Byron would have resisted it violently if he could have known of it. If they had laid him there, he would have got up again. No, I'll tell you where they should have laid him: if they had buried him with the kings in Henry VII.'s chapel, he would have had no objection to that." Of royalty he had something to say.

You violent politicians [he said to Hazlitt] make more rout about royalty than it is worth; it is only the highest place, and somebody must fill it, no matter who; neither do the persons themselves think so much of it as you imagine: they are glad to get into privacy as much as they can. Nor is it a sinecure. The late king, I have been told, used often to have to sign his name to papers, and do nothing else for three hours together, till his fingers fairly ached, and then he would take a walk in the garden, and come back to repeat the same drudgery for three hours more. So, when they told Louis XV. that if he went on with his extravagance, he would bring about a revolution and be sent over to England with a

pension, he merely asked, "Do you think the pension would be a pretty good one?"

On religion he was cynical also.

I said to Godwin, when he had been trying to unsettle the opinions of a young artist whom I knew, "Why should you wish to turn him out of one house, till you have provided another for him? Besides, what do you know of the matter more than he does? His nonsense is as good as your nonsense, when both are equally in the dark." As to the follies of the Catholics, I do not think the Protestants can pretend to be quite free from them. So when a chaplain of Lord Bath's was teasing a Popish clergyman, to know how he could make up his mind to admit that absurdity of transubstantiation, the other made answer, "Why, I'll tell you: when I was young, I was taught to swallow Adam's apple; and since that, I have found no difficulty with anything else."

The Academy did not please him in his later years: they put his pictures into bad places, and gave preference to other painters of portrait and history. The recommendation-paper for students contained a blank for a statement of the candidate's moral character.

"This zeal for morality," said Northcote, "begins with inviting me to tell a lie. I know whether he can draw or not, because he brings me specimens of his drawings; but what am I to know of the moral character of a person I have never seen before? Or what business have the Academy to inquire into it? I suppose they are not afraid he will steal the Farnese Hercules. I told one of them, with as grave a face as I could, that as to his moral character he must go to his godfathers and godmothers for that. He answered very simply that they were a great way off, and that he had nobody to appeal to but his apothecary. This would not have happened in Sir Joshua's time," he went on, "nor even in Fuseli's; but the present men are dressed in a little brief authority, and they wish to make the most of it, without perceiving the limits."

On another occasion he said:—

When the Academy first began, one would suppose that the members were so many angels sent from heaven to fill the different situations, and that was the reason why it began. Now, the difficulty is to find anybody fit for them; and the deficiency is supplied by interest, intrigue, and cabal. Not that I dislike the individuals, neither. As Swift says, I like Jack, Tom, and Harry, very well by themselves; but all together they are not to be endured. We see the effect of people acting in concert in animals (for men are only a more vicious sort of animals). A single dog will let you kick and cuff him as you please, and will submit to any treatment; but if you meet a pack of hounds, they will set upon you and

tear you to pieces with the greatest impudence. The Academy very soon degenerated. It is the same in all human institutions. The thing is, there has been found no way yet to keep the devil out.

Space fails to quote his opinions of artists and others whom he had known—Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick; and later, Wordsworth, Scott, Fuseli, Lawrence, Canova, Godwin, and others—of all of whom he spoke with the most engaging freedom and candor. His character has disclosed itself throughout the narrative; it was cynical in a high degree, but it was marked also by the better qualities of self-reliance, perseverance, and sturdy independence. Two anecdotes bring out these qualities in prominent relief. When Master Betty, the Young Roscius, was playing to crowded houses, Northcote painted him. William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, took the young prodigy to the painter's house, and stood watching the progress of the picture.

The loose gown in which Northcote painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might, perchance, be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. The royal visitor, standing behind him while he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched, the collar of the gown, which Northcote resented by suddenly turning, and expressing his displeasure by a frown; on which his Royal Highness, touching the professor's grey locks, said, "You don't devote much time to the toilette, I perceive." Northcote instantly replied, "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me; you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to remember that I am in my own house." The artist then resumed his painting; the prince stood silent for a minute or so, then opened the door and went away. The royal carriage, however, had not arrived, and rain was falling; the prince returned, borrowed an umbrella, and departed. "Dear Mr. Northcote," said one of the ladies present, "I fear you have offended his Royal Highness." "Madam," said the painter, "I am the offended party." The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote was alone, when a gentle tap was heard, the studio door opened, and in walked the prince. "Mr. Northcote," he said, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resented. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more about it." "And what did you say?" inquired a friend to whom the painter told the story. "Say! Good God! what could I say? I only bowed; he

might see what I felt. I could, at that moment, have sacrificed my life for him — such a prince is worthy to be a king." The prince afterwards, in his sailor-like way, said of Northcote, "He's a damned honest, independent little old fellow."

The next and last anecdote — highly characteristic of the man — carries us back to the studio of Reynolds, when Northcote was his pupil. The Prince of Wales met Northcote, and was pleased with him. "What do you know of his Royal Highness?" asked Sir Joshua. "Nothing," answered Northcote. "Nothing, sir! why, he says he knows you very well." "Pooh!" said Northcote, "that is only his *brag*!"

J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

From The Sunday Magazine.
JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CHAPTER IX.

A HUNDRED times during this day, and during the days that followed this one, the thought came to Janet's mind that she would run away, and try to make her escape from this dreadful new life that she had stumbled into. She would run away, she thought, for it was too terrible to bear. And yet the days went on, and she did not run away. Perhaps she had not courage enough to try to do it; perhaps she would have failed in accomplishing it, however much courage she had had. For, whether it was by accident or design, Tabby never left her to herself. She stuck by her all day long; wherever she herself went, there she took Janet; wherever Janet desired to go, there she would accompany her. One or two feeble efforts to escape poor Janet made, but they ended in nothing almost in the same moment that they began. And, even if it had not been so, even if she had tried to run away and had succeeded, what would have been the good of it, for what could she have done next? She asked herself this again and again, and the question was so hopeless that she could never answer it.

But what a sad, strange life it was! They used to turn out in the early mornings and go wandering in the streets, prowling about like animals, in search of food. It was not often that Tabby was so lucky as to have sixpence in her pocket, as she had had on the first morning that they were together, or even anything like

sixpence, with which to begin the day's campaign. Most often she had not a penny, nor so much as a crust of bread, and they could not break their fast till somebody gave a penny to them, or till Tabby, by doubtful means of her own, contrived to provide them with either money or food.

By very doubtful means indeed she did this sometimes; by such doubtful means that poor little Janet, knowing how their meal was procured, would often feel as if the bread she ate must choke her; and yet, when she was penniless, and starving, and friendless, what could she do but eat it?

"You can turn your head away if you don't like to look, and then what do you know about it?" Tabby would say, as bold as brass, and would go about her small thieveries with a conscience as much at ease as if she had been a young savage feeding herself with roots in the backwoods; but Janet could not turn away her head, and manage in that way to think that all was right. She might turn away her head, and even run out of Tabby's sight, but that did not prevent her, when Tabby came back triumphantly with some bit of property in her possession which did not lawfully belong to her, from feeling that she was so miserable and ashamed that she almost wished she was dead.

Sometimes, when she was in the humor for it, Tabby would argue the matter with her.

"There ain't no harm in taking what you can get," she would say. "Why, there can't be, you know. Ain't we got to get food somehow? Mother won't get it for us (catch her bothering herself!), and if she won't, we must. There ain't no question about it! If you lives in the streets, you must take what you can."

"But couldn't we do anything else than live in the streets?" Janet piteously asked one day. "It seems such a dreadful thing to do. Do you think there isn't any work that we could get?"

"Work?" echoed Tabby, opening her great eyes. "Well, I never! Catch me working!"

"But you wouldn't mind it if you could get money by it?" said Janet.

"I gets money without it," replied Tabby, with a knowing wink. "What a game — to think of me a-working! Why, I don't know but for the fun of the thing I wouldn't like it. Just fancy me in a situation! My eye, wouldn't I look after the silver spoons! But the worst is," said

Tabby gravely, "they'd want a character, and I'd have to get up early in the morning the day I went to look for that."

"I don't know that people always want characters; do you think they do?" asked Janet, wistfully. "I thought perhaps somebody might take us, just out of charity—perhaps——"

"Oh, bother charity!" exclaimed Tabby, scornfully. "I ain't a-going nowhere on them terms. If you knowed of a nice family now, as wanted a spicy young housemaid as could clean plate, and make herself generally useful in the pantry, I might p'r'aps think o' *that*; but as for getting took out o' charity——" And Tabby broke off her sentence with a whistle, finding words unequal to express the contempt with which she regarded such a prospect.

Before Janet had been a day in Tabby's company the poor little shrinking, timid child had been forced by her bold companion to make her first attempt at begging.

"You run after that woman, and ask her for a penny," said Tabby suddenly, after they had been for an hour in the streets together, nudging Janet's elbow, and speaking in a quick whisper, as a young woman passed them with a market-basket on her arm.

"Oh, I can't!" cried Janet, flushing scarlet, and drawing back; and then, before she knew what was coming, Tabby had given her a cuff on the side of her head.

"What do you mean by saying that you can't? Do you think that you won't have to?" cried Tabby, furiously.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know how I can!" said poor Janet.

"You'll have to learn then," retorted Tabby, with the most cutting contempt. "You've lost this chance; it ain't no good now; but if you don't go after the next one as I tells you to——" And then Tabby gripped her companion's shoulder, and gave her a look that made Janet shake in her shoes. The poor little thing resisted no more after that. When Tabby issued her next order she ran after the person whom Tabby told her to follow, and held out her hand, and tried to utter the words she had been told to speak. "Please, will you give me a penny," was the sentence she had been ordered to say, but it stuck in her throat and she could not say it. Of course, however, the lady whom she was following understood what the little stretched-out hand meant, and she turned round to her and shook her

head, and said she had nothing to give her.

"You shouldn't beg in the streets; if you do, the policeman will take you up," she said severely; and at this Janet returned to Tabby, trembling and flushed, — and without her penny, which was the only part of the business, you may be sure, about which Tabby cared a straw.

"I daresay she'd ha' give it to you if you'd kept on at her. Well, it can't be helped; we'll have better luck next time," she, however, said stoically; and, as it proved, she was right, for the next person whom Janet was told to run after was a kindly-looking old gentleman, and he at the child's appeal began to feel in his waistcoat pockets, and after a little searching produced the coin that Janet asked for, and put it in her hand.

"Well, you've got something this time," said Tabby with a chuckle as she came back.

"Yes," answered Janet, with a lump in her throat, and hurriedly gave the penny up to her companion; and then for five minutes afterwards never opened her lips, but walked in silence by Tabby's side as Tabby went on chattering, feeling as if every person in the street who passed her by must know the miserable thing that she had done.

But, of course, though she was so overwhelmed with shame after this first effort at begging, as time went on the poor child gradually got accustomed to beg. She never got to do it boldly, but she did get to do it without her heart beating and the color coming to her face, as it had done at first. If it was bad to beg, it was at least so much better to beg than to steal, and Janet had not cast in her lot with Tabby for many hours before she learned that, as long as she kept to that companionship, a choice between begging and stealing was the only choice she had.

As for Tabby, as I am afraid you guess, the bolder way of earning her livelihood was the one that *she* preferred.

"What's the use o' being sharp if you don't make use o' your sharpness?" she would say in the frankest way in the world. "I'd steal a deal more than I do if I'd the chance. I'd like to get into somebody's house—I would. I'd like to creep in at a winder; or, my eye, wouldn't I like to make a grab at one o' them jewellers! Think o' getting both your hands full o' rings and brooches! Oh! don't it make your mouth water? But la, I'll never have such luck as that," Tabby would say with a sigh, as she thought of

the glorious prizes of her profession that it would never fall to her to win.

I dare say you think that if Janet had been as good a child as she ought to be, she would not only have *thought* of running away from Tabby, but would really have done it when she found out what a bold little naughty thief and beggar Tabby was. But Janet did not run away. She had not courage enough to part herself from the only living creature who seemed willing to be a friend to her,—even though the companionship she clung to was nothing better than the companionship of a little street-thief.

It was an odd thing to see these two children who were so unlike each other sitting side by side. They used to spend a large part of every day sitting on door-steps, or under railway arches, or amongst the litter of new-built houses. It never seemed to occur to Tabby that the room in which they slept was a place in which to pass any portion of their waking time. They regularly turned out of doors as soon as they were up in the morning, and passed the whole day in the streets. All Tabby's occupation, you see, lay there; and all her pleasure lay there too. Even when the weather was bad, and it rained, she rarely proposed to Janet to go home. "I'd rather stop here than go in and have mother jawin' at me—wouldn't you?" she would say; and weary of the streets though she might be, Janet would agree with her with all her heart. Better to stay out and be wet to the skin six times a day than to go in and sit with Tabby's mother! "Oh, I don't mind the rain. We'll get under shelter somewhere," she soon got to answer Tabby quite readily and cheerfully.

So often when it rained they used to sit under porches, or in other covered places, and chatter away to one another by the hour together. There was one place in particular—a carpenter's yard—to which they often went. They had stolen cautiously into it one day during a heavy shower, hoping to attract no notice, but one or two of the men who were at work *had* noticed them, and spoken kindly to them, and one of them had given Janet a hunch of bread, which she and Tabby divided and ate as they stood amongst the shavings.

"Why, what do you two little women do wandering about the streets?" the man had said good-naturedly to them. "You ought to be at school, learning your books."

"Mother says we're to go to school

presently," answered Tabby demurely; "but she don't like to send us now, 'cause we're so shabby."

"Ah!" said the man pityingly, "you *are* shabby, to be sure." And then a little while afterwards, as they were going away, he called to them,— "Well, are you coming to see us again another day? You may if you like." And so they did come again; and presently, as the weather grew colder, they got to come oftener, and the men would nod kindly at them as the two little figures came peeping in at the open door, and would let them sit down upon the heaps of wood, and stay there as long as they pleased to stay. It was such a quiet place that Janet liked it; it was so warm and sheltered, too, as the days grew cold. She was almost happy sometimes as she and Tabby sat talking there together. She used to go back to the streets, and to the work there that she loved so little, when these peaceful hours were ended, very sadly and unwillingly.

But Tabby, on her side, as you may guess, loved the excitement of the streets best. "It's so dull anywhere else," she would say. "There ain't nothing a-going on. Now I likes things to be always a-going on. When lots of people's a-passing up and down you never know, you see, when you may get something." By which, of course, Tabby meant you never knew when you may either beg or steal something. For begging and stealing were the two thoughts that were perpetually in Tabby's mind; they were the two great occupations and interests of her life.

She was always thinking of what naughty clever thing she could do to get food or money. She used to tell such dreadful stories to the people from whom she begged, that it made Janet's hair stand on end to hear her. She always said that she had six or eight brothers and sisters at home, and that her mother was ill with fever, or that her father had died last week, or that they had not been able to pay their rent, and that their landlord was going to turn them out of doors to-morrow; and she would implore the people to whom she told these things to come home with her, and see how true they all were, with such a piteous voice, and such an eager, pleading little face that, in terror, lest anybody should do it, Janet's heart would jump into her mouth. Sometimes Tabby would get a little money by telling these naughty fibs, but often the people to whom she told them only shook their heads and passed on. For the most part they used not to believe

Tabby's stories; they had heard too many stories of the same sort to believe them. On the whole, I think, poor little Janet's sad and simple, "Will you give me a penny, please?" was more effective than Tabby's made-up tales; but then Tabby, you remember, had two strings to her bow, and if Janet earned most by begging, Tabby's exploits with that second string of hers often threw Janet's small successes quite into the shade.

One day the little monkey was so fortunate as to snap up two half-crowns as they rolled over the doorstep of a shop. A customer inside the shop had dropped her purse, and all the contents went tumbling out upon the floor, and these two half-crowns went Tabby's way as she chanced to be standing at the door, and in an instant were safe in Tabby's pocket.

"Oh, Tabby, give them back!" cried Janet in an agony. "She'll give you something. I daresay she'll give you a shilling if you do."

But Tabby had already bolted to the other side of the street, and treated Janet's proposal as if it was the proposal of a lunatic.

"Oh, my eye, won't we have a day of it! Oh! I say, what shall we do? Did you ever go to a theatre?" cried Tabby, flushed with a sense of possessing unlimited wealth.

It was all in vain that Janet pleaded and protested; in the triumph of her heart Tabby danced along the pavement, and leapt and sang; and—let me confess the worst at once—that night she and Janet did go to a theatre with part of their ill-gotten gains, and saw a play there that, in spite of her shame and misery, remained stamped upon Janet's mind and heart for years to come, like some beautiful dream of fairy-land. For days afterwards the children talked about it, and acted bits of it to one another, and recalled the wonderful things that they had seen—the ladies and gentlemen in their gorgeous clothes, the marvellous creatures who had danced in gold and spangles, the groves of flowers, the mountain torrents, the moonlit gardens, the blaze of light. It was all to Janet a great and wonderful new world, of the like of which she had never before conceived.

"I wonder how people ever get to do such beautiful things! How clever they must all be! How can any little girl ever be so clever as to dance like that?" she said to Tabby over and over again.

"Oh, anybody could do it," answered Tabby, in whom the bump of veneration

was not much developed. "Anybody could do it as was taught. I could, I know. There ain't nothing I likes better than dancing," and Tabby began to point her foot and pirouette.

"But you see you go tumbling over on one side at once," said Janet, a little bluntly. "That isn't like what they did a bit. Why, they went spinning round like tops. Oh, wasn't it wonderful? And waving their arms about—oh, Tabby, didn't they wave their arms beautifully? Wasn't it like music?" cried Janet in an ecstasy.

"Well, anybody could do it, I know," repeated Tabby—"of course I means after learning a bit. You can't do nothink without learning. But if I'd got the right kind o' frock on, and them little white boots, you'd just see. Oh, I wish we was a-going back to-night!"

"So do I," said Janet, fervently.

"If I could only get a little more money——"

"Oh, no!" cried Janet, with a face of distress.

"Well, you don't suppose we can go without money, do you?" asked Tabby scornfully.

"No—oh no, of course not,—but I mean—oh, Tabby, don't let us go with stolen money any more! It's so dreadful! I know I was happy last night in spite of it being wrong—but oh, please don't let us do it again!" cried Janet, with her heart on her lips.

"Well, you *are* a rum 'un," said Tabby. "You never knows how to enjoy anything. Why, if I was always a-thinking of what was right and what was wrong, I wonder where I'd be."

"But I don't know how I can help it," said Janet, wistfully.

"Just do what you like, and never think nothing at all," replied Tabby, giving this large and philosophical advice in such a light and off-hand way that Janet was quite quenched and extinguished by it, not knowing how to argue a question that—hard as it might be to her—Tabby's rapid mind seemed to have seen to the bottom of so neatly and entirely.

And indeed I am afraid that in their talks together poor little Janet was often silenced and perplexed by Tabby's swift, decided way of dealing with all sorts of knotty moral points; for, you see, nothing was ever a mystery to Tabby; she never let any difficult questions puzzle or disturb her; she never dreamed, or hesitated, or repented, or wondered over things, as Janet did. Her theory of life was a

very simple one. She never troubled herself about right or wrong, or good or evil. She had only two rules by which she regulated all her proceedings, and these were, to do all she liked, and to take all she could — the same rules by which the wild beasts guide their ways in the forests, and by which the birds live in the air, and the fishes in the sea.

Do you wonder that, being a lawless little creature of this sort, she should find any pleasure in the society of a child so different from herself as Janet? Well, Tabby too used to think this odd.

"I wonder how I comed to take up with you?" she said to her companion speculatively one day. "It's rum, ain't it? for you ain't a bit my sort. I'm up to anything, I am, and you, you couldn't say 'Bo' to a goose. You're such a poor-spirited thing — I can't think how you're to get on all your life — only drunk people and fools always get took care of some'ow, they say." And Tabby nodded her head cheerfully at the end of this address, and looked as if she thought she had made a speech that Janet must find particularly pleasant and comforting.

But, oddly enough, Janet's poor little face did something that was not at all like brightening as she heard it.

"I'm sure I don't know how I am to get on," she answered sadly. "I suppose I should have been dead before now if I hadn't got with you. You — you've been very kind to me, Tabby," said Janet timidly.

"Oh, bother kindness," replied Tabby scornfully, and tried to look as if she did not care a straw for what Janet had said; but, though she tried to look so, yet in point of fact she did care for it, and perhaps she remembered Janet's speech long after Janet herself had forgotten that she had made it. For little street-vagabonds like Tabby don't in a general way give much indulgence to their feelings, but yet most of them have a warm corner somewhere in their wild gipsy hearts, and Janet had unconsciously begun to steal into this warm corner in Tabby's.

Was it altogether because she was so helpless and feeble? I can't tell you; nor, if you had asked her, could Tabby either. I don't think we ever know much about why we love one person, and why we don't care about another. At any rate Tabby did not. She was too much a child to reason about almost anything; she was in most things too much like a young wild animal ever to think about anything. She only knew as time went on

that she liked to be with Janet — even though Janet (in her sight) was no better than a weak and useless creature. She got into the way of thinking her quite weak and useless, and with the charming openness of childhood she used to her face to declare her opinion of her, in the simplest and frankest way in the world.

"You ain't got no more wit than a grasshopper," she would tell her. "I never knowed such a head-piece. Why, I think you'd stand before a brick wall, and never know you seed it. One 'ud think as 'ow you'd been born the day after to-morrow!" — and her contempt for Janet's mental powers and acquirements generally was so profound, that even poor Janet, little as she had ever been accustomed to think of herself, fell in her own estimation lower than ever, quite quenched and humbled by her companion's scorn.

And yet, in spite of her companion's scorn, she stuck to Tabby, and Tabby — which was odder still perhaps — stuck to her, and as the days went on the two children were almost inseparable. Many a curious thing, I am afraid, was poured by Tabby's unscrupulous little tongue into Janet's ears; but, if Tabby often talked naughtily, Janet, happily for her, brought so pure and innocent a mind to the reception of Tabby's stories that the badness of them for the most part never hurt her, simply because she did not understand it. Some things that Tabby told her she knew were wrong, and some things she wondered at, hardly knowing if they were wrong or right; but the naughtiness of a good many she never took in or comprehended at all; for there are some natures to which evil is slow to cling, and Janet's was one of these.

So she listened with open ears while Tabby talked, and sometimes Tabby, seeing the innocent large eyes fixed on her face, would, as time went on, instinctively keep back some naughty word that she had got upon her lips, or would leave out some naughty bit in the tale that she was telling, or would occasionally even stop abruptly, with a feeling that she did not comprehend, and not tell the thing at all that she had meant to do.

"You're such a baby! I never knowed any one so green!" she would exclaim irritably, sometimes, after she had checked herself in this way. "I can't think how I puts up with you at all. But there, you can't help it, I suppose; so come on, and let's have one o' *your* stories. Let's hear some more about the pony and that old pa o' yours." And Janet, having grown ac-

customed by this time to the peculiar way in which Tabby gave her invitations, would placidly obey this order, and soon be chattering away about the things she loved so dearly to look back upon, with all her heart in every word she spoke.

It was a pleasant thing to Janet to talk about the years of her past life, and it was little wonder that she liked to do it, but it *was* a wonder, perhaps, that Tabby took any interest in hearing her, or cared, after she had finished her own highly flavored tales, to listen to the tame and quiet stories which were the only kind that Janet could tell. And yet she did care to listen to them. That quick little eager mind of hers, that craved continually for food, and got so little with which to satisfy it, seized on this novel idea of Janet's quiet country life, and from its very contrast, I suppose, to everything that she herself was familiar with, in a curious kind of way became attracted to and possessed by it. Before the children had been together many weeks she was never tired of making Janet talk to her of all the things she used to do, and as Janet poured out her simple tales the other's bright imagination formed pictures of the places and the people and the scenes that were described to her, till, if you could have talked to her, you almost would have thought that she knew them all as familiarly as Janet knew them, and had ridden the little brown pony through the shady lanes, and played in the old garden, and climbed the apple-trees, and taken tea in the rectory parlor, and been acquainted with every old man and woman in the village as well as if she had spoken with her own lips to every one of them.

At first, indeed, for a time she used to look on these mild pleasures of Janet's with a good deal of contempt. She would sneer when Janet told her about the quiet walks in the sweet woods, about the ferns and wild flowers that she used to gather, about the church where her father preached.

"I wouldn't have to go to church for something," she would tell Janet. "Just fancy me a-sittin' in a pew! I say, if I ever was to go, I'd holler out."

"Oh no, you wouldn't!" Janet would remonstrate in a shocked voice.

"Yes, I would, just for fun, to see what they'd do. There's nothing I ain't up to. I'd — I'd think nothing o' runnin' up the pulpit stairs and pinching the parson's legs," Tabby would recklessly exclaim. And, indeed, her conversation on this subject, and on various other grave subjects

besides, was altogether of so irreverent a sort, that Janet, in the early days of their companionship, used to flush all over as she heard her till the blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

But as the weeks went on, somehow Tabby got to do something else than sneer at and make jests of the things that Janet cared for. That life that Janet had led seemed a queer enough life to her, but yet presently something, perhaps, in its simplicity and purity and gentleness, touched the wild little lonely heart. It was as if she was hearing stories of another world, — of a world where nobody had any trouble, where no one ever fought or quarrelled, where the flowers were always blossoming, and the trees were always green, and everybody was gentle and kind and good (for, looking lovingly back upon it all, this was what that lost world of hers seemed now to Janet's tender memory); and as she listened to these tales I think they gradually came to make a kind of dreamy far-off sunshine for her beyond the squalor of her present life, beyond its cold and hunger, beyond its blows and bitter words.

"If you and me keeps together till the summer comes, wouldn't it be a lark to go somewheres for a bit where there's fields and trees!" she said one day to Janet. "I shouldn't care to stop long, I dare say; but wouldn't it be a game to go for a week or two, and see 'em cut the corn or make the hay!"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" echoed Janet fervently, with the color in her face.

And then the two children, as they sat side by side, began to talk of how they would try to do this thing, and to go away into the green country when the summer came, — if they kept together, as Tabby said.

But they never did it, though they planned it all. They never did it, because they did *not* keep together, — for Janet and Tabby had parted company forever long before the summer came.

CHAPTER X.

It had been September when they first met. Gradually, as the winter came on, this wandering homeless life became more and more comfortless. Sometimes it was so cold and bitter in the streets that they were forced to return home before night came, for their thin, ill-clad bodies could not bear the biting blasts, or the chilling rains, the whole day long; but, whatever the weather was, they were obliged to spend a large part of each day out of

doors; for, you know, they had either to beg or steal in order to get their living, and they could only either beg or steal in the streets. . So every day, in rain or wind or snow as much as in sunshine, they had to turn out and stay out until they had earned their bread.

They had to earn their bread, and they had to earn their lodging too. Perhaps you have been thinking that it was rather a kind thing of Tabby's mother to let Janet sleep all these weeks beneath her roof, even though she did not feed her. And so it would have been, no doubt, if she had given house-room to her for nothing. But to give house-room to her for nothing was not what she did at all. She let Janet sleep in her corner on the floor; but she made Janet pay for sleeping there. If the child came home with two or three pence in her pocket, those two or three pence, before she left the house again, had to find their way to the pocket of Tabby's mother. If she came home penniless, she got a box on the ears — or it might be more than one — and a torrent of abusive words. She had to pay pretty dearly for that hard bed of hers. All through the day the thought of the unearned price of it used to be a weight upon her mind. Often when she came in late in the evening, if she had failed to get the money that was needed, she used to lie awake for hours, tremblingly looking forward to the blows and the foul words that would be given her in the morning; for it was in the morning that these scenes usually took place, it being a rare thing for Tabby's mother to come home till after both the children were in bed.

Of course she cared about the blows she got far more than Tabby did. Tabby, too, used to be expected to bring money home, and used to be rated and beaten if she did not bring it. But, you see, she had been accustomed to be rated and beaten all her life, and so a few blows, more or less, never much troubled her, and as for bad words, I am sorry to say that if her mother gave bad words to her, Tabby was quite able to give them back in full measure, and cared no more about doing it than she cared about snapping her fingers. So, whether she brought money back with her at night, or whether she came in without a halfpenny, it never much disturbed Tabby. "She can't do nothing but turn me out of doors, and I'd just as soon she did that as not. What do I care? I does for myself without no help from her," she would exclaim, with saucy independence. And indeed she was right — in part at any

rate — and there was little doubt that, pretty well from the time when she had been able to stand upright, her mother had been of about as little use to Tabby as ever a mother had been to any one in this world.

And yet, though Tabby was right in part, she was not right altogether. She said that her mother could do nothing worse than turn her out of doors. She thought that she could not when she said that; she was a fearless little thing, never afraid of hard blows, accustomed to bear pain like a Spartan; her mother might beat her, and shut the door in her face; that was all that she could do, Tabby thought. But Tabby lived to find that she was wrong.

For several days it had happened that both the children had had a run of ill success. I don't know whether it was the bad weather (it was very bad, wet, wintry weather) that kept people indoors, or whether the cold made them cross and hard-hearted, but poor Janet had begged and begged almost in vain for three long days, till she was sick of doing it, and except a little fruit from a green-grocer's shop, and a roll or two from a baker's barrow, Tabby had not been able in her special way to earn a single thing. They had only between them in the course of these three days got ninepence halfpenny, and the whole of that ninepence halfpenny (and it was little enough) they had been obliged to spend in food. For two nights they had gone home without a farthing to give to Tabby's mother, and when on the third night they still had nothing, Janet sat down upon a doorstep, and burst out crying at last in her distress.

As she was crying, some kind-hearted person in passing stopped, and asked her what was the matter, and gave a penny to her. She had been sobbing out to Tabby, "Oh, don't let us go back yet, she'll beat us so. Don't let us go till we get something." And then, almost as she was saying this, the penny was put into her hand, and the sad sobs began to stop, and the poor little face began to brighten again.

"It isn't much, but it's ever so much better than nothing, isn't it?" she said, with a feeble little glimmer of a smile. "I wish it was in two halfpennies, and then we could each take one; but if we wait a little longer perhaps we may get another — don't you think we may? Oh, if some very kind person would only come, and give us — give us sixpence!"

cried Janet, almost breathless with awe at the extravagance of her own imagination.

"Well, there's never no telling when you may get nothing," replied Tabby, "only there ain't many as gives sixpences, so it ain't likely. But what does it matter?" exclaimed Tabby contemptuously. "If we ain't got no money, we ain't, and there's the end of it. It's uncommon wet and nasty here, I knows, and I'm a-getting as sleepy as tuppence. Oh, I say, come along. You give the penny to her, and that'll keep her tongue off you, and — bless you, d' you think I mind mother's jaw?" And with that Tabby got up from her seat, and the two children, wet through, and cold and hungry, threaded the streets slowly home.

They begged from a good many more people as they went along, but nobody gave anything more to them, and when they reached their journey's end the penny that was in Janet's pocket was still the only penny that they had.

"I wish we could divide it," Janet said wistfully again, and then before they quite got home she offered the whole coin to Tabby. "It doesn't matter which of us has it, you know," she said faintly, trying to look as if she was not afraid to go home empty-handed; but Tabby laughed and pushed the little hand back.

"Don't it matter, though! You'd sing out another song if you'd got mother's eye upon you. I ain't a-going to take it. What's the odds what she says to me? Do you think I can't give her as good as I gets?" cried Tabby scornfully, and skipped up the dark stairs as lightly and boldly as if she was bringing home a pocket full of pence.

The room was empty when they reached it; it was usually empty, even when they came in late. The work that Tabby's mother did, when she did any work at all, was charring, and though she used to end her charring, at such times as she was doing it, pretty early in the evening, yet she never came home early, and rarely came home sober. At ten, at eleven, at twelve o'clock, she used to come in, and sometimes when she came she had been drinking so much that she hardly knew what she was doing.

It was almost twelve o'clock to-night before she returned, and the children had both been a long time in bed; but they had been talking, and Janet was frightened and excited, and they had not been to sleep. They were still both of them wide awake when she came home at last.

Perhaps if it had not been so, the thing that happened then might not have happened. Possibly, if they had not begun to talk together the woman would have gone to bed, and have slept herself sober, and in the morning her temper might not have got the better of her, as it did now when she was half beside herself with drink. But instead of finding Tabby asleep, unhappily she found her awake, and began to talk to her, and then from talking to her she began to scold her. She found out soon enough that all the money the children had brought back was that one penny in Janet's pocket, and then she began to rate them and storm at them for their idleness. As she worked herself up into a passion Janet, cowering with fear and wretchedness, lay silent in her corner; but Tabby, as bold as brass, sat up in bed, and gave back all the abuse she got. It was a bad, miserable, sorrowful scene. It was such a scene as one is ashamed to think about or speak of, and that I would not tell you about at all if it were not that I am obliged for my story to tell you the end of it. The end was this — that the wretched woman, goaded at last by some bitter thing that Tabby said, caught up a brass candlestick from the table and threw it at her.

The candlestick struck the child upon her chest, a great blow that sent her down upon her back with a gasp and cry. The woman looked at her stupidly with her drunken eyes as she fell, and did not go to help her. It was only Janet, trembling and as white as death, who started up and ran to the bedside.

"Oh, Tabby, are you hurt? Oh, Tabby! Tabby!" cried Janet in an agony of terror, for Tabby had got her eyes closed, as if she was stunned, and for a few moments she did not move or speak.

"I think she's broke me right i' two," she said at last, gasping, and in a strange voice, as if she had no breath. "Feels like it, any way. Oh, lor, I'm so sick!" cried the poor child, looking up and trying to rise, and crying out again with pain as she did it.

Perhaps, in spite of her apparent indifference, and mad and reckless as she was, the unhappy woman felt something like alarm at what she had done, for after a minute she got up and came to Tabby's side.

"Lie still, can't you, and stop that noise," she said. "You ain't killed yet. There — lie on your side; you'll be right enough by morning. It's your own fault if you're hurt. Well, if you won't lie on

your side, lie on your back — only hold your jaw."

She moved the child from one position to another, and poor Tabby lay gasping in a curious way, but did not speak any more. Not another thing was done for her. The woman undressed and got into bed, and Janet too went back to her own bed in the corner, and then all the room was quiet, and Janet presently fell asleep, and knew nothing more till it was day.

When she awoke Tabby was sitting up in bed, with a scarlet spot of color on each cheek, and her mother, still lying by her side, was breathing heavily. Janet got up frightened a little at Tabby's look.

"Oh, are you all right?" she asked, hurriedly. "I mean — where you were knocked?"

"Don't seem like it," answered Tabby, shortly. "I can't lie nohow, and I can't tumble about, neither. I ain't had a wink o' sleep."

"Haven't you? And *I've* been asleep all night," cried Janet, remorsefully.

"Well, it wasn't likely you'd be anything else, was it? *You* wasn't knocked down with a candlestick," said Tabby, quite unconscious of what was in Janet's mind, and never dreaming, poor child, that because she was in pain anybody else should have given up their natural rest to look after her.

"I've been a-thinkin' that I don't know how I'm to get my clothes on though," said Tabby in a whisper after a few moments' silence. "I'm a-going to try — before *she* wakes — but I'm blest if I likes the thoughts of it. I'm so thirsty, too, and there ain't a drop o' water."

"I'll go down and get some," exclaimed Janet quickly; and she went and brought a jugful, and the thirsty little lips drank it eagerly.

"Seems to me, you know," said Tabby confidentially, when she had finished her draught, — "I don't know what it is, — but seems to me that something's broke in two. Just you feel. Look — put your fingers here. Don't you press too much! There, now — ain't it?" cried Tabby triumphantly.

"Oh, I don't think it can be! Oh, Tabby, it would be dreadful!" said Janet, with an awed and frightened face.

"Well, I shouldn't mind whether it was broke or not if it warn't for the pain," said Tabby. "That's what bothers me. But p'raps it'll be better when I'm up. We'll have a try any way." And the child got out of bed and began to put on her clothes.

But she could not put them on without help. She could not stoop to put on her boots, and Janet had to put them on the little stockingless feet for her; she could not bend her arm back to fasten her frock.

"Oh, Tabby, you aren't fit to be up. You ought to go back to bed," Janet said, frightened; but Tabby used some strong expression, and declared that she would see Janet at Jericho before she went to bed any more. So then Janet held her tongue, and presently the children went down the stairs together and out into the street.

It was their habit generally to vary their course as much as possible, so that passers-by, and above all policemen, might not get to be familiar with the sight of them; so sometimes they would begin to beg quite close to their own house, and sometimes they would go a long way before they asked for money from anybody. They often used to wander for miles along the endless noisy streets, for Tabby had a curious instinct for always finding out her way, so that they rarely lost themselves, or failed to be able when they wanted to return home.

But this morning they had only walked along a couple of streets when Tabby stopped and said she thought she would like to sit down somewhere.

"I don't seem to ha' got no breath somehow," she said. "Ain't it queer?"

"I wish I could get you something nice and hot," Janet said anxiously. "That would do you good — wouldn't it? Suppose you sit down for a bit, and I'll go on alone."

"Well, I think I'll have to," answered Tabby.

So she sat down on a doorstep, and Janet left her there for half an hour, and at the end of that time came back with a bright face.

"I've got threepence," she said. "Aren't I lucky? A woman gave me twopence, and a man threw me the other penny. Come along now. You can walk to the coffee-place at the corner, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tabby.

So they went to the coffee-place at the corner, and Tabby got her cup of coffee, and looked as if she enjoyed it.

"I think that will do you good," said Janet, complacently watching her as she drank it.

"It 'ud do anybody good," answered Tabby. "Taste it."

So Janet took a modest sip, and pronounced it delicious.

"Take some more," said Tabby.

But Janet would not take any more. "You ought to have it all, you know," she said, "because you're not well. Do you think you'll be better now?"

"Oh, yes," said Tabby, "I'm a deal better. Come on. I think I can go anywhere now."

So they set off cheerfully from the coffee-stall, and walked away down the street, with pretty brisk steps at first; but before they had walked for a couple of minutes poor Tabby was panting again.

"It's just something catches me here. It's such a rum sort o' feeling," said Tabby, forced once more to stand still. "I feel so horrid sick too," she said after a few moments' silence.

There was nothing for it but to sit down again, and they sat down, this time both of them together, and stayed so, side by side, for a long time. It was early in the morning still, and not very many people were about. They sat without doing anything for perhaps an hour, only talking a little now and then, and by the hour's end Janet had begun to clasp her cold little hands about her neck, and to beat upon the pavement with her feet to try and keep them warm. It was a damp and chill December day, not the kind of day that anybody would choose willingly for sitting upon doorsteps.

"I wonder if you could get on a little bit now?" she said at last. "Do you think you could get as far as the carpenter's yard? It would be so nice and warm there."

"Oh yes, I can get on," answered Tabby, bluntly; and she rose up, and they went to the yard; but when they got there her little limbs were trembling under her, and her face was white to her lips.

They sat down together on one of the heaps of wood, and Janet stayed for a little while, and then went away by herself and begged, and towards the middle of the day she returned with a half-anxious, half-hopeful face. She had brought a little loaf with her, and some pieces of cold fried fish.

"Look, Tabby!" she said. "I got this from the shop in Albion Street, you know, where there's the nice woman. I went in to buy the bread, and then — what do you think I did? — I asked her if she would give me something for a little girl that was ill, and she gave me all this lovely fish. Just think!" cried Janet, quite flushed with pride at the brilliancy of her success.

"Well, it looks good," said Tabby, regarding the pieces of fish with a critical eye. "I ain't hungry, but it looks good —

and it smells good too — no, I don't want no bread," she said, pushing back the piece that Janet offered her. "I only wants a bit o' fish. What a pity I ain't hungry! Wouldn't it be a prime dinner if I was!"

She took up a piece of fish and began to eat it. She ate two or three mouthfuls slowly, and then put it down.

"I don't want no more," she said abruptly.

"Oh, Tabby," cried Janet anxiously, "don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes, I likes it," said Tabby. "It's beautiful fish. Only I ain't hungry."

"Do you — do you feel your chest so *very* bad?" asked Janet with a wistful face.

"No, it ain't particular bad," answered Tabby in an indifferent way. "It ain't no better, and it ain't no worse. Oh, it don't signify — I'm right enough," she said almost irritably.

And then Janet finished her dinner in silence, and put the fish that Tabby had not eaten into her pocket.

"It'll keep till supper-time. I daresay you'll like it for supper," she said.

"Oh, yes, I daresay I'll like it for supper," Tabby answered wearily.

She had leant her head back against some piled-up planks of wood; she seemed so tired that Janet said something to her presently about going to sleep.

"I've been a-trying that dodge already," answered Tabby, "but some'ow I gets caught up. Seems as if the bellows wouldn't go right."

"What bellows?" asked Janet, opening her eyes.

"Oh, them bellows inside you. That's what stops me. I can't lie down, and I can't sit up — not to feel comfortable, you know."

"Tabby, I think if you would go home and go to bed —"

"Oh, I'll go home soon enough. Don't bother," said Tabby.

They stayed in the yard till it was growing dusk, and then they walked slowly back along the streets by which they had come. As they went Tabby tried more than once to talk in her usual bold reckless way. You see, one of the few heroic things in this poor little desolate creature was her contempt for pain, and her bravery when she had to bear it. She could not endure to break down under it, as a child more tenderly brought up might have done, nor to allow herself to be conquered by it. By a kind of natural, half-savage instinct she fought against it,

and hardly — now or afterwards — would let it wring a cry from her.

She could scarcely, panting at every step, when they got back to the house, climb up the long staircase that led to their attic. She sat down when at last they had reached the room, with her lips quivering.

"Well, I guess I'm beat for to-night," she said.

"Perhaps you'll be better when you've had a sleep. Don't you think you'll be better to-morrow?" Janet asked eagerly, with her own face white, too, with fear.

"Oh, yes, I daresay I'll be better to-morrow," Tabby answered in a careless tone. "There ain't much wrong with me. You should see what *some* people's like after they've been pitched into. But I suppose I'd best go to bed, any way. No, I can't eat no supper," she said, with something almost like a shudder, as Janet produced the remnants of food that she had saved from their other meal.

So she went to bed, but when she had got there she could not sleep. Through the long night she only dozed a little at times. Her breathing was so difficult that she could not lie down, and she got fevered and restless as the weary hours went on. Late in the evening her mother came home, more sober than she often was, and stared as she saw the child sitting up with her heated cheeks.

"Why, what have you been a-doing with yourself?" she exclaimed, standing still as she looked at her, with the candle she had lighted in her hand.

"I ain't been a-doing nothing," replied Tabby shortly.

"Then why don't you lie down and go to sleep?" asked her mother.

"'Cause I can't," said Tabby. "I can't lie down. There's something broke."

"Something broke in the bedstead?" said her mother anxiously.

The child gave a curious laugh as the woman asked her this.

"No, it ain't in the bedstead; it's in me," she said.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed her mother. "You don't know what you're a-saying of. Lie down, I say, at once. You'd better, or I'll make you."

And then, perhaps because she was too ill to contend, Tabby tried to lie down. But she could not do it.

"It ain't no use. What's the use o' blowing me up about it? If I can't lie down, I can't," she said pettishly, and sat up again, with her head leaning back against the wall.

"Well, I don't know what trick you're up to," said her mother. And then she began to prepare herself to go to bed, as if she was going to take no more notice of the child; but, bad as she was, she was not quite so hard and bad that she could see her ill and in pain and not try to do anything at all for her. She went up to the bedside after a few minutes, and stood there looking at her.

"If you've took the fever, it'll be a nice to-do," she said presently.

"I ain't took no fever," replied Tabby sharply. "Fever! It ain't fever. It was that there candlestick you throwed at me."

"If you says that to any one else I'll give it you," cried her mother savagely.

"I ain't a-going to say it to no one," replied Tabby sullenly.

"I don't believe the candlestick did nothing to you. It ain't likely it should. It may p'raps have bruised you a bit. Let's see."

She uncovered the child's chest, and stood for a few moments looking at the dark marks upon it. Her tone had got a little subdued when she spoke again.

"It ain't nothing but a bruise. You'll be right enough in a day or two. Them bruises is sore sometimes, but they ain't nothing to signify. I've had 'em worse than that many a time. Just go to sleep now, and think no more about 'em."

"I'd like a drop o' water," said Tabby.

So her mother gave her some water, and then put the candle out and got into bed, and the long weary hours went on in silence while the child tried in vain to rest.

There was no going out next morning for Tabby; when morning came she was too ill even to attempt to rise. Janet got up, and looked at her with a frightened face.

"I don't know what's a-going to come to me," said Tabby, speaking still with that same painful catch in her voice. "I feel so queer all over. Shouldn't wonder I was a-going to die."

"Oh, Tabby!" cried Janet, with a great gasp of terror.

"Well, that's what I've been a-thinking, 'cause I can't breathe, you know, and when you can't breathe you has to die. It 'ud be rum — wouldn't it? But I don't know as I should mind," said Tabby carelessly. "I'd most as soon die, I think, as live to grow up and be like mother."

With her heart sinking within her Janet put on her clothes. When Tabby's mother got up she ventured to ask her if they ought not to get a doctor, but the woman

put her down angrily. Naturally she was afraid to send for a doctor, because if she had sent for one she knew that she should have to tell him how she had thrown the candlestick at the child.

"She don't want no doctor. She's just a bit feverish. Let her stop in bed, and she'll come right enough," she said.

So Tabby stopped in bed, and Janet went out alone to her usual wandering in the streets.

It seemed such a long, lonely, weary day to her. It was half ended before anybody gave her so much as a halfpenny: she was faint with hunger before she was able to buy her first morsel of bread. She did not dare to return home till she had got a little money to take back with her, and it was evening and quite dark before she got any money except the penny or two that she was obliged to spend in food. But at last she had threepence in her pocket, and with that she went back to the house.

The room was all dark as she eagerly opened the door and went in.

"Tabby!" she called quickly as she stood on the threshold, and then Tabby's voice answered her.

"Oh, do come along and make a light. I've been a-looking for you such a time," she said.

Janet struck a match, and lighted a candle. Tabby was still sitting up in bed, as when she had left her, but the feverish color had left her cheeks now, and the thin little face was all white and drawn.

"Mother stopped in all the morning," she said to Janet, "but I ain't seen nobody this long while now. I thought you'd ha' been in before it was dark."

"I tried so to come sooner," said Janet, earnestly, "but I couldn't get anything. I've only got threepence now; but I couldn't stop any longer. I wanted so to get back. Tabby, do you think — do you think you're any better?" said the child with her wistful eyes.

"No," said Tabby shortly, "I ain't no better. I feels dreadful. I've been a-dreaming and a-talking nonsense, mother says, — a-going on like anything. I don't know nothing about it. Mother clapped a blister on my back, but la, what's the use o' blisters?" said Tabby contemptuously. "Blisters won't mend you when you're all wrong inside."

She was restlessly shifting her position in bed as she spoke; at every two or three words she caught her breath; the exertion of speaking brought the hot color back into her face.

The fire had gone out, but Janet lighted it again. There was a saucepan with some broth in it standing on the hob.

"Mother made that for me," said Tabby. "Only think! You may drink it up if you like, and I'll say I took it."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," said Janet, quickly.

"What's to hinder you?" asked Tabby. "Nobody 'ud know if you didn't tell. Just you take it, and don't mind nothing."

But Janet would not take it.

"It'll keep till to-morrow. Perhaps you'll be better to-morrow. I've got a bit of bread for supper here," Janet said.

"I wish I could eat a bit o' bread again. But I don't think I shall eat no more suppers," said Tabby quietly.

There was something in the patience with which Tabby bore her suffering that made one think of a dumb animal. Not only now, but on from this time through other weary days and nights she lay on that uneasy bed of hers, never saying one complaining word, never exacting anything from the people round her, never expecting that anything should be done for her. "I know there's something broke," she always said; but she never said it as if she thought that any effort should be made to find out what was broken. The thing was done, and, being done, it never occurred to Tabby's simple, untaught, unreasoning mind that she could do anything else than bear it, just as any other hurt, helpless wild animal might. "They don't have doctors for the likes o' me," she said to Janet once. "Bless you, it wouldn't pay 'em. And the doctors — why, I've heard they kills more 'n they cures," said Tabby, shrewdly, thinking perhaps that on the whole she was well quit of them.

So the days went on, and nobody came to doctor Tabby. Once or twice her mother went to the dispensary, and asked for some medicine for her. The child had a bad chest, she said. She had fallen down when she was playing, and bruised herself. And so the dispensary doctor gave her some liniment to rub upon the bruises; but Tabby could not use it. She tried to let herself be rubbed once; but the pain it gave her almost made her faint. "I'd just as soon you ran a knife into me," she said. So they had to give it up, and day after day she lay in her bed, growing more and more ill and weak.

She liked during these weary days to have Janet with her. Her mother was a great deal kinder than usual to her, and nursed her and attended on her more than perhaps you might have thought she

would; but yet it was always Janet that Tabby liked to have beside her. "You'll let Janet stop in to-day, won't you, mother?" she would ask sometimes in the mornings, and if her mother had to go out herself, or if she was in a good humor, she would perhaps let Janet stay, and the two children would spend the sad, strange hours together. After the first day nothing was ever said again about Tabby trying to get up. Neither she herself, nor her mother, nor even Janet, ever thought that she was getting better.

They often used to sit for long times together talking, only it was Janet mostly who had to talk now; for Tabby could not. She used to tell Tabby over again the stories that she had already told her twenty times, about her happy life before her father died. One day when they were together Tabby said suddenly, —

"I wonder what your pa would 'a made o' me! But he wouldn't ha' tried to make nothing, I suppose. He'd ha' turned up his nose when he saw me, as if he'd smelt something bad."

"Oh no, he wouldn't," cried Janet, eagerly. "He never turned up his nose at anything. Oh, Tabby, if he'd known you he would have been so good to you."

"Would he?" said Tabby, wistfully.

"He was good to everybody. He was so fond of little children. All the children in the village liked him so."

"I think I'd p'raps ha' liked him too. But p'raps not. I'd like to ha' seen him, any way. There's no saying," said Tabby, and then became silent suddenly.

But she was always thinking about that old life of Janet's; it had got a curious hold upon her.

"P'raps I might ha' been good too if I'd been taught," she said one day abruptly. "I ain't as bad as some children is. I daresay you think there ain't none worse than me; but you're wrong. I ain't so *very* bad, Jenny," she repeated pathetically.

Sometimes — as if the thought of them troubled her — she would begin to talk of some of the naughty things that she had done.

"I can't see no harm in taking what nobody'll never miss," she would say; "but it ain't right to steal from them as ain't got much. I stole a sixpence once from a little boy in rags, and I've wished lots o' time I hadn't done it. I'd like to ha' seen that little boy again."

"When I took your shilling that day," she said another time, "I meant to run away with it at first; but I'm glad I didn't.

We wouldn't be a-sitting this way now if I had — would we? Ain't it funny? — the way things turns out. But you and me will never go about together now no more."

"Oh, Tabby, don't say that!" exclaimed Janet at this speech, and burst out crying.

Once she said, —

"I wonder if them angels ever thinks o' such as me! It ain't likely, I suppose; only p'raps, if they was uncommon good and kind they might. I'd not like God to know nothing about me; but I think sometimes if there was a angel just to look after me a bit —"

Poor little untaught, dying Tabby! I think that not the angels only, but God too, are very good and merciful to such as she was.

Tabby had kept her bed for ten days, suffering great pain, and growing gradually, but surely, weaker and weaker. Each day she was able to talk less to Janet; one day came at last when she could not talk any more. That day Janet had been for a long time in the streets. When she had left the house in the morning Tabby had been lying very quiet, and seeming to suffer less than usual. She was still lying quiet when she returned after some hours' absence; but she took no notice of Janet when she went up to her, and her mother, who was in the room, answered irritably when the child, in a startled way, asked if she was worse.

"Yes, I suppose she's worse," she said. "She don't seem to know what's a-going on. I can't do no more for her. She won't take nothing. I'm sure nobody need say I ain't done my best."

In a kind of uneasy, restless way she went to the bedside, and lifted the child up upon her pillow. She stooped over her when she had raised her, and called her by her name, but the familiar word seemed to arouse Tabby's attention only for a moment. Janet spoke to her too, but she made no answer.

Hour after hour in the cheerless, dim-lighted room, the woman and Janet sat together. Once or twice Tabby restlessly murmured a little to herself, but they never caught the words she said. When it was late in the evening the woman, who had been drinking, began to doze over the fire.

Janet had said to her once in an awed whisper, "Do you think she is dying?" The child had never seen death before but once. She asked her question trembling, and the woman answered it sullenly and fiercely.

"How can I tell?" she said. "You shut up, and mind your own business."

And then Janet had not spoken again. But when Tabby's mother began at last to nod over the fire, then Janet, with her heavy heart, stole to the bedside and knelt down there. She knelt for a long time, laying her head down sometimes on the pillow by the child's side, crying passionately in her sorrow. Over and over again she prayed in the simple words that rose up to her lips, "Oh God, forgive Tabby! Oh God, be good to Tabby!" Once she bent over her and kissed her. It was a long, close, clinging kiss, and Tabby, as if she felt the touch of the young lips and recognized it, opened her great dark eyes, and stared up in a startled way for a few moments, and then suddenly smiled.

It was the last smile that ever came upon the little dying face. An hour after that Tabby was lying white and still; and Janet, in her bed in the corner, had got her face turned to the wall, and was crying as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT was she to do without Tabby? She went out into the streets when the morning came, and in all the great world of London round about her that day, I think there was no creature more desolate or friendless. She had had but one thing to lose, and she had lost it. She had had but one friend, and her friend was dead. For a little while she wandered up and down the dreary streets, and then she sat down on the doorstep of an empty house, and stayed there, hopeless and helpless, through the greater part of the long day.

She could not realize yet that her companion, her friend, her playfellow, was gone. It seemed to the child as if she was dreaming some terrible dream from which she must awake soon to see the keen little face still at her side, to hear the sharp little voice again in her ears that she knew so well. As she sat thinking through those sorrowful hours a host of things came back to her memory that Tabby had said and done — things that had seemed hardly worth remembering or noticing at the time, but that made her heart ache to think of now — little kindnesses that Tabby had shown to her — wistful words that the poor young lips had spoken. Perhaps she had done a hundred things in Janet's sight that she ought not to have done, or said a hundred — or a thousand — things that she never should have said; but all these faded back from Janet's memory now, and only the remem-

brance stayed of the good that she had done to her — of the love that the wild little heart had given her. She sat and thought of this, and sobbed passionately as she thought of it. "Oh, I wish I was dead, too!" she cried to herself, desolately, over and over again.

What was she to do? It seemed as if she had no choice except to return again when night came to the wretched home that she had left; and yet it was terrible to her to think of going back there now — it was terrible to her to think of living there alone with Tabby's mother. "I would rather sleep in the streets than go back," she thought. But yet when it grew dark she was frightened to think of sleeping in the streets.

It was a misty, still December night, not cold, but chill and cheerless. The house at whose door she had been sitting was in a quiet back street, and when the early evening closed in, the darkness and silence round her there made her feel afraid, and she rose up and instinctively went back to the busier and more lighted thoroughfares. She had eaten nothing since morning; but some kind person, touched by the tears upon her face, had spoken to her as she sat upon the doorstep, and given twopence to her, and she had this in her hand now. "I had better go and buy some bread," she thought to herself; for she was faint for want of food. So she went to a shop and bought a penny roll, and ate it as she walked along.

A clock struck six as she was eating it, and she said to herself, "The shops will be open for a long time yet. I'll stay out till they begin to shut." For she had been thinking of the night settling down over that sad room where Tabby lay dead, and the thought had made her shudder. How could she go back to it, and lie down there in the dark?

The light about her, the stir and life all round her, brought something like warmth back presently to the poor little childish heart. She tried after a time to begin to amuse herself with looking in at the shop-windows; she wandered along slowly, trying to take a feeble interest in the pretty things she saw. And so the minutes passed on, and another hour struck, and then another; and then here and there some shutters began to be put up. And at last gradually the street began to darken, and, sore at heart, and sick with anguish and terror, she turned her steps home.

She had a mile or so to walk. She had gone slowly for about half the way, still

lingering at the unshuttered windows that she passed, now and then stopping to beg that she might have some money to take back to Tabby's mother. First a woman and then a man had given a penny to her. "I should like to get one more," she thought to herself; and so she begged again from two or three people as they passed her; but they did not give her anything.

She had almost given up the hope of getting another penny, when, turning round from a window at which she had been looking in, she suddenly saw a gentleman dressed like a clergyman passing by, and she thought she would make one last effort to beg from him. So she ran after him quickly, and made her usual petition.

"Please, sir, give me a halfpenny," she said, in her little sad, thin voice, trotting along a step behind him.

He made no answer to her first appeal, and so then she spoke a second time.

"Please, sir, give me a halfpenny," she repeated wearily. And this time there was a tremor — almost a break — in the weak voice, and touched, perhaps, by the sound of it, the gentleman turned round.

He turned round, and — what face do you think it was that Janet saw? For the first wild moment as she looked up to it she could not believe her eyes; for a few moments her breath went from her.

"Janet!" exclaimed the gentleman.

At the sound of that voice, with a great cry the child burst into tears.

"I didn't know — oh, I didn't know!" she began piteously to sob, so cowed and crushed that even when she saw the kind eyes looking at her, her first impulse was to shrink from them, as if she expected, not kindness, but a blow.

But a pair of strong arms lifted her suddenly from the ground.

"My poor child — my poor child!" the familiar voice said again, with such a tone of pity in it that it pierced to the dreary, frightened heart; and with the burden taken from it at last — with all the weary wanderings at last ended — Janet was wildly sobbing the next moment under gas-lamps, and clasping both her hands tight round Dr. Jessop's neck.

It was a December night when Janet found her friend. It is summer-time again now, and the leaves are green on the trees she used to love, and the strawberries are ripening once more in the old garden where she used to gather them; and in the parlor at the rectory a little girl is sitting with a grave pale face and soft grey eyes, that

glance up sometimes, with perhaps a little look of longing in them, from the book before her to the open window where the sunshine and the breeze are coming in.

"My dear," Mrs. Jessop says, "you have got your sum still to do, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," Janet answers quickly; and so does her sum, and then jumps gladly up.

There is the same little pony in the rectory stables that she used to ride a year ago; there are the same old people in the village; the same children, only grown a year older. Instead of one companion, Janet has all the young people of the rectory for her companions now; instead of one playfellow, a little troop of playfellows, with whom she rambles about the pleasant lanes and fields. And she is cared for, and loved, and happy, in the kind new home that is both old and new together, and that is dear from a hundred memories of the days that used to be. Yet, happy as she is, sometimes, when all the others are at play, that little face of hers looks sad and wistful still; and sometimes, when the glad voices of her new friends are in her ears, she thinks sorrowfully of one little pair of lips that are sealed forever, and longs for the sound of one voice that she will never hear again.

From Fraser's Magazine.

REMARKS ON MODERN WARFARE.

BY A MILITARY OFFICER.

It may not be altogether unprofitable, even in these peaceful times (how long will they last?), to glance for a moment at modern warfare. It is not proposed to approach the subject technically; but simply to compare, from certain points of view, the warfare of the present with that of the past, and possibly to draw one or two conclusions from the comparison. There exists a certain class of theorists who hail every fresh invention for the slaughter of mankind with the remark: "I am delighted to hear of it; for the more horrible you make war, the sooner you will put an end to it."

Without stopping to question the correctness of this theory, let us proceed to inquire whether all the murderous science which has lately been expended on war has in reality succeeded in making it more horrible; and, if so, for whom? For in this question there are two classes to be considered — the soldier, and the civilian

whose country becomes the theatre of war.

Let us first consider the case of the soldier. As every one is aware, the chief feature in the military history of the past twenty years has been the vast improvements effected in firearms. We have passed, by successive stages, from smooth-bore muskets of short range, inaccurate firing, and slow loading, to rifles of long range, great accuracy, and rapid firing. In artillery the advance has been proportionate. Every one knows this, but everyone does not know that — strange though it may seem — the result of these improvements has been precisely the reverse of what was intended and what was anticipated; or, in other words, the proportion of killed and wounded was far greater with the old-fashioned weapons than it is at the present day. In proof of this the following facts, which are taken principally from a table in the history of the campaign in Bohemia in 1866, by Col. Cooke, R.E., may be quoted.

At the battle of Talavera (1809) the loss in killed and wounded was one-eighth of those engaged. At Austerlitz (1805) it was one-seventh. At Malplaquet (1709), at Prague (1759), and at Jena (1806) it was one-sixth. At Friedland (1807) and at Waterloo (1815) one-fifth. At Marengo (1800) it amounted to one-fourth. At Salamanca (1812) out of ninety thousand combatants thirty thousand were killed and wounded. At Borodino (1812) out of two hundred and fifty thousand, eighty thousand fell on the two sides. At Leipzig (1813) the French sustained a loss of one-third of their total effective. At Preussich-Eylau (1807) fifty-five thousand were killed and wounded out of a combined total of one hundred and sixty thousand combatants, giving a loss of more than one-third; while at Zorndorf (1758), the most murderous battle which history records in modern times, out of eighty-two thousand Russian and Prussian troops engaged, thirty-two thousand eight hundred were stretched upon the field at the close of the day.

Let us now come to more recent times. The first great battle in which rifled firearms were used was Solferino (1859), and when the war broke out it was confidently predicted that the effects of the new weapon would be frightful; but the loss actually fell to one-eleventh of those engaged. At Königgrätz, where, in addition to rifled weapons, one side was armed with breechloaders, the actual loss was further diminished to one-fifteenth. Finally we

come to the last war, in which the proportions were, Worth one-eleventh, Gravelotte one-twelfth, and Sedan one-tenth. These figures may surprise many who, not unnaturally, imagined that improved weapons entailed increased slaughter. It is not intended to imply that battles are not still sanguinary, but it is incontestable that they are much less so than they were.

But it is not merely on the battle-field that the soldier's risk is now diminished, but throughout the whole campaign. Railways afford a more adequate supply of medical and other necessities to the front, and a more rapid transfer of the sick and wounded to their permanent hospitals. The labors of the Geneva Society have materially conduced to the same end. Buildings and tents covered by the red cross are held to be sacred from fire; rules are laid down for the treatment of prisoners of war; explosive bullets are also forbidden; and to such a length has this spirit of mitigating the horrors of war extended that nothing but the *esprit de corps* of those who wield the lance has saved the "queen of weapons" from disestablishment. So much for the soldier in time of war. It only remains to remark that, if successful, he is rewarded and honored; if defeated, he obtains at least sympathy; and if wounded, a pension.

But how does the case stand for the civilian whose home happens to be situated in the theatre of war? What has been done for him? Absolutely nothing. The enormous area of country occupied by the vast numbers of men and horses which constitute modern armies, and the rapidity of their movements, combine to render their presence in an invaded country more than ever a national calamity; and the position of the unfortunate civilians, as a body, far from improving, becomes worse and worse. The non-combatant must stand by and see his house burnt, or turned into a barrack. His crops are trampled down, his orchards felled, his cattle slaughtered, his horses and waggons impressed, his very food requisitioned, and himself, family, and belongings turned destitute on the world. No surgeon is waiting to tend him if sick or, as not unfrequently happens, wounded. All the available care, energy, and attention of his government are concentrated on the army, while he must suffer unnoticed and uncared for. After the storm of war has passed, some inadequate charity, and some tardy compensation from the government which has been unable to defend

him, begins to flow in; but these are as mere raindrops in the vast desert of misery; and, indeed, what money, what gifts, what kindness can compensate him for such misfortunes? And the worst of it is that there is no remedy for him. So long as the possession of the capital or other large town is the great goal of the military race, so long must armies traverse the country to reach it. Thus we see that while everything is done to preserve the life, mitigate the sufferings, and supply the wants of the soldier, no thought is given to the civilian. In war everything must give way to military considerations, and every soldier's life is of definite value.

It has already been shown how the proportion of killed and wounded becomes less as science advances; and, as far as the light of history is shed on war, the diminution has indeed been great. We have seen how the slaughter at Zorndorf exceeded that of Sedan; and, according to history, Zorndorf was child's play to Cressy, where the French loss is stated to have been, in *killed* alone, eleven princes, one thousand two hundred knights, and thirty thousand men.* This again is exceeded at Cannæ, where, out of an army of eighty thousand Romans, fifty thousand were left on the field when the battle was over; * and, to take another instance from the same war, the battle of the Metaurus, where an army hastening to reinforce Hannibal was not merely defeated, but destroyed.

Truly war was butchery in those days! But why, the non-professional reader may ask, are battles less proportionately sanguinary than they were, in spite of modern improvements? Because every improvement made in weapons from the earliest recorded history of war has entailed corresponding alterations in tactics to meet it, and obviate, as far as possible, its effects. Instead of standing in massive columns, or in line with close ranks two and three deep, and reserving their fire until they could "see the whites of their enemy's eyes," troops now engage at longer distances, in loose order, and take advantage of whatever cover is to be found.

But it is not merely on the battle-field, as already observed, but throughout the campaign, that the soldier's life is now more jealously guarded. The noble efforts made by charitable societies have been mentioned; but other and far more pow-

erful agencies are at work to do more than mitigate, to prevent. The great social feature of the present day is "pace;" everything goes ahead, and armies must conform to this rapid order of things. Accordingly military operations and results which used to occupy years are now compressed into months; it might almost be said, weeks. The war of 1859 was declared by Austria on April 26; the first action, Montebello, was fought on May 19; and the war was finished at Solferino on July 24. In 1866 the Prussians virtually declared war by crossing the Austrian frontier on June 23, and in seven weeks the latter power was forced to come to terms at the very gates of her capital. Prussia received the French declaration of war on July 19, 1870. On September 2 France's last army in the field was destroyed at Sedan, and the last shots were fired on February 2, 1871. Here, then, we have at once an immense saving of life. The long delays, which meant, for the soldier, exposure to the weather and to sickness; the defective communications, entailing insufficient food; the slowly dragging campaign with all its privations and hardships—all these fertile sources of disease and death have vanished, or are vanishing. It is true that the French soldiers both in and out of Metz suffered terribly from want of proper food and supplies; but it must be remembered that their administration was exceptionally bad, and the very magnitude of their defects will prevent a repetition of them.

Let us, for comparison, take one or two instances from the wars of the first Napoleon. Here is the state of his army during the invasion of Russia in 1812, not after but *before* meeting the enemy otherwise than in small skirmishes:—

From the want of magazines and the impossibility of conveying an adequate supply of provisions for so immense a host, disorders of every kind had accumulated in a frightful manner on the flanks and rear of the army. Neither bread nor spirits could be had; the flesh of overdriven animals and bad water constituted the sole subsistence of the soldiers . . . and before a great part of the army had even seen the enemy, it had undergone a loss greater than might have been expected from the most bloody campaign. When the stragglers and sick were added to the killed and wounded the total reached one hundred thousand.*

Again: Masséna entered Portugal in

* Kausler's "Ancient Battles."

* Alison's "History of Europe."

October 1810; spent weeks and weeks in futile examination of the lines of Torres Védras; and recrossed into Spain on April 3, 1811, "having lost thirty thousand men by want, sickness, and the sword."* As the only action of any importance that occurred during the retreat was that of Barrosa, at which the French loss was under a thousand, the reader can estimate for himself what proportion of the total loss was due to "want and sickness."

These are but two instances out of many that might be quoted, but enough. Such protracted neglect and suffering would be impossible in these days, for the simple reason — if for no other — that the soldier is now much too expensive an article to be squandered in such a wholesale manner. Much, of course, remains to be done; but the attention which governments are now compelled to give to the subject, aided by the private efforts which the enthusiasm caused by the outbreak of war never fails to excite, will provide the necessary means and the power of properly applying them. The day seems to be approaching when the soldier of any country having any pretensions to be a military power may take the field, confident that, apart from the strain on his constitution arising from a short but arduous campaign, the only danger he will incur will be from his foeman's weapons. If he will only look back and compare his lot with that of his military ancestors he will think himself fortunate.

When we consider the position of the civilian, who may find his country the theatre of future wars, we wish we could think his prospects equally hopeful.

It would be useless to attempt to give statistics of the losses inflicted on a country which is overrun by an invading army. Suffice it to say that the agricultural losses alone sustained by France in 1870-1 have been estimated at *one hundred and seventy million pounds*. It would be difficult enough to ascertain the loss in worldly goods represented by this vast sum; but who could calculate its equivalent in sorrow, misery, starvation, disease, and death in all its various and most fearful shapes? We cannot help thinking that the sufferings of the civilian in war call more loudly for sympathy than those of the soldier; but, unfortunately, there is none to hear. As long as the civilian is merely an accessory in the picture of which the soldier is the foreground, so long must he suffer comparatively unnoticed. A dead soldier

is buried, a wounded one removed easily enough, their wants are soon provided for; but a ruined and devastated home cannot be restored, and its scattered inhabitants collected in any appreciable time, perhaps never. Sometimes, too, the unhappy civilian, goaded to madness at the miseries inflicted on him, seizes arms and joins with the fury of despair in the defence of his village or farmhouse, as at Bazeilles and Chateaudun, thereby giving to his enemies a fresh handle, which they never fail to use, for increased exactions and further severity. The brevity of modern campaigns, which have so materially benefited the soldier, produce no mitigation for the invaded country, for what is gained in time is lost in the numbers and rapidity of modern armies.

There seems to be absolutely no possibility of modifying the position of the inhabitants of an invaded country. All, then, that can be done is to confine the area of operations as much as possible; and we cannot help thinking that the tendency of modern warfare is in this direction — that nations will in future endeavor to fight their battles and finish their quarrels nearer to their frontiers than was formerly the case.

Time was when a country might be invaded and half of it overrun and occupied while the other half remained almost in ignorance; but we have changed all that. All parts of a civilized country are now so closely connected by commerce, travel, and intercommunication of every sort, intelligence is so rapidly and widely diffused, that when an invasion takes place every one knows, and what is more, every one feels. It has already been observed how terrible a visitation is the presence of a hostile army. Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent, in fact are, whole nations in arms. After the battle of Sedan, notwithstanding the heavy losses she had suffered in the campaign, Germany had eight hundred thousand men on French soil. A comparison will give some idea of the vastness of this host. On October 16, 1813, there were assembled for the battle of Leipsic the military strength of three empires and three kingdoms, yet the total capitulation of the forces was *less than one half* of the number above mentioned.

The national character of modern warfare being admitted, a result once established will generally be decisive for the war in which it occurs; and should be considered so, for national superiority is

* Alison's "History of Europe."

of a kind that cannot be gainsaid or set aside. Austria saw this in 1866, and accepted the hard and bitter truth in time to save herself. It would have been well for France had she done the same. The triumph of Germany in 1870 was no mere military triumph, but a national triumph, due to causes in accordance with which nations rise and fall. What France wanted after Sedan was a head clear enough to perceive this, and a hand strong enough to apply the only remedy, peace at any price. The writing was on the wall, traced in characters of blood and fire, but there was no one to read it. The only effect of her protracted resistance was to place her more and more at the mercy of the conqueror, and to prolong almost indefinitely the period that must elapse before she can renew the struggle.

The moral of this is, that nations should keep their armies on the principle of sudden expansion and mobilization, ready to throw every man, every horse, and every gun on the frontier, for there and there only should the battle be fought. And this is what is actually being done. The next war between two leading powers will probably see even the celerity of 1870 outstripped as regards preparation, and in the interests of the civilian it is to be hoped that the struggle may be fought at or near the frontier. Then, although the condition of those residing on the spot will be no better, the devastation will be confined to a smaller area. More than this it is at present impossible to hope for.

P. S. C.

From Temple Bar.

VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON.

A SPANIARD, making his tour of inquiry through England, would glean no smattering at all of English national character from a visit to an English model prison. He would merely see law and order exhibited in their severest features, and the stolid rustic, the clever artisan, and the acute man of business reduced to machines for picking oakum to some purpose, or working on the treadmill for none. He would see the ploughman called, for the first time in his life, No. 1 and the fine gentleman No. 2; while the coarse prison dress, worn alike by one and all, would show him no difference between classes.

In Spain, however, where a certain wild freedom, a certain respect of persons, is mingled with excessive oppression and

tyranny, the case is far different. In a Spanish prison each inmate wears the dress in which he enters, which generally betokens his particular province, and certainly his station in life; he is called by his usual name, and he is free to do as he likes, whether his "like" be to work or to gamble, or to sleep the hours away.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, or lock-up, or *cárcel*; secondly, the ordinary prison, or *cárcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, and those undergoing or awaiting trial, are kept; and, thirdly, the *presidio*, or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last, the convicts, called *presidarios*, work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are sentenced to as much as fifteen years of *presidio*. In the *presidio* the discipline is stricter; the clothes worn are generally prison garments; the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and, therefore, it is to a *cárcel* proper, or ordinary jail, that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large, square stone building of three storeys, with the usual *patio*, or spacious courtyard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line kept guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within; in the prison is, also, close to the door, a guardroom, where a party of six soldiers, and a *cabo*, or sergeant, were dozing, or writing on the sloping tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As we entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clear enough, the following sight met our eyes: about thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillos*, lounging about or leaning against the wall chatting gaily enough; there was the peasant, from the wilds of the *campo*, his colored handkerchief knotted round his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim artisan, in his jacket and striped trousers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a fine flannel vest and white trousers, the day being intensely hot. Just

then a door opened, and two prisoners, called *bastoneros* — men who have a separate room, and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostores* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline among their fellows — entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado* or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The quantity of this seemed to me greatly to exceed that of the food given for one meal in the civil or military prisons of England; but it must be remembered that the appetite of the Spaniard of the lower orders greatly exceeds that of an Englishman of the same class. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup-plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes, would be no more than an average meal.

As regards quality, the mess of red pottage presented to the prisoners was very good. The mess consisted of gourds, flour, garvancos, tomatoes, and lumps of bacon stewed up together to something of the same consistence as old-fashioned English pease-pudding. When each man's platter was filled, one of the *bastoneros* brought in a dish of small square pieces of bacon, and meted out one or two pieces to each man. This is the usual custom of the peasantry. I have often been dining with the family circle of a fisherman or laborer, and when we had finished the stew the master would rise, with all possible gravity, bring the little pieces of boiled bacon and pork sausage in the stewing-jar, and carefully, beginning with his wife and daughter, mete out an equal share of these tidbits to us all. It offends the family much if, after eating the stew, you reject the little piece of bacon.

The daily scale of diet for the prisoners I ascertained to be as follows:—

Morning, at 11 A.M., stew or pottage as above described, the ingredients being varied from day to day. Of this the prisoner has invariably more than he can eat. Sometimes it is made with rice; sometimes with *fideos* or vermicelli. Water, *ad libitum*; bread, good, 18 oz.

Evening, at 5 P.M., *gazpacho*. *i.e.* lettuce, raw tomatoes, lumps of bread, raw onions sliced, floating in an ample quantity of oil, vinegar, and water.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with anything he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the careworn, tearful, grey-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost."

And so, although most of the inmates of this prison were of the lowest classes, yet about one in every five supplemented his stew with a bunch of white grapes (now July) just coming into season, or a small *sandia* or water-melon, and a cigarette.

As these poor fellows took away their platters and their bit of bacon each one said to us, "Have you breakfasted, sirs? If not, eat with us; the breakfast is regular (*i.e.* ordinarily good) to-day."

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the courtyard, and when I peered over their shoulder to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, who, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the courtyard, and were now the pets of the *patio*! Certainly this courtyard, with its smoking, chatting inmates, cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, their gay sashes, and picturesque costumes, lit up by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borracheria* (drunkenness) brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offences, yet that they were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfil their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

From this *patio* we passed up-stairs, and investigated the upper storeys.

The sleeping-arrangements, etc., were

as follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls whitewashed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama*, when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petati*, a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoa-nut fibre; when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta*, and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios*, and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead, to serve as a chair by day). No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, is allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast; many had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping-place; some had a second suit of clothes, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although they are searched if it is suspected that they have one on their person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in, in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortable, but it appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary, and the closets were, for Spain, where any cleanliness in those regions is very rare, fairly clean and sweet.

These men are classed thus: in one place will be ten murderers, or slayers of men; in another, ten *transitarios*, or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio*, and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by civil guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back, and so on.

All the inmates are allowed to walk about the cloisters of the especial storey to which they belong, and sometimes they all meet together in the lower *patio*, on days when they see their advocates. No prison dress of any sort is supplied; but should a man be a stranger, and penniless, the prison authorities supply him with a bed, such as it is, just sufficient to keep his bones from the bricks. In winter each man is allowed an extra rug. If any man has money on his person when taken, it is taken by the *alcaide*, or governor of the

prison, who enters the amount in a book, and from whom the prisoner can draw his money, at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, until all his store is exhausted.

Another liberty allowed to the prisoners is that of a separate apartment, which is yielded to any prisoner who can afford to "keep himself," or, as it is called, forego his rations. The rooms set aside for this purpose were perfectly bare, and untenanted just now; they seemed to differ from the others only in having a larger amount of light, and a good view of the busy street below. This license certainly seems like the exhibition of the refrain, "One law for the rich, and another for the poor;" and yet one almost shudders to think of the ribald and obscene talk which must deaden the ears of any one accustomed to a purer tone of conversation than is usual with the Spanish lowest classes. With them blasphemy, obscenity, and swearing have long since lost their pungency, and perhaps—let us hope it is so—their guiltiness, for constantly one meets with a really good and honest fellow among the lower classes, whose conversation is absolutely interlarded with oaths most awful, and obscenity most revolting.

I may here remark that no prisoner, of any sort or kind, may have wine or liquors brought to him under any pretext, except when ordered by the medical man.

The *enfermeria*, although somewhat dark, and, of course, comfortless enough, possessed six iron bedsteads, and comfortable bedding. It seemed well ventilated, the floor and walls clean, and the two men nurses kindly and intelligent. Only one man was there, who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs; a fine black-bearded, stalwart fellow he seemed, and very delighted with our visit. Although evidently in much suffering, when I expressed the hope that God would soon relieve his pain, he raised himself on one arm, and said, "A thousand thanks, and may you be spared bodily suffering."

The medical man receives as his salary £5 per month, and visits the prison daily; of course, out of that modest sum, he is not expected to pay for the drugs which he may see fit to order. The *alcaide*, or head-gaoler, receives £60 per annum, and a house within the prison walls for his wife and himself. He should, perhaps, be dignified by the title of "governor of the prison." The six or eight *llaveros*, or under-warders, receive £40 per annum, and rooms in the prison. We visited one, and found him and his wife really nice people. The chaplain visits twice a week:

once in the week, and once on Sundays. He holds a *misa* in the church once on Sunday, and on every feast-day, at which the prisoners attend, but rarely delivers any sermon. He also, I believe, receives a fixed salary. He also confesses those who desire it. Auricular confession however, is, I fancy, not very much in vogue among the class of persons who are found within these walls, although the Spanish peasant, instinctively true to the traditions of his forefathers, uses the phrase, "a man who never confesses," as a term of reproach. Thus, with the usual quaint humor of his class and race a Spanish peasant said to me, in reference to a pair of savage hawks which I kept, and which made an onslaught on his fingers to some purpose, "*No me gustan: hay una gente que no confiesa,*" i.e., "I do not like them; they are a people who never confess."

Holy communion is also celebrated at stated times; but the communicants are few. The Church in Spain strictly enjoins confession and participation in the holy communion once a year, at least, as absolutely necessary, and bids the heads of houses see that their servants fulfil at least this infinitesimal part of their Christian duties. No one is forced to confess, nor would a Protestant, if imprisoned, be forced, I believe, to attend the public service.

We visited the kitchen, the judge's office, where the judge sits and examines the prisoner, who is presented at a grating in front of the judicial desk, looked in wonder at the mass of documents piled up on the shelves, and then visited the dormitory where the four worst cases were collected together. The warder said to me, "You shall now see four men who have bad papers; who have committed manslaughter or murder." I expected to see the villanous, low type of criminal character so common in England among those who commit such crimes, and was surprised when I walked in to see four cleanly-dressed, handsome, open-faced young fellows, two of them of enormous physical strength, who greeted me with a bright smile, accepted a cigar apiece very graciously, and asked if I would break my fast with them.

One of them, I believe, had killed a policeman; another had slain his fellow deliberately, and not in hot blood; a third, who surely had no place in such company, had been attacked by four men, and killed one in self-defence. They shook hands

with us on parting, and told me they were fairly comfortable.

All these offences were committed with the *navaja*, or clasp-knife.

Lastly, we visited the women's part of the house. Its accommodation was exactly the same as that of the men, namely, the four whitewashed walls, the brick floor, a stretch of cloisters, or empty rooms, in which to take their dreary daily walk, the usual little beds, now rolled up against the wall to serve for a seat. Around the walls sate five young women, decently but poorly dressed; one, a handsome, dark-browed Cordovese girl, from the Sierra, who seemed not more than nineteen years of age, and whose magnificent black hair, neatly braided, would have reached to her knees, had a pretty little babe of nine months old playing at her feet. Her offence was that of being an accomplice in horse-stealing, and as, of course, with Spanish honor, she would not betray her accomplices, she may have to suffer a long term of imprisonment.

According to Spanish law, or custom (which latter prevails more in this country), a mother may have with her in prison a baby at the breast, a good and wise regulation, we think, in a country like Spain.

The employment of these five women was sewing. The men did absolutely nothing, except four or five who took in a daily paper, and conned in a dreamy way its uneventful details, and other few who knitted stockings.

One of the women was knitting a pair of garters—a useful article in Spain, where the knife is always carried in the garter when carried by a woman!

The average age of the men seemed from twenty-one to thirty-one. The majority were in prison for stabbing and robbery; one for forgery, one for rape, none for arson, fifteen or twenty for *escándalos*, i.e., disturbances; and about as many for drunkenness.

Among the curious customs prevalent in these prisons are the following:—

Supposing a gentleman's coachman be imprisoned for a trifling offence, say drunkenness, and his master requires his services to take his family into the *campo* for an airing, he is in such a case allowed to go out for the day, his master becoming personally responsible for his coachman's reappearance.

Another curious custom is, that on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week a table is placed in the street beneath the

prison windows, whereon the passers-by place their offerings of copper, silver, or gold for the use of the prisoners who have no money. This is collected, at sundown, by a warder, and is distributed equally among the poor of the prison.

A tax, also, is levied on the sellers of cattle in some places, namely, the heads of all the beasts killed to be boiled down into soup for the prison stews. In the prison of which I write this was the case. I ascertained that out of the hundred prisoners only about eighteen could read or write, or both. The faces of the prisoners, as a rule, struck me as not of a villanous type, but expressive of that uneducated, religionless phase of character so common, alas! to the Spanish poor, which they themselves describe as *bruto*, i.e., very animal.

The cost of each prisoner, ordinarily, to the *ayuntamiento* of the town is 5*d.* per diem; in the infirmary, wine and *caldo* (thin soup) are allowed when prescribed by the medical man.

There is in each prison a room for the executioner, called *el cuartel de verdugo*; the hangman is called *verdugo*; the condemned man, *el reo*; the hangman's rope, *la blanca*; to go to execution, in prison slang, *andar á la blanca*; to be on the point of execution, *amarrado en la blanca* (tied in the white rope). Hanging, however, although it has been resorted to in other days, has given place to the *garrote*, or strangling, which is the method of execution still in vogue where capital punishment is resorted to. The operation is as follows: the *garrote* is an iron collar of great strength, with a screw of enormous power of compression at the back; one turn of this breaks the vertebra of the spine, just below the head, and causes instantaneous death. The *reo*, or condemned person, is bound by a chain round the waist, and placed for a day in front of the altarpiece of the prison chapel for prayer and reflection, a priest visiting him from time to time; he is then conducted, probably, to the very spot where he committed the crime for which he is to suffer, if it be in the town, or, if not, to some *plaza* in the town, perhaps to the market-square; he is attended by a priest, who prays with him all the way, and earnestly beseeches him to confess all and relieve his conscience; in his shackled hands the *reo* carries an image of brass, the *Santo Cristo* or crucifix; he is then seated on and bound to a strong wooden seat like an armchair, the iron collar is adjusted, the screw put on, and, in a moment, the neck

is compressed into a mere elongated pulp, and the tongue and eyes loll out from the head. In some cases the body is left for some hours, in others it is removed at once. Capital punishment is not, however, as a general rule, inflicted. It is very difficult in this country, where manslaughter and murder tread so closely upon the heels of one another, where crime is so difficult of proof, and where life is set so little store by, to say when recourse should justly be had to such an extreme measure.

Two stories, one of which was on every one's lips some forty years since, the other, which is now much spoken of, shall here be recounted, ere we seek, in conclusion, to "gather honey from the weed," and glean some lessons of warning or example even from the barren courts of a Spanish prison.

Forty years ago a murderer was being taken out to execution in the precincts of the town of Sevilla; the priest preceded him, commending his blood-stained soul to the mercy of that God against whom he had sinned so grievously; in his hands the prisoner carried the heavy brass image of his Redeemer. Just as they neared the *garrote* the man said to his confessor, "I have a last confession to make." The priest turned, and, throwing the ample folds of his black canonicals over his own and the man's head, approached his ear to the murderer's lips; in a moment the man raised up the crucifix, and absolutely cleft the skull of his innocent confessor with one arm of the cross, and he fell dead. The prisoner got but one day's respite by this awful device, saying, "*Uno dia de vida, es vida*" (One day of life is life, at any rate). Of that higher life which, even at the last hour, he might, through his Creator's mercy in Christ have won his share, if but a little share, this fellow evidently either knew nothing, or thought nothing; and, indeed, we fear that even now thousands are sunk in utter hopelessness, utter indifference to the world and life to come; to smile, and love, and eat, and quarrel; to risk life, and to take away life; such, too often, is the picture, only too fearfully true, of the Spaniard of the lower orders.

The other story is of a different kind.

But a few days since, in a town of Catalonia, two men were led out to be garroted. They had, probably, murdered a civil guard or a policeman, offences which are still, as a rule, visited with death in Spain. The executioner despatched one, and was proceeding to fit the iron collar to the throat of the other, when he found, on try-

ing to turn the screw, that, owing to some peculiar malformation of the neck, the instrument would not work. The wretched prisoner was in intense agony for as much as thirty minutes, when the executioner took the collar from the dead man, and endeavored to make it perform its work on the other. In this, however, he failed; and the wretched man was taken back, alive, although badly hurt, to the prison. A telegram, asking for instructions, was sent to the government at Madrid; and, with characteristic generosity, King Alfonso at once telegraphed back a remittal of the sentence.

It may be said that we have learnt but little in our visit to the prisons of Spain. The sight of a host of one's fellow-creatures herded together, with no employment save talking, gambling, making stockings, and smoking, is a pitiable one; but if it makes us value more the elements of usefulness in our prisons at home — the work done by the prisoners — the instruction offered them, secular and religious — the privacy, which at least prevents the exceeding contamination which must ensue on the herding together of a host of human beings of the lowest tastes and habits, without any ennobling influence; if it makes us value the law and order, the strict meting out of justice to poor and rich alike, without partiality or respect of persons; if it makes us cling firmly to the institutions of our own country, then, I think, our visit to a Spanish prison will have taught us one good lesson at least — to be thankful for our own enlightened administration at home.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE "VENUS" OF QUINIPILY.

"Quant à la figure, jamais je ne parviendrai à exprimer son caractère étrange." — *La Vénus d'Ille*.

PROSPER MERIMÉE, in one of the most striking of his very charming short stories — that from which we have made our quotation — tells how a statue of Venus, supposed to be an antique, was dug up in the grounds of a French antiquary, and how, being offended, she instantly avenged herself, and afterwards compassed the death of an unwary youth who had placed a ring on her bronze finger on the eve of his marriage. The story is weird and unnatural, and it haunts the memory; for years after reading it I had somehow connected it with the famous statue of Quinipily, near Baud, in Brittany, although the

scene of "*La Vénus d'Ille*" is laid at the foot of the eastern Pyrenees.

It may be that the statue of Baud created for Mérimée this strange fantastic story, although in his notice of the idol he denies its claim to antiquity; but when, some years after reading "*La Vénus d'Ille*," I met with an account of the "Venus" of Quinipily, the Breton statue became to me something which I longed to see, and yet something from which I shrank with a vague dread; and when, some months since, the longed-for opportunity arrived, my expectation was at its height.

We were so shaken by an hour-and-a-half's drive from St. Nicholas in a cart without springs that, as the little town of Baud seemed to offer no inducement to explore it, we rested at the inn, the *Chapeau Rouge*, before setting out to see the statue. The inn seemed to be kept by a father and daughter; the latter waited on us, and expressed much disappointment when she heard that we could not stay the night.

"Ah," she shook her head and looked very melancholy, "it is so with travellers; they miss much that they should see. Ah, it is a pity not to stay. If Monsieur saw us on Sunday, he would find plenty to fill his sketch-book with; no need to go to St. Nicodème for that; our dresses are something to see as we come out of church; we have velvet so wide," measuring about three inches off her finger, "on our skirts."

Her working-dress was very quaint, the broad lappets of her flat muslin cap being pinned across the back of her head so as to give the appearance of a white pyramid. Her black cloth dress had the square opening of the body filled as usual by a white muslin kerchief, but the sleeves were very graceful — unlike any we had seen in Brittany — wide and open at the wrist, with loose white undersleeves.

She was very *piquante*-looking — much fairer than any Bretonne we had met with. She said that though her life had been passed at Baud, and though St. Nicholas was the next station, she had never seen the Pardon of St. Nicodème. "But then," she gave a deep sigh, "we are five kilometres from the station."

She fetched a dark-eyed little boy to guide us to the statue; and certainly we should not have found the way easily without him. Leaving the high-road, we went across a field of sweet-scented clover, and then through a plot of buckwheat, covered with delicate white flowers, trem-

bling on their scarlet stalks. Spreading chestnut-trees rose up out of the hedges, giving grateful shade, for the sun was still hot, and we were glad to reach a lofty wood clothing the side of a steep hill. The path through the trees is cut on the side of this hill, and we saw the high-road at some distance below through the trunks of the trees. These are planted so closely, and are so tall and overshadowing, that there is a dim mysterious light in the wood in keeping with the strange relic of pagan superstition to which the path leads. Blocks of moss-stained granite show here and there among the trees — brambles and furze border the winding, uneven path, which takes its way now up-hill, now down-hill, between the tall dark trees. It is a singularly lonely and romantic walk. Here and there, where the trees opened, the golden afternoon sunshine streamed through, lighting up the grey-green trunks, and glowing on the crimson arms of brambles as they lay, seemingly idle, but really strangling the seeded gorse.

About half-way through the wood is a large rock, clothed with moss and brambles. A niche has been carved in the granite, and in it is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Little steps cut on one side lead to a turfed resting-place above, and from here one sees the dark forest of Camors beyond the trees of the wood.

We had seen at St. Nicholas the hill of Castennec on the opposite side of the Blavet, and had learned that anciently it was occupied by the Roman station of Sulis. On this hill, near the farm La Garde (now Couarde), once stood the mysterious statue we were going to see. There is no precise information to be gathered about its origin. Some authorities say it is Egyptian, some Gallic or Roman, others say that it only dates back to the sixteenth century. So much, however, is certainty — that it was called La Couarde, or La Gward, and that it was looked on with great reverence, and assiduously worshipped by the peasantry till the end of the seventeenth century. Offerings were made to it, the sick "touched" it in order to be cured of diseases, women after the birth of a child bathed in the large granite basin at its foot, and various pagan and foul rites were enacted before it.

The clergy at last interfered to stop this heathen worship; they besought Claude, Count of Lannion, to destroy the statue of La Couarde, and the count caused the idol to be taken from its pedestal, and thrown down from the hill of Castennec

into the river below; but this dethronement of their goddess enraged the peasantry, and when, soon after, abundant rain set in, and destroyed their harvest, they looked on this as a token of the anger of their insulted idol. They assembled in great numbers, drew the statue from the bottom of the river, dragged it up the hill again, and set it triumphantly in its ancient place. According to Monsieur Fouquet of Vannes, La Couarde was thrown twice into the Blavet; the second time by Count Claude, in 1671, and on this occasion her bosom and one arm were mutilated. The peasants continued to worship her after her second restoration till 1696, and then Charles Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes, resolved to stamp out this degrading paganism from his diocese. He called on Peter, Count of Lannion, son of Claude, to break up and utterly destroy the image of La Couarde.

Now, although Count Peter was an obedient son of the Church, he was an intellectual man, and an antiquary also, and he could not bring himself to destroy this singular relic of the superstition of so many ages. He therefore decided on removing the statue and its granite basin to the courtyard of his own château of Quinipily, and we are told it took forty yoke of oxen to drag the huge mass of granite from Castennec to the château. More than once during its passage the soldiers came to blows with the peasants, furious at the loss of their idol.

The nature of the worship paid to La Couarde seems to have deceived Count Peter into the belief that the image was a Roman Venus; he therefore caused it to be placed above a fountain with these inscriptions on the four sides of its lofty pedestal: —

Veneri Victrici vota C. I. C.

C. Cæsar Gallia tota subacta dictatoris nomine inde capto ad Britanniam transgressus, non seipsum tantum sed patriam victor coronavit.

Venus, Armoricorum oraculum, duce Julio C. C. Claudio Marcello et L. Cornelio Lentulo, coss. ab. v. C. DCCV.

P. Comes de Lannion paganorum hoc numen populis huc usque venerabile superstitioni eripuit, idemque hoc in loco jussit collo cari anno domini 1696.

The château of Quinipily has disappeared. There is now only a farm; and passing by this, we caught a glimpse of the statue among the trees.

We went through a gate, and soon reached a stone fountain, overgrown with long red brambles and clinging green

sprays. In front of this fountain was a huge oblong granite basin, curved at one end, the dark water within almost choked by an overgrowth of small starlike yellow flowers. On a tall pedestal rising above the fountain and surrounded by shadowing apple-trees was the statue. Even without its weird history there is something strange and uncanny in this huge misshapen figure—a large uncouth grey woman, about seven feet high. A sort of stole passes round her neck, and falls on each side nearly to the knees. Round her head is a fillet, and on this, above the forehead, are the three large distinct letters I I T, which are such a puzzle to French antiquaries. The arms are too thin for the body, and are folded, the hands placed one on the other. The sculpture is as rough and coarse as possible, the body is large and uncouth, the bust flattened, and the eyes, nose, and mouth are exactly like those of Egyptian idols; the fingers and toes are indicated by mere lines, and the legs are scarcely relieved from the rough granite block.

I confess that I felt a certain awe in the contemplation of this ugly shapeless idol, and there is certainly a malicious inscrutable expression in her face. She looks a fit emblem of dark pagan worship.

We climbed up to the top of the high bank against which the fountain stands and went some little way back. The idol loomed through the trees in gigantic weirdness; she was far more impressive from this distance. It appears that Count Peter caused her to be rechiselled before he set her up at Quinipily, "*pour lui ôter*," says Monsieur Fouquet, "*ce qu'elle avait d'indécent dans la forme*." It is possible that the letters I I T may have been sculptured at that time, also the stole which now partially clothes her figure. It is this rechiselling which puts the antiquaries at fault, for there has been a fierce war among them about La Couarde. Monsieur de Penhouët says she is the work of Moorish soldiers in the Roman army, but we thought she looked like an Egyptian idol. Certainly she never could have been meant to represent Venus, she is too uncouth and disproportioned.

Farther on, behind the statue, we came to another ruined fountain, from which a tiny thread of water trickles silently through the grass. This fountain is dank with huge coarse weeds and embraced by boisterous rampant brambles, its dark water choked by fallen sprays and decaying leaves; a gamut of exquisite color from tawniest brown to cold sage, lay on

or beneath the water; the desolation was complete; there was no link to connect the place with those who must once have lived and died in the old château, and as we turned away from the damp mouldering fountain, through the veil of apple-trees, in front of us loomed the grey pagan idol with its misshapen limbs, its mocking smile seeming to assert sway over the wilderness.

The light was growing grey and subdued. An hour later we felt it would be more in harmony with this place, which seems a fitter haunt for bats and owls, and for the ivy and dark weeds near the fountains than for the glow in which we saw it on arriving, the golden starlike flowers opening their tiny hearts to the sunshine, and the rosy apples moving gently on their grey-green boughs above the yellow grass.

One of my companions stayed behind to sketch the statue, another to pelt her with the apples that lay strewn among the grass. I gravely warned him of the consequences of insulting an idol, but he only laughed, and I walked back through the lovely, lonely wood.

All at once I heard a loud barking, and looking down to the road so far below me, through the trunks and branches of the trees on this steep hill, I saw a huge yellow-and-white dog leaping and springing from one rocky projection to another.

He was evidently coming up towards me, and he barked so angrily that I felt terror-struck. I stood still, so did the dog—"This comes of insulting an idol" I thought—and then on he came looking so savage that I called out for help, though I feared my voice would scarcely reach my companions. My raised parasol made the creature stop again, but he was so near me I felt he must fly at me in another minute. It was a great relief to hear the shouts of one of my companions, who as soon as he came in sight flung a stone, and the dog ran howling down the hill as fast as he had come up. This may serve as a warning to travellers not to irritate the ungainly stone woman of Quinipily lest she send her familiar in the shape of a yellow dog to punish the insult.

We had dismissed our little guide, and found our way home through an apple-orchard, the level light gilding the lichen on the old gnarled trunks of the trees. Presently there came towards us from among the trees a man wheeling a barrow, followed by two quaint brown children. One child had a dark blue frock; the man and the other child were clothed in low-

toned grey and brown, with some relief in white. The little group, with its sweet background, looked like an animated "Walker," and we longed to ask them to stop to be sketched in the tender fading light that was so in harmony with them; but they were going home to supper, and were soon out of sight among the trees.

The dinner at the Chapeau Rouge was a pleasant surprise, being far more elaborate and better-served than many meals we had had in more pretentious inns. It seems to be a comfortable little resting-place for weary travellers, and we were sorry we had decided to go on to Pontivy. The country all round Baud is very lovely and full of variety. Besides the parish church there is a chapel, also a fountain dedicated to Notre Dame de la Clarté, and celebrated for the cures worked on eye-diseases. Those curious little crystals called *staurotides* which break in the form of a cross are found at Baud.

Nearer the Blavet, not far from Baud to the northwest, is the chapel of St. Adrien; there are two fountains within and one without the curious little building, and they are all three believed to work wonderful cures on sick people. When the water fails to effect the desired miracle the patient rubs himself with round stones placed on the edge of the fountain. In extreme cases when the patient is too ill to walk to the fountain his shirt is taken instead and plunged into the water.

If the collar and cuffs float he is sure to recover, but if they sink he dies. This seems almost on a par with the ancient "touching" of La Couarde.

The walk from Baud to Auray is very delightful, and Pluvigner makes a very pleasant halt. Near Camors, which lies between Pluvigner and Baud, are some remains of the foundations of Porhoët-er-Saleu, an ancient fortress once held by the wicked Comorre, Count of Léon in the sixth century, the Bluebeard husband of S. Tryphina.

The old town of Pontivy is full of narrow twisting streets; its new half — Napoléonville — dates only from the first empire, but it is empty and grass-grown. It is clean and airy, however, and full of soldiers, and the place is immense. A pine wood appears at one end above the houses. The church of Pontivy is only remarkable for eight curious statues at the west end.

But the castle is very fine and in excellent preservation. It is built on the side

of a hill not far from the Blavet. Two enormous flanking towers have high conical roofs; they are sunk in a fosse over which a bridge leads into the castle; all along the top of the curtain wall are quaint dormer windows. The original castle was of very ancient date, and fell into complete decay in the fourteenth century. A hundred years later Duke John de Rohan built this castle on the ruins of its predecessor as if he meant it to be a stronghold forever.

But it is no longer a fortress. Instead of soldiers, rosy-faced children go in and out through the frowning dark gateway. Sisters of the Charity of St. Louis keep a school within the old ivy-clothed walls.

Général le Normand de Lourval, who fell so bravely at Sebastopol, was a native of Pontivy; there is an inscription on the house in which he was born and his statue stands in the Place d'Armes. An English monk of Lindisfarne named S. Ivy, founded a monastery here in the seventh century, and the town grew up round its walls and took its name from the saint. All the old gates except one have disappeared. It is a pity there is not more in the town to detain the traveller, for the inn is very good and clean.

In the early morning a charming scene greeted us from our bedroom window. At one side was a small farmyard, — peacocks and turkeys strutting about, screaming and gobbling among the humbler ducks and fowls, on the other side were gardens filled with pear-trees and spreading shady fig-branches, and immediately opposite our window ran a pergola of vines, clematis and wisteria, foliage and blossoms mingled in wild luxuriance. The breakfast spread for us was one of the most tasteful we had seen in Brittany. Cherries glowing with color and yet cool with the freshness of morning dew; raspberries with frosted leaves; plums, golden pears, almonds, in their lovely green covering, little cakes of various shapes, were arranged in pretty little dishes on a long table with flowers at intervals, and the meat served, beginning with delicious lobster, was quite as good to the taste.

Our landlord had provided us with a very comfortable almost new carriage and a good horse, and we started in the quiet freshness of early morning for the Pardon of St. Nicodème, the cloudless sky and the brilliant sunshine promising that by midday the heat would be intense.

K. S. M.

From The Saturday Review.

POCKET-MONEY.

THE man who defined happiness as "having a nominal income of five thousand a year and a real one of ten" merely meant that he liked to have plenty of pocket-money. He had made the discovery that it is not in the spending of an income, however handsome, that real enjoyment is to be found, but in the possession of a large percentage over and above the fixed scale of yearly expenses. A shopkeeper with a steadily increasing trade may have more use of his money than some of his customers who are twenty times as rich. Our poor seem to imagine that all lords go about with their purses full of bank-notes of large amount, with which they could light their cigars if it so pleased them, without suffering even temporary inconvenience. They would not give credence to such a fact as that some time ago, when one of our most wealthy young noblemen came of age after a long minority, he felt almost like a younger son. The vast accumulations of the estate had been invested to the last penny in improvements, which although they eventually added enormously to his rent-roll, left him for the time being practically without pocket-money. He could of course borrow to any amount, but the mere notion of such a thing was too ridiculous. In some way or other the greater number of our aristocracy allow themselves to be so burdened with permanent expenses that they are not able, even if they were willing, to do the great public services which might well be expected from them. Those of our middle classes, too, who have fixed incomes very rarely so apportion them as to leave a sufficient margin for the extras which make all the difference between being able to enjoy life, and spending it in the endless drudgery of trying to make ends meet.

Women, as a rule, suffer a good deal from want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expenses to spend as they please, whilst their sisters have usually only an allowance for dress. In ordinary cases, and particularly where there are many girls of one family, this allowance is not one calculated to show any margin when the milliner's bill is paid. Miss Yonge lately spoke with regret of the ignorant young women who dabble in literature merely for the chance of earning a few pounds. She perhaps for a moment

forgot of how much importance even a few shillings may be to a person who finds it almost impossible to make her income cover her inevitable expenses. Girls are often subjected to painful humiliations when staying at friends' houses merely on account of this dearth of pocket-money. They are perhaps forced to allow gentlemen with whom they are only slightly acquainted to pay for cabs or for an admission to a picture-gallery or a flower-show. They suffer agonies from not being able to give tips to servants. But, worst of all, they lose that nice sensitiveness in money matters which ought to be most carefully nurtured, and which of late seems to have gone out of fashion. It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of ignorance and impecuniosity, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a few shillings in her purse when she wanted them. As a rule, a married woman in the middle classes is not much better off than her unmarried sister in the matter of pocket-money, if she has not brought her husband any fortune, and if she is unhappily burdened with a conscience. She finds herself in possession of house-money and dress-money, and, being probably inexperienced in management, she finds it hard enough to keep within her allowance. She never feels as if she could call a few pounds her own, and is thus deprived of many small pleasures, and even necessities, which her husband would never dream of refusing to himself. This is one of the reasons why ladies' clubs are not at present likely to become very numerous. Clubs presuppose a certain amount of pocket-money which a woman has not hitherto been supposed to require. A man would feel that life was not worth having if he had to account for every cab, cigar, or brandy and soda; but a lady who is obliged to balance her weekly books would have to chronicle the small beer she gave to a friend at lunch, and all her afternoon cups of tea. She might, however, take refuge in the convenient item of "sundries," which fill an important place in most female account-books. Being obliged to do without pocket-money, and to empty the hitherto fairly abundant half-crowns into the family purse, is the real trial of a young man's life when he

marries on the same income which he has hitherto spent on himself. He must remain very much in love with wife and home if he does not sometimes regret the jingle of the sovereigns in his pocket which were not mortgaged to house-rent or servants' wages. It will be well if he always remembers that he cannot both have his cake and eat it. This is the impossibility aimed at by many of our artisans. They encumber themselves with a wife and countless children, and then feel aggrieved if they cannot have as much money to spend on beer, tobacco, and music-halls as their single comrades.

It is provoking to get behind the scenes in a household where the income is amply sufficient if it was only sensibly apportioned, but where every one is made miserable by the constant screw that has to be kept on incidental expenses. The servants, the garden, the stable, swallow up everything. There is no margin left. One of the girls has a fine voice, but it is uncultivated; another draws cleverly, but has not learnt perspective. Lessons would cost too much, so Lucy must go on singing through her teeth, and Maude doing sketches out of drawing. Perhaps another of the family becomes hopelessly ill from want of proper medical advice. Books, pictures, travelling-expenses, and all the little etceteras which add flavor to life, are done without. No one is able to indulge any little harmless fancy or generous impulse. The mother's life is spent in trying to make every pound do the work of two, and her husband's in grumbling at the impossibility of keeping a balance at his banker's. It never seems to occur to them that, by substituting a neat parlormaid for the puffy butler, and by being contented with fruits and flowers in their season, they might get rid of most of their anxieties and make their children much happier. A hundred a year reserved for household pocket-money can confer a wonderful amount of pleasure. It will buy a new piano, give three people a nice little tour, or present a stained-glass window to the parish church, as their tastes may incline. It is dull work drawing cheques for the wages of servants who are only plagues and for the food which they spoil in the cooking. "Where much is there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The French understand this better than we do, and reserve a large portion of their income for their amusements, whether these consist in drinking *eau sucrée*, eating bonbons, or going to the theatre. We often spoil

our pleasures by not providing for them, and so turning them into extravagances. But this would not be the case if we laid aside money for the purpose of gratifying a legitimate taste, be it for lilies or "Lo-hengrin." Any one without a taste does not deserve to have pocket-money. He does not know its use. We mean the word in its widest sense, of course, by which it can be made to include hobbies, whether they take the direction of ragged schools or etchings. Children can scarcely be given an allowance too early, but it should not all be for pocket-money. They ought to be required to provide certain things out of it. This teaches them to distinguish between income and pocket-money. Many people, unfortunately, never learn the difference during a long life. Parents are very apt to forget that their boys require to be taught about the management of money as well as how to do fractions. They avoid speaking on the subject before them, which is generally a great mistake. Young men are often extravagant, entirely from ignorance of the value of money. They get into debt before they are aware of it, and have not moral courage to take means to extricate themselves. They treat the allowance which their father intends to cover all expenses entirely as pocket-money, with painful results to all parties concerned.

The enthusiastic affection displayed towards pattern old bachelors and fairy godmothers of the approved type is mainly, we fear, owing to the command of pocket-money which they take care to have. But without it they could not fill their places to their own or any one else's satisfaction. The happiness that they are able to give keeps them young, and planning surprise gifts fills up many a lonely hour. What glorious visits to the pantomime and the circus, the Crystal Palace or the seaside, the youngsters extract from their magic purses! What Christmas-trees and rocking-horses, kites and canary birds! It is they who supply crisp bank-notes instead of ornate candlesticks for wedding-presents, it is they who help in outfits and buy long-desired watches. They have no children to tempt them to live in a style which they cannot afford. They keep themselves unencumbered with useless and unsatisfactory expenses. Many a young couple beginning life have it in their power to halve their anxieties and double their chances of being comfortable by so preparing their budget that mere everyday so-called necessities shall not swallow up the whole of their means. But they will

have the additional servant, or the diamond necklace, or the pair of horses, or the house in a fashionable street, which leaves them without the much more valuable item of pocket-money.

From The Academy.

NORWEGIAN DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

A NORWEGIAN deep-sea exploring expedition, equipped after the manner of the "Challenger," for a cruise of three summers, is about to set out from Bergen, the object being to examine the region of the sea-bed bounded by Norway, the Shetlands, Faroes, Iceland, the ice of east Greenland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. When Prof. Mohn, director of the Meteorological Institute of Norway, was studying the temperature of these seas he became very conscious of the deficiency of knowledge of this great area, though its borders had to some extent been investigated by British, Swedish, German, and French expeditions. His colleague at the University of Christiania, Prof. Sars, had an equally strong conviction of the importance of biological research in this region, not only in the interests of science, but for the welfare of the country, so many of whose inhabitants earn their livelihood in these seas. Accordingly, both together presented a memoir to the minister of the interior in 1874, requesting the organization of an exploring expedition of the seas west of Norway. The proposal was warmly received by the minister, M. Vogt, and resulted in the voting of a sufficient sum for the outfit of the expedition by the Storting of 1875, and a second vote by that of 1876 for its maintenance during the succeeding year. Captain C. Wille, of the Norwegian navy, was sent to England to consult with Captain Nares (whom he had the good fortune to see the day before the Arctic expedition sailed), to procure instruments, and to arrange with the

authorities of the Admiralty for co-operation, in the matter of simultaneous observations, with the Arctic expedition. Later in the season Captain Wille returned to Bergen to find a suitable ship for the voyage, and on his recommendation the government hired the steamer "Voringen," of four hundred tons' burthen. During the past winter and spring the preparations for the voyage have been carried out so that the ship might sail on June 1. The scientific staff of the expedition is as follows, and sufficiently indicates the objects of the voyage: Prof. Sars, Dr. Danielson, and M. Fride (biology); Captain Wille (soundings, deep-sea temperatures, magnetic observations); M. Svendsen (chemistry); and Prof. Mohn (physics, sea-temperature, meteorology, and magnetism). Capt. Wille is in command of the ship; Lieut. M. Peterson is first-lieutenant, and Capt. Greig (the master) is second-lieutenant. The expedition will first call at Utvoer, a group of small islands at the mouth of the Sogne Fiord, where the locality is free from local attraction, in order to make the necessary magnetical base-observations; then, after testing the deep-sea gear in the calm water of the fiord, will put to sea and run along the deep coast channel extending from the Skagerrack, in order to find the mode in which this channel goes northward, and to explore the banks off the coast of Romsdal. She will then call at Christiansund to fill up with coal, and thence will steam westward to the "Lightning" channel between Shetland and the Faroes where the work of the "Porcupine" expedition will be extended in a north-westerly direction. After calling at Thorshavn she will proceed to examine the bank between Faroe and Iceland. At Reykjavik magnetic base-observations will again be made, and thence it is proposed to go west and northward of Iceland, and to run a line of soundings to the Norwegian coast north of Drontheim.

LAST year there were published in Japan two new daily, four weekly, and one monthly periodicals; one novel; one dictionary; one geography, grammar, and history combined; and a number of official statements, the latter actually bound in blue. The land of blue dragons takes now to blue books!

Athenæum.

NEWSPAPERS continue to multiply even in the most outlandish localities. We hear that "Corea has started a newspaper." It is styled "pious and official, and which all ought to read."

Athenæum.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HARVEST.

WITH throbbing heart and tearful eye
I watched the spring-time fleeting by.

I saw the snowdrop at its birth
Felled, by spears of rain, to earth ;

The iris burst her emerald sheath,
And shew the amethyst beneath ;

The painted tulip fade and close
Before the glory of the rose ;

And now, down fields of sunburnt grass
I see the withering rose-leaves pass ;

And, night by night, and day by day,
The life of summer ebbs away.

I see the granaries overflow,
The mellowing orchards bending low.

O God ! my heart in awe and fear
Looks back upon thy perfect year.

Thy bounty covers all the lands ;
I lift in prayer my empty hands.

Of all the summer of my life
My harvest is but sin and strife.

Oh ! could these tears, like April rain,
Make moist my heart's hard soil again,

And stir the seeds which Thou didst sow,
Oh ! never should they cease to flow.

Could prayer but melt this ice away,
Oh ! never would I cease to pray,

Till thou in mercy, Lord, didst bring
Into my soul a second spring.

Oh ! then what rich reward and sweet
To lay its harvest at Thy feet !

Good Words. KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

NOBODY!

LEFT there, nobody's daughter,
Child of disgrace and shame, —
Nobody ever taught her
A mother's sweet, saving name :

Nobody ever caring
Whether she stood or fell,
And men (are they men ?) ensnaring
With the arts and the gold of hell !

Stitching with ceaseless labor,
To earn her pitiful bread ;
Begging a crust of a neighbor,
And getting a curse instead !

All through the long, hot summer,
All through the cold, dark time,
With fingers that numb and number
Grow white as the frost's white rime.

Nobody ever conceiving
The throb of that warm, young life,
Nobody ever believing
The strain of that terrible strife !

Nobody kind words pouring
In that orphan-heart's sad ear ;
But all of us all ignoring
What lies at our doors, so near !

O sister ! down in the alley,
Pale, with the downcast eye,
Dark and drear is the valley,
But the stars shine forth on high.

Nobody here may love thee,
Or care if thou stand or fall ;
But the great, good God above thee,
He watches and cares for all.

Spectator.

EXILED.

No more thy face to see ;
I sometimes idly wonder if it be
As present unto any as to me, —
A star for distance clearer !

Parted by land and tide :
In gleams that fade, in shadows that abide,
Along the mountain's ever-varying side,
Thy footstep draweth nearer.

The white snow falls in flakes
On glazing waters ; but thy memory makes
A home for me amid these alien lakes,
More warm as days grow drearer.

Say, dearest, — that for me
Art as a link uniting land and sea,
Time, distance, life and death, — can any be
That, clasping hold thee nearer ?

Argosy. C. M. GEMMER (*Gerda Fay*).

BLUE EYES.

BLUE ! 'tis the hue of heaven, — the domain
Of Cynthia, — the bright palace of the sun,
The tent of Hesperus and all his train,
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun.

Blue, 'tis the life of waters, — ocean,
With all his tributary streams, pools number-
less,
May rage and foam and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.

Blue ! gentle cousin to the forest green ;
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers, —
Forget-me-not ; the bluebell ; and that queen
Of secrecy, the violet. — What strange powers

Hast thou, as a mere shadow ! but how great
When in an eye thou art alive with fate !

Sonnet by Keats.

Athenæum.

From Nature.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CHALLENGER."

HER Majesty's ship "Challenger" was despatched towards the close of the year 1872, round the world, on a surveying and discovery expedition of a very special character. Her principal object as laid down in her instructions was to determine, as far as possible, the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, the Atlantic, the Southern Sea, and the Pacific. The voyage was undertaken, chiefly in consequence of remarkable discoveries made during the four previous years, in short cruises, in H. M. gunboats "Lightning" and "Porcupine," liberally detached by the Admiralty, at the instance of the Royal Society, for scientific research, under the direction of Dr. Carpenter, C.B., F.R.S., Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., and Prof. Wyville Thomson, F.R.S. These discoveries seemed so important, not merely in a purely scientific point of view, but also in their bearings on ocean-telegraphy, that the government determined to follow them up by a deep-sea survey on a more extended scale.

The "Challenger" was fitted out under the superintendence of Admiral Richards, C.B., F.R.S., at that time hydrographer to the navy, and in addition to a full naval surveying staff under the immediate superintendence of Capt. Nares, F.R.S., who was afterwards recalled to take command of the Arctic expedition, a civilian staff of specialists in natural science and chemistry was attached under the direction of Prof. Wyville Thomson.

The expedition, although by no means sensational, has been thoroughly successful. The "Challenger" has steadily traversed a track of sixty-nine thousand miles, and during her absence of three years and a half from England has established three hundred and sixty-two observing-stations, at all of which the depth has been ascertained with the greatest possible accuracy, and at nearly all the bottom temperature has been taken, a sample of the bottom water has been brought up for physical examination and chemical analysis, a sufficient specimen of the bottom has been procured, and the trawl or dredge has been lowered to ascertain the nature of

the fauna. At most of these stations serial soundings have been taken with specially devised instruments to ascertain by the determinations of intermediate temperatures and by the analysis and physical examination of samples of water from intermediate depths, the directions and rate of movement of deep-sea currents.

The original arrangements for the cruise have worked in every way smoothly; the weather throughout has been on the whole favorable; under the careful management of Staff-Commander Tizard not a shadow of mishap has ever befallen the ship; there has been a perfect *bon accord* between the naval men and the civilians; all the appliances for carrying on the different operations, liberally supplied at first, were renewed by the officers of the hydrographic department of the Admiralty with the utmost liberality and precision.

Two events only have seriously affected the interests of the expedition, one, the sad death at sea of Dr. v. Willemoes-Suhm, one of the ablest of the naturalists on the civilian staff, the other the recall of Capt. Nares; for although Capt. Frank T. Thomson, who joined the "Challenger" from the "Modeste," did everything in his power to fill his place, Capt. Nares, from his previous scientific training, was so eminently fitted to lead such an expedition that his withdrawal in the middle of it was severely felt.

Leaving England on Saturday the 21st of December, 1872, some rough weather was encountered as the "Challenger" stood for the mouth of the channel, and crossed the Bay of Biscay.

1873.

ON the 3rd of January, 1873, passing Cape Roca and the lovely heights of Cintra, she was quietly steaming up the Tagus, and came to anchor off Lisbon. Lisbon was left on the 12th, and a series of dredgings and examinations of bottom temperatures were made off Cape St. Vincent from four hundred to one thousand two hundred fathoms. Gibraltar was reached on the 18th, and left on the 26th. The weather was now pretty moderate, and there was a very fairly successful week's

sounding, trawling, dredging, and taking temperatures between the Rock and Madeira, which latter station was reached on the 3rd of February. Some of the dredgings made at this period appear to have been most successful, and a number of strange new forms of animal life were found, among these a fine new species of Venus's flower-basket (*Euplectella suberea*), a bryozoon (*Naresia cyathus*) of singular beauty, which was dedicated to Capt. Nares, some wondrous forms of sea-urchins and lily-stars, and specimens of a species of "clustered seapolype," since described by Dr. Kölliker under the name of *Umbellularia Thomsoni*, an animal of great scientific interest.

But two days were spent at Madeira, and the "Challenger" was off Teneriffe early on the morning of the 7th, too early to attempt the ascent of the famous peak, and rather too early for natural-history work, still collections, both geological and zoological, were made, a series of dredgings were successfully tried between Teneriffe and Palma, past Gomera and Hierro, and a great number of observations as to temperature were taken. In the matter of meteorological observations we may mention that the officers of the expedition seem to have excelled; the number of observations amounted during the first twelve months of the cruise to upwards of fifty thousand. Very considerable depths were found off the Canary Islands, extending sometimes to upwards of one thousand seven hundred fathoms; but the greatest depth found in this part of the Atlantic was one of two thousand five hundred fathoms off Cape St. Vincent.

At Teneriffe the regular work of the expedition may be said to have commenced. All the time between leaving home and arriving off the Canaries had been more or less devoted to getting the varied machinery into order, and in settling the direction and scope of the parts the members of the civilian staff had to play; so at Santa Cruz the old journals were closed, and the numbering of the stations and the other entries were commenced afresh, with some alterations the result of additional experience. A section was now to be carried right across

the Atlantic from Teneriffe to Sombrero, the latter a little speck of an island northwest of Anguilla, and one of the group of Virgin Islands, themselves a portion of the West Indies. Sombrero was reached on the 15th of March, just a month from the time of leaving Santa Cruz. The distance between the two islands is about two thousand seven hundred miles, and along this line twenty-three stations were selected, at which most careful observations were made as to depth, condition, and temperature of bottom. During one of these dredgings, and at a depth of one thousand five hundred fathoms, several specimens of a magnificent sponge belonging to the *Hexactinellidæ* were found attached to the branches of an *Isis*-like coral; and nestling among the fibres of the sponge were star-fishes, annelids, and polyzoa. Often, during this cruise, when the weather was calm and hot, the tow-net was used on the surface. It would seem that the greater number of the pelagic forms retire during the heat of the day to the depth of a few fathoms, and come up in the cool of the evening and in the morning, and, in some cases, in the night. The larger phosphorescent animals were frequently abundant during the night round the ship and in its wake, while none would be taken during the day. One day (the 26th of February), the morning being bright and clear, and the swell not heavy, the ship being some one thousand six hundred miles from Sombrero, and in lat. $23^{\circ} 23m. N.$, long. $32^{\circ} 56m. W.$, the sounding-line indicated a depth of three thousand one hundred and fifty fathoms, and the bottom was found to consist of a perfectly smooth red clay, containing scarcely a trace of organic matter. This was the greatest depth as yet met with, and the material from the bottom was something quite novel to the explorers. At the mean maximum depth of some two thousand two hundred fathoms, the ooze was one vast mass of the calcareous shells of foraminifera, but as the soundings got deeper, the ooze began to assume a darker tint, and showed, on analysis, a continually decreasing quantity of calcareous matter. Now in this red ooze almost no calcareous forms were to be met with, and it was of

extreme fineness, remaining for a long time in suspension in water, and proving on analysis to be almost pure clay, a silicate of alumina and the sesquioxide of iron, with a small quantity of manganese; and at this depth there appeared to be an absence of animal life.

Prof. Wyville Thomson considers it as quite proved that all the materials for such deposits, with the exception of the remains of those animals which are now known to live at the bottom at almost all depths, are derived from the surface; and considering the very enormous extension of the calcareous ooze, it becomes important to know something of the minute foraminifera that produce it. In all seas, from the equator almost to the polar ice, the surface water contains *Globigerina*. They are more abundant, and of a larger size in warm seas; several varieties attaining a large size, and presenting marked varietal characters, are found in the intertropical area of the Atlantic. In the latitude of Kerguelen they are less numerous and smaller, while further south they are still more dwarfed, and only one variety, the typical *Globigerina bulloides*, is represented. The living *Globigerina* from the tow-net are singularly different in appearance from the dead shells we find at the bottom. The shell is clear and transparent, and each of the pores which penetrate it is surrounded by a raised crest, the crest round adjacent pores coalescing into a roughly hexagonal network, so that the pore appears to lie at the bottom of a hexagonal pit. At each angle of this hexagon the crest gives off a delicate flexible calcareous spine, which is sometimes four or five times the diameter of the shell in length. The spines radiate symmetrically from the direction of the centre of each chamber of the cell, and the sheaves of long transparent needles, crossing one another in different directions, have a very beautiful effect. The smaller inner chambers of the shell are entirely filled with an orange-yellow granular sarcode; and the large terminal chamber usually contains only a small irregular mass, or two or three small masses run together, of the same yellow sarcode stuck against one side, the remainder of the chamber being empty.

No definite arrangement, and no approach to structure, was observed in the sarcode; and no differentiation, with the exception of bright-yellow oil-globules, very much like those found in some of the radiolarians, which are scattered apparently irregularly in the sarcode, and usually one very definite patch of a clearer appearance than the general mass colored vividly with a carmine solution. The presence of scattered particles of bioplasm was indicated by minute spots here and there throughout the whole substance which received the dye.

When the living *Globigerina* is examined under very favorable circumstances, that is to say, when it can be at once placed under a tolerably high power of the microscope in fresh still sea-water, the sarcodic contents of the chambers may be seen to exude gradually through the pores of the shell, and spread out until they form a kind of flocculent fringe round the shell, filling up the spaces among the roots of the spines and rising up a little way along their length. This external coating of sarcode is rendered very visible by the oil-globules, which are oval, and filled with intensely colored secondary globules, and are drawn along by the sarcode, and may be seen, with a little care, following its spreading or contracting movements. At the same time an infinitely delicate sheath of sarcode containing minute transparent granules, but no oil-granules, rises on each of the spines to its extremity, and may be seen creeping up one side and down the other of the spine with the peculiar *flowing* movement with which we are so familiar in the pseudopodia of *Gromia* and of the radiolarians. If the cell in which the *Globigerina* is floating receive a sudden shock; or if a drop of some irritating fluid be added to the water, the whole mass of sarcode retreats into the shell with great rapidity, drawing the oil-globules along with it, and the outline of the surface of the shell and of the hair-like spines is left as sharp as before the exodus of the sarcode.

There is still a good deal of obscurity about the nature of *Orbulina universa*, an organism which occurs in some places in large proportion in the *Globigerina* ooze.

The shell of *Orbulina* is spherical, usually about .5mm. in diameter, but it is found of all smaller sizes. The texture of the mature shell resembles closely that of *Globigerina*, but it differs in some important particulars. The pores are markedly of two different sizes, the larger about four times the area of the smaller. The larger pores are the less numerous; they are scattered over the surface of the shell without any appearance of regularity; the smaller pores occupy the spaces between the larger. The crests between the pores are much less regular in *Orbulina* than they are in *Globigerina*; and the spines, which are of great length and extreme tenuity, seem rather to rise abruptly from the top of scattered papillæ than to mark the intersections of the crests. This origin of the spines from the papillæ can be well seen with a moderate power on the periphery of the sphere. The spines are hollow and flexible; they naturally radiate regularly from the direction of the centre of the sphere; but in specimens which have been placed under the microscope with the greatest care, they are usually entangled together in twisted bundles. They are so fragile that the weight of the shell itself, rolling about with the motion of the ship, is usually sufficient to break off the whole of the spines and leave only the papillæ projecting from the surface in the course of a few minutes. In some examples, either those in process of development, or a series showing a varietal divergence from the ordinary type, the shell is very thin and almost perfectly smooth, with neither papillæ nor spines, nor any visible structure except the two classes of pores, which are constant.

The coccospheres and rhabdospheres — these are suggested to be minute algæ forms — live on the surface, and sink to the bottom after death. Many of them are extremely beautiful.

Taking the section from Teneriffe to Sombrero, first of all some eighty miles of volcanic mud and sand were passed; then some three hundred and fifty miles of *Globigerina* ooze; next about one thousand and fifty miles of red clay; then again a rising ground for some three hundred and thirty miles of *Globigerina* ooze, a valley of eight hundred and fifty of red clay; and nearing land some forty miles of the *Globigerina* ooze. Intermediate between the red clay and the *Globigerina* ooze, a grey ooze was met with, partaking of the characters of both, and evidently a transitional stage. "There seems to be no room," writes Prof. Wy-

ville Thomson, "left for doubt that the red clay is essentially the insoluble residue, the ash, as it were, of the calcareous organisms which form the '*Globigerina* ooze,' after the calcareous matter has been by some means removed. An ordinary mixture of calcareous foraminifera with the shells of pteropods, forming a fair sample of '*Globigerina* ooze' from near St. Thomas, was carefully washed and subjected by Mr. Buchanan to the action of weak acid; and he found that there remained, after the carbonate of lime had been removed, about one per cent. of a reddish mud, consisting of silica, alumina, and the red oxide of iron. This experiment has been frequently repeated with different samples of '*Globigerina* ooze,' and always with the result that a small proportion of a red sediment remains, which possesses all the characters of the 'red clay.' I do not for a moment contend that the material of the 'red clay' exists in the form of the silicate of alumina and the peroxide of iron in the shells of living foraminifera and pteropods, or in the hard parts of animals of other classes. That certain inorganic salts other than the salts of lime exist in all animal tissues, soft and hard in a certain proportion, is undoubted; and I hazard the speculation that during the decomposition of these tissues in contact with sea-water and the sundry matters which it holds in solution and suspension, these salts may pass into the more stable compound of which the 'red clay' is composed."

On this voyage Mr. Buchanan found the remarkable and unexpected result that the water has virtually the same specific gravity from the bottom to within five hundred fathoms of the surface. From five hundred fathoms the specific gravity rapidly rises till it usually attains its maximum at the surface. Nineteen dredgings were taken, and these yielded a large supply of animal forms. It is unfortunate that in the deepest haul of all, three thousand one hundred and fifty fathoms, no living thing was brought up higher in the scale than a foraminifer; but this may be attributed to the nature of the bottom, an opinion borne out by the abundance, at scarcely a less depth, and on a bottom differing only in being somewhat less uniform, and containing sand-grains and a few shells of foraminifera, of tube-building annelids of a very common shallow-water type. The crustacea do not appear to suffer from the peculiarity of the circumstances under which they live, either in development or in color. The singu-

lar fact of the suppression of the eyes in certain cases is already well known. The echinoderms and sponges which enter so largely into the fauna of the zone ending at one thousand fathoms are not abundant at extreme depths.

The "Challenger" next anchored off the harbor of Charlotte Amalia, at St. Thomas, where a pleasant week was spent, and on the 25th of March she proceeded on her way to the Bermudas. On Monday the 26th, being then in lat. $19^{\circ} 41'$ N., long. $65^{\circ} 7'$ W., and nearly ninety miles north of St. Thomas, a sounding was made in the great depth of thirty-nine hundred and fifty fathoms, and a dredge was let down to see if it would prove serviceable; heaving-in commenced at 1.30, and the dredge came up at 5 P.M., with a considerable quantity of reddish-grey ooze. No animals were detected except a few small foraminifera with calcareous tests, and some considerably larger of the arenaceous type.

On the 4th of April she made her way through the intricate and dangerous "narrows" between the coral reefs, and by the evening was at anchor at Grassy Bay, Bermudas. A fortnight was spent at these islands. Their geological structure was most carefully studied, and when the narrative of the cruise is published we may expect very valuable information as to the formation of the various forms of limestone to be found on these islands. The principal islands are well wooded, but the great preponderance of the Bermudian cedar (*Juniperus Bermudiana*) gives a gloomy character to the woods. The admiral's official residence, Clarence Hill, is situated on an inclosed little bay called Clarence Cove. The garden was rich with a luxuriant tropical vegetation.

There is only one kind of rock in Bermudas. The islands consist from end to end of a white granular limestone, here and there becoming grey or slightly pink, usually soft and in some places friable, so that it can be broken down with the ferrule of an umbrella; but in some places, as on the shore at Hungry Bay, at Painter's Vale, and along the ridge between Harrington Sound and Castle Harbor, it is very hard and compact, almost crystalline, and capable of taking a fair polish. This hard limestone is called on the islands the "base rock," and is supposed to be older than the softer varieties, and to lie under them, which is certainly not always the case. It makes an excellent building-stone, and is quarried in various places by the engineers for military works. The

softer limestones are more frequently used for ordinary buildings. The stone is cut out of the quarry in rectangular blocks by means of a peculiarly-constructed saw, and the blocks, at first soft, harden rapidly, like some of the white limestones of the Paris basin, on being exposed to the air.

Immense masses of fine coral sand surround the shores, being washed in by the sea. It is then caught at certain exposed points by the prevailing winds, and blown into sand-hills often forty to fifty feet in height. Sometimes these sand-masses form regular sand-glaciers. One of these was found at Elbow Bay on the southern shore of the main island. The sand has entirely filled up a valley, and is steadily progressing inland in a stream some five-and-twenty feet. It has partially overwhelmed a garden, and is still flowing slowly on. When a photograph was being taken, the owner of the garden was standing with his hands in his pockets, as is too much the habit of his race, contemplating the approach of the inexorable intruder. He had made some attempt to stay its progress by planting a line of oleanders and small cedars along the top of the slope, but this had been in vain.

The botanists of the expedition paid a good deal of attention to the flora of the island, and we may expect a lot of new forms among the minute algæ found in the so-called fresh-water ponds or lakes.

Bermudas was left on the 20th of April, and a section was carried out from the islands towards Sandy Hook, and then south and west of Little George Bank and into Halifax on the 9th of May. In this run several soundings were taken at depths of from twenty-six hundred to twenty-eight hundred fathoms. The bottom yielded chiefly grey ooze, and the course of the Gulf Stream was crossed. Staying a week at Halifax to recruit, the next section was made in almost a straight line from Halifax to Bermudas, which was reached on the 30th of May, nine important stations having been selected and examined on the way. A short time was passed at Bermudas, and the next section it was determined to make was one between lat. 35° and 40° to the Azores. Leaving Bermudas on the 12th of June the "Challenger" was off Fayal on the 1st of July, having successfully made observations at seventeen stations *en route*. A small-pox epidemic having broken out at Fayal, it was not deemed prudent to land. San Miguel was visited, and the straits between it and Santa Maria were explored, and the "Challenger" on the 10th stood for Fauchal,

reaching it on the 15th, having been now more than a month at sea. Having made two sections right across the Atlantic, all looked to enjoying a few days on land, but it was not to be so, for most unluckily a rather severe epidemic of small-pox had broken out at Madeira also shortly before, and Captain Nares did not think it prudent to give leave; accordingly on the 18th of July they commenced to make a section along the west coast of Africa. It was the rainy season; each day would bring them nearer to the equator, and it was scarcely possible to look forward to other than disagreeable times. On the 19th they were off Palma Island, one of the Canaries; then they bore down on S. Antonio, one of the Cape Verd islands, and were at St. Vincent on the 27th of July.

The botany of this island, so noted in the old gazetteers for its wood, water, wild goats, turtles, and saltpetre, was carefully explored. As seen from the sea, the rocks presented a singular appearance, owing to the presence of a thick incrustation at water-mark of masses of calcareous algæ, which either follow the forms of the rocks or occur in rounded masses, their delicate tints of white, light pink, or cream color, considerably heightening the effect. These incrustations are frequently bored by *Lithodomus candigerus* and other molluscs, and small sponges and polyzoa occupy the cavities between them and the rocks.

Leaving the Cape Verd Islands, on the 13th of August they were off the Bissagos Islands, and found bottom at a depth of twenty-five hundred and seventy-five fathoms. Continuing to cruise along the coast, on the 14th they were west of the Loss Islands; on the 15th they passed Sierra Leone; on the 19th they were off Cape Mesurado, still in depths of twenty-five hundred fathoms; and on the 21st they had run as far along the western coast of Africa as they intended, being then off Cape Palmas, and the "Challenger's" course was shaped for St. Paul's Rocks. These rocks lie about 1° north of the equator, and in longitude 29° 15m. W., being about midway between the South-American and African coasts. Although rising to a height of some fifty to sixty feet above the sea-level, yet they are mere rocks, not more than a quarter of a mile long. The sea deepens quickly in the vicinity of the rocks to depths of from fifteen hundred to twenty-two hundred fathoms. The wash of the waves is such that even seaweeds cannot retain their positions on the rocks.

Proceeding still in a south-west direction, the little group of islands called Fernando Noronha was reached on the 1st of September, and some days were spent exploring it. The group consists of a principal island about four miles long by three and a half broad, and several smaller ones; it is situated in the Atlantic, in about lat. 3° 58m. S., long. 32° 22m. W., and about two hundred miles from the nearest point of the American coast. The islands appear to be of volcanic origin; the peak on the northern side of the principal island rises to a height of one thousand feet; it is a mass of bare rock, the summit of which is quite inaccessible. The cliffs are chiefly composed of columnar basalt. The sea-depth in the neighborhood is from one thousand to two thousand fathoms. Trees abound on the higher parts of the island, and wondrous creepers cluster together in the branches of the trees. A species of *Cereus* was found by Mr. Mosely on the cliffs. Only one grass (*Oplismenus colonus*) was found on the main island, but although shady, moist places occur about St. Michael's Mount, neither on this nor on the main island were any ferns, mosses, or hepaticæ found, and lichens were very scarce. Among the principal cultivated fruits are bananas and melons, the latter being very plentiful, and of a peculiarly fine flavor. Sugar-cane, cassava, maize, sweet potatoes, were grown in large quantities. The species of land animals on the island are not numerous, but individuals of several of them are most abundant; two species of lizards are recorded from the islands, one being peculiar to the group.

On the 4th of September the "Challenger" was some ninety miles south of Cape St. Roque, in twenty-two hundred and seventy-five fathoms, with *Globigerina* ooze. On the 8th she was off Parahyba, in two thousand and fifty fathoms, with mud. On the 9th the sounding gave a depth of only five hundred fathoms off Cape San Agostinho. The depth increased off Macayo (September 11) to 1,715 fathoms, diminishing off the mouth of the river San Francisco to twelve hundred fathoms, and as the coast at this spot was approached to seven hundred fathoms. On the 14th the "Challenger" was at Bahia, and stopping there a short time she proceeded for a section across the Atlantic from Bahia to the Cape of Good Hope. Owing to unfavorable winds and other causes, the little island of Trinidad, an island whose vegetation was then totally unknown, had to be

passed by, and the ship's course was directed to the little-known islands of Tristan d'Acunha, and on the 18th of October she was anchored on the north side of the large island which gives its name to the group. This island rises in a range of almost perpendicular cliffs of black volcanic rock, in appearance somewhat similar to that exposed in section on the Grande Curral, in Madeira. At their base are *débris* slopes, and a narrow strip of low shore-land, on a portion of which lies the settlement. Unfortunately, before much even of these slopes could be explored by the landing party, a sudden squall came on; the recall was hoisted from the ship, and they had to leave after a visit of only six hours. Grasses, sedges, mosses, and ferns were found growing on the cliffs, and hepaticæ so abounded as to cover the earth with quite a green sheet; occasional patches of *Phyllica arborea* were seen. This tree, belonging to the family *Rhamnaceæ* is peculiar to these islands and to Amsterdam Island, in the south Indian Ocean. *Lomaria alpina*, when found in stony places, bore fertile fronds, while those growing in rich vegetable mould were barren. Some of our common weeds were finding themselves at home, such as the sow-thistle. That lovely little cinchonaceous plant, *Nertera depressa*, was very abundant. Growing round the island was a belt of that gigantic seaweed, *Macrocystis pyrifera*, which abounds in the southern temperate zone. Single plants often grow to a length of two hundred feet, and it is said that they sometimes are met with from seven hundred to one thousand feet in length, forming cable-like masses nearly as thick as a man's body. There was no time to explore the high plateau; but one interesting observation was made, indicating the presence of snow on the hills, for while the temperature of the fresh-water ponds at the sea-level gave a result of 54° F., that of the streams running down the cliffs was but 50° F.

They had an opportunity of visiting the two other islands of this group, Inaccessible Island, about twenty-three miles W. by S. of Tristan d'Acunha, and Nightingale Island, about twelve miles from Inaccessible Island. On this latter two Germans were found, who had succeeded in cultivating the ground in the neighborhood of their dwelling. On both islands *Phyllica arborea* was found, and the trees were covered with fully-developed green fruits. A tussock grass, apparently very close to *Dactylis cæspitosa*

of the Falklands, grew in immense, almost impenetrable masses on Nightingale Island, amid which countless penguins had established themselves. It was but with the greatest difficulty that a passage could be forced through such a thicket, the grass being too high to allow of the planning of any definite track; and the screaming and biting of the penguins was the reverse of agreeable. This island is never visited except during the sealing-season, and is not over one square mile in extent, a veritable speck in the ocean.

The ship's head was now turned for Simon's Bay. Five stations between these points were selected for observation. The depth varied on this line from twenty-one hundred to twenty-six hundred and fifty fathoms, the bottom yielding red mud at the greater, and grey mud at the lesser depths. The 28th of October saw the "Challenger" at anchor off Capetown.

Simon's Bay was left about the 14th of December, six weeks having been spent in recruiting and refitting. Even in the comparatively well-worked-out district of Capetown new discoveries were made, of which by far the most important was Mr. Moseley's discovery of the tracheal system in *Peripatus capensis*, an account of which has been published in a late volume of the "Philosophical Transactions." This tracheal system, though conspicuous in the fresh condition, becomes scarcely visible when the animal has been some time in spirit, and the air has been thus removed, hence the failure of Grube, Saenger, and others to see it. The first soundings during the southern course were taken in the region of the Agulhas Current on the 17th and 18th of December. These soundings would have been naturally logged "greenish sand," but on examination were found to consist almost without exception of the casts of foraminifera in one of the complex silicates of alumina, iron, and potash, probably some form of glauconite; this kind of bottom had been met with once or twice, but is evidently quite exceptional. Going still south, Marion Island was visited for a few hours and a considerable collection of plants, including nine flowering species, was made. Dredging near the island gave a large number of species, many representing northern types, but with a mixture of southern forms. On the 30th of December, being then between Prince Edward's Island and the Crozets, the dredge was let down to a depth of sixteen hundred fathoms, and a vast number of species belonging to the well-known genera

Euplectella, *Hyalonema*, *Umbellularia*, *Pourtalesia*, as well as two new genera of stalked crinoids, several quite new spatangoids, and several remarkable crustacea were taken.

1874.

THE new year opened with a storm, and they could not land on Possession Island, on account of the weather; though a dredging in two hundred and ten and another in five hundred and fifty fathoms about eighteen miles to S.W. of the island were made with satisfactory results. On the 7th of January Kerguelen Island was reached, and the "Challenger" remained there till the 1st of February. During that time Dr. v. Willemoës-Suhm was chiefly occupied in working out the land fauna, Mr. Moseley collected the plants, Mr. Buchanan attended to the geological features, while Prof. Wyville Thomson and Mr. Murray dredged in the shallow waters round the islands with the steam-pinnace. Many observations were made, some on the development of the echinoderms, and great collections were stored away. On one occasion the trawl-net came up nearly filled with some large cup sponges, probably belonging to the same species as were dredged up by Sir James Clarke Ross many years ago near the ice-barrier. On the 2nd of February they were one hundred and forty miles south of Kerguelen, and on the 6th they reached Corinthian Bay in Yong Island, and had made all arrangements for examining it, when a sudden change of weather obliged them to put to sea, though one or two of the party had succeeded in spending an hour or two on shore. The most southerly station made was on the 14th of February in lat. $65^{\circ} 42m$. S., long. $79^{\circ} 49m$ E., when the trawl brought up from the depth of sixteen hundred and seventy-five fathoms a considerable number of animals. Dredging so near the Antarctic circle was, however, not only a severe but a somewhat critical operation; the temperature of the workrooms for days averaged seven or eight degrees below freezing-point, the ship was surrounded by icebergs, and snowstorms from the south-east were constantly blowing against her.

On the 23rd of February the wind had risen to a whole gale, the thermometer fell to 21° F., the snow drove in a dry blinding cloud of exquisite star-like crystals, which burned the skin as if they had been red hot, and none were sorry to turn northwards. This was a period of sore anxiety to all in charge; still observations on tem-

perature were carried on, the specific gravity of the water was taken daily by Mr. Buchanan, and some interesting observations were also made on sea-water ice. The soundings and dredgings, while they were among the ice in 1,675 to 1,975 fathoms, gave evidence of a very distinct deposit of yellowish clay, with pebbles and small stones, and a considerable admixture of diatoms, radiolarians, etc., the former doubtless being a deposit from the melting icebergs. Soundings were made on the 26th of February, and 3rd and 7th of March in one thousand eight hundred fathoms, when some very remarkable large-sized star-fishes were met with. On the 13th of March, at a depth of two thousand six hundred fathoms, with a bottom temperature of $0^{\circ} \cdot 2$ C. holothuriæ were abundant, as well as many other animal forms.

Melbourne was reached on the 17th of March, and some weeks were pleasantly spent, which were all the more refreshing after the hardships of the tour to the Antarctic circle. Next Sydney was visited, and here everything was done by the inhabitants to welcome the members of the expedition that could be done, and there is no doubt that the memory of their visits to our Australian possessions will linger among the pleasant ones that they will indulge in for years. A very careful survey of that portion of the Pacific Ocean that intervenes between the coasts of Australia and New Zealand was required for electric-telegraph purposes, and the soundings made by the "Challenger" gave every reason to expect that it would not be long ere New Zealand would be in telegraphic connection with Europe — as indeed it now is. Until the end of June the "Challenger" was engaged on this work, but on the 6th of July, 1874, she set out once more on an ocean cruise.

Leaving Wellington on the 7th she proceeded under sail along the east coast of New Zealand. On the 10th they were about forty miles to the east of East Cape, and continuing their course towards the Kermadec Islands, on the 14th they were off Raoul Island. The specimens brought up from a depth of six hundred fathoms were just such as one would have expected to find in a similar depth off the coast of Portugal. On the evening of the 19th they arrived at Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands. Two days were spent in visiting different parts of the island, and a few hauls of the dredge were made in shallow water off the coast. They next made a straight course for Matuku Island, the

most southerly of the Fijis, where, on the 24th, a party of surveyors and naturalists landed; some others explored the sea along the coast, trawling in some one to three hundred fathoms, and procuring, among other fine things, a specimen of the pearly nautilus (*Nautilus pompilius*), which was kept alive in a tub of salt water for some time so as to watch its movements. Kandavu was reached on the 25th, Levuka was visited on the 28th, and the ship returned to Kandavu on the 3rd of August, to remain for a week. The natural history of the coral reefs surrounding the Fijis was examined by the civilian staff, who received every assistance possible from Mr. Layard, H.M. consul. Between New Zealand and the Fiji group only two soundings had been taken to a greater depth than one thousand fathoms; one off Cape Turnagain, New Zealand, gave a bottom of grey ooze at one thousand one hundred fathoms, and the other midway between the Kermadecs and Friendly Islands, gave red clay at a bottom of two thousand nine hundred fathoms; the other dredgings and soundings were in depths of from three to six hundred fathoms, and many of the former yielded an abundance of animal life.

On the 10th of August the "Challenger" left for Api, one of the least-known of the New Hebrides, and on the 18th anchored off the island. Capt. Nares had given a passage from Fiji to eleven men of Api, and two or three of the officers, with an armed party of mariners, took the returned laborers on shore. The natives appeared somewhat mistrustful, and were armed with clubs, spears, and bows with sheaves of poisoned arrows; so that it was not thought prudent to go into the forest. The natives were almost entirely naked, and were of rather a savage and forbidding aspect. From Api the "Challenger's" course was to the north-westward, towards Raine Island, which is in a breach of the great barrier reef not far from the entrance to Torres Straits. A sounding on the 19th, in lat. $16^{\circ} 47' \text{m. S.}$, long. $165^{\circ} 20' \text{m. E.}$, at a depth of two thousand six hundred and fifty fathoms with a bottom of red clay, gave a bottom temperature of $1^{\circ} 7 \text{ C. (35 F.)}$. A serial temperature-sounding was taken to the depth of one thousand five hundred fathoms, and it was found that the minimum temperature ($1^{\circ} 7 \text{ C.}$) was reached at a depth of one thousand three hundred, and that consequently a stratum of water at that uniform temperature extended from that depth to the bottom.

Serial temperatures were taken on the 21st, 24th, 25th, 27th, and 28th of August, in 2,325, 2,450, 2,440, 2,275, and 1,700 fathoms respectively, and in each case the minimum temperature of $1^{\circ} 7 \text{ C.}$ extended in a uniform layer, averaging seven thousand feet in thickness, from the depth of one thousand three hundred fathoms to the bottom. The area over which this temperature existed has been called the "Melanesian Sea," and it is evident that there is no free communication between it and the outer ocean to a greater depth than one thousand three hundred fathoms, the encircling barrier being complete up to that point. The animals procured in this sea were few in number, but sufficient to show that the existence of a fauna is not impossible in the still bottom water of such an inclosed area, though, as in the Mediterranean, such conditions do not appear to favor life.

On the 31st Raine Island was visited, and found to be just as described by Jukes; a collection of the birds breeding there was made, and the next day, the 1st of September, the ship was at Cape York. Proceeding thence across the Arafura Sea to the Arú Islands, Dobbo, a town on the island of Wamma, was reached on the 16th. After a few days spent in shooting some birds of paradise and getting an idea of the natural history of the place, they proceeded to Ké Doulan, the principal village in the Ké group, thence to the island of Banda, where they remained a few days, and thence to Amboina, which was reached on the 4th of October. In some of the dredgings between Ké and Amboina a wonderful assemblage of forms were met with, not only new pentacrinoid forms, but many new vitreous sponges — echinoderms, crustacea, etc. From Amboina they went to Ternate, and thence across the Molucca Passage into the Celebes Sea, by the passage between Bejaren Island and the north-east point of Celebes. Crossing the Celebes Sea, Zamboanga was reached on the 23rd; and the Sulu Sea on the 26th. Capt. Chimmo's observations on this basin-sea were confirmed. Ilo-Ilo was visited on the 28th, and proceeding by the eastern passage round Mindoro, Manila was made on the 4th of November, and after a short stay at the Philippines, Hong-Kong was made headquarters for a time. During the "Challenger's" stay here Capt. Nares received a telegram offering him the command of the Arctic expedition. This was a great blow to all of the party. Though sorry to part with one who had so far brought the expedition

successfully on its way, the importance was fully recognized of having a man of his character and experience in command of the north-pole expedition. Capt. Thomson, who was already on the China Station in command of the "Modeste," took Capt. Nares's place.

1875.

HONG-KONG was left on the 6th of January, with the intention of sailing to the region of the equator, then making a series of stations parallel to it, for a distance of some two thousand miles, and eventually going north to Japan. Proceeding to the middle of the China Sea, a series of temperature-soundings were taken, the temperature at the bottom of twelve hundred fathoms being 36° F. This is accounted for by Chimmo's statement that the China Sea is cut off, by a barrier rising to a height of eight to nine hundred fathoms below the surface of the water, from communication with the waters of the Antarctic Ocean. Passing along the west coast of Luzon, the "Challenger" entered the Panay Sea, where further observations were made; visiting Zebu, the first-known locality for the Venus's flower-basket, where some fine specimens of this sponge were obtained in the dredge. Next the ship made for the little island of Camaguin—between Mindanao and Bohol—to inspect the active volcano thereon. This volcano was ushered into existence on the first of May, 1871, and presented at the time of the "Challenger's" visit the appearance of an irregular cone of nineteen hundred and fifty feet in height; its base was gradually extending, and had covered the town of Catarman. From Camaguin the "Challenger" went along the west coast of Mindanao to Zamboanga, which was (for the second time) reached in the last week of January (29th). A little party of sportsmen were sent off to camp out in the forest within riding-distance of the ship; visits were paid to them from time to time, and they thoroughly enjoyed their brief sojourn in the heart of a most exquisite little bit of tropical scenery, and surrounded by multitudes of monkeys, galeopithecids, and many more of the strange denizens of such woods. Thus was a pleasant week spent, and with some regrets Zamboanga was left on the 8th of February. The following day was spent in the strait between Mindanao and Basilan. The view of both islands from the strait was extremely beautiful from the luxuriance of the vegetation which filled up the gullies and mantled over every

basalt ridge and peak up to their very summits. On the 9th the party were off Cape Sarangan and in view of Balat, the finest of the Sarangani Islands, with a fine volcanic cone thickly wooded to the top. On the 10th they had a very successful haul of the dredge off the island of Tular, in five hundred fathoms, getting many specimens of three or four species of *Pentacrinus*, with stems two or three feet high. About this time the wind felt very light and uncertain, and a strong current was setting them down towards the coast of New Guinea. The coal-supply was running short, and was required for dredging and sounding up to Japan, the nearest place for a fresh supply; so Capt. Thomson determined to make for Humboldt Bay. On the 21st of February, still drifting southwards, they were opposite the delta of the great river Ambernoh, which rises in the Charles Louis Mountains, a splendid range in the interior of New Guinea, upwards of sixteen thousand feet high, and falls into the sea at Cape D'Urville, to the east of the entrance of Geelvink Bay. Night was falling on the 23rd as the "Challenger" cast anchor just within the headlands of Point Caillé and Point Bonpland. Next morning, shortly after daybreak, the ship was surrounded by about eighty canoes, each from fifteen to twenty feet long, and with crews of from four to six men each. There were no women or children among them. The men were unusually good-looking for Melaneseans, and wonderfully picturesque; they seemed on an average about five feet four inches in height, features tolerably good, nose rather thick and flat, eyes dark and good, expression agreeable, mouth large, and lips rather full; betel and chinam chewing had destroyed their teeth and dyed their gums crimson, and their ear-lobes were greatly lengthened by ear-rings. Their hair is frizzed, not woolly, very thick, and worn in the shape of a huge round mop; it was partly bleached by lime, or colored red by lime and ochre; black and white feathers and coronals of scarlet hibiscus flowers were worn on their heads; the face was smeared with black or red pigment; with the exception of a few ornaments the body was entirely naked; the skin dark-brown in the shade, warmed to a rich red-brown in the sunlight. A band of tappa, variously ornamented, encircled the middle of the upper arm on both sides, and into this they stick, towards the outside of the arm, large bunches of the fresh green and white leaves of a beautiful narrow-leaved *Cro-*

ten. The natives were well armed with strong bows and arrows, the latter five to six feet long, with heads bristling with barbs. In almost every canoe there were stone hatchets mounted on hard-wood handles, closely resembling those found in Denmark; they were made of a hard, close-grained green stone, taking a jade-like polish. The canoes had generally a grotesquely carved prow, the paddles being of hard wood, leaf-shaped, and often prettily carved.

In the course of the afternoon Captain Thomson and Prof. Wyville Thomson went in the galley to an island where there was a village, to ascertain the temper of the natives, and see if it were safe to go about freely. They were rowed to a sandy beach, and made signs that they wished to land, but the whole population, consisting chiefly of women and boys, all armed with bows, turned out with the most determined demonstrations of hostility. The women were not prepossessing; the young girls were perfectly naked, and wore no ornaments, the matrons wore a fringe of rough bark-cloth round their loins. The village consisted of some twenty or thirty huts, some on land under the trees, but most of them built on a platform raised a few feet above the surface of the sea on piles, and communicating with the shore by planks removed at pleasure. Another boat sent off to get sights had been caught hold of by the natives and plundered, but no attempt at retaliation had been made by the crews. Had things gone on well, the "Challenger" would have remained at Humboldt Bay for five days, but Capt. Thomson made up his mind not to submit to the pilfering that was going on, nor to risk the chance of a rupture, and after careful consideration and consultation, went on towards Admiralty Island the same evening. During the afternoon the captain, Prof. Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Murray, managed to land on the shore of the bay by going in a canoe with some natives, and during an hour's ramble on shore, Mr. Murray had the good luck to see three of the wonderful crested ground pigeons of the genus *Goura*, which are nearly as large as turkeys.

During the next week the ship gradually made her way, with light winds and heavy rains, and close, depressing, equatorial weather, past the Schouten Islands and Hermit Island towards Admiralty Island, where it arrived on the 3rd of March, and anchored in a lovely bay in eighteen fathoms; this they called Nares Bay, in compliment to the head of the Arctic expedi-

tion, their former captain. The natives are Papuan Melanesians, but partake more of the characters of the Papuans of New Ireland and New Britain than of those of New Guinea. Here bows were unknown and the natives used spears, with heavy heads of obsidian and light shafts six to seven feet long; they also use long sharp knives or daggers of obsidian, and almost every man had over his shoulder a neatly-mounted little adze made of a small piece of hoop iron; a few carried implements of the same form, but the cutting-part made of a piece of a thick shell ground down. Here the natives made no great opposition to the party landing, only hurrying them past or away from their villages and warning their women to keep out of sight. Sometimes the curiosity of the women would overcome their discretion, and little groups would come out to see the strangers. These were anything but pleasant-looking; they wore no clothing except two fringes of grass or palm-leaves. In the course of a few days all the party were quite at home with the natives, and went and came as they pleased. The natives were found to be totally ignorant of the use of tobacco and spirits; but though they showed many good points, yet there are the gravest suspicions that they dispose of their dead in a very economical though hideously repulsive way. Some of the small islands literally swarmed with the beautiful large nutmeg pigeons.

On the 10th of March, the "Challenger" steamed out of Nares Harbor, intending to call at one of the more western of the Caroline Islands, and perhaps at some of the Ladrone group, but the explorers were so very unfortunate in the winds that they were driven to the west of both groups, and never again saw land until they sighted the Japanese coast on the 11th of April. This cruise was by far the most trying one during the commission. The weather, for the greater part of the time, had been excessively sultry and depressing, and before entering on it they had been nearly a year in the tropics. The section from the Admiralty Islands to Japan, 2,250 miles long, was practically meridional; the observing-stations were twelve in number and pretty regularly distributed. The greatest depth was found on the 23d of March, in 4,575 fathoms. With the exception of two soundings taken by the "Tuscarora" off the east coast of Japan, in 4,643 and 4,655 fathoms respectively, this is the deepest trustworthy sounding on record. A second sounding to check the first gave 4,475 fathoms,

and in this the tube of the sounding-machine contained an excellent sample of the bottom, which was of a very peculiar character, consisting almost entirely of the siliceous shells of radiolaria. In these, the body may have a more or less fully developed external siliceous skeleton minutely fenestrated, and often presenting very remarkable and beautiful forms, or the skeleton may be essentially internal, and be formed of a number of siliceous spicules radiating from a centre, round which the sarcode is accumulated, as in *Xiphacantha*. Or again they may give off a set of finely anastomosing branches, which form one or several concentric lacey shells, which invest the sarcode nucleus, as in *Haliomma*. These lovely forms occurred in such numbers in this sounding as almost entirely to mask the "red clay."

The most marked temperature phenomenon observed in this part of the cruise was the presence of a surface layer of water at a depth of eighty fathoms and a temperature above 77° F., extending northwards from the coast of New Guinea about 20°, and westward as far as the meridian of the Pelew Islands. The greater part of this vast mass of hot water is moving with more or less of rapidity to the westward.

The travellers, weary and worn out by their assiduous labors in the tropics, had a welcome and a well-deserved rest at Japan. The wonders of Yeddo, and the freshness of the climate, soon restored them to vigor. Short excursions were made, and various towns and villages were visited. A cruise was made after a time to Kobe and along the south-west coast of Nipon, and on the 16th of June the "Challenger" left Yokohama, and ran an easterly course between the parallels of 35° and 40° north latitude, as far as the meridian of 155° east. She then went nearly directly southwards and reached Honolulu, one of the Sandwich Islands, on the 27th of July.

Between Japan and these latter islands twenty-four observing-stations were satisfactorily established. At the first station, just forty miles to the south-east of No-Sima Lighthouse, they had a successful trawl, and among a mass of starfish and other echinoderms there was found a giant hydroid polyp, apparently referable to the genus *Monocaulus*. The hydranth was nine inches across from tip to tip of the expanded (non-retractile) tentacles, and the hydrocaulus or stem was seven feet four inches high, with a diameter of half an inch. This wonderful form was found

once again nearer to Honolulu. The deepest sounding got off Japan was 3,950 fathoms, with a red-clay bottom. The temperature-observations gave a singular result; the surface temperature had fallen to 65° F., and the belt of water above 50° F. was reduced in depth to considerably less than one hundred fathoms, while all the isotherms, at all events to the depth of four hundred fathoms, rose in proportion. There seems to be little doubt, from a comparison of the American temperature results with those of the "Challenger," that this sudden diminution of temperature is due to a cold-surface flow from the sea of Okhotsk, and possibly attaining its maximum at the season of the melting of the snow over the vast region drained by the Amoor and Siberian rivers with a southern overflow.

The soundings from Yokohama to Honolulu were very uniform as to depth. The average of twenty-two being 2,858 fathoms, and the bottom was pretty generally red clay. In some cases the trawl came up half filled with large lumps of pumice, which seemed to have drifted about till they became water-logged. The red clay was also found full of concretions, mainly consisting of peroxide of manganese, round, oval, or mammillated, and very irregular, varying in size from a grain of mustard-seed to a large potato. On breaking these they are found to consist of concentric layers, having a radiating fibrous arrangement, and usually starting from a nucleus consisting of some foreign body, such as a piece of pumice, a shark's tooth, or such like.

A delightful fortnight was spent on the Sandwich Islands; numerous excursions were undertaken. In the Government Library at Honolulu there was a splendid collection of scientific books, which enabled many points in the natural history of some of the species found to be verified. On the 11th of August Hawaii was visited, and the crater of Kilauea was explored. On the 19th Hawaii was left, and the course of the "Challenger" was due south to Tahiti. Many soundings and dredgings were made on the way, the average depth being twenty-eight hundred fathoms, with a bottom of red clay, and many things of great interest to the biologist were discovered. Tahiti was reached early in September, and amid the charms of this island, by some better known as Otaheite, the time sped quickly until October; every opportunity was made use of to get acquainted with the productions, climate, geological structure, and inhabi-

tants of the island. Leaving it on the 2d a section was made across to the island of Juan Fernandez, a distance of about four thousand miles, with an average depth of 2,160 fathoms. Juan Fernandez was reached on the 13th of November, and two days were spent exploring every corner of it, and large collections were made. The ship anchored in the harbor of Valparaiso on the 19th. Three weeks were here spent to recruit, and then the "Challenger," leaving on the 10th of December, started on a cruise round Cape Horn to the Falklands.

1876.

THE Falkland Islands were reached about the 10th of January, and some three weeks being spent in explorations among the islands on the South-American coast, Monte Video was visited on the 15th of February, when, after a week's sojourn, homewards was the cry, and on the 23rd the "Challenger" left for her last section across the Atlantic in the direction of Ascension Island and St. Vincent. At the Cape Verd Islands she once more was in familiar waters and had encircled the world. The former was reached on the 27th of March, and a week was spent at George Town, when stores were completed and a few supernumeraries taken on board. On the 18th of April St. Vincent was reached, and the final start for home made on the 26th; her arrival at Spithead on the 24th of May is now matter of history. We are glad to be able to report that all of both staffs are in the enjoyment of perfect health.

This sketch of the "Challenger's" cruise has, from the very necessity of the case, been an imperfect one; time and space both failed, or we would have gladly told of visits to Heard Island, the strange breeding-place of the giant albatross, of fights with sea-elephants, and of many of the new and rare animals found in the depths of the three oceans. We would here also like to have subjoined a sketch of the chief scientific results of the voyage; but perhaps it were better left undone, for we know that a "Narrative of the Cruise of the 'Challenger,'" from the able pen of the head of her civilian staff, is already in an advanced state of preparation. From the glimpses we have got of it, from the beauty of the illustrations that will appear in it, we feel sure that it will be one of the most deeply interesting as well as fascinating books published. It will be not a mere narration of events, but contain, as well, descriptions and figures

of all the new forms, forming a most worthy contribution to physical geography, to ethnology, and to zoology and botany.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

(continued.)

THE bulk of Pleasance's little inheritance, of which the deposit-receipt had reached her in due time, and which at her own request had been transferred to one of the Cheam banks, was there to defray the extra expenses of setting up in life and enable the couple to begin house-keeping, while retaining a modest reserve for a rainy day.

Pleasance had from the first got good out of her money; but in her power and inclination to maintain herself by her own industry, she had never till now known what a great personal boon it might be to have a little money at her disposal, to smooth difficulties, to make matters easy, and to render safe steps which might have been dangerous. She began for the first time to be grateful on her own account to her father for having spared this money for his children, and to reflect wistfully on the scraps of information which had reached her of his having labored in his voluntary expatriation, though without success, to increase their store. Poor father! he had known something of life; he had been aware that what was enough for Pleasance in her present low estate, would have by no means served both her and Anne in a higher station.

It was such delight to Pleasance to think that she could give this help to Joel Wray in bringing about their marriage; and she was sure that Joel in his simplicity, and in the sincerity of his love, would not be too proud to take from her what she could give, in the spirit in which she would give it, but, on the contrary, that he would rejoice with her in receiving what, in other circumstances, he would as gladly have bestowed.

Pleasance had the undoubting happiness of a child in that unbounded trust in Joel Wray's disinterestedness, which was only partly justified by appearances; because a man may be lavish of his gifts,

and even recklessly generous, after a fashion, and for that very reason may possess himself of his neighbor's gifts as if they were his by right, and may squander them still more freely than he has spent his own.

Pleasance could not tell and did not ask what hostage Joel would give for his working steadily, and earning sufficient wages to keep both himself and her in the future.

She was ready to do as he wished, but for her own part she would prefer that they should sacrifice a good deal by remaining in the country. She shrank a little, though she would meet anything for Joel's sake, share anything with Joel, from encountering the portion of working, people in a great city — the mean quarters, the limited, crowded accommodations, the close, foul air, above all, the strange, it might be evil, associations; though Pleasance knew better than to think for a moment that the low any more than the high must be the vicious. But like most healthy, simple constitutions, and most sensitive, imaginative natures, she clung to the country with its space and freedom, its pure air, and sweet sights and sounds, which were open to all.

Then Pleasance must have Mrs. Balls with her, to care for and cheer her kind old cousin's last years. Joel, who had so much consideration and tenderness for others, would not say nay to that; and he would soon cause Mrs. Balls to forget poor Long Dick, even so far as making a pet and idol of him, Joel Wray, was concerned; for Joel had nice son's ways to old women, as Pleasance had seen and admired in his behavior to Phillis Plum.

For Mrs. Balls's content it would be well if the united family could continue where Pleasance had made her second beginning in life, and had grown up in it till she was fain to think of Manor Farm and Saxford — their familiar rusticities and rudenesses, their friendliness and enmity, their comforts and troubles, with the fond forbearance, kindly regard, and faithful pride that a true heart feels for its native place. Joel seemed to have taken to the neighborhood, and might get work, whether as carpenter or farm-laborer, there as elsewhere, and she would certainly be more secure of work in her turn where she was known and respected, as Pleasance felt with honest satisfaction.

But Joel should settle all those particulars.

Joel was not slow to claim his title to enter into the preliminary arrangements.

He came the next day at the midday un-yoking — for the autumn ploughing was begun, and he was doing his best to work a pair of horses — straight to the manor-house and asked, with a smile on his lips and a little color in his brown cheek, but without any faltering or equivocating, to speak with Pleasance.

It was the first moment that he was at liberty, but it was an inconvenient moment. It cost him his dinner, to Phillis Plum's chagrin, and it interrupted Pleasance at her own meal, to Mrs. Balls's indignation. Notwithstanding Pleasance might please herself about her dinner as about her lover, since the lower men and women descend in the social scale the more they are privileged to dwell in a liberty hall, until the savage's license of eating when he is hungry and drinking when he is thirsty is within sight.

Joel Wray cared little for his empty stomach provided he could get Pleasance to himself for an hour among the brown-podded sweet peas and green-seeded candy-tuft, and the russet bushy walnut-trees, which remained as a relic of the long-fled dignity of the manor. The autumn sun was shining as yet, though a shower was threatening to fall. But what cared the couple, at the height of their bliss, for anything so merely mundane in its damping as raindrops? It was not possible to damp the two in their perfect confidence, entire agreement, and true love.

"I have come to see what I am to do, Pleasance," he said gaily; "you know something must be done immediately."

"But we cannot marry right out of hand, Joel," said Pleasance, with a little coy laugh, while pleased in her heart that her lover should desire to strike when the iron was hot — should propose to conduct one of those short, sharp wooings which the old adage pronounces pre-eminently happy. "I have not even spoken to Mrs. Balls."

"Then speak to her, darling, or let me speak to her, at once. I am not going to be put off a moment longer than I can help. I have more reason than most men to press for a speedy marriage." He gave a little conscious laugh in his turn, but there was an excited restlessness in the laugh and in his joy that was not in Pleasance's happiness. She judged it might be the difference between man and woman which in his ardor thus panted for the attainment of an end.

Pleasance's knowledge of life, whether derived from personal experience or

books, had not been of the increasingly artificial, egotistical kind of the present day. She had not seen and read much of the exceeding wariness, well-nigh reluctance, with which a large proportion of intending bridegrooms are understood to approach the altar while deceitfully soliciting the company of their chosen brides as to a triumph, not to a sacrifice, a feast, not to a fast. Had it been otherwise she would have been still more struck with and flattered by Joel's eagerness for the fulfilment of their promise. Joel Wray, whether because of his humble origin, which, although it had not deprived him of intelligence or prevented him from acquiring knowledge, might have delivered him from the burden of over-estimation of his own merits and chances, whether from an innate peculiarity in the young fellow, was wild to marry Pleasance Hatton with as little probation as possible.

"We have nothing to keep us waiting," Joel urged, "after consulting our own happiness. To stay to consult others would only be a needless waste of time and peace, for you know that friends never agree upon the marriage of fellows or girls in whom they are interested. It is the one point on which the most devoted of friends cannot be trusted; in fact, it does seem that the more they are devoted, the less they can be trusted. I suppose that is the reason why the Bible bids a man leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife. When will you be my wife, Pleasance, my very own wife, for life and death? Will you be ready in a week? No? Surely you are not going to take a month, when you are perfection where you stand, and don't require the splendors of a fine lady's trousseau to make you fairer, or dearer, or happier?"

"You must allow time for the banns to be put up," said Pleasance jestingly.

"Oh, yes, the banns to be sure, but that is all we want, isn't it, Pleasance? It is good to want so little; to be all in all to each other, when we are to walk through the rest of life, up hill and down dale, side by side. Do you know, Pleasance, it seems to me the very poetry of marriage to take each other thus simply, while it is for better for worse, till death do us part, and beyond death, if God will!"

"I heard once of a marriage that would suit your fancy," Pleasance told him. "It happened away in the hop-country, where strangers come for the hop-harvest. The banns were published on successive Sundays for two of these strangers whom no-

body knew, and when the time came for the marriage, the couple (they were an elderly pair, worn with toil and care), with a friend to give away the bride, simply left the field where they had been working, and went into the church in their working-clothes, coarse and soiled, and so were married."

"That was grand in its way," said Joel enthusiastically.

"Yes," assented Pleasance, with a flush of pleasure at his sympathy with her own sentiment. "I think that must have been a very real marriage. I mean that it was stripped of all mere glitter, even in pretty fancies, and that the couple took each other at their poorest and plainest. But if they loved each other, what did it matter? They had all that was worth caring for in marriage when they had each other and their love. Gold is gold still, and cannot be rendered dross, though it may have been subjected to hard usage, and left dull and dented."

"I am altogether with you, Pleasance," said Joel, with a fond appreciation of what was heroic in her standard of truth. "But now tell me your views for me in our marriage."

"But you are not to be at my bidding," objected Pleasance; "I am to be at yours."

"Yes, yes; I am to be lord and master, don't fear. I am not going to resign my rule," said Joel, looking, as he often did, decidedly younger than Pleasance, though the greater youthfulness was not in years, and lay rather in lack of experience than in weakness of character. "Only when I can do it with a good conscience, I am to lay my rule at your feet, and at all times you are to reign as my queen consort. Do you hear that, Pleasance?"

"I hear and believe it," said Pleasance; "but it would sound funny to most people to hear you and me, a working man and woman, speaking of being kings and queens. I am afraid it is a little high-flown."

"No, it ain't," protested Joel seriously. "Veritable kings and queens have to go back in their ancestors to the times

When Adam dived and Eve span."

"And there was the first gentleman in the first working-man," chimed in Pleasance brightly.

"No doubt, dear; and you are a lady in a working-woman, a true lady because you are not in the least ashamed of being a working-woman."

"No, I am not ashamed," said Pleas-

ance quietly; "I chose it so far. I must tell you all about that some day. I like working-people best."

"Do you mean that you would not have cared for me, if I had been a gentleman?" asked Joel curiously, picking up a fallen walnut and beginning to peel off its split green husk assiduously, with his eyes fixed on the operation.

"I hardly think I should," she answered candidly. "If you had been — not one of the gentlemen and ladies that we have just been speaking of — not Adam's sort; but a gentleman in outward circumstances, idle, luxurious, effeminate."

"But gentlemen in outward circumstances need not be idle, luxurious, or effeminate," said Joel Wray in gentle remonstrance.

"I know they need not. I know many of them work harder with their heads than we work with our hands; but they are the exception in their class, and we are the rule in ours; and I like to see and think of you, Joel, as hard at work. I think that working-men look then as if they were conquering the material world. I don't wonder at some ladies forgetting themselves, as it is called, and leaving their station to marry working-men. No, I don't like ladies and gentlemen," ended Pleasance, shaking her head. "That is, I don't care for them so as to wish to belong to them."

"Then you would not like to be a lady — a lady out and out?" he continued to press the question.

"Oh, no," she said emphatically, "I should wear my heart out as a lady — not only have I no desire for it, but I would not be it for any consideration. I know I should make a very sorry lady. I was in process of being made one when I was a girl at a ladies' school, and in spite of my dear Miss Cayley, who was a very good schoolmistress, in spite of my own sister Anne, who was a thorough little lady, not only inwardly but outwardly, my friends were kept in constant anxiety about me because I showed every symptom of proving a very odd specimen of ladyhood."

When Pleasance stopped speaking, Joel Wray remained silent, and she had an impression that she had vexed him somehow. Was it by the supposition that in other circumstances she would not have come to care for him?

Pleasance was no coquette where coquetry is ungenerous, and she hastened to remove the impression.

"It is idle guessing what I should have done if you had been a gentleman, for we

should never have met in that case; but it would have been my great misfortune then, for you would still have been Joel."

"And what is Joel?" he asked quickly.

"Why, you know very well Joel is Joel," said Pleasance a little impatiently, and twisting her fingers together with a bashfulness tending to awkwardness, which was unusual in her. "Of course no other person could be Joel — there could not be another man like Joel to me in the world. I never saw any one like him, and though I have not lived very long till I have had the good fortune to find him — I know I could not find another like him — mind, to me, for I don't wish to make him vain, though I lived to the age of a hundred."

"That is my Pleasance, my jewel among women, whatever the setting," cried Joel ecstatically, putting his arm round her and showing himself altogether mollified. "But we are coming to no resolution how we are to proceed, and we must not lose time."

Then she told him with shy pride, and at the same time with instinctive care that he should not feel the obligation, of her few hundred pounds which she had inherited from her father who had married beneath him.

He listened with great interest to the origin of her fortune, and questioned her with animation as to what she knew of her father's antecedents, saying that she would grace any name — and Hatton was a good name; but he would not have been surprised to find her well-born on both sides of the house.

She saw that he was pleased to hear of her gentle descent, and was not sure that it was not a little weakness in him to be so pleased; but it was an innocent weakness, and if it gave him pleasure, what then? She was not going to marry an impossible monster of perfection, besides the fact that she was far from perfection herself. It was more than enough to her that Joel was true and brave, and oh! how tender of the woes of his fellows, and clever and bright! He might be crotchety as well as versatile, and innocently vain into the bargain — these were very pardonable spots on the sun. Moreover, she had read, though she had never felt it in her own experience — indeed, she had been driven to the opposite extremity by the catastrophe which had early befallen her — that to some, and those among the most poetic, if not the most powerful minds, rank and station, with their dignity and harmony, offer a strong attraction. She had never suspected Joel Wray of a

hankering after gentility; but it might be there for aught she knew — only of this she was certain, that it was a very harmless hankering, not at all affecting his simplicity and integrity — witness the philosophy with which he accommodated himself to the hardships of his day's-man life, his opinion coinciding with her own on what constituted a true marriage, and his positive indifference to the close of her tale.

For Joel had not only listened with perfect composure to her intended employment of her riches — of the existence of which he might have known previously — for their joint benefit, his coolness had approached to carelessness.

Pleasance was even slightly taken aback by this sublimity of indifference on Joel's part. He seemed to care as little for her having the money which she was so glad to give him, as she cared for the raindrops which had begun to patter through the leaves of the dusky green walnut-tree.

It was not that he looked put out again, but simply that after delaying her narrative for the small matter of her father's having happened to be one of the gentle-folks about whom they had differed, he had hurried her on over the more important portion of her story.

Large-hearted as Pleasance was, she was a shade mortified in her turn. It was not that she exaggerated her slender amount of property, or made much of herself on account of it, but she had already conned and reconned the advantage that it was to be to her and Joel at the present epoch of their lives, with the delight of her having it in her power to confer this advantage and the glory to her of transferring the power. And that he should receive the communication with worse than the stolidity of Long Dick — with an apparent thoughtlessness that savored of frivolity, was trying to Pleasance.

She had prided herself on Joel's disinterestedness, but this seemed disinterestedness appertaining to folly.

At last he gave her some explanation of his manner.

"Did you mean that your hundreds were all to go towards setting us up?" he said, rousing himself. "That was a great deal too good of you, dear. You must let me contribute my share. Did you not know that I had savings? To be sure, I have savings."

Certainly it was to Joel's credit that, day's-man as he was living, he had held savings in the background. When Pleasance had time to reflect upon the matter,

she would be rationally pleased with and grateful for the unlooked-for, off-hand announcement. It was like him, too, to have been silent on so important a particular, and to refer to it at last incidentally in this easy fashion.

But at the moment, the allusion which ought to have been welcome, came upon Pleasance with the effect of a disturbing element, overturning her programme, and well-nigh disconcerting her who was nearly as unworldly as her lover.

However, Joel Wray was not only captivated with Pleasance Hatton, he was enamoured of her with the whole force of a nature that was both passionate and stubborn in its crude impulsiveness and rashness, only he had not a woman's eyes, and he did not perceive as she might have perceived, that his divided attention and inclination to pass on with their conversation disappointed her.

"Pleasance," he said suddenly, throwing off the abstraction which had stolen over him, "have you thought that while you are willing to trust me with your means, and what, had they been ten thousand times larger, would still have been ten thousand times better worth — yourself, you have never asked a single word about me farther than I have chosen to tell you? Have you not considered that there may be points — about my people, for instance, and my rearing — which you will not like?"

"It is you yourself, Joel, that I am going to marry," said Pleasance firmly and tenderly, "and I know you to be what I can trust. Of course I should care to hear all about you. I think that I should never weary of hearing what you did when you were a boy, during your short schooling and your first apprenticeship, and how manful you were as an apprentice. Oh! I know all about it," she continued, fondly and proudly, "about the first money you saved to buy a book — second-hand and at a book-stall, I daresay, I have read of such good beginnings — before you were old enough to join a mechanic's institute. I hardly require you to tell me, I see all the outlines for myself," she finished with shining eyes; "I only want you to fill them in."

"But if it should all have been different from what you suppose?" he said wistfully.

"It could not have been very different," she said confidently, "unless you had more difficulties to struggle with than I have imagined; and then I should but love you more dearly for your courage and

perseverance. As for your mother and sister, Joel—I think you have only a mother and sister, at least you have never referred to any other relation—I shall be too pleased to hear all about them. I hope they will like me, as I shall love them well for your sake, if they will let me. But, don't you see, it must be for your sake to begin with, and therefore I can wait till such time as you choose to make us friends even by hearsay. I have always thought that it was one of the good things of working-people that, however united in other respects, each man and woman stood in a sense apart, and in all the great events of their lives could act singly and independently. You said a little while ago that it made marriage simple and true. It is as if working for himself and herself made a man and a woman of a lad and a girl, and fitted them to choose their own roads in life, and their own companions on those roads, with none to call in question their right of judgment."

"That is all right, but I must admit this to you," he confessed with some agitation, "that I am not on terms with my mother and sister at present. They took offence at the first hint of my coming into the country as I have done. We had a dispute, and parted on the dispute. I started without a word."

"But you could work as you pleased," said Pleasance, swift to resent for him the undue interference of his mother and sister.

"Oh! yes, I was of age, and my own master, and all that sort of thing," answered he quickly.

"Joel," cried Pleasance, "how differently you London work-people speak from us country folks! We never hear of coming of age here unless for lords' or squires' sons, at least."

"In town we ape our betters," said Joel promptly. "But about my people, they will come round in time. Indeed, I could make my sister Jane come round any day. She is a dear little thing, and was always fond of me; only she swears by my mother, which is but right and natural in an only daughter. As for the old lady—oh! dear, no, she is not very old,"—he corrected himself, and laughing with recovered cheerfulness in response to the expression of Pleasance's face; "she is not more than six-and-forty, I am glad to say, but she is old to us, you know, and she has her prejudices, as we have ours, I daresay, though you are the wisest, as well as the best and dearest woman in the

world. But these prejudices must and will give way, and all will come right in the end. I thought I had better mention the difference with my family, to explain why I could not make you acquainted with them, or have them here for our wedding," he said frankly, with the relieved air of a person who had discharged an unpleasant obligation, and was happy in proportion.

"I did not suppose they could be here," said Pleasance, opening her eyes, "because of the expense. Some day, when we are all relations and friends, we may go and see them,—it would be better for us to bear the inconvenience and cost. It is well to speak of railways having made travelling easy, but travelling is never easy for working-people." And then she wondered within herself whether it was mean of her to feel pleased that she should have her young husband all to herself at first. "I am speaking," continued Pleasance, with an effort after lightness and with a heightened color which showed how much she had the wish at heart, "as if it were fixed that we should live in the country, and hereabouts."

"Look here, should you like that very much to begin with, Pleasance?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I should," she owned.

"Then you shall have your wish," he said, in a low, loving tone; "and perhaps it will help to reconcile you to changes that may have to come afterwards."

"I shall not want to be reconciled to anything when I am with you, Joel," she said softly, fearing that she had been too eager in her wish, and grieved if he should think for a moment that she could be capacious and exacting to him, who was consulting her in everything, who was so mindful of what was due to her, and so caressingly kind.

"So you think just now; but we shall see," he answered smilingly. "Not that I think you will want anything that I can give you, or that you will be unreasonable in asking me to do for you what I cannot do. You will be pleased to hear that Martin—the carpenter, you know, in the village—has offered me a job or two when I have looked in upon him, and I can fall back on that if Long Dick will not have me working here. Poor Long Dick! have you thought of him?"

"He will get over it," said Pleasance, with determined hopefulness; "he is not suffering so great a loss; he will do better for himself. If I was made for you, I could not have been made for him. There

is his cousin, Lizzie Blennerhasset; if he would only think of her in that way. She loves him — it is no secret as —”

“As you love me,” suggested Joel, laughing softly.

“No,” denied Pleasance honestly. “It is little to say that I am willing to give you myself and all I have; and it is needless to vow, as lovers vow in books, that I would die for you, since I am not likely to be called upon to prove my words, though I think I might; and surely I am going to do more when I mean to live for you. Yet in spite of all, I am certain it is not in me to sink my identity in another’s, and be content to be his servant and slave, to follow him like a dog, as Lizzie Blennerhasset follows Long Dick.”

“I am quite satisfied with what you are and what you give,” he swore roundly.

“And about Mrs. Balls, Joel?” she was emboldened to say, with a sweet beseeching tone in her boldness. “It is better that we should understand each other thoroughly; it would not be fair otherwise, and I cannot abide unfairness. She has been such a faithful cousin to me and mine; she was kind to my mother; she took Anne and me in when we were homeless. Anne died at the manor-house, and I have lived here ever since, a burden on Mrs. Balls’s kindness for many a day. I could not bear to leave her now that I am independent, and can be of use to her, when she is getting old; and I fear that she has been breaking up fast this last summer, for she is not quite like herself. I know that she has been unjust to you, but she set her heart on my marrying Long Dick, and she has been thwarted. If you would bear with her —”

“Say no more, Pleasance,” he interrupted her: “Mrs. Balls is your cousin, and was your guardian — that is enough. You do not think that I cannot find room and forbearance for my wife’s oldest and best friend?” he demanded, with something like reproach in his tone.

At that moment Mrs. Balls’s voice, grown sour and querulous, reached them from one of the many little manor-house windows, in which her face, dragged and paled from its old comely roundness, appeared framed.

“I dunno, Pleasance, if I be called on to let you please yourself a-stayin’ in the garden and a-gettin’ on your dead of cold in the wet, with the good ribs on mutton and taties a-spoilin’ all the time. As for anybody as is so left to hisself as to keep you a-gossipin’ in such a shower I can tell

him Long Dick d’ be past with the hosses, he do, them ten minents ago; and for as heady as my gen’leman is, he had better take heed to thatten.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLEM BLANNERHASSET FINDS A PATRON.

THAT evening Joel Wray was in the village of Saxford, getting rid of his leisure as he best might. Pleasance had not wished him to be present at the ebullition of poor Mrs. Balls’s disappointment when she should hear that what she had dreaded had actually taken place, and that the end had come summarily to Long Dick’s protracted suit. An audacious interloper had stepped in lightly and won, in a twinkling, the prize, while Long Dick, in the view of its very value, was still but humming and hawing. Anxiety and hope for him and his ally were alike over forever.

Joel felt of his own accord, with intuitive delicacy, that he could not, having regard for Mrs. Balls’s feelings, be made — as Pleasance’s accepted lover, and soon to be her bridegroom — free of the manor-house at once, on this very first evening. He had as clear a comprehension that there would be no use in trying to decoy Pleasance from her difficult duty of breaking the news to her kinswoman, and striving to reconcile the old woman to what was inevitable. To do him justice, he had only a passing inclination — subdued quickly by his strong, if warped, sense of honor, as well as by his abundant generosity — to wile Pleasance from her mission, in order to bear him company that he might bask in the sunshine of her presence, and forget everything which he was fain to forget in his vivid rejoicing consciousness of what he considered a singular and unsurpassable combination of perfections warranting any struggle and sacrifice. He summed up these perfections in his lover’s folly as strength and sweetness, beauty and goodness, simplicity and knowledge, spirit and gentleness.

Joel could not have his natural and chosen companion, and yet he was in the humor for company. He was so happy, and at the same time so restless and excited, that he had difficulty in containing himself. He wanted to have some one to tell indirectly how happy he was, and thus to meet man’s first and last need of sympathy.

If Joel’s happiness had owned any other source, he would have sought Long Dick and poured out to him — overwhelmingly, while it was still in a vague and figurative

form, till Pleasance should remove the padlock from his lips — his supreme, intoxicating delight.

In spite of his mercurial and somewhat fantastical and passionate disposition, the lad's liking for the rude, strong, sometimes grossly erring man who had been moulded by that nature, with which he came into closest contact, was altogether sincere. Joel Wray's friendship for Long Dick was so real and friendly, that though Dick was far removed from Joel spiritually, yet Joel was pleased and proud to think that a cherished experiment of his where Long Dick was concerned had signally prospered. The two had not only met on common ground: they had made a paction together, and Joel had achieved a conquest of Long Dick, and disarmed him by disarming himself chivalrously, when the men's interests had clashed on the tenderest point. But all the more Joel shrunk from being himself the bearer of the earliest tidings of that triumph which, however softened in the telling, must be next to a death-blow to Long Dick. Long Dick would not be flesh and blood if his immediate impulse did not prove more or less bitter. Yet it was not the resentment from which Joel recoiled: it was the misery under the resentment, which the lad could not think of and preserve his own elation, and which seemed to give Long Dick a lasting claim on his more fortunate comrade.

In the circumstances, and the dire dearth of all other companionship, Joel suddenly bethought himself of Pleasance's friend Lizzie Blennerhasset's hobble-dehoy brother Clem and his musical gift, of which Joel had been certified by more than hearsay, having come across the boy and his music occasionally. He recalled a half-formed intention which he had entertained in reference to the rustic genius. The better day the better deed, and Joel was prone to mark this happiest day by some special act of kindness to one of those fellow-creatures for whom he entertained so warm a good-will. The notion did not proceed from his having any decided musical faculty, though he had a smattering of musical as of many other kinds of knowledge. The inclination to exert himself on Clem's behalf was rather the result of a peculiar inclination on Joel's part at this period of his life, and probably to be modified at a later date, by the disenchantments and disappointments of experience, to play the onerous rôle of a little providence to the dwellers in any world in which he happened to be moving.

Pleasance Hatton, on the first receipt of the information that she would succeed to a little money, had betrayed a similar inclination, showing the fellow-feeling in this, as in other respects, between the young people. But Pleasance's was an extremely modest and tame version of the malady, compared to the aggravated form under which Joel Wray labored.

In the course of the showery evening, which in his present frame of mind was so balmy in its showeriness, Joel wended his way to Saxford, and to those central strongholds of the village, Smith Blennerhasset's forge and the Brown Cow.

The rain did not prevent the usual lounging evening visiting of Saxford, and as he passed the shed with the forge and the open door of the smith's house and family-room he looked in and saw that on this occasion the Blennerhasset's premises formed the great gathering-ground. Knots of men in smocks and aprons stood round the brawny smith on the glowing smithy. The house-place had also its circle of frowsy matrons, with clutching children, and slovenly young women — whose sole finery at the present moment was resplendent brassy earrings flashing with bits of colored glass — met about long, lank, chattering Mrs. Blennerhasset and her bouncing, buxom elder daughters.

The discussions in either case were so engrossing that Joel passed without notice, and entered the Brown Cow, where he found that Host Morse and his hostess were absent attending the two evening assemblies next door.

For a like reason the bar was tenantless, save for a yawning, dawdling girl, who had not even the old lame potboy to cheer her. The appearance of the smart, saucy day's-man up at the manor, "as was puttin' out Long Dick with Madam," afforded an agreeable diversion, though Joel did nothing to justify the sensation beyond asking the girl in his pleasant way to call out Clem Blennerhasset and his fiddle, if they were next door, and ask if he would come and sup with Joel Wray, and play him a tune afterwards.

Clem, who was less than nobody in his father's house, was soon forthcoming, and very ready for the supper, though it was limited to a rasher of bacon and a glass of ale, to which Joel sat down with his appetite taken away from him by sheer happiness. When the two were left alone, by the girl's withdrawing after clearing away the relics, Clem was ready to play on his beloved fiddle to a young man who formed an attentive and appreciative listener, after

the audiences to which Clem was accustomed. These were domineeringly patronizing and fault-finding, but largely indifferent, roaring out their conversation in the very act of beating time more obstreperously than when they were fairly dancing, and caring only for a thrumming din and for familiar country airs, the salient points of which were often guiltless alike of melody and harmony.

"What 'ould you 'a?" Clem questioned, expecting, however, that Joel would say, as on former occasions, "Whatever you like," while Clem proceeded with his tuning, which Joel — so benevolent was his frame of mind — gulped down without so much as a hasty injunction to bring it to a speedy termination.

As Clem spoke and tried his fiddle, his pitted, purple, puffy cheeks shook with intentness, and his small piggish eyes began to glow — caught away as he was for the moment from all his other attributes and surroundings, and raised to a height to which neither Long Dick nor Joel Wray nor Pleasance could climb.

The lad was dimly conscious of the transforming power, and cherished the consciousness in the silent drudging life which he led as his father's assistant, of the reality of his gift, and his loyalty to it. "Nowt but a fiddler," Smith Blennerhasset and his wife would tell each other in angry mortification at their son and heir's degeneracy. "He 'ont be nobry at the forge, he 'ont, and he might 'a been sich another strapper as Long Dick. We done nothing to 'a stunted mites and odds and ends on children. As for poor Liz, it were the Lor' and the fire as done it, and no more to be said. Her hev done her best for her livin', if her were not sich a main love-sick fool along on Long Dick, as it could never be thought would cast an eye on a poor limpin' sparrer like our Liz, more by token he's boun' hand and foot to Pleasance Hatton up at t' manor. But Clem, he d' be as broad as he is long, and he might 'a cultivated the strength on his arm and the cuteness on his eye, and been summat on a man. But, tell'ee what, master" (or "missus," as it chanced to be the smith or his wife who was lamenting), "he'll be nowt but a fiddler, as will fiddle at marriages and bean-feasts, and if his sight fail, as seems the way on fiddlers, he will be led through the country at the tail on a dawg."

This was the most cheerful prognostication that Clem ever heard from his friends of his future career, if he would be so infatuated as to stick to his fiddle, which

they did not forbid, nevertheless, because, being a working-man's son, he had a young working-man's early emancipation and responsibility with regard to his lot, and Clem stuck to his fiddle, while in the very sticking the evil prognostication lost much of its terror.

"I wish you to play something melting and joyous at the same time," enjoined Joel, "something that will dissolve a man's soul within him, but dissolve it in bliss, you understand, Clem."

"Bor!" exclaimed the lad, staring. "I thought as you were riled along on those drowned sailors at Cheam."

In fact, Clem's impression had been that he was called, as David had been called to Saul, to drive out of Joel a dark spirit, of whose existence Clem had been further convinced by Joel's saying little — for him — and eating less.

"So I was, Clem," said Joel, passing his hand across his face, "but something else has come to me. Moods change, as you musicians should know."

"I know," said Clem, volunteering an elucidation of the subject in question, "as how the bands on the sojers what go playin' at a funeral the 'Dead March in Saul,' arter grave is dug and volley fired, turn their fifes and drums to 'See the Conkerin' Hero Comes,' and sich like."

"Just so," said Joel, "now fire away, Clem."

"Somethin' as is meltin'," repeated Clem half aloud to himself, and tucking his fiddle under his chin, he drew his bow to the air of "The Maid of Allan Water."

Joel listened to it, lying back in his chair, crossing his arms and half closing his bright black eyes. But he had a grave fault to find. "That is very sweet, I don't deny it; but it is profoundly sad, you young shaver, in place of being cheery as the day. It is like a night instead of a morning song. Ain't the words doleful, too? Don't they run somewhat in this fashion? —

But the summer grief hath brought her,
And the soldier false was he.

No, no, that is not the thing at all. Try again, and succeed better this time, else you will crack your credit with me."

Clem's faculties were all concentrated in his musical gift. Apart from it, he was as slow as well as an uncouth, though not a silly boy; but when the appeal was made to him through his peculiar genius, he ended by responding to it. A queer, comical sparkle of intelligence lighted up his ordinary plain, dull face. "I weren't

told it 'ud come to thatten, but will this suit you?" and he struck up the wildly jovial strains of the Scotch air, "Fye, let us a' to the bridal."

Joel laughed gaily, though he still shook his head. "That is a great deal better, but still that is not the thing, my boy. Can't you combine the feelings of the two? If you could play Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' now that is about it."

"I 'a heerd tell on Mendel — you knows what, it d' be a foreign fangled name," apologized Clem, with quiet confidence. "Owd Stenhouse, as learned me, he could play summat as he said Mendel — dang the rest — made for the wiolin to be played by one David — there be a sensibler name as any man can say."

"Ah! that reminds me not to forget your business in my pleasure. Should you like to be a real musician, Clem? I mean, should you care to cut the forge, and give yourself up to your fiddle-practising, and to master it so as to be able to make your bread by it, and to play it as well as Stenhouse, who taught you? Do you care for it enough to give yourself up to it like that?"

Clem had no difficulty in following Joel Wray here. A mixture of eagerness and fearfulness came into the lad's face, while he pushed nearer to his companion, nervously fingering the fiddle-strings with his thick, but in this instance flexible fingers.

"Mor'er and far'er both say I'll end by bein' nowt 'sept a fiddler, and think to fright me with the lowness and the hardships afore me in that line. But I'm none frightened or even worried when they nag so. I s'pose I do be low and that; for, bor, d' know, Joel, I'm most sure I 'ud like it, if I were let play my heart out and do nowt but fiddle, though I 'ud 'a to pay for it by makin' my arm flee and my ears buz, and them a-roarin' at bean-feasts, and though I were to go blin' in the end and be dragged by a dawg. Tell'ee man, I 'ud choice it afore I 'ud be the most strappin'est, flourishin'est smith, like far'er, if so be I 'ud to buy my rise by givin' up my fiddle. There!" And the boy panted and glared defiantly at Joel as if he had been driven into making the most audacious and dreadful declaration on record.

"But that was not in the least what I meant, Clem," said Joel, stroking the down on his own upper lip encouragingly. "I meant that you might so learn the fiddle, and come to play it, perhaps to teach it in your turn, as to earn a fair maintenance, and occupy an honorable position, certainly quite as honorable as

that of the stoutest smith who ever shod horse or struck hot iron. You are not singular in your love of music. There are well-paid musicians, and those who are thorough gentlemen, such as your friend 'Mendel-dang-the-rest' was in his days. There are schools for music — not so many as there ought to be, and will be, but still a few, as there are schools of art, medical schools, and mining-schools — where young musicians are reared and trained."

"I 'a no stomach to be a gen'leman," pronounced Clem decisively. "I ain't fit, nor never will be."

"That's the second time that I have heard the same sentiment in one day from two very different sources," thought Joel, meditatively. "I wonder if the world is getting wiser, and the plebeian is ceasing to envy the patrician, nay, if in his superior simplicity and philosophy the pleb has come to the conclusion that he has got the best of it? I wonder if Ruskin's Arcadia is about to have a trial, and if so, shall I have graduated for a post in it?"

"I 'ud leave the gen'leman business to a smart town-bred chap like you, Joel, as is part gen'leman a'ready," concluded Clem.

"Thanks." Joel acknowledged the compliment sedately.

"But about them schools," pursued Clem, roused out of his stolidity, and keen on the idea which had been suggested to him. "Stenhouse, he said nowt about 'em, but they mightn't 'a been in his day. Be there smith's work ever wanted there, as a feller could do in exchange like?"

"I fear not, Clem, unless it were such delicate mechanical work in relation to musical instruments as you could not attempt."

"Not messagin', nor cleanin' on knives and shoes, nor nowt as I could turn my hand to for my keep, and just a lesson nows and thens?" besought Clem, with the painful urgency of a man whose hopes have been raised only to have them dashed to the ground.

"No, I am not aware that they have an equivalent for the old university servitor in the modern musical academies," said Joel, speaking out his own thoughts rather than setting himself to enlighten Clem. "But cheer up, young one, don't look so blank, I'll engage that you'll find a way. The thing would be for you to go up to London and stand an examination, and if you passed, and were approved of, I have a friend that has something to say in an academy of music, and that could give you

a lift so that you might be taken on free till you had accomplished your curriculum, or whatever they call it. Do you take me, Clem."

"Free sich as in our 'ospital?" suggested Clem.

"All right," said Joel.

"But far'er 'ud never give me money to go up on sich a wild-goose chase to Lun-on," said Clem, beginning to sink back into despair. "And mo'rer 'ouldn't hold at he, as she do when the mawthers do want help for an outin'. I might run off and beg my way, but I could never ask as a beggar—not so much as a bit on rosin to make the bow go—when I were a little chap, and just beginnin' to play. It would be mortal hard to ask now, with the sight and 'athout the dawg, yet—even for the fiddle."

"Here you are, Clem. I'll lend you the small sum necessary, from my wages, or rather from my savings," offered the lavish Joel.

"I'm a Dutchman!" exclaimed Clem, with unceremonious abruptness and incredulity, and he proceeded to inquire with an equal absence of hypocrisy, "Dev you 'a savings? I thought—we 'a all thought, you was a hand-to-mouth buffer."

"You have all thought wrong then," said Joel composedly.

"Wunno you need your savin's then?" Clem continued to ask anxiously, still perplexed as well as dazzled by the splendor of the offer, and showing commendable consideration for the welfare of his rash friend, "if so be that you and Pleasance—wunno our Liz be mad as Long Dick is thrown over, though it d' be grist to her own mill—make a marriage atween you?"

"Never fear," said Joel. "But I have never said anything of making a marriage with any lass. Mind, I have not said it, Clem."

"But you a looked as if your heels were uppermost," said Clem, with unlooked-for severity of satire. "Sittin' a grinnin' there from ear to ear, kinder like a snake, and as if you were swallowed up with pride; and you d' be a-thrustin' your shillin's right and left on a wumblin' lad as be'nt a drop's blood to you, and as 'a on'y knowed you slight, to nod to and play a tune to, till this blessed night."

"You are a deep one yourself, Clem, deeper than I took you for. But have you never heard of 'village Hampdens,' and 'mute inglorious Miltons' (Handels and Haydns would be more appropriate in this case), and of folk being so pos-

sessed as to desire to draw out the compulsory dumb and win for them speech, hearing, and a reward?"

"If you mean a reward on fiddlin'," said Clem, scratching his head, "all the reward on it as a not come from its own guts, that I 'a found, were worritin', and when I were younger, and not like to keep my own head wallopin'."

"There's a good time coming," said Joel, rising to go.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.

THE Russian *mir*, or village commune, has in recent years acquired considerable notoriety in Western Europe. Historical investigators have discovered in it a remnant of primitive Indo-European institutions; and a certain school of social philosophers point to it as an ideal towards which we must strive if we would solve successfully the agrarian difficulties of the present and the future. "*C'est une institution*," said the usually cool-headed Cavour on hearing it described, "*qui est destinée à faire le tour du monde!*" Political economists, on the contrary—especially those of the good old orthodox school—condemn it as a remnant of barbarism, and as an obstacle to free individual action and untrammelled economic development. It may be well, therefore, that those who have had an opportunity of studying the institution, and observing its practical working, should explain clearly and accurately its nature and functions.

In the Russian communal institutions we must carefully distinguish two elements, the one administrative, and the other economic. And first of the administrative functions:—

As an organ of local administration, the rural commune in Russia is very simple and primitive. There is commonly but one office-bearer, the village "elder" (*starosta*, from *stary*, old); but in the larger communes there is also a communal tax-gatherer. The office-bearers are simple peasants, chosen by their fellow-villagers for one, two, or three years, according to local custom. Their salaries are fixed by the commune, and are so small that "office" in these village democracies is regarded rather as a burden than as an honor; but a peasant, when once chosen, must serve whether he desires it or not. If he can show good and suffi-

cient reason—such as ill-health or frequent absence—why he should be exempted, the commune will generally free him from the burden on condition that he treats the members present with *vodka* (rye spirit); but the simple desire to escape trouble and annoyance is not considered a valid ground for exemption. The chief duties of the elder are to preserve order, and to act as a connecting link between the commune and the higher authorities. Beyond this he has very little power, for all the real authority resides in the village assembly.

The village assembly (*selski skhod*), in the wider sense of the term, comprises all the adult members of the commune. When matters of great importance are under consideration, the heads of houses alone take an active part in the discussion. I say the heads of houses, and not the fathers of families, because the Russian term *khozain* (head of the household) does not indicate blood relationship; and it frequently happens that the *patria potestas* is in the hands of the oldest brother or of the mother. Thus, strictly speaking, the assembly is composed of the representatives of families, and when the head of a family happens to be absent from the village, his place is taken by some other member of the household, male or female. In the northern provinces, where a large part of the adult male population annually leaves home in search of work, the female representatives sometimes compose the majority. The meetings are held in the open air by the side of the church, or in front of the elder's house, or in some other convenient place where there is plenty of room and little mud; and, except in the case of matters which will not admit of delay, they take place on Sunday or on a holiday. Towards afternoon, when all have enjoyed their after-dinner siesta—or it may be, immediately after the morning service—the villagers may be seen strolling leisurely towards a common point. Arrived at the village forum, they cluster together in little groups, and talk in homely fashion about the matter they have met to consider. The various groups pay no attention to each other till gradually one particular group, containing some of the more intelligent and influential members, begins to exercise an attractive force, and the others gravitate towards this centre of energy. In this way the meeting is constituted, or, more strictly speaking, spontaneously constitutes itself; and the same absence of formality continues all through the pro-

ceedings. Two, three, or more peasants often speak at once, and when the discussion waxes hot, the disputants probably use freely such unparliamentary expressions as "*Durák!*" (blockhead,) "*Boltun!*" (bab-bler,) "*Bolván!*" (scarecrow)—sometimes even stronger expressions, unsuited to ears polite. Strange to say, these strong terms never ruffle the good-nature of those to whom they are addressed, and at most evoke a retort of the *tu quoque* kind, which, if well put, produces roars of laughter. If we hear a shrill female voice rising above the general hum, we may be sure it is that of a widow, or a wife whose husband is absent. Some of these female members possess great volubility, and a considerable power of pungent invective; unfortunately their dialectical efforts are in part counteracted by a tendency to wander from the subject, and to make indelicate, irrelevant allusions to the private life and domestic concerns of their opponents. In general there are no attempts at speech-making, but occasionally some young "village Hampden," who has been to Moscow or St. Petersburg, and has brought back with him a jaunty air, and a large dose of self-conceit, makes something like a speech, and enjoys the sound of his own voice. Eloquence of this kind is, of course, appreciated only by the younger members, and makes no impression on the bulk of the audience. Very soon it is sure to be interrupted by some older member with a laconic "*Moltchi, krasnobai!*" (hold your tongue, fine talker,) and the abashed orator hearing the titter of his former applauders, mumbles out a retort, or hides his diminished head behind the broad shoulders of a comrade.

The subjects brought before these meetings are of the most varied kind, for the village assembly has no idea of laws limiting its competence, and is ever ready to discuss any thing affecting directly or indirectly the communal welfare. It may be that an order has been received from the higher authorities, or a recruit has to be given for the conscription, or a herd-boy has to be hired, or a day for the commencement of the ploughing has to be fixed, or the dam across the stream is in need of repairs. Such are a few examples of the matters discussed. The manner of deciding them is quite as informal as the mode of discussion. Rarely, if ever, is it necessary to put the question to the vote. As soon as it has become evident what the general opinion is, the elder says to the crowd: "Well, orthodox! you have decided so?" "*Ladno! ladno!*"

(agreed,) replies the crowd, and the proceedings terminate, unless where the decision refers to some future contingency, in which case it is committed to writing and duly signed by all present. Those who cannot write affix a mark in the place of a signature. It is not a little remarkable that these apparently unanimous decisions do not always represent the will of the numerical majority. The crowd rarely ventures to oppose the will of the influential members.

The commune no longer possesses any criminal jurisdiction over its members; but in the outlying provinces, ancient custom sometimes proves stronger than modern legislation. As one instance out of many which have come to my knowledge, the following may be cited. In a village in the province of Samara, the commune condemned a wife who had been convicted of matrimonial infidelity to be stripped, yoked to a cart, and driven through the village by the injured spouse armed with a whip. This will recall to many a passage in the "*Germania*" of Tacitus: "*Pæna præsens et marito permissa; abscessis crinibus, nudatam, coram propinquis expellit domo maritus ac per omnem vicum verberare agit.*"

So much for the commune as an organ of local self-government. Let us now consider it as an economic unit. In this respect it has certain fundamental peculiarities which distinguish it from the communal institutions of western Europe; and in virtue of these peculiarities it is often believed to be not only a communal but at the same time a communistic organization. How far this belief is well founded will appear presently.

The commune is legally and actually the absolute proprietor of the communal land, and distributes it among its members as it thinks fit, subject to no control except that of custom and traditional conceptions of justice. Further, the members are responsible, collectively and individually, not only for voluntary communal obligations, but also for the taxes of every member. These are the two fundamental characteristics, and the two cohesive forces of the institution: a common proprietorship of the land, and a common responsibility for the taxes and other dues.

The communal land is generally of three kinds: (1) the land in and around the village; (2) the arable land; and (3) the pasturage.

On the first of these each family has a wooden house, an inclosed yard, a cabbage-garden, and sometimes a plot for

growing hemp. Here there is no community of ownership. The house and garden are hereditary property, on which there is only one restriction: the owner cannot sell, bequeath, or otherwise alienate them to any one who is not a member of the commune.

The right of property in the arable land and pasturage is of an entirely different kind. Here each family has, strictly speaking, no right of property, but merely a right of terminable usufruct, and enjoys a quantity of land proportionate to the number of males which the household contains. In other words, each member of the commune, as soon as he begins to pay the poll-tax and other dues, receives a share of the communal land. Thus the amount of land which each family enjoys is proportionate to the amount of taxation which it pays; and the taxes, which are nominally personal, are in reality transformed into a kind of land-tax.

To render this system equitable, it would be necessary to revise annually the tax-lists, and to inscribe only the adults. In reality neither of these conditions is fulfilled. The tax-lists are revised at long and irregular intervals — only ten revisions have been made since 1719; and infants, adults, and octogenarians are all inscribed promiscuously. The revenue-officers pay no attention to the increase or decrease of the population during the intervals between the revisions, and exact from each commune a sum corresponding to the number of members inscribed in the last revision-lists.

The evil consequences of this system, when rigorously carried out, are graphically described in an official document of the year 1771, which might have been written at the present day: "In many places," it is there said, "the peasants distribute the land not according to the number of workers in each house, but according to the number of males inscribed in the revision-lists; whence it happens that, instead of the equality which ought to exist, some of the peasants have to bear a ruinous burden in the supporting of their families, and in the payment of their taxes. If, for example, in a family containing five males, there is only one able-bodied laborer, whilst the other four are children or old men incapable of work, the one laborer must not only plough and sow for the whole family, but must also pay the poll-tax and other dues for the four others as well as for himself. He receives, it is true, a proportionately large amount of land; but it is of little use to him, for he

has not sufficient working-power to cultivate it. Obligated to let to others the superfluous amount, he receives for it only a small rent, for his neighbors know the position in which he is placed, and do not give him its fair value. Besides this, in some places where land is abundant, there is no one to rent the superfluous portions, so that the unfortunate peasant who receives too much land is obliged to leave his share partly uncultivated, and consequently sinks to ruin."

To prevent these evil consequences, many communes have adopted an expedient at once simple and effective: in the allotment of the land and of the burdens, each family receives a share not in proportion to the number of males which it contains, but in proportion to its working-power.

This expedient has for the moment the desired effect, but the natural course of events in the form of births and deaths renders it necessary to modify from time to time the existing arrangements, so as to restore the equilibrium between land and working-power. First, there is the natural increase of population. To provide for this some communes keep a number of reserve-lots, which the young members receive as soon as they become capable of bearing their share of the communal burdens. Other communes make no such arrangements. Whether such a provision is made or not, it inevitably happens that in the course of a few years the old evils reappear. Some families increase, whilst others diminish or die out, and a general redistribution of the land and taxes becomes necessary. In the Steppe region, where the soil is even in quality, and possessed of such natural fertility that it requires no manure — where consequently it is easy to divide the land into any number of portions equal to each other in size and quality, and no one has a special interest in particular lots, for the simple reason that one lot is as good as another — the general redistributions are frequent. Under such conditions, annual redistribution is by no means uncommon. In the north and west, on the contrary, where the inequalities of the soil render it difficult to divide the land into lots of equal quality, and where the practice of manuring gives to each family a special interest in the lot which it actually possesses, general redistributions produce an economic revolution in the commune, and are consequently made at much longer intervals.

As these periodical redistributions of the land form the essential peculiarity of

the Russian communal system, and tend to illustrate its real nature, I shall endeavor to convey to the reader an idea of the way in which they are affected. Let us take first a case in which the operation is comparatively simple.

All over European Russia, except in the outlying provinces, which may for the present be left out of consideration, the arable land of the communes is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation or three-field system of agriculture universally practised by the peasantry. The first field is for the winter grain (rye or winter wheat); the second for the summer grain (oats, buckwheat, millet, etc.); and the third lies fallow. When a redistribution has been resolved upon, each of the three fields is divided into an indefinite number of plots, according to the quality of the soil, and each plot or each category of plots — if there are several plots of equal quality — is then subdivided into a number of long, narrow strips, corresponding to the number of "revision-souls" (males inscribed in the revision or census lists) in the commune. Thus each family receives at least one strip — and perhaps several strips of different quality — in each field. This complicated bit of land-surveying, in which both the quality and quantity of the soil have to be considered, is performed by the peasants themselves, with the help merely of simple measuring-poles, and is accomplished with an accuracy which seems to the stranger truly marvellous. The shares are distributed among the members either by general consent or by casting lots.

This is the method commonly employed in the fertile and more densely populated regions where each family desires to have as much land as possible, and demands a number of shares corresponding to the number of "revision-souls" which it contains. In districts, on the contrary, where the land is barren and the population scant, considerable modifications have to be introduced, in order to obviate the evil consequences above described. Here the chief question is, not as to how much land each family shall receive, but as to what share of the communal burdens each family ought to bear; and for the deciding of this question the revision-lists supply only very imperfect data. It may be, for instance, that a family appears in the revision-list as containing four males, and consequently as entitled to four shares of the land and burdens, but on examination it is found that the household consists of a widow and four little boys. To impose

four shares on this family would be at once unjust and inexpedient, for the widow could not possibly pay a corresponding amount of taxation; and the commune, being responsible for the taxes of the individual members, would have to make up the deficit. Before assigning the lots, therefore, the commune has to decide how many shares each particular family shall receive. In this difficult operation, it is guided, not by any definite norm, but by an approximate calculation of the working-force or tax-paying power of each individual household. When we have said that the calculation is made not by one or two dictators, but by the communal assembly, the reader may readily imagine the disputes and scenes of confusion that inevitably take place. If the communal land is merely sufficient for the wants of the members, the heads of families easily come to a satisfactory arrangement as to how many shares each one shall take; but if the land is superabundant or very poor in quality, each one naturally strives to get as little of it as possible, so that he may have less to pay. In the latter case the discussion is sure to wax hot, and a casual spectator may overhear debates of this kind:—

"Come now, Ivan," says an elderly peasant, who has evidently an air of authority, to one of the bystanders; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth, who can do the work of two; you must take at least three shares."

"No, I cannot," remonstrates Ivan. "By God, I cannot. My son—praise be to God!—is strong and healthy; but I am no longer what I was, and my old woman is quite without force, fit for nothing but to put the cabbage-soup into the oven! By God! I cannot."

"If the old woman is weak your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse!"

A giggle in the outskirts of the crowd shows that the damsel referred to is among the spectators.

"In truth, it is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"There is nothing to be said," replies the old man in an authoritative tone. "Somebody must take the remaining *souls* (shares). You must take three shares."

"Lay on him three shares and a half!" shouts a voice in the crowd.

This proposal evokes a confused murmur of "ayes" and "noes," till the noes gain a decided majority, and the ayes are

silenced. A general shout of "Three! three!" decides the matter.

"It is the will of the *mir*!" remarks Ivan, scratching the back of his head, and looking down with a look of mingled disappointment and resignation. "And now, Prascovia, how much are you to have?" asks the old man, addressing a woman standing by with a baby in her arms.

"As the *mir* orders, so be it!" replies Prascovia, turning down her eyes.

"Very well, you ought to have a share and a half."

"What do you say, little father?" cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience. "Do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me a soul and a half! Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's day my husband has been bedridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread!"

"You talk nonsense," says a neighbor; "he was in the *kabák* (gin-shop) last week."

"And you!" retorts Prascovia, wandering from the subject in hand, "what did *you* do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—pfu!"

"Listen!" says the old man sternly, cutting short the torrent of invective. "You must take at least a share and a quarter. If you cannot manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you."

"How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a laborer?" asks the woman with much wailing and a flood tears. "Have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans. God will reward you," and so on, and so on.

I need not weary the reader with a further description of these scenes, which are always very long and sometimes violent. All present are deeply interested, for the allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement cannot be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land, strive to get back their old lots, and the commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often

happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

In the above remarks I have spoken of the working-power and the tax-paying power of the different families. These two expressions are in the purely agricultural districts practically synonymous, but in the villages where some of the peasants are artisans or traders, a single peasant who is a skilled workman or carries on trade may be more able to pay taxes than a large family which has three times his working-power. This fact has given rise in some communes to a practice which is certainly patriarchal, and seems to an Englishman decidedly communistic. If a member of the commune is known to make by handicraft or by trading a much larger income than his fellows, he is made to pay a larger share of the communal burdens. "Come, now, Sidor," some influential member will say to him in the communal assembly at the time of the periodical redistribution of land, "you make a nice heap of money every year, while we, poor orphans, toil hard and gain little; the land has become barren and the times are hard; you must take a double share."

"Ay! ay!" say a dozen voices, "that you can."

"I am not rich," replies Sidor, knowing that it is useless to oppose the will of the *mir*, and feeling at the same time a certain pleasure in the consciousness of his own importance; "I am not rich, but I can do that. So be it."

And Sidor takes a double share, vowing probably in his heart to take it out of the commune in some indirect way.

Another method of applying this same principle is as follows. If a peasant is known to be making a good income as an artisan or shopkeeper in Moscow or St. Petersburg, his commune may elect him village elder, and then let him know unofficially that if he will kindly send ten or twenty roubles the election will be cancelled and he will be allowed to remain where he is. The elder elect probably finds it more profitable to sacrifice a considerable sum than to give up his occupation and return to his village. Of course there is an appearance of trickery and injustice in such a proceeding, and such cases are often used as texts for discourses on communal tyranny; but if we examine the matter carefully we shall find that the expedient is in reality merely a rude appli-

cation of the principle of the income-tax. Unfortunately this charitable interpretation is not always applicable, for it sometimes happens that the money sent, instead of being paid into the communal treasury, is used for a communal drinking-bout.

We may pass now to the third kind of communal land, the meadow. As the cultivation of so-called artificial grasses, such as rye-grass and timothy-grass, has no place in the primitive system of agriculture practised by the Russian peasantry, the communes reserve, if possible, a moist part of the communal land for the production of hay. This part of the communal property is annually distributed in the same proportion as the arable land among the families constituting the commune, in one of two ways. The simplest method is to mow all the hay and then to distribute it among the families in the required proportions. But this mode has practical disadvantages, for the hay is often better in some parts of the meadow than in others, and therefore a mere quantitative distribution would be unjust. To obviate this injustice most communes adopt the second method, which consists in dividing the meadow into an indefinite number of plots according to the quality of the hay, and subdividing these plots into family portions. Where this method is adopted each family mows its own portion, but all the families are obliged to mow it on a day fixed by the village assembly.

Besides these three kinds of communal property, some communes possess a certain amount of forest, but the modes of enjoying it are so varied that I do not venture to lay down any general rule on the subject.

The ordinary Russian name for the rural commune, *mir*, means also "the world;" and it must be said that there is a certain appropriateness in the term, for each commune forms in many respects a little world apart, and resists as far as possible all interference from without. Complete communal autonomy was of course impossible after the creation of the centralized administration and the introduction of serfage. The communes of the demesnes had to submit to the regulative interference of the government, and the others to the irregular and arbitrary interference of the landed proprietors. But neither on the demesnes nor on the private estates did the *mir* ever lose its primitive character. Even in the worst days of serfage the proprietors never habitually interfered with the fundamental right of

the commune, that of distributing the land among its members as it thought fit; and never obliterated the distinction, though they often shifted the landmarks, between the manorial and the commune property. Amidst all the storms and struggles through which Russia has passed, the peasantry have ever clung with marvellous tenacity to their land and to their ancient communal institutions; and all attempts to rob them of the one or the other have been met and frustrated by that dogged passive resistance which the Russian peasant possesses in such a pre-eminent degree. So far as the land is concerned that struggle is now at an end, for the famous emancipation law of 1861 secured to the communes, under certain conditions and subject to certain modifications, the land which they actually enjoyed. The communal institutions were likewise spared by that law, so that in Russia at the present moment the village communities still closely resemble those of western Europe before the feudal period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the use which historical investigators might make of this important fact.

The old notion, that communal institutions based on periodical redistributions of the land are peculiar to the Russians or the Slavonic race, is now completely exploded. Already they have been found in a more or less complete state of preservation, not only among non-Slavonic but also among non-Aryan races, and there is a strong tendency among historical investigators to regard them as a necessary stage in the economic development through which a nation must pass in order to attain a certain stage of civilization. "Aujourd'hui," says M. de Laveleye, the latest exponent of the theory, "on peut démontrer que ces communautés ont existé chez les peuples les plus divers : chez les Germains et dans l'antique Italie, au Pérou et en Chine, au Mexique et dans l'Inde, chez les Scandinaves et chez les Arabes, exactement avec les mêmes caractères. Retrouvant ainsi cette institution sous tous les climats et chez toutes les races, on y peut voir une phase nécessaire du développement des sociétés, et une sorte de loi universelle présidant à l'évolution de toutes les formes de la propriété foncière." The more cautious conclusions of Sir Henry Maine tend in the same direction.

I have no intention of entering here upon an examination of this general theory; but I desire to say a few words on the part which the Russian *mir* is made

to play in the induction. It is always tacitly assumed that the Russian communal system, as it at present exists, is a very ancient institution, which has come down to us almost unchanged from pre-historic times. Now this assumption, if not unjustifiable, requires at least explanation. The essential peculiarity of the Russian commune in its present form is the periodical redistribution of the arable land according to the number of males, or according to the number of able-bodied laborers, and we have no satisfactory proof that this custom existed in any part of Russia before the seventeenth century. I know one district where the system is only now being introduced, though the land has been held by Russians for three centuries. The district referred to is the country of the Don Cossacks. It may be well to describe briefly the change which is there taking place, for it tends to throw light on the origin of the periodical redistribution.

In many of the Cossack communes, or *stanitsi* as they are called, it was customary down to a very recent period for each Cossack to cultivate as much land as he pleased, and wherever he pleased, within the communal boundaries, provided he did not thereby infringe on the vested rights of others. The *jus primæ possessionis* was the only recognized tenure. When the possessor found that the soil was becoming exhausted — a phenomenon which generally appeared after three or four years' occupation — he relinquished the lot he held and took possession of some part of the communal land which happened to be unoccupied. As the population increased this operation became more and more difficult, till at last in many communes the whole of the communal land was occupied, and each cultivator was forced to content himself with the portion of the soil which he actually possessed. Thus a direct transition was effected from unregulated communal property to something very like personal property without any intermediate stage of regulated periodical distribution. The principle of private property, however, has not become consolidated. On the contrary, the old communal principle has revived with new force, and the system of periodical redistribution above described is at present being introduced. In the causes of this phenomenon, which seems a return to primitive institutions, is to be found, I believe, the explanation of much that is peculiar in the Russian communal system.

The causes of the phenomenon were briefly these. As the population increased and no new land was obtained there was naturally formed a class of Cossacks without land. In a young British colony there would be nothing abnormal or inconvenient in the existence of a class of men possessing no landed property, for such men could act as servants to the possessors of the soil, or they could remove to some other district where land could be obtained. But neither of these alternatives could be adopted by the Cossack. Agricultural laborers are to be found only in conjunction with regularly organized farming, and are rarely used by small peasant proprietors; and even if the Cossack could find employment as a laborer he could not in that capacity fulfil his obligations to the State. On the other hand he could not remove to another district, for the military organization attached him to the locality in which he was born, and was practically almost tantamount to the *gleba adscriptio*. Thus, we see, the periodical redistributions of the land were the result of conditions which do not exist in a primitive state of society.

In a short article like the present, I cannot attempt to describe the analogous phenomena which I have observed in other districts; but I may say briefly that a prolonged study of communal institutions in this and other outlying provinces of Russia, and a careful examination of the documents relating to the *mir* in former times, have led me to the following general conclusions:—

1. Where land is very plentiful the enjoyment of the communal land may be left entirely unregulated.

2. From this unregulated enjoyment of the communal land two transitions are possible: (a) a direct transition to private or family property; (b) a transition to the system of periodical redistribution.

3. The chief causes which tend to produce the latter transition in preference to the former are: (a) restrictions on migration; (b) a system of direct taxation imposed not on property but on persons; and (c) mutual responsibility among all the members for the taxes of each.

That the latter transition has taken place in Great Russia—in Little Russia the principle of hereditary personal property prevails—is to be explained, I believe, by the *gleba adscriptio*, by the adoption of the poll-tax system of taxation and by the introduction of communal responsibility in taxation. If this explanation be correct then it must be admitted

that the periodical redistributions are a relatively modern institution—a view that is strongly supported by all the older documentary evidence which we possess.

Thus we see that what may be called the communal epoch in the history of landed property comprises two distinct periods: the primary period, in which the usufruct of the land rests on the unregulated *jus primæ possessionis*; and the secondary, in which regulated terminable usufruct is created by communal decrees. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all tribes and nations have passed through this secondary period. Indeed we know of many instances where a direct transition has been made from unregulated communal usufruct to complete personal property. All that we can venture to say in general is, that where the two periods have successively existed the primary is the older of the two. In this, as in many other instances, there is a strong analogy between social development and geological structure. Strata always occur in a certain fixed order, but it rarely happens that all the members of the series are actually present.

It is sometimes supposed that these periodical distributions of the land indicate a tendency in the Russian peasantry towards communism in the socialistic sense; and it must be confessed that the resignation with which the peasant submits to communal infringements on his personal rights and to various restrictions on his personal liberty of action seems at first sight to confirm this supposition. It would be unsafe however to draw from these facts any sweeping general conclusion. The Russian peasant, so far at least as my observations extend, has very little sympathy with communistic ideas beyond the narrow sphere to which he is accustomed, unless when they take the form of a religious doctrine. His conceptions as to the boundary line between the *meum* and the *tuum* are certainly in some respects extremely vague, but when a confusion occurs it will always be found to result in favor of the *meum*. Towards his former master, for instance, he is quite ready to adopt the principle: "What is yours is mine;" but he always accompanies it with the mental reservation, "but what is mine is my own." "You are our father," he will say to the landed proprietor, to whom he was formerly a serf, "and you should let the land to us cheaper than to others." But if the proprietor should reply: "You are my children, and therefore you should work for me cheaper than

for others," the peasant fails to perceive the force of the argument.

A few words now in conclusion regarding the influence of the *mir* on the material welfare of the peasantry and the probable future of the institution.

In the first place we must say that the *mir* has rendered an incalculable service to the Russian peasantry in enabling them to resist those manorial encroachments which in other countries have forced the agricultural population to emigrate or have transformed them into a landless, homeless proletariat. It must be admitted, however, that the question as to whether it ought not to be now abolished, as an institution that has served its time, is fairly open to discussion.

Those who advocate the abolition of the present system maintain that it is practically a modified form of serfage. Formerly the peasant was the serf of the landed proprietor; now he is the serf of the commune. He is still attached to the land, and cannot leave his home even for a short period, without receiving from the commune a formal permission for which he has often to pay an exorbitant sum; and when he has found profitable employment in the towns or in some other part of the country the commune may at any moment, and on the most futile pretext, compel him to return home.

All this is no doubt true, but it is in reality the result not of the communal principle but of the existing financial system. The commune has not everywhere the same nature and functions. In the southern half of the country, where the annual dues are less than the normal rent of the land, to belong to a commune is a privilege; in the northern provinces, on the contrary, where the annual dues exceed the normal rent of the land, to belong to a commune is a burden. In these latter the commune has really taken the place of the serf-proprietor, and holds its members in a state of semi-serfage, but it must be added that for this it is not to blame. As it is held responsible for the dues of all its members, and as these dues exceed the value of the benefits which it has to confer, it is obliged to retain its members whether they desire to possess land or not. In short the commune in this part of the country has been transformed against its will into a tax-gatherer; and it is obliged to use stringent measures, for the taxes are inordinately heavy, and it is held responsible for their payment. In the southern regions, where the dues do not exceed the normal rent

of the land, and where the commune has more the character of a voluntary association, we hear few or no complaints of communal tyranny.

There still remains, however, the difficult question as to how far the communal right of property in the land and the periodical redistributions to which it gives rise, impose hurtful restrictions on the peasant's liberty of action in the cultivation of his fields, and deprive him of the natural inducements to improve his land. This is one of the grand *questiones vexatæ* at present agitated in Russia and is much too complex and delicate to be dismissed with a few sentences. My own opinion is, that the *mir if retained in its present form* may have at some future time an obstructive tendency; but I believe that this pernicious influence might be removed by means of partial modifications — preserving intact the fundamental principle of the institution — that of securing for each peasant family a house, a garden, and a share of the land. These modifications should not, however, be imposed from above. The institution has vitality enough to be in no need of extraneous guidance, and is quite capable of making in its constitution and mode of action any modification that circumstances may demand. Peasant affairs are thoroughly understood only by the peasants themselves. Reforms undertaken spontaneously by the communes will be much less sudden, less symmetrical, less formally perfect than those which might be devised by a bureaucratic commission, but they are sure to be more practically useful. Indeed it may be said in general that the friends of self-government in Russia should be very cautious in meddling with the *mir*, for it is the only institution which has genuine, spontaneous, independent life in it, and does not require to draw galvanic vitality from the central authority. All the other organs of self-government in Russia are more or less artificial and ornamental, and might, without any social perturbation, be demolished by the power which created them. The *mir* alone has deep roots in the traditions, the habits, and the everyday interests of the people, and any essential modification introduced into it suddenly by legislative enactment would be sure to influence deeply the whole social organization.

In the opinion that the *mir* is an institution which will one day be introduced into other countries — *destinée à faire le tour du monde*, as Cavour phrased it — I cannot concur. It is a useful institution

where it has been preserved, but it is incapable of being transplanted to a foreign soil. Even those who maintain that the ultimate solution of those agrarian difficulties which we may ere long have to face is to be found in the principle of agricultural co-operative association, must admit that the *mir* is a rude, primitive instrument for the exercise of co-operative effort. In this, as in all other social questions, each nation must work out for itself a solution in accordance with its social organization and with the traditions, the habits, and the spirit of the people. Russia has, however, in preserving her communal institutions, perhaps stolen a march on western Europe, for with the commune as a basis, voluntary agricultural or industrial associations may easily be created.

D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III.

HONEYMOONING.

THE real honeymoon is not always a delightful moment. This, which sounds like heresy to the romantic, and blasphemy to the young, is a fact which a great many people acknowledge readily enough when they have gone beyond the stage at which it sounds like an offence to the wife or to the husband who is supposed to have made that period rapturous. The new pair have not the easy acquaintance with each other which makes the happiness of close companionship; perhaps they have not that sympathy with each other's tastes which is almost a better practical tie than simple love. They are half afraid of each other, they are making discoveries every day of new points in each other's characters, delightful or undelightful as may be, which bewilder their first confidence of union; and the more mind and feeling there is between them, the more likely is this to be the case. The shallow and superficial "get on" better than those who have a great deal of excellence or tender depth of sentiment to be found out. But after the pair have come to full acquaintance; after they have learned each other from A B C up to the most difficult chapter; after the intercourse of ordinary life has borne its fruit; there is nothing in the world so delightful as the honeymooning

which has passed by years the legitimate period of the honeymoon. Sometimes one sees respectable fathers and mothers enjoying it, who have sent off their children to the orthodox honeymoon, and only then feel with a surprised pleasure how sweet it is to have their own solitude *à deux*, to be left to themselves for a serene and happy moment; to feel themselves dearer and nearer than they ever were before. There is something infinitely touching and tender in this honeymooning of the old. James Beresford and his wife, however, were not of these. They were still young, and of all the pleasures they had there was none equal to this close and unbroken companionship. They knew each other so well, and all their mutual tastes, that they scarcely required to put their intercourse into words; and yet how they would talk! about every thing, about nothing, as if they had just met after a long absence, and had thoughts to exchange on every subject. This is a paradox, but we are not bound to explain paradoxes which are of the very essence of life, and the most attractive things in it. It had been the habit of these two to go everywhere together. Mrs. Beresford had not the prejudices of an English female Philistine. She went where her husband wanted to go, fearing nothing, and trotted about with him high and low, through picture-galleries and old churches, to studios, even behind the scenes of the operas, and through the smoke-clouds of big ateliers. Nothing came amiss to her with him by her side. It is almost the only way in which a woman can enjoy the freedom of movement, the easy locomotion of a man. Mrs. Beresford went away quite cheerfully, as we have said. She forgot or put away her mysterious terrors. She addressed herself to all the ordinary enjoyments which she knew so well. "We shall never be so free again," she said, half laughing, half with a remote, infinitesimal pang. "We shall have to go to the correct places and do the right things when Cara is with us." "We must give up bric-a-brac," she said afterwards. "Cara must not grow up acquainted with all those dusty back premises; her pretty frocks would be spoiled, and her infantine sincerity. If she had heard you bargaining, James, for that Buen Retiro cup! Saying, 'It is naught, it is naught,' and then bragging of the treasure you had found as soon as it was out of the dealer's hands."

"Well," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I only do as other people

do. Principles of honor don't consist with collecting. I am no worse than my neighbors."

"But that will never do for Cara," said the mother; "if you and I are not all her fancy painted us, we will not do for Cara. No, I thought you had never remarked her really. She is the most uncompromising little idealist! and if we disappoint her, James, I don't know what the child will do."

"It appears to me that you are making a bugbear of Cara."

"No; but I know her. We must give up the bric-à-brac; for if you continue with it under her blue eyes you will be ruined. If she was here she would make you go back and tell the man he has sold you that cup too cheap."

"That would be nonsense," said Mr. Beresford, involuntarily putting his hand into the pocket where he kept his money. "Folly! you don't suppose he gave half as much for it as he sold it to us for. The very mention of that sort of sickening conscientiousness puts one out. We are to sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market, eh? That's the true principle of trade."

"It is not in the Bible, though," said Mrs. Beresford, with a smile. "Cara would open her eyes and wonder; and you, who are the weakest of men, could never stand against her if Cara made big eyes."

"The weakest of men! You flatter me, it must be allowed——"

"Yes; so you are, James. You could not endure to be disapproved of. What would have become of you if I, instead of giving in to all your ways, had been a more correct and proper person? If I had made you visit just the right things—go to English parties, and keep to the proper sort of tourist society? If you had been obliged to sit indoors in the evenings and read a Galignani or a Tauchnitz novel while I worked, what would have become of you? I know well enough, for my part."

"I should have done it, I suppose," he said, half laughing; "and will Cara—little Cara—be like that? You frighten me, Annie; we had better make away with her somehow; marry her, or hand her over to the aunts, before it comes to this."

Then a sudden change came over the smiling face. "Cara—or some one else—will most likely be like that. Poor James! I foresee trouble for you. How you will think of me when you are in

bonds! when you want to go out and roam about on the Boulevards, and have to sit still instead and read aloud to somebody! Ah! how you will think of me! You will say, 'Poor Annie! if Annie had but lived——'"

"What is this? what is this?" he said. "Again, Annie! I think you want to make me miserable; to take all the comfort out of my life."

"Oh no, no; not that," she said. "I am only going to get my bonnet, and then we shall go out. Cara is not here yet to keep us in order. We can honeymoon yet for one more year."

Was this only the caprice of her nature (she had always been capricious) going a little further than usual? Her husband liked her all the better for her quick changes of sentiment; the laughing and crying that were like an April sky. He said to himself that she had always been like that; always changing in a moment, quarrelling sometimes even, making him uncomfortable for mere variety. Monotony was the thing she hated; and now she had taken this fad, this fancy, and thought herself ill. How could she be ill when she still could run about with him and enjoy herself as much as ever? How keen she had been in the bric-à-brac shop of which she had chosen to talk! He never should have found out that Buen Retiro cup but for her. It was her sharp eyes that saw it. It was she who had rummaged through the dust and all the commonplace gatherings to those things which had really interest. Ill! though all the college of physicians swore it, and she to boot, he would not believe that she was ill. Disturbance of the system, that was all the worst of them ever said; but how little meaning there was in that! Out of sorts: reduced to plain English, that was what disturbance of the system meant; and everybody was subject to that. She came in while he was in the full course of these thoughts with a brilliant little flush on her cheeks, her eyes shining, her whole aspect full of animation. "I am ready, sir," she said, making him a mocking curtsy. Yes; *capriciosa*, that was what she had always been, and he loved her for it. It explained her changes, her fancies, her strange notions better than anything else could do.

That was the first day, however, on which her strength really showed symptoms of breaking down. She got tired, which was a thing she never owned to; lost the pretty flush on her cheek, became pale, and worn out. "I don't know

what is the matter with me," she said; "all at once I feel so tired."

"And with very good reason," said he. "Think how rapidly we have been travelling; think what we have been doing since. Why, you were on foot the whole morning. You are tired; so am I, for that matter. I was thinking of saying so, but you are always so hard upon my little fatigues. What a comfort for me to find that you, too, for once in a way, can give in!" Thus he tried to take her favorite part and laugh her out of her terrors. She consented with a smile more serious than her gravity had been of old, and they went back to their room and dined "quietly;" and he sat and read to her, according to the picture of English domesticity which she had drawn out with smiles a few hours before. It was so soon after that tirade of hers that they could not but remember it both of them. As it happened, there was nothing but a Tauchnitz novel to read (and who that has been ill or sad, or who has had illness or sadness to solace in a foreign place, but has blessed the novels of Tauchnitz?), and he read it, scarcely knowing what the words were which fluttered before his eyes. And as for her, she did not take much notice of the story either, but lay on the sofa, and listened, partly to his voice, partly to the distant sound of the band playing, with strange heaviness and aching in her heart. It was not that she wished to be out listening to the band, moving about in the warm air, hearing the babble of society—that was not what she cared for; but to be lying there out of the current; to have dropped aside out of the stream; to be unable for the common strain of life! So he read, sadly thinking, not knowing what he read; and she half listened, not knowing what she was listening to. It was the first time, and the first time is the worst, though the best. "It is only once in a way," he said to her, when the long evening was over; "tomorrow you will be as well as ever." And so she was. It was the most natural thing in the world that both or either of them should be tired, once in a way.

The Beresfords stayed for a long time on the Continent that year. They went about to a great many places. They stayed at Baden till they were tired of the place. They went to Dresden, because Mrs. Beresford took a fancy to see the great San Sisto picture again. Then they went on to lovely old-world Prague, and to lively Vienna, and through the Tyrol to Milan, and then back again to the Italian

lakes. Wherever they went they found people whom it was pleasant to know, whom they had met before on their many journeys, people of all countries and every tongue—noble people, beautiful people, clever people—the sort of society which can only be had by taking a great deal of trouble about it, and which, even with the greatest amount of trouble, many people miss entirely. This society included ambassadors and hill-farmers, poor curés, bishops, great statesmen, and professors who were passing rich on five shillings a day. Nothing was too great or too small for them, and as wherever they went they had been before, so wherever they went they found friends. Sometimes it was only a chambermaid; but, nevertheless, there she was with a pleasant human smile. And, to tell the truth, James Beresford began to be very glad of the friendly chambermaids, and to calculate more where they were to be found than upon any other kind of society; for his wife had followed her usual practice of coming without a maid, and as her strength flagged often, he was thankful, too thankful, to have some one who would be tender of her, and care for her as he himself was not always permitted to do, and as nobody else but a woman could. Oh, how he longed to get home, while he wandered about from one beautiful spot to another, hating the fine scenery, loathing and sickening at everything he had loved! Commonplace London and the square with its comforts would have pleased him a hundred times better than lovely Como or the wild glory of the mountains; but she would not hear of going home. One day, when the solemn English of a favourite *Kammermädchen* had roused him to the intolerable nature of the situation, he had tried, indeed, with all his might to move her to return. "Your goot laty," Gretchen had said, "is nod—well. I ton't untershtand your goot laty. She would be bedder, mooch bedder at 'ome, in Lonton." "I think you are right, Gretchen," he said, and very humbly went in to try what he could do. "My love," he said, "I am beginning to get tired of the Tyrol. I should like to get home. The societies are beginning. I see Huxley's lectures start next week. I like to be there, you know, when all my friends are there. Shouldn't you be pleased to get home?"

"No," she said. She had been lying on the sofa, but got up as soon as he came in. "You know I hate autumn in London; the fogs kill me. I can't—I can't

go back to the fogs. Go yourself, James, if you please, and attend all your dear societies, and hear Mr. Huxley. Take me to Como first, and get me rooms that look on the lake, and hire Abbondio's boat for me; and then you can go."

"It is likely that I should go," he said, "without you, my darling! When did I ever leave you? But there are so many comforts at home you can't have here; and advice—I want advice. You don't get better so fast as I hoped."

She looked at him with a strange smile. "No; I don't get better, do I?" she said. "Those doctors tell such lies; but I don't get worse, James; you must allow I don't get worse. I am not so strong as I thought I was; I can't go running about everywhere as I used to do. I am getting old, you know. After thirty I believe there is always a difference."

"What nonsense, Annie! there is no difference in you. You don't get back your strength——"

"That's it; that's all. If you were to leave me quite alone and quiet, to recruit now? yes, I think I should like to know that you were in London enjoying yourself. Why shouldn't you enjoy yourself? Women get worn out sooner than men; and I don't want to cripple you, James. No; take me to Como—I have taken a fancy to Como—and then you can come back for me whenever you please."

"I am not going to leave you," he said, with a sigh. "You must not be unreasonable, my darling. What pleasure would it be for me to go home without you? It was you I was thinking of; for me it is all right. I am quite happy here. As for Huxley and the rest, you don't think I care for them. It was you I was thinking of."

"You said the societies. Whatever you do, James, speak the truth. I suppose," she added, with a laugh which sounded harsh, "you are afraid I shall get very ill—die perhaps, away from home?"

Poor man! what was he to say? "O Annie!" he cried, "how you stab me! If I thought anything of the kind, you know I'd have Sir William here to-morrow, or any one, if it should cost me all I have. I know very well there is no danger," he went on, taking a certain forlorn comfort out of his own bold words; "but you don't get up your strength as you ought, and knocking about in these bare rooms can't be good for you; and living as we are—and you have no maid——"

"I hate a maid. I like Gretchen a great deal better. She makes so much of me."

"Then take Gretchen with you, my dearest; take her to Como; keep her with you till you get home."

"Oh, how like a man that is!" she said, laughing. "Take Gretchen with me—Gretchen, who is her father's only daughter, the life and soul of the place! What would he do without Gretchen? He would have to shut up altogether. I might drop out of the world, and I would not be missed half so much as she would. Do you know I begin to get tired of this place and the hills, James," she cried, starting up. "Let us go and ask about Donato and his horses. I want to get to Como before October. Why, we'll come in for the vintage! I like the vintage; and there are advertisements everywhere about a sale at one of the villas. We shall be sure to pick up something. Is it too late to start to-day?"

"My darling, when you take a thing in your head——"

"Yes, to be sure, I like to do it all at once. I was always hot-headed. Now mind, we are to start to-morrow. I always loved Como, James; you know I always did. We went there the first year we were married. I don't call it honeymooning when we don't go to Como; and remember this is our last bout of honeymooning; we shall have Cara next year."

She laughed, and was very gay all the evening, delighted with the idea of the change. But when he put her into Donato's big old-fashioned *vettura* next morning, and saw everything fastened on, and prepared for the long, slow journey, poor Beresford was very sad. He thought, if he could only have a long talk with Maxwell, and hear what Sir William had got to say, and know what it was that he had to fear, he should be less unhappy. There must be something, or she would not be so strange; but what was it? Almost anything was better, he thought, than fighting in the dark—fighting with ghosts, not knowing what you were afraid of. She was quite light-hearted at first, interested with the drive, and waved her hands to the hills as they went slowly out of sight. "Good-bye," she said, "you dear old giants! I hope those white furs of yours will keep you warm till we bring Cara. What will Cara think of the mountains? She never saw anything better than Sunninghill."

"Sunninghill has the effect of being much higher than it is with that great level stretch of flat country. It impresses the imagination just as much as your giants. Don't laugh, Annie; but your

mountains stifle me. I never have air enough to breathe. I like miles and miles of country round me. You know my weakness."

"Sunninghill before the Alps!" she cried, laughing. "'Tis clear you are a true cockney. Give me your shoulder for a pillow, I think I shall go to sleep."

And so she did; and the horses jogged on and on, now slow, now fast, their bells jingling, and Donato's whip making harmless circles and slashes over their heads; and houses and hedgerows, and slopes of mountain, flew past in a dream. James Beresford could see nothing but the wan lines of the face that rested on his shoulder, solemn in that deep sleep of weariness. How worn she was; how pale; growing whiter, he thought, and whiter, till sometimes in terror he stooped down close to make sure that the pale lips were parted by living breath.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

QUAKERS AND QUAKERISM.

"READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess thine own spirit in stillness without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, yet accompanied, solitary, yet not desolate, singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate, a simple in composite, come with me," says Charles Lamb, "into a Quakers' meeting."

Few, probably, of those who are familiar with the charming essay from which we quote have accepted the invitation. Few have made their way some summer Sunday into that quiet place, generally even in towns set round with waving boughs, and harmless flowers, and "fair ungrieving things," which seems already to have attained

To where beyond these voices there is peace;

where a soft multitudinous silence reigns as of a windless sea with all its waves at rest, where even the children sit with faces as hushed and wide-eyed as the daisies in the summer sun without, and the tired spirit, weary with the strife of tongues and all the barren noises of the outer world, bathes itself in stillness, while, in

solemn Quaker phrase, "sitting before the Lord."

But, though few of us have any personal acquaintance with the silent charms of a Quakers' meeting, most of us have experienced a certain restfulness in the individual Quaker, especially in the women, the myrrh and cassia of those silent meadows they tread weekly still clinging to their garments. Perhaps in some noisy railway-station, some scene of coal-smoke and human bustle, we have suddenly found ourselves face to face with such a one, clad in that spotless Quaker vesture which, like the lily's, refuses to know the defilements of earth, and have felt a sudden stillness come upon us as our eyes rested on those soft pearl greys that seem borrowed from early morning skies, and our troubled glance sank rebuked before those quiet eyes that gaze forth on us from under the peaceful eaves of the quaint poke-bonnet, itself so restful a protest against the evershifting vanities of human head-gear, and the restless human brains beneath. And which of us on being asked with that tender Scriptural directness which refuses to slur over one's individuality by addressing one as a loose multitude in the plural form, "Art thou bound on a long journey?" has been altogether able to resist an eerie feeling creeping over him, a sense of a far-off silent bourne from which no traveller returns, as though he had heard in his heart a distant murmur, a waft of bells from that "strange and undiscovered city which we seek," as pilgrims on a far journey.

But though we are all familiar with the individual Quaker, and as a rule hold in love and respect this peaceful "Society of Friends," to give them, not the name by which they were called in derision by the world, but the beautiful name they chose for themselves — *la Société des Amis*, as their French brethren are called — little is generally known of their history, or of all that has been accomplished in the Christian Church by these worshippers of light and silence, a light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," a silence which is the voice of God in the soul.

We propose, therefore, in the present number to give a brief sketch of their history and constitution, without which it would be impossible to understand the position which they occupy, and then to enter in greater detail into what they have accomplished, the many remarkable movements in which they have taken the lead, showing themselves on many points to be

far in advance of the rest of the Christian Church.

Quakerism, as we all know, was founded by George Fox, born 1624, the son of a weaver known as righteous Christer, who apprenticed him to a shoemaker; but as the shoemaker also dealt in wool, George's business was chiefly to see after the sheep. But it was doubtless from his master's shop that he got the materials for that memorable protest against the forlorn nakedness of man, which makes him a pauper dependent for out-door relief on his lowliest fellow-creatures. It was doubtless there that he wrought that "leather hull from which the divinity and dignity of man was once again preached, no longer in scorn, as from the cynic's tub, but in love."

The owner of this "perennial suit of leather," this strange young shepherd, that same spring when Charles I. surrendered himself and his cause to the Scotch Presbyterians, might have been seen wandering forlornly about the fields of Drayton and Coventry, in sore conflict of soul, sitting in hollow trees alone with his Bible, "for," as he says in that old Hebrew prophet's journal of his, "I found none to speak to my condition." The clergyman of Mancetter, with whom he reasoned "about the ground of temptations and despair," bade him take tobacco, and sing psalms. "But," as he says quaintly, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing." Another, a "priest of high renown," would needs give him physic, and he was to have let blood; but not a drop of blood could they get from him, his "body being, as it were, dried up with griefs, and sorrows, and troubles." "So neither them nor any of the Dissenting people could I join with, but was a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ."

At last, after enduring great troubles and storms, and when all his hopes in all men were gone, so that he had nothing outwardly to help him, nor could tell what to do, he heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." "And when I heard it my heart did leap for joy."

Soon after he thus found peace, not in the systems of man, but in the "inward teaching of Christ, who hath the key, and who opened the door of life and light," George Fox began to preach, travelling on horse or foot all over the United Kingdom, and ultimately even extending his labors to the Barbadoes, America, and Holland.

To understand the effect produced by the preaching of this remarkable but uneducated man, one must realize the state of religious thought which then prevailed. Theology had not yet broken through a hard crust of scholasticism and logomachy which bound it in, and made it rather an endless disputing on words and notions, than a living grasp on facts and spiritual realities. A London minister could still undertake to prove the doctrine of the Trinity to some of the early Friends by the following syllogism, supported by a spurious text: "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

These are either three manifestations, three operations, three substances, or three anything else besides subsistences. But they are not three manifestations, three operations, three substances, nor three anything else besides subsistences.

Ergo, three subsistences.

It is not likely that such barren verbiage as this would afford any common ground to meet on in the worship of common truth. Everywhere strife and confusion reigned, while a certain hard externalism which characterized the prevailing religious thought found its appropriate expression in persecution, the only ground of union being abhorrence of the "hideous idol, toleration." Calvinism, with its remorseless logic, which if, in M. Guizot's words, "it tortures history," still more tortures those infinite truths that from their very nature burst the bounds of our narrow possibilities, and, existing as contradictions to the intellect, can only be apprehended as a whole by the moral emotions of man; Romanism, with its priestcraft and its burdensome rites and ceremonies, the gilded tomb beneath which the responsibility and freedom of man lay buried; a hard Judaizing Puritanism on one hand, and on the other a Church enforcing a rigid conformity, "as stanch and solid piece of framework as ever any January frost could freeze together;" what wonder that men were weary of it all? What wonder if men like Milton ceased to attend any place of worship, loathing the jarring of the sects; that Cromwell exclaimed in despair, "Every sect saith, Give me liberty; but give it to him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else." What wonder that men's souls were everywhere beginning to be sick of these disputed shadows, and to long for some undisputed reality?

To this craving the preaching of George

Fox appealed, the "man who stood forth from the Babel of tongues, and preached the inner truth and meaning of all those things the sects were disputing about." That the kingdom of God is within us, that there is an indwelling Spirit, a light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" that one must listen to his voice, not in the Babel of creeds without, not even in the letter of a sacred book, but in the silence of one's own heart within; that Christ's atoning work must be realized to the heart, and that it is the Christ in us which is the hope of glory; that the Church is not "an old house made up of stones, lime, and wood; but the blessed company of all faithful people" who are walking by the inner light; that the true priest and prophet is the man or the woman in whom the Eternal speaks, and whose ministry is not for hire — this was the message of George Fox. Crowds gathered to hear him; wherever the report flew through village or town, "The man in leather breeches is come," the priests in many places fled in alarm; the "earthly and airy spirit in which people held their religion was shaken;" and numbers gave in their adhesion to this people, called Quakers in derision by an unjust judge whom George Fox had bade "tremble and quake before the Lord."

The position the Quakers now found themselves in amid the contending sects irresistibly reminds one of Heine's story of the two children who were disputing as to the nature of the moon, one saying her mother had told her it was made of sugar and that the angels broke it up with the sugar-nippers every month into the little stars, the other declaring her grandmother had told her it was a fire-melon that was consumed every month in the infernal regions with pepper and salt as no sugar was to be had. From ridiculing each other's rival views they soon proceeded to blows, and were scratching and tearing one another in true polemical fashion, when they were separated by a boy coming out of the neighboring school. He, being better instructed, proceeded calmly to explain the true nature of the heavenly body. But with what result? That the two angry little controversialists at once compounded their own differences, and united their forces in cudgelling the dispassionate young philosopher within an inch of his life. In much the same way the empty religious disputants of that day combined in ill-treating these peaceful preachers of spiritual truth, "the accursed race of heretics called

Quakers," as they are denominated by the New England Puritans. It mattered not what party was in power, Quakers were whipped, fined, imprisoned, as many as two thousand being scattered in loathsome dungeons throughout the kingdom. Forbidden by their conscience to resist, they were indeed as sheep to the slaughter; and we must go back to the times of the early Christians to find anything so touching as the heroic tranquillity, the unflinching firmness, the unresisting meekness, with which they bore their cruel wrongs and sufferings.

But at the same time we must admit that perhaps their negations, even more than their affirmations, were responsible for the violence of the persecution that raged against them. With a not unnatural rebound from the externalism and word disputes of the time, George Fox and his followers were led to reject all rites and ceremonies and time-honored customs. Because some people built upon the bridge, the bridge itself must be destroyed. The sacraments, judicial oaths, marriage ceremonies, an ordained ministry, tithes, mourning clothes, military service even for national defence, down to the "lying habit" of addressing individuals in the plural number and of taking off the hat in sign of deference — the early Quakers made a clean sweep of them all. We question whether any of their doctrines or practices produced so much irritation as the last mentioned. Homer placed the vulnerable point of his hero in the heel; for the mass of mankind it would seem to lie at the other extremity, in the hat. "O the rage and scorn," exclaims Fox in his "Journal," "the heat and fury that arose! O the blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent for not putting off our hats to men: for that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety what it was. The bad language and evil usage we received on this account is hard to be expressed, besides the danger we were sometimes in of losing our lives for this matter, and that by the great professors of Christianity."

But despite the continued persecution, which raged for a space of forty years, when James II. issued his Declaration of Indulgence, by which fourteen hundred Friends were liberated from prison, the Quakers continued to increase in numbers. Increased weight was also given them by the accession of men in high position, such as Penn and Barclay of Urie, the author of the celebrated "Apology," a book of divinity which the late Bishop Thirlwall

is said to have highly recommended to students of theology. But everywhere, whether at court or in prison, we find them upholding the great principles of religious liberty and the rights of conscience, wearying out persecution in their own persons, and pleading, both by pamphlet and speech, for toleration, not only towards their own members, but for all other oppressed sects, in the spirit of Milton's noble words, which they only seemed to grasp, "Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worst in free and open encounter?"

So little practical recognition, however, could then be won for these enlightened views, that large numbers of the persecuted Friends emigrated to New Jersey; and on the grant of extensive lands by the crown to William Penn, the new territory, Pennsylvania, was colonized entirely by them. Perhaps one of the fairest and most unsullied chapters in human history is that in which Penn and his people, acting on their large and catholic theology, met unarmed those American Indians whom all other European settlers had contemplated as fierce and bloodthirsty savages, and addressing them as children of a common father, concluded with them that treaty which, in Voltaire's words, was "the only league between those nations and the Christians that was never sworn to and never broken."

In consequence of this rapid spread of Quakerism, George Fox commenced, in 1667, the definite organization of the society. The report of the religious census of 1851 puts in a few sentences the main features of the system he adopted. "Three gradations of meetings or synods, monthly, quarterly, and yearly, administer the affairs of the society, including in their supervision matters both of spiritual discipline and secular policy. The monthly meetings, composed of all the congregations within a definite circuit, the men and women forming separate chambers, except on particular occasions, judge of the fitness of new candidates for membership, supply certificates to such as move to other districts, choose fit persons as elders to watch over the ministry, recommend to the quarterly meeting any who have 'a concern' to preach or in other ways to minister elsewhere, so that, if approved, their expenses may be defrayed by the society; and seek the reformation or pronounce the expulsion of all who walk disorderly, as well as stimulate all the members to religious duty. They also make provision for poor members and

secure the education of their children, and sanction marriages before their solemnization at a meeting for worship. Overseers are also appointed to assist in the promotion of these objects. Several monthly meetings compose a quarterly meeting, to which they forward general reports of their condition, and at which appeals are heard from their decision. The yearly meeting holds the same relative position to the quarterly meetings that the latter do to the monthly meetings, and has the general superintendence of the society in a particular country. There is also a standing committee of the general meeting called the 'Meeting for Sufferings,' from its original object of succoring persecuted Friends, which dispenses the general funds of the society, and takes cognizance of whatever may arise affecting its interests and requiring immediate attention."

It will be seen from this sketch that the constitution of the Society of Friends is democratic and decentralized in the extreme, the monthly meeting, consisting of one or more congregations, being the executive; but at the same time it is saved by the legislative and controlling power of the general meeting from the narrow individualism and local republicanism, the "divine right of coteries," which forms the inherent vice of Congregationalism.

The appointment of the ministry is peculiar to the Friends. George Fox rejected the "one-man ministry," and with it the common-sense principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Any one, irrespective of sex, who feels moved thereto may stand up and preach in the meeting for worship. But let not the reader think this must needs lead to a Babel of words, and a natural selection of the longest tongues, generally supposed to be of the feminine gender, which could scarcely be defined as "a survival of the fittest." Quaker discipline averts this danger. Should the word prove unto edification, the preacher, male or female, is enrolled as a minister, and then has the counsels of experienced elders in the exercise of his or her gift. But should it not be so, the elders signify the same after a time on the part of the congregation, and the speaker is reminded that the wise man saith there is a time for silence as well as a time for speech—in the coarser phraseology of the world, he or she is requested to shut up. Perhaps some of those who consider it a religious duty unflinchingly to submit their souls to a weekly macadamizing of pulpit platitudes may not be altogether without a feeling of

envy at any Church militant possessing a privilege which seems rather to savor of the Church triumphant.

On the great crucial question of marriage George Fox's views were clear and deep. He was free from the confusion of thought which makes so many minds identify marriage with the ecclesiastical rite that celebrates it; and from the superficial view which regards it as a mere civil contract, and not rather as the deepest symbol of the divine in man. "We marry none," he says, "but are witnesses of it, marriage being God's joining, not man's." Marriage, in his eyes, is essentially the altar that sanctifies the gift of prayer and praise laid on it; it is not the gift that sanctifies the altar. In accordance with this elevated view of the religious sanctity of marriage, the utmost care was taken that this sacred union should not be entered into lightly; but in the presence of numerous witnesses who attested the marriage certificate. But with that unfortunate narrowness of the human mind which so often distorts the great truths it grasps, the early Friends forgot that this view of marriage is compatible with any religious rite; and marriage by a priest became an almost more frequent source of disownment in the after history of the society than even grave moral offences.

On the death of Fox, 1690, and the passing away of its first founders by the close of the seventeenth century, Quakerism underwent a great change. It lost its aggressive character, its brave assault upon the world, which made it in the mind of its first founders not so much a new sect as primitive Christianity itself restored to mankind, and retreated more and more within its own borders, endeavoring to isolate itself from the world it had at first hoped to conquer. With the withdrawal of persecution, and with the singular commercial success which has always attended the Quakers in common with the Jews, came a decline of zeal and a decreasing ministry, both resulting in the society being more and more content to bear a negative testimony, by disownment of its erring members, against the evils it had at first actively combated; a testimony which, while it had no effect on the world without, disastrously thinned the numbers of the society. The very greatness of the truth it held from the first became a source of weakness and error. Believing that

God is never so far off
As even to be near,

believing in the inner light, the indwelling

Spirit, they deprecated anything which was supposed to distract the mind from its inner teaching. They failed to grasp the truth that the work of the light within is to shine on the darkness without, and reveal God in all things, sanctifying and illuminating all human life, clothing itself in the slow, sweet pomp of sunset and sunrise, of starry skies, and ordered lights, and returning seasons, uttering itself in infinite aspirations of music, shaping for itself a body out of the lovely forms of art. "I was moved," says George Fox, "to cry against all kinds of music, for it burdened the pure life." Music, the drama, art, fiction, in which a genius only second to Shakespeare has of late manifested itself, are all the subjects of repeated reprobation and admonition in the minutes of the yearly meetings of the Friends.

And so that which had begun as a protest against externalism, and a return from religious formulas and intellectual dogmas and superstitious rites and ceremonies to the great fountains of spiritual life within, ended by the gradual accretion of a formalism of its own. The dress, which at first differed only in plainness from the prevailing dress of the day, became in course of time a badge, departure from which was a mark of unfaithfulness, just as the ordinary peasant dress adopted by St. Francis and his followers in token of humility and poverty became the monkish garb of later days. Marriages could only be contracted between members of the society and according to Quaker rites, any infringement of this narrow rule being followed by disownment. The new creature, to whom old things have passed away, must only speak in antique forms of speech. The very protest against forms became in itself an absurd formalism, men of deep and undoubted piety being disowned for no graver offence than having received one or other of the sacraments on conscientious grounds.

The immense revival of discipline which took place in 1770 assumed the same negative and restrictive character, and Friends increasingly isolated themselves from the world they had at first gone forth so bravely to subdue. The powerful action which still remained to Quakerism was carried out by isolated individuals, and no longer by the society at large.

In Ireland, at the close of the eighteenth century, and thirty years later in America, extensive secessions took place on doctrinal grounds, the undue stress laid on the inner light, to the practical exclusion of the atoning work of Christ, leading to

Unitarian tendencies and a denial of the inspiration of the Scriptures. Modern Friends have accordingly supplemented their theology, and while holding as strongly as ever the old mighty truth, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," give a far more prominent place to the atonement in their teaching.

It is to both the merits and defects of Quakerism that we must attribute its steady decline in numbers. On the one hand its high standard of practice, its strict discipline, the steady protest it has maintained against war, undue luxury, etc., led to many defections and disownments. On the other, its rigid unassimilative character, its vexatious restrictions, its marriage limitations, its public worship, only adapted for the *τέλειοι*, but which takes no count of the weak and the ignorant, the absence of the sacraments, and the want of an established ministry for religious teaching, have all contributed to the decline of the society in numerical strength. At the end of the seventeenth century, if we are to trust to the anonymous and hostile author of "The Snake in the Grass," a pamphlet directed against the Friends, the society numbered in England alone one hundred thousand. In Dalrymple's "Memoirs" they are stated at half that number; but as he quotes from returns furnished to William III. by parties wishing to magnify the strength of the National Church and to underrate the number of Dissenters, this is probably an understatement. It would be tedious to enter into the statistics which enable us to strike the balance between the two; but estimating the population of the United Kingdom at eight millions and a half, we may approximately conclude that one person in one hundred and thirty professed with the Friends in the latter part of the seventeenth century. At the present day, whilst the population has nearly quadrupled, the society of Friends numbers in the United Kingdom only twenty-six thousand, or about one person in twelve hundred.

Nor do we think that the withdrawal of vexatious restrictions and archaic narrowness, which marks the Quakerism of the present day, and its greater assimilation to modern life, will prove sufficient to prevent a yet further decline, though we do not contemplate the extinction of Quakerism till the Christian Church has absorbed into herself the distinctive truths to which it has borne such noble witness.

What, then, must be our final judgment on Quakerism? How account for both its

strength and its weakness, the immense influence it has exerted outside its own body, and its steady numerical decline within?

As a system, Quakerism must be regarded as essentially defective. It mutilates life, instead of consecrating it as a whole. Poetry, art, music, all the change-ful lesser lights of life, are blotted out in its soft drab shadow. This defective side of Quakerism is unconsciously expressed in its rejection of the sacraments. The Founder of Christianity took the two commonest actions of life, washing and eating, and made them the symbols of the awful and the divine, the outward and visible signs of his religion, thereby consecrating the whole of man's life in nature, forbidding us to call any part of it common or unclean. The mountain stream as it dashes past us is made the symbol of a purer and a higher life; the commonest element witnesses to us of the purification of a divine love. The corn that makes the valley rich with the gold of God, the grape with its sun-sweetened clusters, speak to us of our union with the Light of men, and of that feast in which all other feasts, the feast of the eye, and of the ear, as well as the feast of social mirth, are consecrated. The sacraments, as ordained by Christ, were the consecration of human life with all its gracious dependence on the kindly creatures of God, all its harmless play in the sunshine, all its touching wants and limitations, which yet make room for the divine. And in rejecting them because of the superstitious and often idolatrous use to which they have been put, Quakerism unconsciously betrayed its deep inner defect.

But may we not say that in the providence of God it has laid down its own deeper and fuller life as a Church for the sake of the Church at large? By its very rejection of all outward forms, and its realization in individuals of the deepest and most spiritual type of Christianity, it stands as an eternal witness to the spirituality of Christ's religion, and the catholic operations of God's Spirit, a truth emphasized by the very isolation in which it is held, an eternal protest against the sacramentarianism —

Which would confine the Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made his laws to bind us, not himself.

But if as a system on which to found a divine society Quakerism is defective, we doubt whether as a school for the energetic yet disciplined development of the

individual character it is not unrivalled; and to this we attribute its being on so many points in advance of the Christian Church. In its absolute recognition of the sacredness of individual responsibility, every man and woman being the possible mouthpiece of the Divinity, in the facilities it offers for the *supériorités légitimes* coming to the front, the whole body being bound to assist the exercise of the individual's gift, in the silence and subjection it enjoins to the divine voice, above all in its intense recognition of a great spiritual force — call it by what name you will — which a man can lay hold of by faith and make his own, Quakerism stands alone and unrivalled. The inner light the Quaker believes in is an inexhaustible source of force, like the sun without. He does not expect to work uncalled-for miracles by it; there is nothing arbitrary in its action any more than in the forces of nature; it only works in the line of the divine will, but in the line of that will it is practically omnipotent. As an engineer takes hold of some natural force, and by obeying its laws makes it his own, and drives his engine right through the granite bases of an Alp, so by obeying the divine Spirit we gain a supernatural power before which all obstacles must disappear. In Emerson's noble words —

So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The soul replies, "I can."

As St. Theresa said when she set to work to found a much-needed house of mercy with only three halfpence in her pocket, "Theresa and three halfpence can do nothing; but God and three halfpence can do all things." In this practical recognition of a great ever-present spiritual force, the power of the Holy Spirit, has not Quakerism still got much to teach the Church at large, and, once learnt, might not a new era dawn on Christianity?

We propose in our next article to treat of what this small and decreasing sect has already accomplished through this belief, both in the witness it has borne to hitherto unrecognized truths, and the actual reforms it has carried out.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

From Temple Bar.

THE ORIGINALS OF WERTHER.

AT Frankfort, in a small street, called Grosser Hirschgraben, there exists to this

day a desolate old mansion which belonged to the ancestors of Goethe, and where his arms — three lyres surmounting a star — were conspicuously displayed over the door. Strangers are still shown the little attic, with three sloping windows in the roof, where, in the first flush of life, and opening on a career of unexampled success, but beset with that "*maladie de l'imagination*" described by Madame de Staël as the disease of the epoch, he prepared a romance which stirred up the youth of the day almost in the same degree as Schiller's "Robbers," but with far less poetical excuse, to tempests of wild and uncontrollable passion, a romance which combines so great a monotony of incident with such violent mental conflicts, that it may be said to produce the same sort of dizziness which is experienced when one stands on the edge of a precipice. "The Sorrows of Werther" was the product of the revolutionary spirit of the age, which was ready to level with the ground good sense and social order — almost its first fruits — introducing a state of doubt and disbelief upon every question of religion and morality, and plunging even literature itself into a sea of licentious confusion. Of all his works, it is that which exercised the greatest influence over his countrymen. It paved the way to every kind of error and romantic delusion, upset excitable imaginations, raised a pedestal to frantic lovers, and planted groves to the deities of melancholy and despair.

"Werther," says Lewis, "is not much read nowadays, especially in England, where it labors under the double disadvantage of a bad name and an execrable translation;" but Carlyle, who has perhaps more sympathy with the author's mind, reviews his work in far more flattering terms, and describes it as "the off-spring of that nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, and that high, sad, longing discontent which was agitating every bosom," and which had driven Goethe almost to despair.

All felt it [he continues]; Goethe alone could give it voice. And here lies the secret of his popularity; in his deep susceptible heart he felt a thousand times more keenly what every one else was feeling; with the creative gift which belonged to him as a poet, he bodied it forth into visible shape, gave it a local habitation and a name; and so made himself the spokesman of his generation. "Werther" is but the cry of that dim rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing; it paints the misery, it

passionately utters the complaint; and heart and voice all over Europe loudly and at once respond to it. True, it prescribes no remedy; for that was a far different, far harder enterprise, to which other years and a higher culture were required; but even this utterance of pain, even this little, for the present is grasped at, and with eager sympathy appropriated in every bosom. If Byron's life-weariness, his moody melancholy and mad stormful indignation borne on the tones of a wild and quite artless melody, could pierce so deep into many a British heart, now that the whole matter is no longer new — is indeed old and trite — we may judge with what vehement acceptance this "Werther" must have been welcomed, coming as it did, like a voice from the unknown regions; the first thrilling peal of that impassioned dirge which in country after country men's ears have listened to till they were deaf to all else. For "Werther," infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of literature, gave birth to a race of sentimentalists who have raged and wailed in every part of the world, till the better light dawned on them, or, at worst, exhausted nature laid herself to sleep, and it was discovered that lamenting was unproductive labor. These funeral choristers, in Germany a loud, haggard, tumultuous, as well as tearful class, were named the *Kraft-männer*, or powermen; but have long since, like sick children, cried themselves to rest.

In later years Goethe himself turned from the work of his youth with regret and aversion: when years had cleared his insight and settled his aims, he satirized the authors who had simply followed in his footsteps, calling them "professional sentimentalists," and ridiculing that brotherly love and spiritual communion from which arose, as Jean Paul Richter wittily remarked, "a universal love for all men and beasts,—except reviewers!"

Wilkes used to say that he never had been a Wilkite; and Goethe, with his large-mindedness, his self-mastery, his moral grandeur, his genuine excellence, never was a Werther; but, unfortunately, the fiction, which met with so much sympathy from the social organization of the day, was followed by a host of minor works, letters, memoirs, and novels, of which the theme was identical; and if in Byron and in Rousseau might be found a still greater vitality of poison, the despairing sentimentalism of "Werther" was more easy to copy, and led to more tragically ludicrous results. Suicide became the fashion in the same manner as to dress, like "Corinne," in the days of Madame de Stäel, or to be the "*femme de trente ans*" under the reign of Balzac. The German Cupid was provided with a brace of pistols instead of the traditional bow and arrows,

and no man who aspired in the mildest degree to poetic celebrity would have been otherwise than disappointed to be deprived by prosperity of a fair excuse to terminate his days like Werther, and to be buried like him beyond the pale of the Church.

So wholly were the young men of Germany possessed with the morbid disease of the day that, not content with making the tragic end of the domestic drama the same, it was even necessary that the *mise en scène* should also be identical, and that the details should be carried out in every minute particular. In the first place, the deadly weapon has to be borrowed, and then the blighted being, disgusted with the world, unsatisfied in his cravings, overwhelmed by his position, seeing no end to his wretchedness except the grave, sits down before his bureau to destroy his papers, and to inform his friends, in tremulous writing, that "he has seen the woods and fields for the last time." He implores pardon of his rival "for having troubled the peace of his household," and adjures him "to make his angel happy." About eleven he feels it incumbent on him "to take leave of the Great Bear and other constellations, and he has also to leave a few lines desiring that his remains may be protected, and (since pious Christians might not choose their bodies to rest in the vicinity of such a poor unhappy wretch) buried under two lime-trees, or else in some remote valley, or else near some highway which priest and Levite might avoid, but where the good Samaritan may come to shed a tear."

A little apparently superfluous comedy has to be gone through in the way of packing up and ordering horses for an imaginary journey; and lastly, the beloved image of "Margaret," "Otilie," or "Gretchen" is invoked before her portrait, in profile, on which is imprinted "thousands of kisses," and at midnight, with the last stroke of the clock, a pistol shot is heard which ends the dream of life.

That such a fiction, or any similar fictions, should have enraptured the world, appears amazing, and in spite of Zimmerman, who asserts that the first part of "The Sorrows of Werther" occasioned him so much emotion that he was obliged to wait a fortnight before commencing the second, and Kotzebue, who writes, "I cannot find words to express the overpowering emotions excited in my soul by this wonderful philosophical romance," the readers of our own day will in all probability incline sooner to the criticism of

Dr. Johnson when he said, "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would but *abandon* his mind to it."

It was at the little town of Wetzlar, in the duchy of Solms, the very pearl of the charming valley of the Lakes, that Goethe met with the originals of the story which found so many disastrous copies. Beautifully situated in the midst of woods, fields, and rich pasture-lands, its romantic solitudes were well fitted to inspire poetic reverie and the dreamy languor of sentimental idleness. The perfect calm of village life afforded ample leisure for the indulgence of the dreams, the doubts, the imaginary sufferings, glimpses of a philosophy as deep as it is bitter, the product of a diseased mind whose records become only too palatable to a taste ready to be stimulated by works of unnatural and unhealthy excitement. It was in 1772 that Johann Wolfgang Goethe arrived at Wetzlar. Kestner, the Albert of "The Sorrows," gives the following description of him:—

In the spring there came here a certain Goethe, by profession a *doctor juris*, twenty-three years old, only son of a very rich father; in order—this was his father's intention—that he might get some experience in *praxi*, but according to his own intention, that he might study Homer, Pindar, etc., and whatever else his genius, his manner of thinking, and his heart might suggest to him. At the very first the *beaux esprits* here announced him to the public as a colleague, and as a collaborator in the new Frankfort *Gelehrte Zeitung*, parenthetically also as a philosopher, and gave themselves trouble to become intimate with him. As I do not belong to this class of people, or rather am not so much in general society, I did not know Goethe until later, and quite by accident. One of the most distinguished of our *beaux esprits*, the secretary of legation, Gotter, persuaded me one day to go with him to the village of Garbenheim—a common walk. There I found him on the grass, under a tree, lying on his back, while he talked to some persons round him—an epicurean philosopher (Von Goué, a great genius), a stoic philosopher (Von Kielmansegge), and a hybrid between the two (Dr. König)—and thoroughly enjoying himself. He was afterwards glad that I had made his acquaintance under such circumstances. Many things were talked of—some of them very interesting. This time, however, I formed no other judgment concerning him than that he was no ordinary man.

This was his first interview with Kestner, the secretary to the Hanoverian legation, who was perhaps hardly flattered by becoming the original of Albert. The narrative of his meeting with Charlotte—

Charlotte Buff—who, "to judge from her portrait," says Lewis, "must in her way have been a charming creature, not intellectually cultivated, not poetical—above all, not the sentimental girl we have in 'Werther'—but a serene, calm, joyous, open-hearted German maiden, an excellent housewife and a priceless manager," is told by himself in the first pages of "The Sorrows:"—

To give you a regular account of the manner in which I have become acquainted with the most amiable of women would be a difficult task. I am a happy and contented mortal, but a poor historian. An angel! Nonsense! Everybody so describes his mistress, and yet I find it impossible to tell you how perfect she is; or why she is so perfect; enough to say she has captivated all my senses. So much simplicity with so much understanding—so mild, yet so resolute—a mind so placid, a life so active. I mentioned to you the other day that I had become acquainted with the district judge, and that he had invited me to go and visit him in his retirement, or rather in his little kingdom. But I neglected going, and perhaps should never have gone, if chance had not discovered to me the treasure which lay concealed in that retired spot. Some of our young people had proposed giving a ball in the country at which I consented to be present.

I offered my hand for the evening to a pretty and agreeable but rather commonplace sort of girl from the immediate neighborhood, and it was agreed that I should engage a carriage, and call upon Charlotte with my partner and her aunt to convey them to the ball. My companion informed me, as we drove along through the park to the hunting-lodge, that I should make the acquaintance of a very charming young lady. "Take care," added the aunt, "that you do not lose your heart." "Why?" said I. "Because she is already engaged to a very worthy man," she replied, "who is gone to settle his affairs upon the death of his father, and will succeed to a very considerable inheritance." This information possessed no interest for me. When we arrived at the gate the sun was setting behind the tops of the mountains.

I alighted, and a maid came to the door and begged us to wait a moment for her mistress.

I walked across the court to a well-built house, and, ascending the flight of steps in front, opened the door and saw before me the most charming spectacle I had ever witnessed. Six children from eleven to two years old were running about the hall and surrounding a lady of middle height, with a lovely figure, dressed in a robe of simple white, trimmed with pink ribbons. She held a brown loaf in her hand, and was cutting slices for the little ones all round in proportion to their age and appetite. She performed her task in a graceful and affectionate manner. Each claimant

awaiting his turn with outstretched hands, and boisterously shouting his thanks.

That Goethe should fall in love with Charlotte whilst aware from the first of her engagement to Kestner, is only in keeping with the romantic folly which was the fashion of the day: in all probability he considered himself remarkably fortunate whilst enjoying the cultivated leisure of a solitude full of charm, that he was able to find an opportunity of rushing headlong into a passion which could only end in disaster. Kestner appears to have been wholly undisturbed by the situation. His own honorable and confiding character is displayed in his description of it:—

Lotte is not strictly a beauty according to the common opinion, to me she is one. She is notwithstanding the fascinating maiden who might have hosts of admirers, old and young, grave and gay, clever and stupid. But she knows how to convince them quickly that their only safety must be sought in flight or in friendship. One of these, as the most remarkable, I will mention, because he retains an influence over us.

A youth in years (twenty-three), but in knowledge and in the development of his mental powers and character already a man, an extraordinary genius, and a man of character, was here—as his family believed for the sake of studying the law, but in fact to track the footsteps of nature and truth, and to study Homer and Pindar. He had no need to study for the sake of a maintenance.

Quite by chance, after he had been here some time, he became acquainted with Lottchen and saw in her his ideal; he saw her in her joyous aspect, but was soon aware that this was not her best side; he learnt to know her also in her domestic position, and in a word, became her adorer.

It could not long remain unknown to him that she could give him nothing but friendship, and her conduct towards him was admirable. Our coincidence of taste, and a closer acquaintance with one another formed between him and me the closest bond of friendship. Meanwhile, although he was forced to renounce all hope in relation to Lottchen, and *did* renounce it, yet he could not, with all his philosophy and natural pride, so far master himself as completely to repress his inclination. And he has qualities which might make him dangerous to a woman, especially to one of susceptibility and taste. But Lottchen knew how to treat him so as not to encourage vain hope, and yet make him admire her manner towards him. His peace of mind suffered; there were many remarkable scenes, in which Lottchen's behavior heightened my regard for her; and he also became more precious to me as a friend; but I was often inwardly astonished that love can make such strange creatures even of the strongest and otherwise the most self-sustained men. I

pitied him, and had many inward struggles; for on the one hand, I thought that I might not be in a position to make Lottchen so happy as he would make her, but on the other hand I could not endure the thought of losing her. The latter feeling conquered, and in Lottchen I have never once been able to perceive a shadow of the same conflict.

The summer passed away, and then Kestner again writes in his diary:—

September 10, 1772. To-day Dr. Goethe dined with me in the garden. I did not know that it was the last time. In the evening Dr. Goethe came to the *teutsche Haus*. He, Lottchen, and I had a remarkable conversation about the future state; about going away and returning, etc., which was not begun by him but by Lottchen. We agreed that the one who died first, should if he could give information to the living about the conditions of the other life. Goethe was quite cast down, for he knew that the next morning he was to go.

This is identical with Goethe's narrative of Werther's departure in "The Sorrows." The lovely idyl had come to an end—the "*parties de promenade en voiture*," the *petit bal sans apprêts*, the long bright days, the radiant evenings where the three friends conversed in Charlotte's garden on every topic under and above the stars. But a tragic end to it all was indispensable, and for this Goethe had to borrow from another episode which occurring at the time filled Wetzlar and the neighborhood with compassion and horror.

A young man named Jerusalem, secretary to the Brunswick legation, committed suicide. Kestner sent Goethe full details of the catastrophe, and he transferred them to the last pages of "Werther." When Goethe had printed his book he sent a copy of it to the Kestners, and was astonished to find that instead of falling into raptures over it, they were exceedingly angry, and it must be admitted that they had full right to be indignant at finding themselves dragged into publicity and their story falsified.

The narrative [says Lewis]* was in many respects too close to reality not to be very offensive in its *deviations* from reality. The figures were unmistakable, but they were not the real figures. The eager public soon found out who were the real personages, and that a real history was at the bottom of the romance; but as the whole truth could not be known, the Kestners found themselves in a very false light. They were hurt by this indiscretion of their friend, more hurt perhaps than they chose to confess.

* Life and Works of Goethe.

Kestner wrote to him without mincing the matter : —

Your "Werther" might have given me great pleasure since it could have reminded me of many interesting scenes and incidents. But as it is, it has in certain respects given me little edification. You know I like to speak my mind. It is true you have woven something new into each person or have fused several persons into one. So far good ; but if in this interweaving and fusing you had taken counsel of your heart, you would not have so prostituted the real persons whose features you borrow. You wished to draw from nature that your picture might be truthful, and yet you have combined so much that is contradictory, that you have missed the very mark at which you aimed. The distinguished author will revolt against this judgment, but I appeal to reality and truth itself when I pronounce that the artist has failed. The real Lotte would in many instances be grieved if she were like the Lotte you have there painted. I know well that it is said to be a character compounded of two, but the Mrs. H. whom you have partly inwoven was also incapable of what you attribute to your heroine. But this expenditure of fiction was not at all necessary to your end, to nature and truth, for it was without any such behavior on the part of a woman, a behavior which must ever be dishonorable even to a more than ordinary woman—that Jerusalem shot himself.

Goethe was both distressed and astounded at the effect of his work, and wrote a letter full of penitence to his friends, excusing what he called his innocent mingling of fiction and truth, and imploring them to be generous and not to worry him !

The days of "Werther" are gone by, the time of *Sturm* and *Drang* is over, but the great poet of Germany is still the pride of the little town where he found the inspiration of the romance of his early youth, and outside the gates of Wetzlar has only lately been erected a marble monument in loving memory of him.

From Good Words.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.
BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT
ROYAL NAVY.

PART I.

ENGLAND TO KAWELE UJJI ON LAKE
TANGANYIKA.

On the 30th of November, 1872, I and my old friend and messmate Dillon, an

assistant surgeon in the Royal Navy, left Victoria Station by the evening mail, being then the only two members of the "Livingstone East-Coast Expedition." Our object was to find Dr. Livingstone, and place ourselves unreservedly under his orders to carry out any geographical work which he might desire.

From the tenor of the last letters received from the illustrious veteran of African travel, we expected that on our meeting him we should be ordered to proceed northwards to explore the "Mwutau Nzigé" (Albert Nyanza) and Victoria Nyanza Lakes ; but "*l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*"

We were ordered in the first instance to join Sir Bartle Frere at Brindisi, and to proceed with him to Zanzibar, where we were to receive our final orders. On arrival at Brindisi we found that Sir Bartle was still at Rome, and that there was no room for us on board the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress," which had been ordered to take him to Zanzibar.

We therefore, after a delay of six days, proceeded to Alexandria by the P. and O. steamer "Malta," where Sir Bartle arrived a day or two after us. We went with him to Cairo, where his good offices procured for us from H. H. the khedive an official letter of recommendation to all under his employ in the Soudan. Though this letter was never used in the countries for which it was intended, it was accepted by Arabs in the interior of Africa as a proof that we were friends with one whose name is known to all educated Mahommedans. We then went on to Aden, where Dr. Badger procured for us another letter from Said Alwyn ibn Said, a saint living near there, which was the most effectual talisman of all.

Whilst at Aden, Lieutenant Murphy, R.A., volunteered to join the expedition, paying his own expenses, if the Indian government would continue him in the pay and allowances of his rank. To this they readily assented, and he afterwards joined us at Zanzibar. We then went on to Zanzibar in the B.I.S.S. "Punjâb," Captain Hansard, and received the kindest attentions from him and his officers.

When we arrived at Zanzibar, after a very pleasant passage, I found myself attacked by an old enemy, the "coast fever," and was obliged for a time to take advantage of the kindness of some old messmates, and lie up on board the "Briton," whilst Dillon went on with preparations for the road by himself. Unfortunately, our heavy stores from England did not

arrive as soon as we did. The "Agra," on board which they were shipped, had been compelled to put back into Plymouth by bad weather, and we had therefore, before her arrival, to get a small supply of arms and ammunition from the flagship of H. E. Admiral Cumming.

As soon as I was able to get about again, I went ashore and joined Dillon at the English gaol, where rooms had been put at our disposal by our old and kind friend Dr. Kirk. As soon as we had engaged our escort, and got some donkeys and stores, we chartered a couple of small Arab dhows, and went over to Bagamoyo to try and get the porters necessary to transport our stores.

When we arrived, we hired rooms for ourselves in the house of Abdûlah Dina, a Mussulman trader from India, who was very profuse in offers of service and assistance, but, like the rest of his race, could not resist the temptation of cheating Englishmen when he had a fair opportunity. Our men and stores were housed in a large thatched wattle-and-dab erection, belonging to Jemadar Issa, which we dignified with the name of the barracks, and in an open space in front of it we had our donkey lines.

Bagamoyo, like most of the sister towns along the Zanzibar coast, is a long straggling irregular sort of street with short offsets, and lying behind the sand-hills which line the shore. There may be half-a-dozen stone houses, but the greater portion of those of the semi-respectable people are merely large buildings of wattle and dab, thatched with plaited cocoa-nut leaves. A few flat-roofed mosques provide for the religious wants of the inhabitants, but they are only resorted to on great feast-days.

The greatest and most important feature, however, at Bagamoyo is the French mission, an offshoot of that at Zanzibar.

Two or three priests, half-a-dozen lay brothers, and the same number of sisters, do all the work. The pupils are instructed in industrial trades, and all the buildings of the mission have been erected by them, under the direction of the lay brothers. They have large and admirably-kept gardens, and are trying to introduce several new and valuable plants into the country.

The pupils are kept under surveillance after they have grown up, and are encouraged to marry amongst themselves, and to bring their children to be baptized and brought up at the mission, so that there is a great hope that Christianity is getting a

good grip on the continent of Africa, at least in this one spot.

From the members of the mission we experienced the greatest imaginable interest, telling us that they looked upon us as missionaries as well as themselves, and they could have paid us no higher compliment. After engaging what men we could, we had to go back to Zanzibar to meet the mail from Aden, by which we expected our stores. When we arrived at Zanzibar we found that the mail had already arrived, and that Murphy and our stores had come down in her.

As soon as possible we returned to Bagamoyo, and went on with the tiresome work of paying *pagazi*, and trying to keep loads within compass. As I found the men were rarely forthcoming at our morning musters, I thought it would be best to form a camp a short distance from the town, and accordingly selected a lovely spot shaded by four or five enormous mango-trees close to Shamba Gonera, a farm owned by the widow of a Hindu merchant.

Notwithstanding this move, we were still much troubled by our men absenting themselves, and also by their being induced to desert by the lower orders of Wamirima.

I wrote to Dr. Kirk, to ask if he could pay us a visit so as to show that we were still under the influence of British power, which he at once did, and I think his coming over to see us moderated the evil to some extent. After his return to Zanzibar, we redoubled our efforts to get away, and Dillon went on with what men could be dragged together to Kikoka, the most distant outpost of H. H. Syud Burghash's Balooches. After his departure, Murphy and I were both down with fever, and Murphy was so bad that he had to be taken in and nursed by the good French *padres*. Dillon also came back to see him. The same day Sir Bartle and his staff came to Bagamoyo in the "Daphne." He brought with him another volunteer for our expedition, Moffat, a grandson of the famous father of South-African missions, and a nephew of Livingstone's. Dillon went back at once to Kikoka, and two days afterwards I and Moffat joined him there with some more men and donkeys. I then sent Moffat back to assist Murphy, and with Dillon set out for Rehenneko, where we were to wait for the other two and what portion of the remainder of the stores they could obtain porters to carry.

Dillon and I left Kikoka on March 28th,

1873, and although we had used every conceivable precaution to prevent the absence of our men, and had not brought out so many loads as we had men in our camp according to our daily muster, we found that we had to leave twelve or fourteen loads behind.

We made our way along between Stanley's route and the Kingani, through an open park-like country, with clumps and strips of jungle and forest trees and some tracks of game. No villages were directly on our route, and after three marches the men declared that they must go out to look for food, and that there was a village near. I went out with them, in the hopes of seeing some of the domestic life of the natives, and saw a few miserable huts; but shortly after we left our camp it came on to rain in torrents, and we saw scarcely anything and got less. On our way back to camp we lost our way and got benighted in a swampy wood, where I had to sleep (or try to sleep) in the least-wet spot I could find, with my back up against a tree and the rain beating on me the while.

Next morning I was only just able to creep into camp; but on that and on the following day our foraging parties were more successful, and the third day we were able to go on again, having obtained a modicum of cassava. During our halt here, Moffat came out to us with letters, and the day we went on returned again to Bagamoyo. Poor lad, it was the last time I saw him.

I was suffering from a violent attack of fever, brought on by my mud-and-water bed, but managed to hold on to my donkey from camp to camp somehow or another. The country up to Msuwah was much the same as we had already passed through, but then it began to rise more decidedly. At Msuwah, we were detained a few days to try and get food, and by having to pay tribute to the chief, who was a regular black Pecksniff. He said our men could not buy food there, and that he would get it for us; but that cloth, etc., must be paid in advance. After two or three days' waiting, and only a small proportion being forthcoming, we thought it best to go on, and let the smiling old man pocket the plunder in peace. We then went on by Kisémo over a small table-land, well watered with magnificent stretches of open grass, and much cultivated land, with the villages hidden in patches of jungle, and only betrayed by the blue smoke wreathing above the tree-tops; and at the end of our second march arrived, after an almost precipitous de-

scend, in the valley of the Lugerengeri. Behind us was the wooded steep which we had just come down, around were villages with thatch-roofed huts, patches of tobacco, rice, sugarcane, and other crops; in our immediate front the river, brawling over its wide shallow bed, but the banks showing terrific signs of its giant power when swollen by the tropical rains; and beyond it, again, the lovely Duthumi hills, with their wooded summits crowned with fleecy clouds.

We went on across the wide Lugerengeri, and then made a nearer acquaintance with the hills, and found that picturesque forms entailed very rough walking and hard work; and on our first march we were from 4.30 A.M. till 3 P.M. on the road. Indeed many of the stragglers were not up till long after sunset. Our camp was in a rocky pass, with pools of crystal water amongst the rocks at the bottom, and around us flowering creepers and acacias in the full wealth of their golden blossoms.

We passed on out of this lovely spot into a basin-like valley full of small conical hills, each crowned with a tiny hamlet, and crops of the richest luxuriance growing all about us. Out of this "happy valley" (except for slavery) we fought our way through thickets of tall cane grass. It was tantalizing to know that all around were lovely views, while we could see nothing five yards from us, and then through a steep and narrow pass we came again into the valley of the Lugerengeri.

Passing along through canebrakes, and crossing wide torrent-beds, all going to feed the river, strewn with blocks of granite brought down in the freshets which, in a brief half-hour, spread destruction around, and then leave a tiny trickling stream in their place, we came to Simbawéni, erstwhile the home of the renowned freebooter and kidnapper of slaves, Kisabengo, but since his death ruled by his favorite daughter, who lacks the power, but not the will, to make her name as dreaded as was ever that of her robber sire. The mud-built palace is now, however, falling to pieces; and there are great gaps in the strong palisades which form the enceinte, some hastily repaired, and others still open.

We passed the den of this lioness without paying any tribute, and only paid the compliment (?) of closing up our men and displaying the union jack and white ensign as we defiled past the town.

We then crossed the Lugerengeri a second time, on an African bridge made of a fallen tree, and so away from the

country of Simbawéni. Whilst camped on the Lugerengeri, we were crowded with people selling food, many of them dressed in kilts made of grass-fibre, resembling those of the mop-headed Papuans, with filed teeth, and heads oiled and besmeared with red clay.

Our men did not like to leave the Papuan plenty of this place, and after a day's halt we had much trouble to make them shoulder their burdens and take the road again.

From among the hills we came out on to the Makata Swamp. At first our road lay along a grassy level plain, but gradually we began to get into the "Slough of Despond," the mud getting deeper and stickier, and the donkeys and men floundering more helplessly at every step. To add to our discomfort, it came on to rain heavily, whilst still some distance from camp; and we had to drive the lazy and cheer the flagging for five hours of mud and rain, during which time we only got on about three and a half miles.

Next day, however, was better, and we crossed the river before evening. Notwithstanding, after a night's heavy rain, the bridge by which we had crossed was clean out of sight, and if we had been a day later we might have been detained a week before we should have been able to cross it.

From the river Makata on to the base of the Usagara Mountains was good level marching, with the exception of two swamps, each from three-quarters of a mile to a mile long, and about mid-thigh deep. We arrived at Rehenneko, where we were to wait for our companions, on the 1st of May. Our camp was formed on a conical hill, at the mouth of a gorge in the Usagara Mountains, on the opposite side of which lay the village of Rehenneko.

When Dillon and I arrived, we were both laid up, he with an acute attack of dysentery, and I with an abscess on my foot, and fever and ague.

As we gradually recovered, we employed ourselves with altering and fitting donkeys' saddles, which up to this had given us a great deal of trouble; and also in taking sights for latitude and longitude. The people at Rehenneko were pretty friendly to us, though they do not bear the best of names; but I think they thought we were too hard a nut to crack.

The month of May passed slowly away, and the *masika*, or rainy season, finished; but no news arrived of our companions, whom we were most anxiously expecting. I sent back two or three sets of messengers, and could get no news, till about the

22nd I heard they had just passed Simbawéni.

About the 26th a caravan hove in sight. It must be them, for there is a white man, but only one. Where is the other?—a question, alas, to be soon answered. As the party drew near, I limped out of camp to meet them, and found Murphy looking very ill, mounted on a donkey. "Where's Moffat?" I cried. The answer was, "Dead!" "How? When?" "I will tell you when I get into camp. I am too ill to say much now."

Afterwards we heard the sad tale of his end. Beaten by the climate, he lay down and died just before arriving at the Makata Swamp, to add another name to the list of martyrs in the cause of African exploration.

Poor young fellow! He had sold his all, a sugar-plantation at Natal, for £600, and came to Zanzibar prepared to devote the last farthing to the cause of this expedition. He died on the threshold of the unknown country where his grandfather had labored nobly for more than half a century, and where his gallant uncle had already (though we then did not know it) succumbed to disease, hunger, and hardship. If he had been spared, he would have been a worthy successor to those two great and noble men.

When Murphy arrived he was suffering from the remains of an attack of fever, and we therefore remained at Rehenneko two or three days in order that he might recruit his health. I fear that much of his and Moffat's illness was caused by neglecting the daily use of quinine.

The days before we started were employed by me in overhauling all our loads, and redistributing, so as to avoid as much as possible any delay on the road.

Our route from Rehenneko lay over the Usagara Mountains, up and down steep, rocky hills, over great bare and slippery sheets of quartz and granite. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of these mountains, they were mostly wooded to the summits, principally by acacias, which, as Burton very aptly observes, reminds one much of a crowd of people sheltering themselves under umbrellas.

In the hollows and dips where water collects, the noble *mparamusi* rears its lordly head. This tree is one of the most splendid specimens of arboreal beauty in the world. A tall, clean, towering shaft, running to a hundred and fifty, or even two hundred feet, without a knot or excrescence to break its symmetry, and crowned by a spreading head of dark-

green foliage. The natives have a proverb about this tree, and it is supposed to be impossible to climb one. When they think anything is beyond their powers, they say, "We have climbed many trees, but this one is indeed an mparamusi, and this one we can't climb."

Passing over the first part of the mountains, we came into the gorge by which the Mukondokwa breaks through the side of the mountains. Our camp above it was on the steep hillside, and for comfort one might as well be on the side of a roof. The next day we crossed the Mukondokwa, a swift and brawling stream of turbid water about knee-deep, and eighty yards wide. We crossed at the old village of Kadetamaré. This is not entirely deserted; the chief having learnt the danger of this position when the larger part was swept away by a fresh of the river at the time of the great hurricane at Zanzibar, has now settled on an adjoining knoll.

From the river we went along through gigantic crops of *mtama*, or Caffre corn, the stalks being often from sixteen to eighteen feet high, and camped near the village of Muinyi Usagara. We were delayed here by one of our men accidentally shooting a native when a party was sent out for food, and before we could leave had to pay a heavy fine of cloth to his relations. When this matter was settled (for which we were indebted to the good offices of a gentlemanly old Arab settled near), we started on our road again, passing up the right bank of the Mukondokwa, through a rough and tangled country, the path in places almost overhanging the river, so that a false step or slip would have sent one down fifty feet into its muddy waters. The hills here were mostly of granite, but occasionally great masses of new red sandstone showed out, forming a vivid contrast to the foliage of the trees and creepers and the more sombre tints of the weathered granite.

Quitting Burton's route, which turns sharp off over the Rubeho Mountains, we made our way up to Lake Ugombo, after having twice forded the Mukondokwa. Lake Ugombo is full of hippopotami, and numerous waterfowl speckle its surface.

From Lake Ugombo to Mpwapwa, distant two long marches, no water is to be found, so we were initiated into one of the incidents of African travel, commonly known as a *terekesa*, viz., a forced march after noon.

Just before we left Lake Ugombo we saw a mixed multitude of men, women, children, and goats travelling to the valley

of the Mukondokwa. They were carrying all their household utensils with them, and on inquiry we found that their homes near Mpwapwa had been harried by the Wadirigo, a predatory highland tribe, and that they were escaping with what they had been able to save.

We left Lake Ugombo at about eleven A.M., and marched across a parched and arid country, with great blocks of granite strewn about its arid surface, the vegetation being only euphorbiæ, kolqualls, etc., and baobabs, with a few patches of coarse grass already parched up by the burning sun of the tropics.

We camped out with the sky for our roof, and a gunstock for our pillow, and were off before daylight to make our way to Mpwapwa, passing through a thorny jungle, and across open tracts with scarce a blade of grass or a weed on their burnt-up surface. About half past two in the afternoon, we arrived at the sandy bed of the stream at Mpwapwa, and going up it soon came to pools, and then to running water, which soon, however, filters away through the sand. I sent back men with water for those who had straggled behind, but notwithstanding this precaution, a man and a donkey fell victims to this trying march.

Mpwapwa, situated on the slope of the hills and well supplied with water, was a land of plenty, but prices were high as the Wadirigo had looted many of the neighboring villages. The Wadirigo were a fine, manly-looking race, who carried a huge shield of bull's-hide, a heavy spear, and a sheaf of beautifully finished assegais. They walked about among the villagers like people of a higher race, and told them coolly that they only held their cattle and villages at their pleasure.

Although these Wadirigo were physically a fine race, they wore no clothes (many even of the women being perfectly naked, except perhaps a string of beads round their necks), and built no permanent villages. They are much feared by all the tribes in their vicinity, but unless opposed they do not kill or maltreat their victims, or make slaves of them.

Mpwapwa is a very favorite halting-place, being situated between the arid tract reaching to Lake Ugombo, and the desert of the Marenga Mkali.

After a couple of days' halt to rest our men after their trying march, we went to Chunyo, the last camp before starting to cross the Marenga Mkali.

On our road we passed a village occupied by the Wadirigo, and as, with most

thieves, it was light come light go, we got some goats and a couple of small bullocks cheap from these roving caterans. To obviate the inconvenience of being without water during our march across the Marenga Mkali, I filled four india-rubber air pillows with water, which held three gallons each, and besides giving us plenty for ourselves, allowed us some to spare for the weaker men and donkeys. The Marenga Mkali is a desert plain rather more than thirty miles across, reaching from the inland base of the Usagara Mountains to the eastern limits of Ugogo, and scattered about are numerous small irregular granite hills, many of a conical form.

There are many watercourses, which are flooded in the rainy season, and I am firmly of opinion that water might be obtained by digging.

On our march across it we saw many zebras and other wild animals, but were unfortunately unable to get within shot of any.

Our camp at night, under a grove of thorny acacias, was a scene for a poet instead of a sailor to describe.

No tents were pitched or huts built, but every knot of two or three men had its separate fire. Above, the velvety sky, with its golden lamps, then the canopy of smoke looking like frosted silver, next trees looking as if made of ebony and ivory, and, below, all the blazing fires with the wild figures of the *pagazi* and *askari* moving about amongst them.

After leaving our camp we marched across a broken sterile country with thorn-brakes and dry *nullah*, or sometimes a sandy plain, till we reached the outskirts of Ugogo.

Here we arrived at extensive plains, largely cultivated, but now, after the harvest, and in the midst of the dry season, parched and arid. The country, however, supports large herds of cattle, which seem to subsist on the dry stalks of the Caffre corn.

The natives made us pay before we were allowed to let our thirsty donkeys drink, or to cut the stalks of the corn to feed them on. The only growing crop was a small and tasteless watermelon, and as one or two of the men who picked one to quench their thirst were unfortunately detected, we had to pay a heavy fine. At this camp occurred a desertion *en masse* of a body of Wanyumwezi, hired by Murphy at Bagamoyo. He had entrusted their payment to Abdûlah Dina, and that worthy had paid them in such vile

cloth that when they saw what the men who I had paid personally had got, their anger rose, and shortly after sunset they levanted.

We marched from this station to the vicinity of the *tembe* of the chief of the district, when we were fully initiated into the delays and vexations incurred by every one who has any dealings with the Wagogo. The Wagogo are a bumptious, overbearing race, but, contrary to the opinions of most travellers, I believe them to be like all bullies, arrant cowards; however, in Africa, a bullying, browbeating manner often passes for courage.

Their huts are miserable places, built round a square, in which at night the cattle are penned. Sheep, goats, and fowls share the huts of their masters; and smaller inhabitants are more in number than the sands of the sea.

The Wagogo, inhabiting a country which requires hard work to make it produce the necessaries of life, are slave-importers, and often tempt some foolish fellows to desert their Arab masters; only too soon do the fools find that they have exchanged from lenient masters to a bondage worse than that of the Egyptians.

The chiefs, as well as the meanest of the people, have to take their turn in tending the herds of cattle which form their principal wealth, the only privileges enjoyed by the chief being that he has, as a rule, more wives, obtains a larger share of the tribute, and can indulge in drunkenness oftener than his subjects. Their arms are bows and arrows, and spears, and the more eastern portion of them also carry hide shields painted in a pattern of red, white, and black. Their ears are pierced, and the lobes so enlarged that in many instances they hang down to their shoulders. In them they carry gourds, snuff-boxes, and all sorts of heterogeneous objects. Their hair is dressed in a most fantastic manner. In fact, nothing seems to be too hideous or absurd for the taste of a Mgogo. After a delay of two or three days, caused by the drunkenness of the people during the mourning for a sister of the chief, which rendered them incapable of transacting any business, we marched for the next station.

Our road lay along a fairly level country, sometimes cultivated, sometimes thorny scrub, and sometimes sterile sand, till in the evening we arrived at a lovely pond about four hundred yards by two hundred in length and width, embosomed in a grove of green trees, with short turf-like sward stretching back from its shores, — a

complete oasis in the bosom of parched Ugogo. We formed our camp, and feasted our eyes on the first fresh verdure we had seen since Mpwapwa. We found the chief here more reasonable than the one at Moumé, but still had to pay tribute as usual. We showed some of the people our guns, pistols, watches, etc., and one old man said, that people who were able to make and use such wonderful things, ought surely never to die. From this place we went along by a chain of small ponds, all frequented by waterfowl, and then through a broken country fairly wooded, till we arrived at Kanyenyé or Great Ugogo. Kanyenyé is a level plain, extending between the feet of two ranges of hills, and is ruled over by a chief of great age and decrepitude, concerning whom there are many stories. People say that he is now getting a fourth set of teeth, and that he is over three hundred years old. I have no doubt that he is considerably over the century. His grandchildren are gray and grizzled men.

From his *tembe* we went on across the plain of Kanyenyé, which in many places is covered with a coating of bitter, nitrous salt, which is collected by the natives and made into small cones like sugarloaves, and sold by them to their neighbors. Ending the plain we came up a sharp ascent, at the top of which was a plateau, on which was a range of rocky hills, through which we marched, and came to Usekhé, where granite boulders of the most fantastic shapes and forms were scattered about. Concerning some of these there are curious stories, which the space at my command does not permit me to relate here.

Our next station was Khoko, which we reached after passing through a thick jungle, and here we camped close to the chief's village, under one of three enormous trees, a species of fig or sycamore; our own party, and other caravans accompanying us, in all amounting to about five hundred people, finding plenty of room under the shade of one.

We had now nearly finished Ugogo, the only other place being Mdaburu, a fertile vale situated on a nullah of the same name, which, in the rainy season, is a furious torrent, and in the bed of which large and deep pools of water are found in the driest seasons. Here, as no white men had ever passed by exactly the same route as that we followed, we were detained in order to be stared at by the people.

Leaving Mdaburu we entered on what used to be dreaded as the *mgunda mkali*,

or "fiery field;" but we found villages springing up all across, most being built by the Wakimbu, who, having been expelled from their former homes, are busy colonizing this whilom forest.

Just after leaving Mdaburu we crossed the Mabunguru, another large nullah, and also one of the last affluents of the Rwaha, the more important of the two streams forming the Lufiji. From here we went on rising up over rocky hills, strips of thick jungle, bare sheets of granite, nature in her most lovely form, if it were not for tracts of miles and miles being blackened by fires, lighted by preceding caravans, both to drive game and to clear a way for marching.

Halfway across this "fiery field," we came to Jiwé la Singa and its surrounding villages. Here there is now a large population, fields well cultivated, numerous villages, some out in the open, others sheltered by groves of trees, but all surrounded by the inevitable stockade.

The fields here are mostly separated from each other by deep ditches and banks, and in one or two places I saw attempts at artificial irrigation. When Haji Abdullah (Burton) passed here in 1859, Jiwé la Singa, and one or two other small hamlets, were all that existed; but now this is one of the most populous and fertile places in eastern Africa.

From Jiwé la Singa, our track again led through the uninhabited woods: spoors of giraffe and other big game were numerous, but caravan-marching in Africa is not the way for a shikarry to enjoy himself, the men grunt and groan under their burdens, or some more spirited than the rest strike up a monotonous chant to lighten the fatigues of the way, and all game is most effectually scared. Besides, in these uninhabited tracts water is scarce, and the day's march is in consequence long, so that on arrival in camp, though game would have been an acceptable addition to our larder, we were too tired to go out shooting, unless we had neglected more necessary work.

During our marches here water was very bad, besides being scarce, and we were often fain to be content with stuff that any decent English dog would turn up his nose at.

At the end of this bit of wilderness we arrived at Urguru, one of the outlying districts of Unyamwesi proper, and yielding to the pressing invitation of the chief of the chiefs, camped in his village.

We were objects of intense curiosity to the inhabitants, and our tents were crowd-

ed the whole day with the rank, beauty, and fashion of the place.

Though very kind in their manners towards us, they left some disagreeable mementoes behind them in the shape of a variety of entomological specimens, which, however much they might be valued by the British Museum or the Linnæan Society, were decidedly objectionable as companions.

We were now nearing Unyanyembé, the largest Arab settlement in Africa; but some heavy marching had first to be gone through.

Our first march from Urguru was through wild jungle, with here and there strips of open grass; and in the evening we camped at a place called Simbo, where water is obtained a couple of feet below the surface by digging, and there are also numerous old water-holes at which the wild animals come to drink.

Next day, just after our start, we saw some buffaloes, and though Dillon started after them, they winded the caravan before we could get within range. After this we each took one side of the road, and I saw innumerable guinea-fowl, and also shot a small antelope. Besides this, I saw a cobra, and almost got caught by some *ruga-ruga* (or banditti). As I was working my way back to the caravan, I saw what I thought was a camp and went to look at it, and found it a small but very substantial palisade partly roofed over, which I afterwards heard was a den belonging to these fellows. If they had been at home when I passed, nothing could have saved me. That night we camped amongst some enormous boulders at a place called Marwa, where water was only to be obtained by digging at the foot of one.

There is a legend about a destroyed village here, and it is considered unlucky to say *maji* (water), or fire a gun, or pass by with one's boots on for fear of offending the demon in charge of the spring, and thereby causing him to stop the water-supply. From here we started before daylight, and in the grey of the morning Dillon and I saw a couple of lions trotting off home, after having been out on the range all night; and in the afternoon we heard that *ruga-ruga* were in front of us, and had attacked a small party who were preceding us by about half an hour. On going to the front we found that this was quite true. The *ruga-ruga* had attacked the party and carried off some ivory and a couple of women slaves.

We went on to near a largish pond, and

there encamped for the night. About nine P.M. some arrows were shot into our camp, but we had no more trouble.

The next day we arrived at one of the outlying villages of Unyanyembé, where we had to remain a day until news of our arrival had been sent on, according to African etiquette, to the Arab governor there.

The next day we marched into Kwikurul, the capital of Unyanyembé, and had breakfast with Said-ibn-Salim, the Arab governor, who afterwards, in company with a number of other Arabs, showed us the house which he had placed at our disposal during our stay, and which was the same he had lent Livingstone and Stanley during their stay here.

Kwikurul is the settlement of the native chief and several Arabs; and at Kwihara, where our house stood, are other Arab settlements. Besides these there are many other Arabs settled close to, some at Kazeh or Taborah, and some at places which have different local names; but the whole is generically called Unyanyembé, although that properly is the name of a considerable district.

The various small settlements of the Arabs are scattered about — some on the plain, and some on a hill divided from the rest by another low and rocky hill. The total number of Arab traders now at Unyanyembé may number about two hundred; but sometimes three or four, or even more, live together, so that there are not above fifty or sixty large Arab houses, and some of these were the property of men away on different journeys, or who had gone to Zanzibar for fresh stores or a holiday. All the Arabs here possess large numbers of slaves, and use them as porters and to cultivate their gardens and farms.

The poorer Wamerima and Wastuahili do not give their slaves any rations, but tell them to go and steal food where they can find it; and these hungry wretches render it unsafe for any one to move about unless well armed.

Our time at Unyanyembé was a monotonous round of fevers and illnesses. We all had fever upon fever. Dillon lost the sight of one eye from atony of the optic nerve, and I was totally blind for about a month from a violent attack of ophthalmia, chiefly induced by the glare, wind, and dust.

The famous Mirambo (who, if all accounts be true, is more sinned against than sinning) was reported to be on the move on the route to Ujiji, and our men

deserted daily. Others engaged in their place followed their example, and there seemed sometimes to be no hope of our getting away to the westward at all. However, I stuck to the resolution of getting on somehow, being determined never to turn back.

Towards the end of October, Chuma and another man belonging to Livingstone's caravan arrived, bringing a letter from Jacob Wainwright, announcing the melancholy fact that the great pioneer of African exploration was dead in the country of Ubisa, and that the whole party with the corpse would arrive in a day or two. I sent back cloth for the men behind, and soon after they all arrived.

All the principal Arabs assembled at our house when the body was brought there in order to show respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone; and as the men carrying the corpse entered the house, we hoisted our colors half-mast high. Murphy now resigned, saying that the object of the expedition had been achieved, and that there was nothing more to be done. I supplied Livingstone's men with stores for the journey to the coast, and redoubled my exertions to get away from Unyanyembé, which was becoming hateful to me.

A couple of days before the day fixed for starting, Dillon found that he was too ill to proceed, and reluctantly yielded to my persuasions to try and return to the coast, in the faint hope of recovering his health by a speedy return to his native land.

On the 9th of November the two parties left Unyanyembé, two homeward bound, and one westward ho!

The parting with Dillon was a sad wrench to me; but hope is long-lived, and I trusted that we might both live to talk over this parting in England. This trust, alas! was not to be fulfilled, for a week after our parting I received the news of his sad end.

He was a scholar and a gentleman, a good officer, a pleasant messmate, and one of my dearest friends; but he is dead on the "field of honor," as surely as if he had died leading a forlorn hope, or charging an enemy's battery.

I was much delayed by desertions and thefts, and forced out of my road by the cowardice of my men, so that in the beginning of December I met Murphy again in Uganda, as he also could not follow his direct route, and had had to send back to the Arab governor for more cloth, as much

had been wasted in drunkenness by the men, and some had been stolen.

Three days after I left him I was met by a chief who was at variance with the Arabs, and who refused me a road across his country. At last, on the first of January, we got a fair start, having lost and wasted a large quantity of stores, and been compelled to abandon twelve loads of beads, and throw away much of my kit and private stores on account of the desertion of porters.

Leaving the cultivated grounds of Uganda, we passed first across a level plain almost waterless, but with clumps of trees here and there where the water was near the surface, and came to the South Ngombé nullah. The country here was marvellously beautiful. Small mounds crowned with trees, groves, and bosquets, and broad reaches of the Ngombé reaching for miles and miles. In the rainy season much of this level country is under water, and we saw a dilapidated bark canoe about three miles from the nullah.

Game was very plentiful here, but wild, and I was unsuccessful in my attempt to get any. I saw a large white rhinoceros, wild boar, and several sorts of antelope; but all were scared by my own people, and by hunting-parties from the neighborhood.

From the Ngombé we passed on through Ugara, which is divided into three districts under independent chiefs. Most of this country at one time had been cultivated and populous, but most of the people had been destroyed or carried off as slaves in the various wars which are constantly going on, especially in that waged between Mirambo and the Arabs.

All the country of Ugara was nearly a dead level, with the exception of a couple of small hills near the centre, until we arrived on its western boundaries, but marvellously fertile; villages which had only been abandoned a year or two being almost hidden in the luxuriant growth of underwood.

After leaving Ugara my guides missed their road, and as I was dead lame from a large abscess on my leg, I was unable to take the lead of the caravan and direct them. After wandering some days in trackless woods, and fording many streams or crossing them in Matthews's india-rubber boat, we arrived at Mân Komo's, the chief of a portion of the mountainous country of Kawendi. Here we hoped to get food, but it was not forthcoming, as Mân Komo demanded a ridiculous tribute which I refused to pay.

Leaving Mân Komo's, we went on struggling over the mountains of Kawendi, hungry and tired, and little or no food to be obtained. The people, profiting by experience, have built their huts amongst almost inaccessible crags, and carefully defended the approaches; many of them, indeed, live in regular caves, and refuse intercourse with all passers-by.

One day during this march I was carried in my chair slung to a pole, as I was utterly unable to walk or ride, and suddenly I saw my men throw down loads and guns and skedaddle up the nearest trees. The men carrying me also bolted, and I was left perfectly helpless and unable to move, and at a loss to know what the stampede was about. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw a buffalo charging down the line. Luckily he did not notice me, although he passed within twenty yards of where I was dropped.

After Kawendi we crossed the Sindi on a bridge of floating vegetation, and then arrived in Uvinza, where we got something substantial to eat, after a fortnight's starvation.

In Uvinza we had to pay heavily to the chief for permission to cross the Malagarazi, and then to pay his *mutwalé* at the ferry for leave to hire canoes, besides the hire of the ferrymen themselves.

We got across the swift brown stream of the Malagarazi without any disasters, although the canoes were some of the most primitive that I ever saw. The people refused to allow the donkeys to be hauled across until a fetish-man had made medicine. Bombay swore that the reason of Stanley's losing a donkey when crossing was his neglecting this precaution.

After crossing the Malagarazi we went along a short way from its northern bank, and first travelling through the salt-producing part of Uvinza, and then through an uninhabited part of the country, we came in sight of the great Lake Tanganyika—sixteen years to the day from the time when it was first discovered by Burton.

When I first saw the lake the day was dull and cloudy, and the lake looked so grey that I thought it was sky, and the distant mountains of Ugoma were clouds. By degrees it dawned on me that this was *the lake*, and nothing else, and then only did its immensity truly realize itself to my mind.

I had sent on a man in advance with letters to Ujiji, to announce our arrival and ask for boats to be sent to the Ruché River, to take us to Kawélé, the capital.

They were duly forthcoming; and on the 22nd I arrived there, being the fifth white man who had ever reached the Tanganyika.

Kawélé now is almost entirely an Arab settlement; all the people who trade to the westward having houses there, and wheat, rice, onions, and other good things are cultivated in their gardens. Every morning there is a market from 7.30 to 10.30 A.M., at which fish, meat, tobacco, butter, and all sorts of native produce are sold, and at last we were in a land of plenty, and the hungers and hardships of the road were in a fair way of being forgotten. I, however, thought of what was to be done, and having secured Livingstone's journals and maps, made preparations for a cruise round the lake, as I had heard that travelling to the westward of it was impracticable in the rainy season.

The Arab traders at Ujiji were most kind and hospitable, though at the same time they made me pay very dearly for everything I had to buy or hire from them.

My preparations for my cruise were completed on the 8th of March, when I left Kawélé with two boats, the "Betsy" and the "Pickle," to survey the southern end of the lake. This cruise and my other wanderings will be related hereafter.

From The Popular Science Review.
UNBREAKABLE OR TOUGHENED GLASS.

BY PERRY F. NURSEY, C.E.

A CONSIDERABLE *dègree* of well-merited attention has of late been directed towards an invention which may be justly termed remarkable even in these days of startling discoveries, inasmuch as it is one which promises to effect a complete change in the physical character of glass. This invention is the 'toughening process' of M. François Royer de la Bastie, by which the natural brittleness of ordinary glass is exchanged for a condition of extreme toughness and durability. And this invention is perhaps the more remarkable in that it does not emanate from one engaged in, or practically conversant with, the manufacture of glass, nor is the discovery due to one of the great lights of science of our day; neither was it the result of a happy momentary inspiration. On the contrary, M. de la Bastie is a French private gentleman of fortune, residing in his native country, who, however, is given to the study of scientific

matters. He was educated as an engineer, but his position and means rendered it unnecessary for him to follow the profession into which he had been initiated. He, however, is fond of experimenting in matters relating to engineering, and amongst other things he, some years since, conceived the idea of rendering glass less susceptible to fracture, either from blows or from rapid alternations of heat and cold. The early training of his mind naturally led him to look to mechanical means for the accomplishment of this end; and he, in the first place, set himself a purely mechanical problem to solve. He thought—as did Sir Joseph Whitworth with regard to steel—that by submitting glass when in a soft or fluid condition to great compressive power, he should force its molecules closer together, and, by thus rendering the mass more compact, the strength and solidity of the material would be greatly increased. This was not an unreasonable line of argument, inasmuch as the fragility of glass results from the weakness of the cohesion of its molecules. Success, however, did not follow experiment, and the mechanical problem was laid aside unsolved.

M. de la Bastie, however, continued to regard the question from an engineering point of view, and turned his attention to another method of treatment. Aware that the tenacity of steel was increased, and that a considerable degree of toughness was imparted to it by dipping it, while hot, into heated oil, he experimented with glass in a similar manner. The results were sufficiently successful to encourage him to persevere in this direction, and, by degrees, to add other fatty constituents to the oil bath. Improved results were the consequence; and they continued to improve until at length, after several years of patient research and experiment, De la Bastie succeeded—with a bath consisting of a mixture of oils, wax, tallow, resin, and other similar ingredients—in producing a number of samples of glass which were practically unbreakable. As may be supposed, there were other conditions upon which success depended beside the character and proportions of the ingredients constituting the bath. M. de la Bastie, not being a glass-manufacturer, purchased sheets of glass, as well as glass articles, which he heated in a furnace or oven, to a certain temperature, and transferred to the oleaginous bath, which was also heated to a given temperature. These questions of relative temperature, therefore, had to be worked out; and De

la Bastie had further to determine, very precisely, the condition of the glass most favorable for the proper action of the bath upon it. This he found to be that point at which softness or malleability commences, the molecules being then capable of closing suddenly together, thus condensing the material when plunged into a liquid at a somewhat lower temperature than itself, and enclosing some portion of the constituents of the bath in its opened and susceptible pores. Having determined all these conditions, and constructed apparatus, M. de la Bastie was enabled to take ordinary glass articles, and pieces of sheet glass, and to toughen them so that they bore an incredible amount of throwing about and hammering without breaking. Just, however, as De la Bastie had perfected his invention, he lost the clue to success, and for two years he was foiled in every attempt to regain it. There was the hard fact staring him in the face, that he had succeeded in depriving glass of its brittleness, as shown by specimens around him; but there was the harder fact before him, that he had lost the key of his success. Nevertheless he labored on, and at the end of the period above mentioned he had the satisfaction of finding all his anxieties at an end; his toils were requited by the re-discovery of his secret. He has since worked at it most assiduously, and has now brought it into practical working order, rendering the process as certain of success as any in use in the arts and manufactures in the present day.

As already observed, M. de la Bastie is not a glass-manufacturer; he therefore had to re-heat glass articles when toughening them. It, however, by no means follows that the toughening process cannot be applied in the course of manufacture, thus avoiding re-heating. On the contrary, it not only can be, but has been, applied at glass-works to glass just made, and so saves the costly and time-absorbing process of annealing. But, for reasons stated, M. de la Bastie had to apply the process to the manufactured article, and the method adopted, and the apparatus used in its application, next merit attention. In the first place, the glass to be toughened had to be raised to a very high temperature—the higher the temperature the better—the risk of breaking the glass being thereby reduced, and the shrinkage or condensation being increased. It was therefore advantageous, and often necessary, to heat the glass to the point of softening; but in that condition glass arti-

cles readily lost their shape, and had to be plunged into the bath almost without being touched. Then came another difficulty — that of preventing an already highly heated combustible liquid taking fire upon the entrance of the still more highly heated glass. The latter difficulty was met by placing the tempering bath in direct communication with the heating oven, and enclosing it so as to prevent access of air; and the former by allowing the heated glass articles to descend quickly, by gravitation, from the oven to the bath.

The working-oven is heated by a furnace. The bottom of the oven, and the slope to the bath, are made in one piece of refractory material, and are very smooth on the surface. At the side of the oven is a preparatory oven, communicating by a passage in the separating wall. In this oven the glass is partially heated before being placed in the main oven. The products of combustion are carried away through the chimney. When the oven is sufficiently heated, the ash-pit and fire-doors are closed, and rendered air tight by luting, and the fire is maintained by small pieces of fuel introduced by a hole in the fire-door. The draught is then stopped by lowering the chimney-cap or closing the damper. The vertical damper is then raised, so that the flame passes by the flue to a second chimney, passing thus along the slope and heating it, and also opening communication from the oven to the bath, which is filled with the oleaginous compound. It is covered from the external air by a lid, and within it is a basket of fine wire gauze, hung from brackets. A tube contains a thermometer to indicate the temperature; and by this tube the contents of the bath may be added to, or any excess may overflow by the discharge-pipe. A plug on the cover may be removed to observe the interior, without entirely uncovering the bath. A fire-truck, charged with live fuel, heats the bath to the desired temperature. The glass is introduced into the preparatory oven by an opening in the outer wall, and thence it is moved through the opening on to the floor of the oven. The workman who watches the glass through the spy-hole, when he finds it at the proper heat, pushes it by an iron rod to the slope, whence it slides into the bath and is received on the basket. When the glass has cooled to the temperature of the bath, the lid is removed, and the basket is raised out of the bath with the tempered glass.

In tempering sheet glass the arrangements of both oven and bath are slightly modified. In place of the sloping exit for

articles from the oven to the bath, M. de la Bastie has a rocking table, which is hinged underneath to the mouth of the oven, and which also forms the floor of the oven. When the glass has been sufficiently heated, the workman, by means of a lever, tilts the table, and the glass slides gently down an easy incline on to a table set at a corresponding incline in the bath. If it is not of importance that the transparency of the glass should be preserved, no special precautions are taken to prevent the dust from the furnace settling on its face. Where, however, clearness is required, the glass is heated in a muffle, perfect transparency being obtained. The process of tempering or toughening, exclusive of the time required for heating the glass, occupies but a minute or so, the glass being immersed in the bath and at once withdrawn and set aside to cool. The cost per article, as may be supposed, is merely nominal.

Glass which has been treated in this manner undergoes a physical transformation as complete as it is remarkable. Its appearance is in no way altered, either as regards transparency or color — if colored glass be so treated — and its ring or sound is not in any way affected. It has, however, exchanged its distinguishing characteristic of extreme brittleness for a degree of toughness and elasticity which enables it to bear the impact of heavy falling weights and smart blows without the least injury. A great number of experiments have been made, the results of which fully corroborate this fact. From these it will suffice to select a few by way of illustration. Watch-glasses, which perfectly retain their transparency, have resisted every attempt to break them by crushing between the fingers, or by throwing them about indiscriminately on the bare floor. Glass plates, dishes, colored lantern-glasses, and the like, have been similarly thrown about by the handful, stood upon, and otherwise maltreated, but without the slightest injury accruing to them, except perhaps when a solitary specimen which had been imperfectly tempered got in with the rest. Experiments have also been carried out to ascertain the comparative strength of toughened and untoughened glass when submitted to bending stress. Here a number of pieces of glass, each measuring six inches in length by five inches in breadth, and having a thickness of about a quarter of an inch were tried. Each sample in its turn was supported at the ends, and a stirrup-piece was hung upon the centre of the glass, a

weight-rod hanging vertically from the underside of the stirrup. With this arrangement applied to a piece of ordinary glass, the weight-rod was gradually loaded until a weight of 279 lbs. was reached, when the glass broke. A piece of toughened glass of similar dimensions, similarly treated, did not give way until a strain of 1,348 lbs. had been reached, and before it yielded a considerable deflection was produced in it, showing its elasticity. Had its strength been due to rigidity or inflexibility alone, it would not have assumed a curve before yielding to the pressure brought upon it.

Satisfactory as the above results may appear at the first glance, they will be seen upon reflection most inadequately to represent the relative strength of toughened and untoughened glass. It will be observed that the test applied was that of long-sustained and gradually increasing pressure, which could rarely occur to glass articles in everyday use. Glass is subject to sudden, sharp blows, either from articles falling down on other substances or from extraneous bodies falling upon or being brought into contact with them. Hence it is clear that to obtain a true estimate of the new process glass must be subjected to tests which fairly represent the conditions of the accidents to which it is ordinarily exposed. This estimate has been arrived at repeatedly by placing pieces of plate glass in a frame and allowing weights to fall on them from given heights. One experiment from a number — and which was made publicly — will illustrate this test. A piece of ordinary glass six inches long by five inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick was placed in a small frame which supported the glass around its edges, and kept its underside about half an inch from the floor. A four-ounce weight was dropped on it from a height of one foot, and the glass was broken. A piece of toughened glass of corresponding dimensions was then placed in the frame and the same weight dropped on it several times from a height of ten feet, but without fracturing the glass. An eight-ounce weight was then substituted, and repeatedly dropped upon the glass from the same height as before, and with the same result, no impression whatever being made upon it. The eight-ounce weight was then thrown violently upon it several times, but without damaging it. Its destruction, however, was finally accomplished by means of a hammer. Perhaps the most crucial test to which toughened glass could be put would be to let it fall

on iron. This has been done, and in public too. A thin glass plate was dropped from a height of four feet on to an iron grating, from which it rebounded about a foot, sustaining no injury whatever.

As singular as any other feature presented by toughened glass are the results of its destruction. Ordinary glass, upon being fractured, gives long needle-shaped and angular fragments. Not so toughened glass, which is instantaneously resolved into mere atoms. The whole mass is at once disintegrated into innumerable pieces, ranging in size from a pin's point to an eighth of an inch in diameter. It sometimes occurs that pieces measuring half an inch or an inch across may remain whole, but these pieces are traversed in all directions by a network of fine lines of fracture, and with the fingers are easily reduced to fragments. Microscopical examination shows the fragments of toughened glass — large and small — to follow the same law as regards the form and character of the crystals, and on some of the larger crystals being broken up they have been found to separate into smaller ones of the same character. The edges of these fragments, too, are more or less smooth instead of being jagged and serrated as are those of fragments of ordinary glass. Hence a diminished tendency in the former to cause incised flesh wounds when handled.

When glass has been imperfectly treated, as has sometimes happened in M. de la Bastie's experiments, it will not stand the same amount of rough usage as will perfectly toughened specimens. The fact of the toughening process having been incomplete is made manifest upon the destruction of a sample in three different ways chiefly. Independently of its yielding at an early stage either to blows or pressure, it will show upon destruction either needle fractures approaching in appearance those of ordinary glass, or pieces varying from the size of a sixpence to that of a half-crown will remain unbroken and untraversed by lines of fracture. Again, the mass may be wholly fractured, but on looking at the fragments edgewise a narrow milky streak will be apparent midway between the upper and under sides of the glass, indicating that the influence of the bath has not extended through the glass. Where the process has been perfectly applied, no such phenomena are exhibited, the crystals being of uniform transparency throughout the whole mass.

Such, then, is De la Bastie's toughened glass, which possesses enormous cohesive

power, and offers great resistance to the force of impact. There is, however, one peculiarity which, for the present, tells against it in a slight degree — it cannot be cut through with a diamond. Scratched its surface can be, but there the action of the diamond ceases. This drawback only applies in the case of window-glass in odd-sized frames; for the practice of the present day, with builders, is to make window-sashes of certain fixed dimensions, and glass-manufacturers work to these dimensions. It is not at all improbable, however, that ere long a means will be devised for cutting toughened glass to any size or shape; experiments are, in fact, now being conducted with this view, and so far as they have gone they give promise of success. But if toughened glass cannot be cut by the diamond, it can be readily cut and polished by the wheel, as for lustres and the like, so that wine-glasses and articles of cut-glass ware can be toughened directly they are made, and cut and polished subsequently.

Superficial observers have affected to detect in the toughening process a similar condition of matter to that which obtains in Prince Rupert's drops. The error of such a conclusion, however, becomes evident upon a little consideration. Prince Rupert's drops are made by allowing melted glass to fall into cold water; the result of which is a small pear-shaped drop, which will stand smart blows upon the thick end without injury; but the moment the thin end, or tail, is broken, the drop flies into fragments. Now, glass and water, and — as far as present knowledge goes — no other substances besides, expand while passing from the fluid into the solid condition. The theory of the Rupert drops is, that the glass being cooled suddenly, by being dropped into cold water, expansion is checked by reason of a hard skin being formed on the outer surface. This exterior coating prevents the interior atoms from expanding and arranging themselves in such a way as to give the glass a fibrous nature, as they would if the glass was allowed to cool very gradually. An examination of the Rupert's drop shows the inner substance to be fissured and divided into a number of small particles. They exist, in fact, in a state of compression, with but little mutual cohesion, and are only held together by the external skin. So long as the skin remains intact the tendency of the inner particles to expand and fill their proper space is checked and resisted by the superior compressive strain of the

skin. Nor is the balance of the opposing forces disturbed by blows on the thick end of the drop, which vibrates as a whole, the vibrations not being transmitted from the exterior to the interior. But by breaking off the tail of the drop a vibratory movement is communicated along the crystalline surface, admitting of internal expansion, by which the cohesion of the particles composing the external skin is overcome, and the glass is at once reduced to fragments. As the skin of toughened glass can be cut through with the diamond, and as, moreover, its surface can be removed by polishing and cutting with the wheel, without injury to the mass, it is evident that it must exist under conditions very dissimilar from those of a Rupert's drop. Moreover, melted glass, on being dropped into De la Bastie's bath, gives a similar-shaped body, from which the tail can be broken off, piece by piece, without injury to the body, which can be scratched, knocked and thrown about, without exhibiting any signs of deterioration. Bearing upon this point, too, comes the fact that toughened glass can be elegantly engraved, either by Tilghman's sand-blast process, or by means of hydro-fluoric acid, in the ordinary way, the surface or outer skin being thus removed.

M. de la Bastie's invention marks a distinct era in the history of one of our most important industries. Never during the history of glass-manufacture, which extends over some three thousand five-hundred years, has any radical change been effected in its character. The glass-blowers of Egypt, who practised their art before the exodus of the children of Israel, and representations of whom have been found on monuments as ancient as that event, produced a similar glass to that of our own times. This has been proved by an examination of glass ornaments which have been discovered in tombs as ancient as the days of Moses. It has been proved, too, by a large bead of glass, found at Thebes, upon which was inscribed the name of a monarch who lived 1,500 B.C., and which glass was of the same specific gravity as our own crown glass. It is true Pliny mentions that a combination was devised in the reign of Tiberius, which produced a flexible glass; but both the inventor and apparatus were destroyed, in order, it is said, to prevent the value of copper, silver, and gold from becoming depreciated. There is, however, no evidence whatever that this was the toughening process of De la Bastie, nor does the record in any way detract from the merits

of that gentleman as the inventor of an important economic process. The fact remains that the world has now given to it for the first time, in a practical form, an invention by which the brittleness of glass is superseded by an attribute of the most valuable nature — toughness. It is by no means improbable that the old adage, “as brittle as glass,” will soon be superseded by a new one — “as tough as glass.”

What may be the ultimate result of the introduction of this invention in practice it is difficult to foresee, so widespread, so universal does its application seem. Not only is it desirable to render durable such articles as are at present made from glass, but to satisfy a want long felt in every department of art, science, and manufacture, of such a material as toughened glass; and this want can now be satisfied. So numerous are the opportunities which present for its application, and so well adapted does it appear to be where cleanliness, transparency, resistance to heat and chemical action, and comparative indestructibility are desiderata, that it would be idle to attempt to categorize them.

From The Spectator.

JOHNSONESE POETRY.

ONE of the universities having chosen Dr. Johnson's “Satires” as their English subject for the local examination, those brilliant recasts of Juvenal's third and tenth satires, — in the form partly of free translations, more frequently of original verse moulded in the moulds of Juvenal's thought, on the vices of the London Johnson loved so well, and on “the vanity of human wishes,” — have received more general attention during the last few months than probably during any year since their first appearance, in 1738 and 1749. And certainly they deserve this attention. It is but seldom in the present day that one hears any hearty appreciation of Dr. Johnson's poetry. The modern school of poetry runs in a completely different groove, — so different, that theories of poetry are constructed, not perhaps intentionally, but still, by the very materials from which they are generalized, necessarily, to exclude the sonorous and often grandiose verse of the eighteenth century's omnivorous student and knockdown wit. And yet it seems clear to us that no theory of poetry can be good at all which does not keep room for Dr. Johnson's best efforts. We take it that there are but two

absolute essentials of poetry, — first, the resonance of feeling which finds its natural expression in the cadences of verse and in the subtle sweetnesses of rhyme; and next, enough, at least, of special genius for the selection of words, to give the power either of charming by their felicity or of riveting us by their pent-up force. Of course, these two gifts may range over a very wide or be confined to a very narrow surface. In Dr. Johnson's case there was assuredly but a very limited region within which his mind seemed to need the help of rhythm and rhyme, in order to convey perfectly what was in it; nor was the empire which he wielded over words either a very varied or uniformly a very happy one. But within the limits of his special range, we doubt whether either Pope or Dryden ever entirely equalled, or whether any English writer ever surpassed his verse. He was, no doubt, often pompous, and always a little ponderous. His manner is sometimes stately beyond the level of his feeling, and reminds us of stage thunder. There is little flexibility and no variety of movement in his verse. As Goldsmith said, he makes his little fishes talk like whales; and even his whales are sometimes clumsy in their wrath, as well as always clumsy in their sport. Still, Johnson had bigger thoughts and feelings of a kind which invited to stately verse, than most literary men of any age, and at least as great a faculty for choosing words with a certain spell of power in them, as many who have written a great deal more, — probably only because they have had more leisure to gratify their taste. Take, for instance, the well-known lines on Shakespeare, written for Garrick to repeat on the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre: —

Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.

We doubt if any English poet ever expressed so powerfully or so pithily the inexhaustible force of creative genius, or the flight of imagination into regions where it was always possible that nature might yet follow with slower step, as Johnson expressed it in those four grand as well as grandiose lines. It is true, we think, that Johnson can hardly be called a great satirist, in the sense in which we apply that term either to Juvenal, after whom he moulded his satires, or to Thackeray, for example, to whose lighter shafts of scorn the present age is better accustomed.

Johnson was not light enough for satire, — of which a certain negligence, whether real or skilfully simulated, is the very essence. For such negligence he was too much in earnest. Juvenal himself, indeed, is often too earnest for the genius of satire, but where he is earnest, his earnestness is the earnestness of disgust; while Johnson is apt to throw in a drop of genuine compassion. Thus Juvenal describes old age with a sort of loathing; here, for instance, is the least scornful part of his sickening picture: —

Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.
Sed quam continuus et quantis longa senectus
Plena malis! deformem et tetrum ante omnia
vultum,
Dissimilemque sui deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentisque genas, et tales aspice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus,
In vetula scalpit jam mater simia bucca.

But Johnson is touched with pity: —

“Enlarge my life with multitude of days!”
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant
prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o’er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views and wonders that they please no
more;
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

That is not bad verse of its sort, but it must be admitted that it does not paint the vanity of the wish for long life with anything approaching to the deadly scorn of Juvenal; there is far too much pity in it. But admit that Johnson does not write true satire, and then observe that wherever a vein of moral indignation, of generous contempt, can be brought into his theme, Johnson rises at once above his model. There is hardly any passage in Juvenal’s terrible satire to compare in poetical fire with that in which Johnson depicts the pains of the severe literary life, as he himself, with his own deep vein of constitutional melancholy, had known them, of its high instincts, its ascetic impulses, its weariness, its poverty, its insolent patrons, and its glory reaped too late: —

Yet should thy soul indulge the gen’rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;

Should Reason guide thee with her brightest
ray,

And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter’d heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy’s phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers’d for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar’s life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat’s life, and Galileo’s end.

This brief inclusion of “the patron” in the list of the almost unendurable evils of the literary struggle, — “Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail,” — is a touch of scorn which only true genius could have conceived. And at least an equal power of concentrating a whole world of lofty feeling in a touch is illustrated in by far the best-quoted of all Johnson’s lines, the close of his picture of the career of Charles XII., — the lines in which he observes, with a half-smile, on the paradox that the best purpose left to which to turn so terrible a name should be the purpose of the moralist or the romance-writer: —

The vanquish’d hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn’d a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin’d to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew
pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

But after all, Johnson’s poetry was at its best when employed in giving expression to the vigorous piety of his ardent, though somewhat elephantine mind. No one ever realized more deeply than he, that life is disappointment; no one ever realized more deeply, that disappointment itself may be life, and a noble life, too. The verses in which he turns Juvenal’s rather dry and languid admonitions to pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body, into a passionate protest against the “agnostic” theory that because we never really know what will be for our benefit, we

should not pray at all, are full of the concentrated lightning as well as the thunder of his noblest work. No doubt one is always a little sensible, in reading Johnson's poetry, that it appears to assume for human nature more mass and dignity in general than is quite consistent with our knowledge either of ourselves or of our fellow-creatures; and sometimes we are just a little ashamed of having so sonorous a voice given even to our deepest and most passionate feelings. There is in his noblest verse a sound which seems to be borrowed from the trumpet through which the Athenian actors conveyed their voice to the utmost limits of their great open-air theatre. But then, if ours were a world of human beings cast on the scale of Johnson, we do not know that this rolling thunder would even seem too grandiose. At all events, what can have more of the intense compression which marks a vivid inward fire than the fine close to his "Vanity of Human Wishes"?—

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice:

Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r!
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,

These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;

With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind
And makes the happiness she does not find.

It would be hardly possible to find a truer and yet a more caustic expression for the true agnostic theory of life than that contained in the couplet,—

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

"Sedate" ignorance is the very attitude of mind in which clearly "the Unknown and Unknowable" ought to be approached, and yet it expresses, as it would be otherwise difficult to express, the revolt of human nature against the creed it implies. Again, what can express more grandly the helplessness and the dreariness of the "stream of tendency" of which, on that theory, we are the sport, than the line in which those "darkling" rapids are described?

On the whole, though there is no flexibility in Johnson's poetry, and no variety, though the monotony which often wearies us in Pope and Dryden would have wearied us still more in Johnson if Johnson had been anything like as voluminous a poet as Pope or Dryden, yet no poetry of that order, neither Pope's nor Dryden's, seems to us to contain so much that is really majestic in it, so much that portrays for us a great mind and a glowing heart, groping its way painfully through the darkness of the world, by the help of a vivid but distant gleam of supernatural light, and intent on "making"—by that aid—"the happiness it could not find." Johnson was too intent on great ends for a satirist; his mind was too stiff for the poetry of ordinary sentiment or ordinary reflection; but for the rare occasions on which you want in poetry what we may call the concentrated pressure of many atmospheres,—whether for the purpose of expressing the vastness of Shakespeare's genius, or the sorely hampered life of human shortsightedness and want, or the secret store of power to be found in human self-abnegation,—we know of no English poet like Dr. Johnson.

ABSORPTIVE POWER OF MILK.—Attention has been called in the daily papers to a practice prevalent in some parts of the country, which appears to illustrate the power possessed by milk of absorbing atmospheric impurities. It is that of placing a saucer of new

milk in a larder, to preserve meat or game from taint. It is said that not only does it answer that purpose, but that the milk after a few hours becomes so bad that no animal will touch it.

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TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE APPROACH
OF THE SEASON.

I.

AT ten o'clock your maid awakes you ;
 You breakfast when she's done your hair ;
 At twelve the groom arrives and takes you
 In Rotten Row to breathe the air.
 From twelve to one you ride with vigor ;
 Your horse how gracefully you sit ;
 Your habit, too, shows off your figure,
 As all your cavaliers admit.
 One other habit I could mention —
 I hope your feelings won't be hurt,
 But you receive so much attention,
 I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.
 Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would
 indite
 Your life as you lead it by day and night.

II.

At two you've lunch ; at three it's over,
 And visitors in shoals arrive ;
 Admirers many, perhaps a lover —
 Your next event is tea at five.
 At six o'clock you go out driving
 From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,
 To occupy yourself contriving
 Till dinner time comes round at eight.
 Each hour as now the night advances
 Some fresh attraction with it brings ;
 A concert followed by some dances —
 The opera, if Patti sings.

III.

At twelve you waltz ; at one you've leisure
 To try some chicken and champagne ;
 At two you do yourself the pleasure
 Of starting off to waltz again.
 At three your partners hate each other —
 You scarcely know which loves you best ;
 Emotion you have none to smother,
 But lightly with them all you jest.
 At four your chaperon gives warning
 That it is really time to go ;
 You wish good night, and say next morning
 At twelve you'll meet them in the Row.

IV.

My darling, you're so very pretty,
 I've often thought, upon my life,
 That it would be a downright pity
 To look upon you as a wife.
 I don't think your ideas of marriage
 With those of many would accord,
 The opera, horses, and a carriage,
 Are things so few men can afford.
 And then you need so much devotion —
 To furnish it who would not try ?
 But each would find it, I've a notion,
 Too much for one man to supply.
 Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would
 indite
 Your life as you lead it by day and night.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LEISURE AND LOVE.

SOOTH 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
 With nothing in the world to do,
 But just to blow a shepherd's reed
 The silent season through,
 And just to drive a flock to feed —
 Sheep, quiet, fond, and few !

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
 And count the bubbles — love-worlds —
 there ;
 To muse upon some minstrel's book,
 Or watch the haunted air ;
 To slumber in some leafy nook —
 Or, idle anywhere.

And then a draught of nature's wine,
 A meal of summer's daintiest fruit ;
 To take the air with forms divine ;
 Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute ;
 Descending, if the night be fine,
 In a star-parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
 And let the world go dine and dress :
 For love hath lowly haunts — a stone
 Holds something meant to bless.
 If life's a flower, I choose my own —
 'Tis "Love in Idleness" !

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"REJECTED."

[A PICTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BY
MARCUS STONE.]

HER little face is white with woe,
 Her downcast eyes are wet ;
 She had not meant to grieve him so,
 At least, — at least, — not yet ;
 It was so pleasant to be wooed,
 So hateful to be won, —
 Ah ! why should many a merry mood
 End in so drear a one !

She draws the curtain back, and peers
 Into the world beyond ;
 The garden gleams in flowery tiers,
 The fish leap in the pond ;
 Behind there is a misty hill, —
 How grey it all has grown !
 Perhaps it was her father's will,
 Perhaps it is her own.

He turns aside, — he pleads no more,
 But goes with drooping head ;
 A man is often wounded sore,
 Who dons a coat of red.
 And so he sadly rides away,
 Slowly o'er hill and plain ;
 But, let us hope, some other day
 He will ride back again !

Spectator.
June 1.

H. E. DUFF.

From The Westminster Review.

PHYSICS AND PHYSIOLOGY OF HARMONY.*

WHENEVER an attempt is made to review some great progress in any branch of the physical sciences a difficulty presents itself at the outset which is quite unknown to the writer on any political, social, or even metaphysical subject. The latter may almost invariably take it for granted that the facts which form the *basis* of his discussion or the substance for his reasoning are perfectly well known to those for whom he writes; indeed, he is quite aware that only that portion of the public which possesses a complete mastery of the antecedent facts, or at least a good acquaintance with correlated facts, will take a real interest in his arguments, while every one else will scarcely care to take cognizance of them, whatever their intrinsic merit or importance. Not so in science. It happens most frequently that the knowledge of the fundamental facts, which is required for a clear insight in any new great discovery or important principle, is even among the most educated either deficient or totally wanting as far as the particular subject is concerned, while yet the interest in any new great scientific acquisition and progress is most widespread and genuine. As a consequence the necessity has always presented itself to every writer on scientific subjects to proceed in a kind of historical manner, step by step from what has been known in the earliest times to what has been discovered only yesterday. It is no doubt due to such a method, which requires a never-flagging attention on the part of the reader, that much of the proverbial dryness of scientific literature is principally due; but, fortunately, the recent development of certain highly important and profoundly interesting generalizations in the physical theory of harmony rests so immediately on primary sensations, and on some few elementary facts

in acoustics, that a short glance at these latter is all that is required to understand what has been accomplished by an inter-scientific combination of these facts with well-known principles of physiology and the notation of music.

The phenomena of *sound* which are comprehended in the science of acoustics are essentially classed together under one name, because they are perceived by us through one particular organ of sense — the ear. The primary meaning of the term sound may accordingly be defined as any external action capable of exciting in us the sensation of hearing. When, however, those actions which we perceive as sound are examined as to their physical nature it is found that they all consist essentially in *motion*. In many cases this is easily recognizable by the touch; thus, for example, when sound is produced by a piano, or a violin, or a tuning-fork, a tremulous or vibratory motion may be felt in some parts of the sounding bodies. These vibrations are not accidental; if they are prevented by mechanical means the sound ceases; if the vibrating strings of the piano, or those of the violin, or the prongs of the tuning-fork, be touched with the fingers the sound is immediately stopped.

In order that a sounding body may be heard it is not sufficient for it to perform appropriate movements; it is necessary that these movements should be imparted to the ear by the motion of an intermediate material body. In most cases the movements of sounding bodies are propagated by the air, sometimes also, but much less frequently, by liquid or solid bodies. The transmission of the motion which constitutes sound must, however, be clearly distinguished from the progressive motion of the air itself, produced by various other causes, just as the advance of a wave on the surface of water is distinct from the onward flow of the water. A small body floating upon the wavy surface of water is lifted up and down by the waves, but it has little or no movement backwards or forwards. Indeed, careful experiments have shown that when a uniform series of waves follow each other along the surface of water the particles of the liquid which

* 1. *The Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music*. By HERMANN L. F. HELMHOLTZ, M.D., Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated, with Additional Notes and an Additional Appendix, by ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, B.A., F.R.S. London. 1875.

2. *Sound*. By JOHN TYNDALL, D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. 3rd Edition. London. 1875.

are disturbed by them describe each an ellipse or nearly a circle, and that consequently each particle returns again to the point from which it started, while the onward motion of the whole wave is due to the fact that each liquid particle commences its motion somewhat later than the preceding one. When sound is propagated through air the motion of the particles of air resembles to some extent that of the particles of water during the propagation of a wave, and hence sound is said to be propagated by an undulatory or wave motion of particles of air, but the resemblance is in reality confined to the fact that each particle performs the same definite movement, and commences its motion somewhat later than the preceding one. The path described by each particle is essentially different in the two cases. When a wave is propagated through water each particle describes as nearly as possible a circle; when sound is propagated through air each particle of air moves in a straight line, backwards and forwards, in the direction in which the sound is propagated. A wave of water is formed by a series of elevations and depressions, or crests and hollows; a wave of sound by a series of alternating compressions and rarefactions of air. It is of such essential importance to have at the outset a clear conception of this mode of propagation that it will be advisable to give here an experiment devised by Professor Tyndall:—

The propagation of sound may be illustrated by another homely but useful illustration. I have here five young assistants, A, B, C, D, and E, placed in a row one behind the other, each boy's hands resting against the back of the boy in front of him. E is foremost, and A finishes the row behind. I suddenly push A, A pushes B, and regains his upright position; B pushes C, C pushes D, D pushes E, each boy, after the transmission of the push, becoming himself erect. E, having nobody in front, is thrown forward. Had he been standing on the edge of a precipice, he would have fallen over, had he stood in contact with a window he would have broken the glass, had he been close to a drumhead he would have shaken the drum. We could thus transmit a push through a row of a hundred boys, each particular boy, however, only swaying to and

fro. Thus, also, we send sound through the air, and shake the drum of a distant ear, while each particular particle of the air concerned in the transmission of the pulse makes only a small oscillation.*

In a similar way the particles of air which fill the cavity of the ear are finally driven against the tympanic membrane, which is stretched across the passage leading from the external air towards the brain. This membrane, which closes outwardly the "drum" of the ear, is thrown into vibration, its motion is transmitted to the ends of the auditory nerve, and afterwards along that nerve to the brain, where the vibrations are translated into sound. How it is that the motion of the nervous matter can thus excite the consciousness of sound is a mystery which the human mind cannot expect to fathom.

But the sensations of sound are of great variety. Every language abounds in terms expressive of distinctly different sounds: snap, click, pop, crash, roar, ring, jingle, clatter, rustle, and a host of other words are each applied to a definite variety of sound which can be distinguished from every other variety. Again, all these varieties taken together, which are classified under the head of *noises*, are different from a *musical note* or tone. A noise is produced either by a single powerful explosive disturbance of the air—as, for instance, by a sudden blow, or the report of a pistol—or several disturbances interfere with one another, so as to produce confused waves in the air, as for instance in those sounds commonly designated as rattling, rustling, hissing, etc., in which the vibrations follow one another, either at irregular intervals or so slowly that each one can be perceived separately. A musical note or tone, on the contrary, is produced by vibrations which follow each other rapidly and at regular intervals. These two great classes of sounds have been characterized by Helmholtz in strikingly terse language, which is thus admirably rendered by Mr. Ellis:—

The nature of the difference between musical tones and noises can generally be determined by attentive aural observation without arti-

* Sound, p. 4.

ficial assistance. We perceive that generally a noise is accompanied by a rapid alternation of different kinds of sensations of sound. Think, for example, of the rattling of a carriage over granite paving-stones, the splashing or seething of a waterfall or of the waves of the sea, the rustling of leaves in a wood. In all these cases we have rapid, irregular, but distinctly perceptible alternations of various kinds of sounds, which crop up fitfully. When the wind howls the alternation is slow, the sound slowly and gradually rises and then falls again. On the other hand, a musical tone strikes the ear as a perfectly undisturbed, uniform sound, which remains unaltered as long as it exists, and it presents no alternation of various kinds of constituents. To this then corresponds a simple, regular kind of sensation, whereas in a noise many various sensations of musical tone are irregularly mixed up and as it were tumbled about in confusion. We can easily compound noises out of musical tones, as, for example, by striking all the keys contained in one or two octaves of a piano at once. This shows us that musical tones are the simpler and more regular elements of the sensations of hearing.*

The question which most naturally presents itself at this stage is this: what is the difference in the external means of excitement, on which the difference between noise and musical tone depends? We have seen that atmospheric vibration is the normal and usual means of excitement for the human ear. It is hence very obvious that the irregularly alternating sensation of the ear in the case of noises leads us to conclude that for these the vibration of the air must also change irregularly, while for musical tones we anticipate a regular motion of the air, continuing uniformly, and in its turn excited by an equally regular motion of the sonorous body, whose impulses were conducted to the ear by the air. These conclusions and anticipations have been strictly demonstrated to be correct by physicists, the regular motions which produce musical tones have been investigated with the utmost exactness, and the question proposed has been answered as follows: the sensation of a musical tone is due to a rapid periodic motion of the sonorous body; the sensation of a noise to non-

periodic motions. The definition of a periodic motion is thus given by Helmholtz:—

By a *periodic motion* we mean one which constantly returns to the same condition after exactly equal intervals of time. The length of the equal intervals of time between one state of the motion and its next exact repetition we call the *length of the oscillation, vibration, or swing, or the period* of the motion. The kind of motion of the moving body during one period is perfectly indifferent.*

The motion of a common pendulum, for example, is periodic, but its vibrations are far too sluggish to produce a musical sound. To produce a musical tone we must have a body which vibrates with the unerring regularity of the pendulum, but which can impart much sharper and quicker shocks to the air. If a watch, for example, could be caused to tick with sufficient rapidity—say one hundred times in a second—the ticks would lose their individuality and blend to a musical tone. And here we arrive for the first time at the borders of physiology. Why is a musical tone in general pleasurable, while a noise is painful, unless rendered agreeable by associations independent of its physical peculiarities? Thus a certain coarse pleasure is given to robust natures and to children by loud noise, as by any other kind of exciting stimulus; again, pleasures of sound are derived from voluminous effects which happen when sound comes from a sounding mass of large surface or extent—for example, the waves of the many-sounding ocean, the thunder, or the roaring wind. The difference in the physiological effect of noise and musical sounds is thus concisely described by Professor Tyndall:—

Imagine the first of a series of pulses following each other at regular intervals, impinging upon the tympanic membrane. It is shaken by the shock; and a body once shaken cannot come instantaneously to rest. The human ear is indeed so constructed that the sonorous motion vanishes with extreme rapidity, but its disappearance is not instantaneous; and if the motion imparted to the auditory nerve by each individual pulse of our series continue until the arrival of its successor the

* Sensations of Tone, p. 11.

* Sensations of Tone, p. 13.

sound will not cease at all. The effect of every shock will be renewed before it vanishes, and the recurrent impulses will lock themselves together to a continuous musical sound. The pulses, on the contrary, which produce noise are of irregular strength and recurrence. The action of noise upon the ear has been well compared to that of a flickering light upon the eye, both being painful through the sudden and abrupt changes which they impose upon their respective nerves.*

The physical basis of the effects of harmony and dissonance is here already foreshadowed. It will be seen in the sequel that a simple, regular, mathematical law must connect the physiological effect with the external physical cause in order to produce harmony, while the absence or greater complexity of the numerical law leads to disharmony. But we must first study more in detail the essential points in which musical sounds differ from one another before we are enabled to discuss the more difficult principles involved in the theory of harmony.

Musical sounds differ primarily in three points, and are distinguished by loudness or *intensity*, by *pitch* or relative height, and by their *quality*. It is unnecessary to explain the meaning of the terms intensity of a musical sound, or pitch of a note. By the quality of a tone is meant that peculiarity which distinguishes the musical tone of a violin from that of a flute or that of a clarinet, or that of the human voice, when all these instruments produce the same note, at the same pitch and of the same intensity; but in order to explain the physical conditions and peculiarities of the motion of sound which correspond to these three principal differences between musical tones, and to understand the nature of their combinations, we must as briefly as possible describe some of the principal experimental methods of producing musical sounds and combinations of them for the purposes of physical investigations.

Galileo produced a musical sound by passing a knife over the edge of a piastre. The minute serration of the coin indicated the periodic character of the motion, which consisted of a succession of taps quick enough to produce sonorous continuity. The production of a musical sound by taps is usually effected by causing the teeth of a rotating wheel to strike in quick succession against a card. This method has led to valuable results in the hands of the eminent experimenter

Savart. But more important is an apparatus in which musical sounds are produced by a succession of puffs of air. In its most simple form this apparatus, called the *siren*, consists of a circular sheet of millboard, in which several concentric rows of holes are punctured in circles round the centre. If air is blown into one end of a small tube of the same internal width as the aperture of the holes, while the other end is held opposite to the line of openings close to the disc, and the latter be rapidly rotated, the current of air will be interrupted when the cardboard is against the jet, but it will pass whenever an aperture comes opposite it. The current will, in fact, be stopped and opened as many times in each second as there are apertures which pass the end of the tube in the same time. This is the simple principle of the instrument which in the hands of Helmholtz has led to most surprising results, and it will be worth our while to take some of the experimental facts which it establishes at once into further consideration.

Let us suppose that air is blown through the tube, and the siren rotates at a definite speed. A musical note of definite pitch is the result. Let now the velocity with which the disc rotates be increased: the pitch of the note will rise with the velocity of rotation, and if the apparatus be then allowed to come to rest by itself, the note becomes deeper and deeper, until it is lost in the sound caused by the current of air. If, on the contrary, the velocity is maintained during the experiment as nearly constant as possible for some time, the note will remain the same, or as it is expressed, its pitch will remain unaltered. The experiment proves conclusively that difference in pitch—that is, whether a note is low or high—depends on the frequency with which the pulsations of the air are produced, and that if the frequency increases the note becomes higher, if the frequency decreases the note becomes lower, or generally the pitch increases and decreases with the number of sonorous vibrations produced in a unit of time; and notes having the same pitch, whatever their origin, are produced by the same number of sonorous vibrations. In music two notes produced by the same number of vibrations in the same time, are said to be “in unison,” no matter by what instruments they are produced. To each note a symbol or name is given, and the position of each note amongst musical sounds is de-

* Sound, p 48.

terminated by the *ratio* which the number of its vibrations bears to the vibrations performed in the same time by a certain other note, which may be arbitrarily chosen, and is called the "fundamental note." The particular note which is produced by twice the number of vibrations which produce the fundamental note, is said to be an "octave" higher, while that produced by half the number of vibrations is said to be an octave lower than the fundamental note. If we take the deepest note which our pianos usually possess, the contra C, which is produced by thirty-three vibrations in a second, as our fundamental note, then every corresponding C in the successive octaves will be produced by 66, 132, 264, etc., vibrations in a second.

If in experiments with a siren the velocity of rotation is maintained constant, while the force with which the air is blown through the tube is increased, the note remains of the same pitch but becomes louder. In this case the vibrating particles of air describe larger spaces to and fro than when the force of impulse is less, and it follows that the intensity or loudness of a musical tone increases and diminishes with the extent, or so-called amplitude of the oscillation of the particles of the sounding body.

When we strike a string its vibrations are at first sufficiently large for us to see them, and its corresponding tone is loudest. The visible vibrations become smaller and smaller, and at the same time the loudness diminishes. The same observation can be made on strings excited by a violin-bow, and on the reeds of reedpipes, and on many other sonorous bodies. The same conclusion results from the diminution of the loudness of a tone when we increase our distance from the sounding body in the open air, although the pitch and quality remain unaltered; for it is only the amplitude of the oscillations of the particles of the air which diminishes as their distance from the sounding body increases. Hence loudness must depend on this amplitude, and none other of the properties of sound do so.*

It is clearly possible to produce notes by any number of vibrations, but here a remarkable physiological fact becomes prominent for the first time: only those notes are acceptable to the ear, when used in conjunction with each other—as, for instance, in the same piece of music—whose vibrational numbers bear certain definite ratios to each other, or—as the same fact is expressed in the language of

musicians—which form with each other certain definite musical "intervals." The whole series of sounds which are available for the formation of musical combinations, when arranged in the order of increasing frequency of vibration, constitute what is called the "musical scale" or "gamut." The scale used in the simplest kind of music divides the octave into seven notes, each of which is characterized by the fact of its rate of vibration bearing a determinate ratio to that of the lowest note. Thus, for example, in the octave of which the lowest note is C, the number of vibrations of the series of notes is as follows: 264, 297, 330, 352, 396, 440, 495; and 528, or twice 264, is consequently the number of vibrations of the lowest note in the next octave. Again, the ratios which these numbers have to each other are obviously the following: 1, 9-8, 5-4, 3-4, 3-2, 5-3, 15-8, 2. It is certainly a wonderful and peculiarly interesting mystery that in the theory of musical sounds, in the physical and technical foundations of music, which above all other arts seems in its action on the mind as the most immaterial, evanescent, and tender creator of incalculable and indescribable states of consciousness, that here in especial the science of strictest thought—mathematics—should play so prominent a part.

This relation of whole numbers to musical consonances was from all time looked upon as a wonderful mystery of deep significance. The Pythagoreans themselves made use of it in their speculations on the harmony of the spheres. From that time it remained partly the goal and partly the starting-point of the strongest and most venturesome fantastic or philosophic combinations, till in modern times the majority of investigators adopted the notion that the human mind had a peculiar pleasure in simple ratios, because it could better understand them and comprehend their bearings. But it remained uninvestigated how the mind of a listener not versed in physics, who perhaps was not even aware that musical tones depended on periodical vibrations, contrived to recognize and compare these ratios of the vibrational numbers.*

Before we learn what processes really take place in the ear to render sensible the difference between consonance and dissonance, it will be necessary to make ourselves further acquainted with some of the more recent experimental results connected with the *quality* of tones, and the effects of their combinations. We may with this aim continue to illustrate the

* Sensations of Tone, p. 17.

* Sensations of Tone, p. 24.

peculiarities of sound-motion by the visible motions of waves of water. The lengths of waves of water, measured from crest to crest, are extremely different. From the gentle curl that ripples the surface of a pond to the waves of a stormy ocean, we may pass through an infinite variety of waves of water. Similar differences are presented by the waves of sound. The little curls of water with short lengths of wave correspond to high tones, the giant ocean billows to deep tones. Thus the contra C, previously mentioned, has a wave thirty-five feet long, while the highest tones of a piano tone have waves of only three inches in length. Just as the pitch of the tone corresponds to the length of the wave, so does the height of the ridge, that is the degree of alternate condensation and rarefaction of the air, correspond to the loudness and intensity of tone. But waves may be of the same height and yet have different forms. The crest of the ridge, for example, may in one wave be rounded off, in another it may be pointed. Now, the quality of tone, or *timbre*, is precisely what corresponds to the *form* of the wave. This fact will present no difficulty if we recollect that for the generation of a musical tone we have only required that the motion should be periodic—that is, that in any one single period of vibration exactly the same state should occur, in the same order of occurrence as it presents itself in any other single period.

As to the kind of motion that should take place within any single period no hypothesis was made. In this respect then an endless variety of motions might be possible for the production of sound. Observe instances taking first such periodic motions as are performed so slowly that we can follow them with the eye. Take a pendulum, which we can at any time construct by attaching a weight to a thread and setting it in motion. The pendulum swings from right to left with a uniform motion uninterrupted by jerks. Near to either end of its path it moves slowly, and in the middle fast. Among sonorous bodies which move in the same way only very much faster we may mention tuning-forks. When a tuning-fork is struck or is excited by a violin-bow and its motion is allowed to die away slowly, its two prongs oscillate backwards and forwards in the same way and after the same law as a pendulum, only they make many hundred swings for each single swing of the pendulum.

As another example of a periodic motion take a hammer moved by a centre wheel. It is slowly raised by a millwork, then released, and falls down suddenly; is then again slowly raised, and so on. Here again we have a periodic backwards and forwards motion; but

it is manifest that this kind of motion is totally different from that of the pendulum. Among motions which produce musical sounds, that of a violin-string, excited by a bow, would most nearly correspond with this. The string clings for a time to the bow, and is carried along by it, then suddenly releases itself like the hammer in the mill, and, like the latter, retreats somewhat with much greater velocity than it advanced, and is again caught by the bow and carried forward.*

Physicists are in the habit of applying a graphical method, in order to render the laws of such motions more comprehensible to the eye than is possible by lengthy verbal descriptions. To understand this method we may suppose a pointed drawing-pencil to be fastened to the prong of a tracing-point in such a manner as to mark a surface of paper. When the tuning-fork is not sounding, and drawn in a definite direction along the paper, or the paper be drawn under it in an opposite direction, the point will clearly mark a line on the paper, which is straight. But if the prongs have been first set in vibration the point will describe an undulating line. This wavy line represents a permanent image of the kind of motion performed by the end of the fork during its musical vibration.

The form of waves of sound, on which depends the quality of the tones produced by various sounding bodies, can at present not be assigned in all cases. Physicists are not yet able to make all vibrating bodies describe their vibrations directly on paper, but much progress has recently been made in the methods required for this purpose. When the law of a motion of a sounding body is known, the curve which represents it may, however, be drawn independently. For suppose that we know how far the vibrating point will be from its mean position at any given moment of time, then all we have to do is to set off along a horizontal straight line lengths corresponding to intervals of time, and to draw perpendiculars to it on either side, making their lengths equal or proportional to the distance of the vibrating point from its mean position. If we then join the extremities of these perpendiculars we obtain a curve such as the vibrating body would have drawn if it had been possible to make it do so. If we represent in this manner the motion of the hammer raised by a water-wheel, we shall obtain, instead of the undulating line of the tuning-fork, a broken or zigzag line,

* Sensations of Tone, p. 29.

of which each portion consists of two lines, one rising gently to a certain height like an inclined plane, the other falling abruptly down to the horizontal line again. As such a line in the main represents the motion of a point in a string excited by a violin-bow, we may at once fully comprehend the difference in the form of the sonorous wave between the tuning-fork and the violin-bow, both producing the same note of equal intensity. We shall have two waves, in which the crests have equal height, in which the distance from crest to crest is the same; the only difference — that of quality or timbre — being the form of each vibration, one being a wave in which ridge and hollow are gently rounded off, equally broad and symmetrical so that if we inverted the curve the ridges would exactly fit into the hollows, and conversely; while the other consists of straight slopes, gently ascending on one side and abruptly descending on the other, with a sharp ridge at each crest and a corresponding sharp angle in each hollow.

Let us next glance at some effects of combinations of musical tones. By producing different notes simultaneously we shall at once discover that some combinations produce a much more pleasing effect than others. The most pleasing result is attained when one note is just an octave above the other. In this case the ratio of the vibrational numbers is $1 : 2$. Such a combination of two musical sounds which make an agreeable impression is called a "concord," or consonance. Next to the octave the most pleasing concords are produced by notes, the ratios of whose numbers of vibrations are those given by the numbers $4 : 5 : 6$. Three such notes form a harmonic triad, and if sounded with a fourth note, which is the octave of the first of the triad, the whole constitutes in music the "major chord." It is unnecessary for our purpose to enter into numerical details of the series of consonances. The whole has been summed up by Professor Tyndall with his usual compactness and grasp of facts, in the following manner, after describing the experiments made with a siren, in which the number of holes opened could be varied at will with the requirements of each experiment: —

These experiments amply illustrate two things — firstly, that a musical interval is determined, not by the absolute number of vibrations of the two combining notes, but by the ratio of their vibrations; secondly — and this is of the utmost significance — that the smaller the two numbers which express the ratio of

the two rates of vibration, the more perfect is the consonance of the two sounds. The most perfect consonance is the unison $1 : 1$; next comes the octave, $1 : 2$; after that the fifth, $2 : 3$; then the fourth, $3 : 4$; then the major third, $4 : 5$; and finally the minor third, $5 : 6$. We can also open two series, numbering respectively eight and nine orifices; this interval corresponds to a *tone* in music. It is a dissonant combination. Two series, which number respectively fifteen and sixteen orifices, make the interval of a *semitone*; it is a very sharp and grating dissonance.*

The question most obvious at this stage is this: whence does this arise; why should the smaller ratio express the more perfect consonance? In order to answer this question it is absolutely necessary to proceed to a more refined analysis of sound than that with which we have so far become acquainted. Let us for this purpose first suppose that we have two metallic wires, precisely equal in every respect, stretched along a sounding-board. It is well known that wires of this kind, when plucked with the finger or excited by a violin-bow, will generate a musical note, the pitch depending on the length, tension, and thickness of the wire, in accordance with definite well-established physical laws. By our hypothesis both wires are precisely equal, and if they are sounded simultaneously and in the same manner, we shall expect that two notes of the same pitch will be produced independently, that the effect of each sound taken singly will be increased considerably by the effect of the other, that consequently the sound of both will be louder than the sound of each when heard alone, but that if both tones are really in unison the sound must have a uniform intensity throughout. But let us suppose that the pitch of the two notes is only very nearly the same. What will happen in this case is an obvious consequence of the fundamental facts in the production of sound. Since the rate of vibration is not exactly the same for both sounds, the condensations and rarefactions of air which are produced by the two sonorous bodies cease to take place at the same time. After a short time the condensation produced by one body coincides with the rarefaction produced by the other body, and *vice versa*; both sounds mutually destroy one another, and this happens clearly when one body has performed just half a vibration more than the other. If one body is in advance of the other by a whole vibration, the condensations and rarefactions again take

* Sound, p. 362.

place at the same time, and the intensity of the sound is again increased. These alternations in the intensity are termed *beats*, and they indicate a difference in the pitch of two notes, which is the greater the more frequent the beats.

Let us as our second step of analysis suppose that one of the wires only is excited close to one extremity. It will vibrate and produce a definite note, its "fundamental note," and it is well known that by lightly touching the wire in the middle the note produced will be the octave of the fundamental note; the wire will be seen to vibrate on both sides of the middle point in two "ventral segments," while the middle point itself remains at rest, and forms a "node." In a similar manner the string may be divided into 3, 4, 5, 6, and many more ventral segments, and each new division will clearly generate a new note. The great fact to be learned from these experiments is that a body is thus capable of producing notes which are higher than its fundamental tone. These higher notes are termed "overtones" by Professor Tyndall, but Professor Ellis has preferred to use different terms for this phenomenon, which will be best comprehended from the manner in which he renders Helmholtz's introduction to this part of the subject, which is of primary importance in the present theory of harmony:—

On exactly and carefully examining the effect produced on the ear by different forms of vibration, as, for example, that corresponding nearly to a violin-string, we meet with a strange and unexpected phenomenon, long known indeed to individual musicians and physicists, but commonly regarded as a mere curiosity, its generality and its great significance for all matters relating to musical tones not having been recognized. The ear, when its attention has been properly directed to the effect of the vibrations which strike it, does not hear merely that one musical tone whose pitch is determined by the period of the vibrations in the manner already explained, but in addition to this it becomes aware of a whole series of higher musical tones, which we will call the *harmonic upper partial tones*, and sometimes simply the *upper partials* of that musical tone, in contradistinction to the first tone, the *fundamental* or *prime partial tone*, or simply the *prime*, which is the lowest and generally the loudest of all, and by whose pitch we judge of the pitch of the whole *compound musical tone*, or simply the *compound*.*

We have assumed in our ideal experiment that one of the wires only has been

excited by our fingers or a violin-bow, but if the experiment is really performed an unexpected and remarkable event will take place, which has not only supplied Helmholtz with experimental means for the most refined analysis of sound, but brings us to the clearest insight into the physiological phenomena presented by the most delicate structures of the internal ear, and that connection of these structures with sounds on which the modern theory of harmony rests. The facts which we shall observe are these. Let us suppose that both wires are at starting perfectly in unison, and one wire is now excited: the other wire will immediately begin to vibrate without being touched. Close to the wire these vibrations are easily observed; at a distance they may be rendered visible by little paper "riders" placed on the second wire, which will be thrown off as soon as the first wire is set in vibration; or immediately after the first wire is sounded it may be touched in several places by the fingers; its vibrations will thus be stopped, so that it can no longer produce sound; but as the note is still heard, it is clear that the second wire is sounding. Vibrations communicated in this manner by one body to another are called *sympathetic vibrations*, and when the communicated vibrations produce sound the whole phenomenon is called *resonance*. Whenever it happens that a body capable of performing independent sonorous vibrations is reached by the sound-waves of a tone of the same pitch as that which it would itself emit, resonance is produced. In our experiment the motion of one wire is transferred to the other by the intervening solid particles of the wooden box upon which both wires are supposed to be stretched; but transference of sonorous vibrations may also be effected, and resonance produced, by the mere undulations of the air itself.

Gently touch one of the keys of a piano-forte without striking the string, so as to raise the damper only, and then sing a note of the corresponding pitch, forcibly directing the voice against the strings of the instrument. On ceasing to sing the note will be echoed back from the piano. It is easy to discover that this echo is caused by the string which is in unison with the note, for directly the hand is removed from the key and the damper is allowed to fall, the echo ceases. The sympathetic vibration of the string is still better shown by putting little paper riders upon it, which are jerked off as soon as the string vibrates. The more exactly the singer hits

* Sensations of Tone, p. 33.

the pitch of the string the more strongly it vibrates. A very little deviation from the exact pitch fails in exciting sympathetic vibration.

In this experiment the sounding-board of the instrument is first struck by the vibrations of the air excited by the human voice.*

Sympathetic vibrations act frequently as a disturbing element in musical perceptions. When a piece of music is played on the piano some particular note is often unpleasantly accompanied by the jingling of some object of glass or metal which is in the room. If we find out what body it is that jingles, and strike it so as to make it sound, it will be found to give out the same note as that which, when played on the piano, causes it to chime in. The jingling sound is caused by its striking against neighboring bodies as soon as it begins to vibrate.

The first question which these facts suggest is this: what is the cause of the various forms of vibration to which, as we have seen, the different quality or timbre of notes is due? Can it be possible that the "color" of sound is due to the varying upper partials which accompany the same prime on different instruments? If we strike any note on a piano, and then sound the same note on a flute, an organ, a violin, or utter it with the voice, the difference in quality is undoubtedly partly due to some accidental accompaniments of the particular mode of producing the sound, as, for instance, the slight sound of rushing air which accompanies the blowing of the flute, or to the circumstance that the note struck may either rapidly decrease in intensity, as happens with the sounds of the piano, or may be distinguished by maintaining a uniform intensity, as in the case of the organ. But the main cause of the difference of quality is the production of "overtones," or upper partials, which accompany the fundamental tone. These upper partials not only differ in various sounding bodies, but differ even in the same body if it is sounded in different ways.

For the purpose of experimentally proving the presence of overtones as distinct tones, Professor Helmholtz has not only analyzed and decomposed sounds into their constituents, but he has verified the result of his analysis by performing the reverse operation, the synthesis; that is, he has reproduced a given sound by combining the individual sounds of which his "resonators" had shown that it was

composed. The principle of the resonator, or sound-analyzer, is of special interest, as it is founded on sympathetic vibrations. A volume of air contained in an open vessel—for example, a bottle—when caused to vibrate tends to yield a certain note, easily produced by blowing across the mouth of the bottle, and when that note is actually sounded in its neighborhood it will strengthen it by its own sympathetic vibrations. A resonator is thus essentially a glass globe furnished with two openings, one of which is turned towards the origin of the sound, and the other is, by means of an india-rubber tube, applied to the ear. If the tone proper to the resonance-globe exists among the upper partials of the compound tone that is sounded, it is strengthened by the globe, and thereby rendered distinctly audible. Since the note proper to a given globe, other things being the same, depends on the diameter of the globe and that of the uncovered opening, it follows that by means of a series of such globes the whole series of upper partials in a given compound tone can be rendered distinctly audible, and their existence put beyond a doubt.

By means of such analytical and synthetical researches it has been placed now beyond any doubt that differences in musical quality of tone depend solely on the presence and strength of partial tones, and in no respect, as has been supposed, on the differences in the phase of vibration under which these partial tones enter into composition.

It must be here observed that we are speaking only of musical quality as previously defined. When the musical tone is accompanied by unmusical noises, such as jarring, scratching, soughing, whizzing, hissing, these motions are either not to be considered as periodic at all, or else correspond to high upper partials of nearly the same pitch, which consequently form strident dissonances.*

Many interesting facts are connected with the results which have established the fundamental law which governs the quality of musical sounds. The following are among the most important. Simple tones, as those produced by a tuning-fork with a resonance-box, and by wide covered pipes, are soft and agreeable without any roughness, but weak and in the deeper notes dull. Musical sounds which are accompanied by a series of upper partials, up to a certain limit, in moderate strength

* Sensations of Tone, p. 61.

* Sensations of Tone, p. 187.

are full and musical. In comparison with simple tones they are grander, richer, and more sonorous. Such are the sounds of open organ-pipes, of the pianoforte, etc. If only the uneven partials are present, as in the case of narrow covered pipes, of pianoforte strings struck in the middle, clarionets, etc., the sound becomes indistinct, and when a greater number of partials are *audible*, the sound acquires a nasal character. Again, if the upper partials beyond the *sixth* and *seventh* are very distinct, the sound becomes sharp and rough. If less strong, the partials are not prejudicial to the musical usefulness of the notes. On the contrary, they are useful as imparting character and impression to the music. Of this kind are most stringed instruments, and most pipes furnished with tongues. Sounds in which upper partial tones are particularly strong acquire thereby a peculiarly penetrating character; such are those yielded by brass instruments.

We proceed now to consider the part played by the ear in the apprehension of quality of tone, and in the perception of harmony or dissonance. Like the complex systems of waves, each passing over others, and undisturbedly pursuing its own path, which may be observed from the parapet of any bridge spanning a river, or from a cliff beside the sea, in the same way we must conceive the air of a concert-hall traversed in every direction, and not merely on the surface, by a variegated crowd of intersecting wave systems. Each voice, each rustle of a dress, each instrument in the orchestra emits its peculiar waves which expand spherically from their respective centres, dart through each other, are reflected from the walls of the room, and thus rush backwards and forwards; and although this spectacle is veiled from the material eye, we have another organ of sense which reveals it to our mental perception. The ear analyzes this seemingly labyrinthic intersection of sound-waves, far more confused than that of waves of water; it separates the several tones which compose it, and distinguishes the voices even of individuals, the peculiar qualities of tone given out by each instrument, the rustling of the dresses, the footfall of the walkers, and so on. By what physiological apparatus is this astounding result effected? Professor Helmholtz begins his answer to this question with the following hypothesis:—

string of a piano with a nervous fibre in such a manner that this fibre would be excited and experience a sensation every time the string vibrated. Then every musical tone which impinged on the instrument would excite, as we know to be really the case in the ear, a series of sensations exactly corresponding to the pendular vibrations into which the original motions of the air had to be resolved. By this means, then, the existence of each partial tone would be exactly so perceived, as it really is perceived by the ear. The sensations excited by the different higher partials would, under the supposed conditions, fall to the lot of different nervous fibres, and here be produced perfectly, separately, and independently. Now, as a matter of fact, later microscopic discoveries respecting the internal construction of the ear, lead to the hypothesis, that arrangements exist in the ear similar to those which we have imagined.*

The essential parts of our organ of hearing, on either side of the head, consist, substantially, of two peculiarly-formed membranous bags, called respectively the "membranous labyrinth," and the "scala media" of the cochlea. Both these bags are lodged in cavities, situated in the midst of a dense and solid mass of bone, which forms part of the temporal bone. Each bag is filled with a fluid, and is also supported in a fluid which fills the cavity in which it is lodged. In the interior of each bag certain small mobile, hard bodies are contained; and the ultimate filaments of the auditory nerves are so distributed upon the walls of the bags, that their terminations must be affected by the vibrations of these small hard bodies, should anything set them in motion. It is also quite possible that the vibrations of the fluid contents of the sacs may themselves suffice to excite the filaments of the auditory nerve; but however this may be, any such effect must be greatly intensified by the co-operation of the solid particles; just as in bathing in a tolerably smooth sea, on a rocky shore, the movement of the little waves as they run backwards and forwards is hardly felt, while on a sandy and gravelly beach the pelting of the showers of little stones and sand, which are raised and let fall by each wavelet, makes a very different impression on the nerves of the skin. In like manner the membrane on which the ends of the auditory nerves are spread out is virtually a sensitive beach, and waves, which by themselves would not be felt, are readily perceived when they raise and let fall hard particles.

Suppose we were able to connect every

* Sensations of Tone, p. 190.

Both these membranous bags are lined by an epithelium, and the auditory nerve after passing through the dense bone of the skull is distributed to certain regions of each bag, where its ultimate filaments come into peculiar connection with the epithelial lining. The epithelium itself too at these spots becomes specially modified. In certain parts of the membranous labyrinth, for instance, the epithelium connected with the terminations of the auditory nerve is produced "into long, stiff, slender, hair-like processes,"* which project into the fluid filling the bag, and which therefore are readily affected by any vibration of that fluid, and communicate the impulse to the ends of the nerve. In certain other parts of the same labyrinth these hairs are scanty or absent, but their place is supplied by minute angular particles of calcareous sand, called "otoliths," lying free in the fluid of the bag; these, driven by the vibrations of that fluid, strike the epithelium and so affect the auditory nerve. In the scala media of the cochlea the lower wall is very elastic, and on it rest the *fibres of Corti*, named after their discoverer, the Marchese Corti: they are minute, rod-like bodies, and modifications of the epithelial lining of the scala media. Each fibre is composed of two filaments joined at an angle. An immense number of these filaments are set side by side, with great regularity, throughout the whole length of the scala media, "so that this organ presents almost the appearance of a keyboard."† The ends of the nerves probably come into close relation either with these fibres, or with the modified epithelium-cells lying close to them, which are capable of being agitated by the slightest impulse. These are then Helmholtz's conclusions:—

On reviewing the whole arrangement, there can be no doubt that Corti's organ is an apparatus adapted for receiving the vibrations of the membrana basilaris, and for vibrating of itself, but our present knowledge is not sufficient to determine with accuracy the manner in which these vibrations take place. For this purpose we require to estimate the stability of the several parts, and the degree of tension and flexibility with more precision than can be deduced from such observations as have hitherto been made on isolated parts, as they casually group themselves under the microscope.

The essential result of our description of the ear consequently consists in the constant connection of the termination of the auditory

nerves with a peculiar auditory apparatus, partly elastic, partly firm, which may be put into sympathetic vibration under the influence of external vibration, and will then probably agitate and excite the mass of nerves.*

Under this view the scala media of the cochlea resembles a keyboard, in function as well as in appearance, the fibres of Corti being the keys, and the ends of the nerves representing the strings which the keys strike. If it were possible to irritate each of these nerve-fibres experimentally, we should be able to produce any musical tone, at will, in the sensorium of the person experimented upon, just as any note on a piano is produced by striking the appropriate key. Now experiment proves that bodies like tuning-forks, which when once struck go on sounding for a long time, are susceptible of sympathetic vibrations in a high degree, notwithstanding the difficulty of putting their mass in motion, because they admit of a long accumulation of impulses in themselves minute, produced in them by each separate vibration of the existing tone. And precisely for this reason there must be the exactest agreement between the pitches of the proper tone of the fork, and of the existing tone, because otherwise subsequent impulses given by the motion of the air could not constantly recur in the same phase of the vibration, and thus be suitable for increasing the subsequent effect of the preceding impulses.

If we can suppose that of a set of tuning-forks—and it is suggested that the fibres of Corti are competent to perform the functions of such tuning-forks—tuned to every note and distinguishing fractions of a note in the scale, one were thus connected with the end of every fibre of the cochlear nerve, then any vibration communicated to the perilymph would affect the tuning-fork, which would vibrate with it, while the rest would be absolutely, or relatively, indifferent to that vibration. In other words, the vibration would give rise to the sensation of one particular tone, and no other, and every musical interval would be represented by a distinct impression on the sensorium. To the auditory apparatus of the cochlea must thus be assigned the function of discriminating with exactness the pitch and quality of tones, while the perception of intensity has been suggested as a function of the membranous labyrinth; the nerve-fibres terminating in it tell us that sounds are

* Huxley's "Physiology," p. 199.

† Ibid., p. 204.

* Sensations of Tone, p. 211.

faint or loud, but give us no impression of tone, or melody, or harmony.

We have hitherto mostly referred only to the physical characteristics of single musical tones, and to the physiological phenomena involved in their perception; and we have only alluded to the general law of consonance and dissonance, resulting from the combinations of tones, which has been founded on experimental basis—viz., that the smaller the two numbers which express the ratio of the two notes of vibration, the more perfect is the consonance of the two sounds. We have also seen that when two notes which differ in pitch are sounded together, their sounds “interfere,” the result of the interference being an alternation in intensity; “beats” are produced, which are the more frequent the greater the difference in pitch of the two notes. As long as no more than four or six beats occur in a second, the ear readily distinguishes the alternate reinforcements of the tone, and such slow beats are not unpleasant to the ear. Very slow and regular beats often produce a fine effect in *sostenuto* passages, as in sacred part-songs, by pealing through the lofty aisles like majestic waves, or by a gentle tremor giving the tone a character of enthusiasm and emotion. But if the beats succeed so rapidly that twenty or more take place in one second, the sound is rendered harsh and grating. Such rapid beats are produced by combinations of certain notes. Two notes which differ by a semitone produce together a very unpleasant sound, because the difference in their vibrational numbers is such as to produce more than thirty beats in a second. Even when the fundamental tones have such widely different pitches that they cannot produce audible beats, the upper partial tones may beat, and make the tone rough, and this roughness of tone is the essential character of dissonance, for a feeling of discontinuity is excited, which is as disagreeable to the ear as similar intermittent but rapidly repeated sources of excitement are unpleasant to the other organs of sense; for example, fluttering and glittering light to the eye, scratching with a brush to the skin. On the other hand, if the relation of those notes is investigated which when sounded together produce a pleasing effect, or consonance, it will be found that neither their fundamental tones nor their upper partials give rise to rapid beats. A given note together with its octave produces no beats; together with the fourth or fifth only weak beats, caused by partials which

are pretty high, and therefore not very perceptible; somewhat stronger beats originate in the remaining concords, the third and sixth, minor and major. As a consequence of this the sound is in these cases not quite so agreeable as in the first-mentioned concords. The existence or absence of strong and rapid beats is thus the sole physical cause of the dissonance or consonance of notes which are sounded together. Or, stating this conclusion in Professor Helmholtz’s words:—

Collecting the results of our investigations upon beats, we find that when two or more simple tones are sounded at the same time they cannot go on sounding without mutual disturbance, unless they form with each other certain perfectly definite intervals. When these intervals exist, and there is no disturbance at all, the result is called a *consonance*. When these intervals do not exist, beats arise—that is, the whole compound tones, or individual partial and combinational tones contained in them or resulting from them, alternately reinforce and enfeeble each other. The tones then do not co-exist undisturbed in the ear. They mutually check each other’s uniform flow. This process is called *dissonance*.*

This brings us into the very heart of the theory of harmony. Harmony and disharmony are distinguished by the undisturbed current of the tones in the former, which are as smoothly flowing as when produced separately, and by the disturbances created in the latter, in which the tones split up into separate beats. In disharmony the auditory nerve feels hurt by the beat of incompatible tones; it longs for the pure flowing of the tone into harmony.

The view, taken in the recent theory of sound-perception, of the use of Corti’s fibres will enable us here also to trace the mental and physical phenomena in their relation to the physiological. When two sounds coalesce to produce beats, the intermittent motion is transferred to the proper fibre within the ear. But experiments prove that for the same fibre to be affected simultaneously by two different sounds, it must not be far removed in pitch from either of them. We have seen how one wire sympathetically responded to the vibrations of another wire near it.

Instead of two strings conceive three strings, all nearly of the same pitch, to be stretched upon the sonometer; and suppose the vibrating period of the middle string to lie midway between the periods of its two neighbors, being a little higher than the one and a little lower

* Sensations of Tone, p. 308.

than the other. Each of the side strings sounded singly would cause the middle string to respond. Sounding the two side strings together they would produce beats; the corresponding intermittence would be propagated to the central string, which would beat in synchronism with the beats of its neighbors. In this way we make plain to our minds how a Corti's fibre may, to some extent, take up the vibrations of a note nearly but not exactly in unison with its own; and that when two notes close to the pitch of the fibre act upon it together, their beats are responded to by an intermittent motion on the part of the fibre. This power of sympathetic vibration would fall rapidly on both sides of the perfect unison, so that on increasing the interval between the two notes a time would soon arrive when the same fibre would refuse to be acted on simultaneously by both. Here the condition of the organ necessary for the perception of audible beats would cease.*

We are thus in a condition to assign a distinct physiological reason why some combinations of tones are consonant and some dissonant. All our feelings and emotions, from the lowest sensation to the highest æsthetic consciousness, are ultimately referable to a purely mechanical cause, though it may be forever denied to us to trace our way between the well-ascertained cause and the patent ultimate result, though, as in this case, it may never be possible for human research to understand why the agitation of nervous substance can awake the delights which harmony imparts.

* Tyndall's "Sound," p. 371.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADY CANDIDATE.

CHAPTER VI.

"I AM so tired to-day, Rhoda, I think I shall not be able to go out this morning."

"But we did not finish our task yesterday, and there is the whole of Hammoth Lane to do to-day. Do you think, dear, we could do the White Cottage and Ivy Bank this morning only,"—she spoke coaxingly,—“and leave all those dirty little shops for the afternoon? Scoton says we are getting on wonderfully in the lower town; but he is astonished at the small show of resistance. I suppose they are waiting till young Greydon comes home: they have no placards up; his address is not even out. Sometimes I fancy we shall simply walk over the course; but Scoton scouts that idea. I believe he

is longing for a close contest. Well, what do you say to Ivy Bank and the White Cottage, dear?"

"Very well," said Annie, wearily; "it is just eleven. I will go and get my hat."

"And while you do so, I will wait in the garden in case any one should pass."

"Who did you say lives at Ivy Bank, Rhoda?" said Annie, as they started on their walk.

"The two Miss Hales," answered Rhoda, consulting her canvassing-book; "their brother, a navy surgeon and stanch Liberal—people of some fortune and influence."

"I hope not *very* formidable old maids," sighed Annie.

"Oh, no, don't be afraid; I feel every confidence now that we have got into such regular swing. Here we are!"

The bell startled the visitors by the violent and prolonged ringing that it made; but they had become very impatient before it was answered, and Rhoda was half inclined to try another peal. However, the door opened at last, and an uncouth-looking maid stood before them, whose shining scarlet hands betrayed a rapid plunge into a pail of cold water before she came up-stairs.

"Missus ain't at home," she said, gruffly.

"Then perhaps Miss Agatha is?"

"Miss Agatha don't see people alone."

"But at least take my message, girl."

"Can't, ma'am."

"Nonsense! Do as you are told."

"But please, ma'am, missus said as Miss Agatha wasn't to see nobody, she says."

"What slavery in this free country!" muttered Rhoda.

"My good girl," she said, "Miss Hale has no more right to prevent her sister from seeing us, than I have to—to—order you about."

The girl grinned.

"How old is Miss Agatha?"

"Something about forty, ma'am."

"And what's your name?"

"Anna, ma'am."

"Well, Anna, if you do not go to Miss Agatha, and tell her from me that I shall be much obliged to her if she will give me the honor of a few minutes' conversation, I shall ring this bell till some one else comes."

"Lawks! now don't do that, ma'am; I'll go, and welcome."

And the girl departed. After another interval of waiting in the hot doorway, she came back, and led the way into the par-

lor, a small room so darkened by green venetian blinds that at first they could see nobody in it: then somebody advanced from a corner, and cried in a very loud voice, —

"So glad to see you, hurrah! So you got in in spite of her? Ha! ha! ha!" and then came such a peal of laughter that Annie caught hold of her cousin's gown in terror.

"Have I the honor," began Rhoda, "of speaking to Miss Agatha Hale?"

"Honor! so I'm to get my due at last? Hurrah! Now do, you good dear souls, sit down. Oh, tell me all about it, and make a speech, — do now!" and again she fell into a paroxysm of laughter.

"I will do my best," said Rhoda, seating herself, "to explain to you the principles which have induced my cousin to come forward and contest this borough."

"Do — do now; oh, I am so pleased! I don't know when I've had visitors all to myself — hurrah! — and especially you."

"Especially us!" repeated Annie, timidly.

"Yes; because Jemima said that she would shut the door before your very faces sooner than that you should darken the threshold."

The laughter now was so prolonged that Annie had time to whisper, "Please come away, Rhoda; I am sure she's mad."

"Patience," whispered Rhoda. "Now, Miss Agatha, shall we proceed to business? I understand from our agent that Mr. Hale, your brother, is a Liberal."

"A what?"

"A Liberal; therefore thinking that in all probability you hold the same views, I have ventured to call on you to solicit your vote and the interest you possess on behalf of my cousin, Miss Herbert."

"The female candidate herself! oh law! I shall die;" and she rocked backwards and forwards convulsively.

"Perhaps you have not rightly understood," went on Rhoda, severely. "We have come to ask for your vote; and experience has proved that female members can be most useful legislators. I presume that you read your *Times*?"

"Only the *Ladies' Magazine* and the *Female Banner*."

"Not the *Rights of the Day*, or the *Female Champion*?"

"No, oh no! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Do, my dear lady, make an effort to be serious for five minutes."

"Hurrah!"

The canvassers glanced at each other in dismay. In the green twilight they could

see the very stout form of Miss Agatha rolling up and down in such intense enjoyment of laughter, that they felt quite bewildered. Rhoda determined to try again.

"Madam," she said, "will you allow me to point out that this is no laughing matter, but a serious matter of principle, in which right and wrong are involved, and much of the future greatness and usefulness of our country depends upon the results of this general election!"

"Hurrah! How well you speak?"

"But I want to make you understand what the importance of the question is. There is no doubt about it that many measures requiring the peculiar tact for which women are celebrated, will get much more admirably attended to when we are more adequately represented."

"Will they be allowed to bring in at least one baby, as they do at the mothers' meetings?" asked Miss Agatha, very eagerly.

"Imbecile," hovered on Rhoda's lips, but she repressed it vehemently. "No — surely not," she said; "they would disturb the debates terribly."

"But if they cry they are taken out at once," she went on.

"It is impossible, of course," said Rhoda, impatiently.

"Then, that being the case, I am afraid I cannot promise you my vote," said Miss Agatha, with a sudden assumption of dignity.

Rhoda glanced at Annie. "I am afraid we ought to be going on, Annie," she said, when suddenly the bell pealed through the house.

"It is my sister," said Miss Agatha, shrinking a little.

It is impossible to deny that the hearts of the two canvassers beat rather faster than usual, when they heard the steps and voice of the formidable Miss Hale outside.

She came in with a burst — a tall, thin woman, with black eyebrows, and very long arms, strong-minded written on every feature of her stern face. She left the door wide open, and seated herself in front of the cousins. "Well?" she said.

Rhoda glanced at the open door, and gathering up her courage, plunged into it at once, — "Miss Hale, having heard that your brother is a Liberal, and so, believing that your opinions might tend in the same direction, I have ventured to call, and —"

"Well?"

Rhoda shuddered, but went on, — "I

have been explaining my motives to your sister." Here Miss Agatha was seen stealthily trying to gain the door. "Sit down," said Miss Hale; and she obeyed, only in a very low voice ejaculating a strangled "Hurrah!"

"We — that is, my cousin is desirous of entering Parliament, there to endeavor to advance those views, which, in hopes of inducing you to accord us your votes, I should be glad of an opportunity of explaining to you —"

"Well?"

"We — we hold that —"

"Will you vote for the increased stringency of the law of Compulsory Adult Female Education Bill; for the Abolition of the Degrees of Universities, unless shared by Women; and the new clause respecting the expediency of hanging lunatics without a trial?"

"I — I have never heard of such bills," faltered Rhoda.

"Nor I," was the short answer.

"Madam," said Rhoda, with dignity, "I did not expect to be trifled with."

"Hurrah!" shouted Miss Agatha, bursting into laughter again.

Annie rose this time. "Rhoda," she said, "I am going. I am sorry that we should have intruded on you, Miss Hale; we will not do so again."

"Heyday!" exclaimed that lady, as Annie, with an unexpected look of dignity on her sweet face, swept by with a bow. Rhoda followed her to the door; but Miss Hale, with an unexpected spring, had passed her, and caught Annie's hand.

"No offence, my dear," she said. Annie looked up, and the tears rushed to her eyes. "Oh no," she said, wearily; "every one has a right to their own views."

"And my view is, that you have a glass of wine instantly!"

And before she could stop it, one was procured, and Annie was compelled to drink it — Rhoda looking on rather grimly as she did so.

"You don't look as if you wanted it," said Miss Hale to her.

"No, thank you."

"Well, take care that little thing don't overtire herself, that's all, or you'll be sorry for it."

What happened nobody knew, but Rhoda and Annie found themselves outside the door and in the hot white road again in the twinkling of an eye; and they thought they could distinguish a loud "hurrah" from within.

"Have you courage for the White Cottage, Annie?"

Annie was struggling between laughter and tears; but she gathered up all her courage.

"I have, if you have, Rhoda."

"I must say I feel rather shaken," answered the strong Rhoda. "Do you think they are both mad?"

"No; I think Miss Agatha is rather, and the other one very eccentric. Oh dear! her laughter rings in my ears still."

"Let us sit here a moment and recover ourselves."

They seated themselves on a small heap of timber for a few moments.

"Look, Rhoda," said Annie; "I think that man is going to speak to us."

A fat elderly man in light grey garments, with his hat at the back of his head, came swaggering up to them.

"Very hot, ladies," he said, wiping his brow with a purple silk handkerchief.

"I saw you going into the Miss Hales', and I waited about in hopes that you were coming my way."

Rhoda's face lit up.

"May I ask for the favor of your name?" she said.

"White — my name's White, ma'am; and a very good name it is. White's bacon has been known a long time in London, ma'am; and though I'm independent of the knowledge myself, having retired, wife and children, from the trade, yet I'll back White's home-cured against any in England."

"And you live at the White Cottage, Mr. White? We were on our way to call there, but were resting on the way."

"Most happy, ma'am. Allow me to precede you three steps, ma'am. I'm sure Mrs. White will be proud, ma'am. I'm a political character myself, you see; shall be proud to do the honors of my 'umble little home."

And he led the way down the road to the door of the square house, which attracted the eye for miles round by the brilliancy of its whitewash.

Mr. White flung the door open, and with a low bow ushered them into a smart drawing-room, with blinds closely drawn that no particle of sun should reach the furniture. Just putting his head out of the door, he shouted, "Mrs. W., company!" and returning, seated himself opposite to his guests. "Ladies," he said, addressing himself to Rhoda, "I am a political man myself; and, like every man of experience and forethought nowadays, I am a Radical. You, I understand, are the same. Now my opinion is, that when a member is returned for a borough,

he or she is bound, actually bound, to forward the interests, the private interests, of the principal individuals whose interest has procured election for them."

Rhoda bowed.

"I see that on this point we are at one. Quite so. Now I presume that should the borough return a female member, that that member will undertake not to marry—at least, to resign and offer herself for re-election should she wish to do so."

"I see no necessity for such a condition, sir."

"No—it is natural that you should not, madam; but you must remember that the intellect of woman is still in its infancy."

"Sir!"

"Allow me to continue, my dear madam! I and a certain number of my fellow-voters have made this condition imperative before pledging ourselves to return a female member. You see, though our knowledge of Annie Herbert individually is small, our knowledge of females is extensive; and I (I may speak in the singular, being the instigator and propagator of the idea)—and I conceive that a woman, when she marries, generally submits her political opinions to those of her husband."

"No, no."

"Yes, ma'am, yes. I do not say that it ought to be so, or that it will be so when education has done its part in strengthening the weak and levelling the strong; but it is so at present. I would not object to the election of a woman married for some years, whose actions and character have had time and opportunity of showing that she is independent of influence and above control; but I expect an unmarried woman to take the pledge, because she has been untried; and no one knows what the effect of matrimony will be on her political views—d'ye see?"

"It shows an unfair want of confidence."

"Not at all, ma'am; not at all. But you must see that the one and only object of having a female representative is, that she is more under the influence of the principal men of the borough, more easy to dictate to, more dependent like."

"This is not my view of it, Mr. White."

"Sorry for it, ma'am; but I must insist upon my condition."

"I must have time for consideration."

"Will you address us, ma'am, at the Lion on Monday? I will have my friends together to hear what you have to say. Three days is enough of consideration, is it not?"

"Yes," said Rhoda. "We will consult our agent, Mr. Scoton, and let you know."

The door opened here, and Mrs. White, who had been engaged in donning her best bronze-colored silk gown, sailed in, and floated sideways into a chair.

"So 'appy to see you, ladies," she said. "Augustus thought that you would drop in. Ring, Augustus."

Augustus did as he was told.

"And perhaps," continued the languid lady, "you can furnish us with a little news. This is such a dull neighborhood that, except when the Honorable Mrs. Jones is at home, I hear nothing about the *élite*, and it is not what I've been accustomed to."

"We have been abroad for some weeks."

"But I presume you passed the season in London. Did my health but permit, as the Honorable Mrs. Jones says, vegetabing in the country is an 'orror."

"We had a very gay season," said Annie, smiling.

"And did you observe what was most worn—trains or *jupe-cour*?"

"Decidedly trains."

The door opened, and a very large page entered, tightly compressed in a buttons uniform, from which it seemed as if his body were endeavoring to escape by forming all manner of abnormal swellings. He placed a bottle of hot-looking sherry and sponge-cake before the lady, who proceeded to help her guests without asking them whether they would take any.

"I have just obtained from Couttox & Grant a *toilette de ville*," she continued. "Train, *plissés* of white or chocolate, gathered in at the waist, falling at back of skirt, and finishing with two large bows and *bouillonnés* of white and chocolate, green sash ends as a *négligé* from centre behind, fringe chocolate and white. The Honorable Mrs. Jones often says to me, 'Give me your modes, Mrs. Augustus White, and I'll undertake to be the best-dressed lady in London; and so you might yourself,' she says, 'but for your 'ealth;' and that was said at sight of my blue, though I must confess I like my red the best. I suppose you and Augustus have been talking politics?"

"We have, Mrs. White."

"Ah, I suppose you agree like brother and sister; you look perfectly suited to each other in opinion, I must say."

A slight shiver passed through the frame of the female candidate.

"I am glad he should have something to amuse him, poor dear. A man's so help-

less without a club or friends as can sympathize with him."

"Have you no club in so large a town?"

"Bless you, yes, ma'am! we have both a club and a coffee-house — but so coarse and rough. The farmers all belong to it, and there is no delicate discussion of music and the harts as you might enlighten a man's mind with in London. But my health's a sad drawback. A little of your society will be a great gain to Augustus; we will take an early opportunity of calling."

"I hope you will," said Rhoda, rising; "and I will communicate with you," she continued to Mr. White, "through our agent, Mr. Scoton, on the subject of meeting you at the Lion on Monday."

With profound bows on all sides, the female candidate and her friend found themselves once more on *terra firma*.

"*Le jeu vaut-il la chandelle?*" said Annie, wearily.

"Come, come, Annie; I look upon that as a success."

As they reached their door, they were met by Scoton running to meet them with his hat off.

"Our opposition is not considered so lightly after all, Miss Langdon," he cried. "Captain Somers has been sent for, and has already arrived."

"Captain Somers! why, who is he?" cried Rhoda; for Annie had caught hold of the door-post as white as a sheet.

"Why! the Conservative candidate, to be sure. Colonel Greydon's son!"

"Greydon! Somers!"

"Yes; he was obliged to take his mother's name with some money, I believe, from her father. I don't know the rights of it; but it is good news that they have ceased to consider us of no consequence."

Scoton followed Rhoda into the house, and they were soon deep over canvassing-books. Annie had fled up-stairs to her own room.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE, the one only and highly-petted son of the house had returned to Greydon Castle, his luggage consisting of four portmanteaus, two hat-boxes, gun-case, fishing-rods, and other paraphernalia. It was just the time for luncheon when he arrived, and he was immediately set down to eat, and answer innumerable questions from his eager sisters. His father, divided between his delight in having his son home again, and vexation that he should have judged it necessary to return quickly for so insignificant an opposition, paced

up and down the room, answering questions as quickly as they were asked.

"And Jones is perfectly satisfied that there is no danger, father?"

"Jones says so over and over again; but he is always such an impatient fellow, he does nothing but grumble at your delay in coming home, and he wants you to speak to-morrow night. He has got a meeting and an audience, and they meant to have done their best without you; but he was here five minutes before you came, and when I told him you were expected, he went straight off to the town to proclaim the fact that you would speak to-morrow. He says that fellow Scoton is making great way in the lower town."

"And now tell me what my rival is like. I met a most charming Miss Herbert at Ragatz, who fascinated both Burnley and myself. Give me some cake, Amy. Thanks; that is rather too much."

"This Miss Herbert is a very tall woman, with very black hair and eyes," said the colonel; "a woman who has, I hear, a marvellous gift of the gab. She actually tried to canvass Brand — the impudence of it's —"

"Come, that's too bad."

"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I shall just make the round of my committee and see how the land lies. Hollo! there's Jones coming posting up the road, nearly black with rage. What's the matter, old fellow?" asked Captain Somers, opening the window.

"Matter! It is time that you were at home, captain! I can't get the town-hall to-morrow night."

"But do you mean that you had not settled it before?"

"Not I — you see I have been accustomed to take things easy; it seems it has been engaged this whole week."

"Well, have it to-night. Come, I see we are in for a spirited contest. Send round at once, Jones — not a moment to lose; and we will have our speeches to-night, and beat them in having the first say. I had better be off at once," he added to his father; "after all, there is some fun in the thing."

A crowd of eager people filled the town-hall that night to hear their young candidate's first speech. It lasted for more than an hour, and was received with unbounded applause; and for a first speech it was an uncommonly good one — frank, simple, and manly; but it did not need an even moderately good speech to please the audience, with whom Captain Somers had

always been a great favorite; and their enthusiasm almost carried them beyond bounds and prevented their appreciation of the very sterling but less interesting speeches that followed in due course. Colonel Greydon, as he came down from the platform, believed the cause won, and was half inclined to quarrel with the more serious view his son's committee held; they were becoming slightly alarmed at the way the Radicals were advancing; some stanch old supporters had failed, a very large number of the younger voters were supposed to be unsteady; on the female votes Jones declared he could depend to a woman! The meeting ended about half past nine, but it was long before the hurrahing, noisy crowd dispersed.

About half past nine o'clock Annie Herbert and her cousin were returning home from the White Cottage, where they had taken tea with Mr. and Mrs. Augustus White. They had had a very disagreeable evening, Mr. White arguing on the subject of his favorite pledge to be taken by the female candidate; Mrs. White familiar and tiresome; and Annie was wearied, and Rhoda disgusted. The climax arrived when, as they were leaving the house, Mr. White patted Rhoda on the back, saying, "Ye're the one that ought to stand, my fine girl!" She could scarcely contain her indignation.

It was a fine moonlit night, and they began to loiter a little along the road, watching the beautiful fleecy white clouds sailing over the clear purple sky; the cool air was delicious after the stuffy closeness of Mrs. White's drawing-room. Suddenly Annie caught hold of Rhoda's arm — "I am afraid there is a crowd coming, Rhoda," she said; and it was true that a sound of many voices and tramping feet came up the lane, and the forerunners of the crowd came into view. "What shall we do, Rhoda? We are a long way from home."

"Walk quietly on, my dear; whatever you do, do not seem to mind," answered Rhoda, with a flushed face. At this moment the coming crowd caught sight of the cousins, and raised a loud shout. "There they are! there's the female candidate!" and with hisses and groans, and only a few shouts of "Shame! shame!" they surrounded the terrified girls.

The crowd was good-humored and noisy; but their jests were very coarse, and the attempts of some rude boys to tear off Annie's veil were received with shouts of laughter. They looked up and down the road — there seemed no prospect of escape; the crowd, also, was

thickening, the rougher part of the town-hall audience having determined to go to Pineapple Cottage and hiss the female candidate. The crowd was in such a humor that a man might easily have taken advantage of it, and probably turned it to his own account; but, as the pressure became greater, the women became more and more frightened; they held each other tightly, their great terror being lest they should be separated.

"Put them on the step! let's hear what they've got to say!" shouted one.

"Give 'em a taste of rotten eggs!" cried another.

"Somers for ever! down with the Rads!"

Suddenly there was a pause in the rush and pressure, and Rhoda looked up with a vague hope of relief. The crowd was opposite Ivy Bank, and Miss Hale was standing on the steps speaking at the top of her voice.

"John! Andrews! Martin! you idiots, what do you mean by this? Don't you know the penalty of rioting at your time of life? Here! stand back! Rubbish and stuff! out of my way!"

The crowd fell back as the gaunt figure of Miss Hale strode through it, and took the hand of the poor little trembling candidate.

"Get out of my way there!" she cried, administering a sharp push to somebody in the way, and she led them straight through into her house; at the door she turned and shook her head at the grinning crowd: "You go home, you double-distilled idiots," she said, "and don't stand gaping there." They obeyed, laughing loudly, and breaking into very discordant publichouse songs.

No sooner was she safe within doors than poor Annie burst into tears, and could only with an effort prevent herself from becoming hysterical; Miss Hale treated her with very calm wisdom, wisely turning her sister out of the room, who considerably added to poor Annie's inclination to laugh by her repeated "hurrahs." Rhoda tried to help, but was unceremoniously pushed out of the way by Miss Hale, who looked at her with such evident animosity, that it required all Rhoda's gratitude not to betray that the dislike was mutual.

When Annie was better, and lying exhausted on the sofa, Miss Hale ordered round her brougham, late as it was, and sent them home, receiving Rhoda's thanks with scant courtesy. Annie would have said something also; but as the slightest

recollection of what had passed made her all but cry again, she only put up her little face to be kissed, and was surprised at the warmth of the embrace she received.

"Hot wine and water, and bed at once, mind," were her parting words to Rhoda, — advice she was glad to follow, as her hands were almost as cold and shaking as Annie's.

CHAPTER VIII.

RHODA and Annie were seated in the hot little drawing-room of Pineapple Cottage, each anxiously bending over a manuscript.

"I feel almost in despair, Rhoda," said Annie piteously. "If I only had the smallest idea what to say!"

"It will come under the influence of excitement, my dear. I can tell you for your encouragement that Scoton says that half the male voters are wild about you, and almost every man we have canvassed personally in the lower town will stand by us."

"What shall I do if — if the Greydons are there?"

"They are not in the least likely to be there, — and if they are, why, have you forgotten your resolution at Bâle? It will be a good opportunity of showing them the stuff we women are made of."

"It is quite true," cried Annie.

"Now, don't interrupt me — there's a dear; but just let me get through my speech, and then I will help you with yours."

"Oh, do you think I might read mine?"

"Certainly not — nobody would believe that it is your own; you must only have notes. Now please be quiet." And they settled anew to their work.

After about ten minutes, during which Annie's brow was furrowed and puckered by anxiety, she wearily rose and looked out of the window. She started back, but not before she was perceived by a passing horseman in the road.

"Rhoda," she faltered, "there is Captain Somers."

"Don't interrupt," said her cousin.

"But he is stopping at the door — he is coming in!"

"Go down to him; don't let him disturb me at this moment," cried Rhoda, abstractedly; and Annie flew down-stairs.

Captain Somers was just about to ring at the half-open door, when he saw Annie at the foot of the staircase.

"Rhoda cannot come," she said; "she is too busy."

Captain Somers threw open the door of

the little dining-room, and making Annie go in first, followed her and shut the door. He took her hand eagerly.

"Now tell me," he said, "are you come down to canvass for Miss Herbert? Is she your relation or sister? Good heavens! what are you here for?"

"Oh, do not be angry!"

"Angry! angry with you! the one in the whole world —"

"Stop, you do not know what you are saying!"

"Miss Herbert — Annie! what do you mean?"

"It is I — I myself, who am the female candidate." Somers dropped her hand and walked off to the window, in a vain effort to conceal the weight of the blow.

"Did you not know? — could you not guess?" began poor Annie.

"Know! guess!" cried he. "Not I — I have been too great a fool! trusted too blindly, been too easy a dupe! Ah, forgive me; I have no right to speak like this."

His tone had become so formal and stiff that Annie felt as if her heart was breaking.

"Why — why did you change your name?" she cried.

"Ah, then, you did not know! You were not really deceiving me? trying to get an unfair start of me?"

"Deceive you!" Annie drew up haughtily.

"I don't know," he said, bitterly; "women have different ways of looking at these things from men; stratagem is more in their line."

"It is not true!" cried Annie, passionately.

"Then why," he cried, almost angrily in his pain — "why did you make me love you? why not have warned me in time, have told me the truth of your holding these miserable opinions that make women make fools of themselves every year?"

"You have no right to speak to me like this!"

"I have a right! If you share our privileges you incur the penalty of being spoken to as equals. My goddess comes down from her pedestal and becomes one of us, and shall be treated accordingly — no longer my mistress, but my opponent."

"Go, Captain Somers! I will not bear this!"

"I will go; but I will not abate one jot of my opposition. I will fight the seat to the utmost of my power. I give you fair

warning. You doubtless consider that it is insulting that I should do so, on the old-fashioned theory that hand-to-hand opposition to a woman is unworthy of a man. Our respective agents show an animosity to each other which I have tried to put a check on. I shall withdraw the check; for when a woman ceases to be womanly, a man must in self-defence treat her as a man."

"You are cruel."

"I have done."

Annie started forward as he left the room, and then throwing herself on the sofa, buried her face in the cushions, and cried as if her heart would break. She thought he was gone, but the sound of her sobs made him leap from his horse and return. In a moment he was kneeling by her side.

"Oh Annie, forgive me! I did not mean it; what shall I do? Annie! look up, my own, my dearest! What a brute I have been!"

"Please go!" she cried, trying to wrench her hand from him.

"Not till you say you have forgiven me — not till you are calm again."

"But don't be so angry," she sobbed.

"Don't you see it is only because I love you so? Oh, can't you give it all up? Can't you see what infernal humbug it all is? You are only fitted to be my own little wife, to be taken care of, and loved and adored. Can't you see it?"

"Oh no! no!" but unconsciously her head was on his shoulder and he was wiping away her tears.

"Give it up, dearest," he said — "give it up for my sake, and let us be happy."

"How can I? I am pledged."

"Confound it all! What could have put such confounded trash into your head?"

"All — all my life — Rhoda —"

"Confound her!"

Annie drew back from him, but looked meekly and deprecatingly in his face.

"Annie, don't you see this parts us forever, if you carry it on? Can you not withdraw? Plead illness, any lie."

"It would be dishonorable."

"Good heavens!"

"There is only one chance!" cried Annie. "Oh, Captain Somers, please! please! please canvass well! You do not know how dreadfully successful we are! how close it will be! do, if you care for me at all — please, beat me now!"

"My poor little darling!"

"If you knew how I dread success."

"And you shall not be successful if I

can help it!" he cried, jumping up. "Good-bye, darling! What? what do you say? I can't hear."

"Please," she whispered, "don't go near the town-hall to-night."

"All right," he answered, and left her with a perfect storm of conflicting emotions in his breast; but with a fixed determination to carry the seat *coûte qu'il coûte*.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was eight o'clock. The town-hall was densely crowded with both men and women, when the female candidate and Rhoda Langdon appeared upon the platform. Rhoda looked flushed and handsome, and threw a glance of self-confidence at her supporters. Annie, with a beating heart, could see only the swaying mass of people, and hear their loud greetings, as if in a terrible nightmare. The moment was come that she had dreaded so much. Rhoda was the first to speak. All nervousness left her when she stood before her audience, and a moment of extreme fluency came upon her as she explained her views and the supposed opinions of her cousin, in language which, if rather too flowery, was fluent and grammatical. She was much applauded, and allowed to speak almost without interruption, a few vehement cries of "No, no!" being hissed down at once.

At last the moment came, and Annie stood before the crowd. The color rushed to her cheeks, burning with the sense that hundreds of eyes were fixed upon her. Her eyes were bent on the ground; some of her fair hair had become loose, and a large soft curl of it fell on her breast. Shouts of applause greeted her, and seemed as if they never would cease. At last silence was restored, and Annie began to speak.

Men spoke of her afterwards with tears in their eyes, such was the power she exercised. And yet it was a speech which made her keen supporters on the platform twist and fidget, and even grind their teeth with vexation. She threw herself on the mercy of her audience; she pleaded with them that it was possible to try and do good to their country, to be ambitious and anxious to avail herself of talents granted, and yet with it all to be womanly. A few people cried "Politics, politics!" and then she seemed to falter a little, but recovered herself, confessing that she knew but little of politics, but that she would always do what they wished, — which was received with some

laughter but much applause ; and it ended much too soon. Annie had not spoken ten minutes, but she thought it was an hour.

"This must have ruined our cause," said Scoton, in a low tone of extreme vexation, to Rhoda.

"It is uncommonly popular," said a red-faced young lawyer, who was one of the committee. Rhoda could not speak ; she felt mortified and angry with herself for compelling one so unfit as Annie was to stand ; but the poor child came to her so white and trembling that she could only make the best of it, and try to encourage her.

When they left the town-hall, they were escorted home in their fly by large numbers shouting and hallooing, to Annie's terror and distress.

Eagerly the next day they scanned the report of the speeches in the local paper. Annie was much disturbed at the shortness and want of consecutiveness of hers, and rather astonished at the praise it received ; undeveloped political capacity — very great promise — the genuine modesty of a high-class intellect,—every possible compliment was lavished upon it. Rhoda's also received its share of praise, and to her great satisfaction it read better even than it sounded ; and various little mistakes and errors in the wording of which she had been conscious at the time, had got themselves into order under the able pen of the sympathizing reporter. The Conservative paper came out later in the day, and was looked at with even more anxiety. Again Annie found herself praised, but in a way which made Rhoda bite her lips and stamp about the room.

Her own speech was the first reported and commented on. "It was admirable," wrote the critic. "A more fluent flow of diluted twaddle has not been heard in this town-hall within the memory of man ; every substantive possessing a womanly assortment of innumerable adjectives — every sentence containing at least one parenthesis. Three perorations, and one passionate personal appeal. The political part of the speech was in much the same strain as one hears everywhere nowadays — bombastic assertions of the strength of woman, powers of endurance, concentration, etc., etc., — as if any reasonable man could doubt their powers of endurance ! From Miss Langdon we had expected more, perhaps — some originality of thought and design ; but this friend of our interesting opponent, finding

nothing new to say, could only fall back on the old-fashioned woman's rights — gave us a passionate, retrospective sketch of all that has been done since the first grant of female suffrage,—a vehement appeal to us not to stop in the course we are running, but to emancipate all our domestic slaves — to elevate them from their lower sphere — to take upon ourselves, being of more earthly and gross material, the menial offices which are dragging down from its intellectual height the 'lofty, high, noble-aspiring female nature,' —and so on *ad infinitum*. We turn with a sense of freshness and pleasure to the infinitely silly speech of our female candidate. Such strong language is incompatible with pale cheeks and frightened blue eyes ; and the applause was too much even for this powerful specimen of our future rulers ; for she was observed to tremble very much, and even to catch at the gown which, notwithstanding the feminality of so doing, Miss Langdon still wears. And when at length the female candidate was seen to speak, though the silence was exceptional, no one could hear a word. At last, when the words became audible, they proved to be of a most tender pleading nature : 'Electors of Loughtonstone ! by all means return your female candidate ; she has pledged herself to obey your wishes and forward every measure every one of you shall desire to have forwarded.' We will push comment no further — we will be generous ; for this formidable antagonist, this matured Radical, we learn, is that creature of all others to be treated with tenderness and consideration, — an artless, motherless girl !"

"This is the worst of all !" cried Rhoda, scarlet with indignation. "They could not have contrived to insult us more. I wish I was in the town-hall at this moment. Oh, Annie, after all we have done together, it is so hard that you remain just the same !"

"I cannot help it," said Annie, ruefully.

"No — I suppose some people were made so ; but if it had only been my own cause I was pleading !"

"Ah, Rhoda ! if you only would have consented to do it instead of me."

"Yes, I see it now," she said, sadly. "But how could I, without any money of my own ? and I thought it such a privilege to stand that it would have been impossible for me to have done it instead of you ; but I am sorry I did not yield now."

"It was too generous of you, dear," said Annie, tenderly ; "for you know well

enough that my money is just as much yours as mine. Do you honestly think that we shall win?"

"I don't know — I can't say," answered Rhoda, springing up; "but we must do our best, and not waste time."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I am going down to Pie Corner to have one more trial at old Watkins."

"Shall I come with you?"

"If you like; but don't overtire yourself."

Just as the cousins prepared for their walk, a ring at the bell announced a visitor; and the maid came up with a message to say that Mrs. Brand, of the Castle lodge, would be glad to speak to the ladies.

She was invited into the sitting-room, and the cousins went down. Mrs. Brand rose and curtsied as they came in; she had a small parcel in her hand; but as she was about to speak, she stopped suddenly, and exclaimed —

"Bless my stars, miss, but ye're looking ill!" A pang of terror crossed Rhoda's heart, as she glanced at Annie, and saw her little face looking so pale and thin, and large eyes quite hollow from over-fatigue.

"I am quite well, thanks, Mrs. Brand, only rather tired; I am so glad that you have come to see us."

"Well, miss, I *did* make so bold, and that's the truth; but you were so kind that day, that I couldn't bear to think as you could get into trouble, and all along of me."

"Into trouble? please explain."

"Well, miss, do you mind that there bottle of cod-liver oil as you sent my Sairy Anne, and a deal of good it's done her it has, and a deal more it would have done her if I'd ha' let her drink it up; but, says I, no one as has done me a kindness shall repent it."

"I am glad it has done her good," said Annie.

"And here it is, miss, and sorry I am that ever she took a drop of it. 'Twas only yesterday, you see, miss, and I was doing a bit o' washing, not regular-like, but a bit of Miss Amy's nonsense lace things that nothing'll please her but I'll wash 'em for her, for, says she, nobody washes 'em like you; which it is natural, for they don't take the pains to pin them out, which it takes a light hand, and none of your wringing of 'em dry. I was like here with my tub, and Sairy Anne she was sewing in the corner, when the colonel he comes in to speak with me, and me with my sleeves turned up, and a apron on

which I'd not have worn to be seen in. Says he, 'Mrs. Brand, that there child looks better.' 'She do, sir,' says I; 'and it be all along of that cod-liver oil as the female candlegate gave me.' 'Ha!' says somebody outside, and I ups and sees Mr. Jones a-standing on my white step a-writing something in a little book. 'Come, come, Jones,' says the colonel, and them's his very words — 'that's rather hard lines.' 'Not it, colonel,' says he, and never so much as scrapes his shoes. 'It's as pretty a piece of bribery and corruption as I've known.' 'That being the case,' says I, 'I will take back the bottle at once, for them two ladies were as good to me as if they'd known me all my life, and they shan't get into trouble along o' me;' and I ups and takes down the bottle then and there; and the colonel says, 'That's right, Mrs. Brand;' but Mr. Jones he only laughed."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brand," cried Rhoda, "you may have done us great service."

"Not at all, miss; and I'm sure if it is corruption it has done my child a sight of good, and very much obliged I am."

"We shall scarcely escape, Annie," said Rhoda; "the regulations about bribery are so stringent now that one cannot be too careful."

"Nice, kind woman," said Annie. "How hot and flurried she seemed! But do you really think it was of consequence?"

"It might have unseated you," answered Rhoda, solemnly.

CHAPTER X.

IT was evening when the brougham drove up to the door of Greydon Castle, and all its inhabitants rushed from the dining-room into the hall to receive a new arrival from the station. The colonel, still waving his dinner-napkin, could not contain his pleasure.

"My dear Burnley, this is too good of you; and how are you, old fellow? Come in at once; we had just sat down to dinner."

"How are you, dear old boy?" from Captain Somers.

"Better, better, thanks; don't let me keep you from your dinner. Somers, you look fagged; I have a hundred questions to ask. How do you do, Alice? — Amy, I think you have grown."

"In six months?" laughed Amy.

The soup and fish were removed before the all-important question was asked.

"Well, Somers, and how go the chances?"

The colonel's brow grew black, Som-

ers's white. One of the girls volunteered a slight hint to her old friend under the table, which he obstinately would not take.

"Come, tell me all about it. What is the formidable antagonist like?"

"You know Miss Annie Herbert?" said the colonel, shortly.

"Whew!" Burnley's face expressed his extreme astonishment. "And how about the birds this year?" he said, dexterously changing the subject.

"Capital! large and strong, and heaps of them!"

"That's all right."

Somehow the conversation flagged till the three men were alone in the smoking-room, when Somers said, with a would-be lightness of tone, —

"My father refuses to believe in my description of Miss Herbert, Burnley."

"A girl who allows herself to be put in such a position must either be brazen-faced or a fool."

"She is only a child," said Burnley.

"Only a child! but what sort of a child? so practised in the arts of conquest that there is scarcely a man or a fool whom she has canvassed who is not mad about her. Child indeed!"

"Really!"

"She is irresistible, it seems. Even Hugh is a fool about her. I always thought it was the dark one who was the candidate; but it turns out that this helpless-looking schoolgirl is the more artful of the two."

"Bless my soul, Greydon! she is the most artless, ill-instructed, sweetest, and prettiest little bit of humanity I ever came across."

"So she has made a fool of you also."

"Indeed she has; but I certainly had no expectation of finding her poaching on your manors, John. What day is fixed for the poll?"

"Actually to-morrow."

"By Jove! I am only just in time. What shall you do if your borough returns a female member, Greydon?" he said, mischievously.

The colonel growled ominously.

"Poor child!" continued Burnley; "I am uncommonly sorry. Of course, it is all done by that silly, ambitious woman. She must have found out the bitterness of it by this time. Have you read the poor child's speech, Greydon?"

"Not I."

"But you should have done so. It would have had double interest for me if I had known that it was my dear little friend

uttering all that nonsense. No wonder it was silly!"

"She is trading on her irresistible beauty!"

"She is certainly lovely. One of those sweet womanly faces that always appear to be pleading for forbearance. That woman had no right to bring her forward. I should as soon have expected to see one of your own girls addressing a constituency, Greydon. Besides, the poor child has no mother."

As Somers went up to bed, he grasped his friend's hand, and whispered, rather huskily, —

"Thanks, old fellow!"

The great day came at last. Seven o'clock in the evening was said to be the time fixed for the declaration of the poll.

What a long day of extreme anxiety it seemed! Amy and Alice could settle to nothing. The few words and occasional glimpses of their brother or any of his fellow-workers were received with thankfulness. In vain the colonel boasted of his certainty; he was as pale with anxiety as any of the others, and was always flitting nervously in and out of the windows. He refused to go to the town at all. At one o'clock a note was put into his hand from his son. "Do not expect me; matters looking very serious." And the whole party felt as if this was becoming unendurable. Before long Burnley was obliged to lie down in a darkened room, being threatened by one of his attacks of pain; but he would only consent to do so on condition of a promise that every note or message should be brought to him at once.

Two-o'clock luncheon was prepared, and they all made a pretence of eating; but it was taken away almost untouched. The very dogs had an air of uneasiness, and started and barked on the slightest provocation.

At half past three, Captain Somers's groom came up with a brief note. "The voters coming up very slowly; a little more hopeful." Then the old colonel took his hat and cane, and walked off to the town.

From one polling-place to another Annie Herbert and Rhoda went with Mr. Scoton and one or two others, and wherever they went were followed by a noisy shouting crowd. As the day passed on, Rhoda grew frightened at Annie's white face.

"You will never be able to go on unless you have some rest," she said at last. "I

shall take you home and come back myself."

"But I do not like to leave you, Rhoda."

"Never mind," said her cousin, authoritatively. "Remember you will have to speak afterwards, and must be prepared. Let us go at once."

They were, however, delayed for half an hour by a message from Scoton, and obliged to hurry off to another polling-place. Then Rhoda drew Annie's arm through hers determinately, and walked off with her to Pineapple Cottage. Unfortunately, as they passed, the crowd gathered round them unpleasantly, shouting loudly, and seemed determined to follow them. It was a very hot day in September, and Annie had to summon all her resolution to enable her to get on. The crowd increased as they drew near home; and they could see numbers of persons standing round their door in the distance. Even Rhoda was dismayed. "I wish we had not left the gentlemen," she said, nervously. Colonel Greydon, coming down the road, saw the two frightened and tired faces in the midst of their tormentors. Painful doubts seized on him as to what he should do — the little face of the female candidate looked so pale and forlorn; but the other looked plucky enough. There was some way yet to reach their house, he saw, and the road was lined with people.

At this moment a man considerably the worse for good cheer reeled up to Annie, and trying to chuck her under the chin, shouted out, "I'll vote for you; devil take me if I don't!" Here the colonel broke through the crowd and pushed him aside. He offered Annie his arm, with his head averted.

"Do you want to get home, madam?" he said, grimly, to Rhoda.

"Thank you. I wished my cousin to get home; but I am afraid it will be difficult," she answered not knowing who her helper could be. "I do not know a single quiet place where I can place her."

"Take her into Greydon Forest; no one will venture there."

"But I have no permission."

"Never mind, I give you permission; nobody will interfere with you."

"A thousand thanks," said Rhoda, wonderingly; but he was hurrying them through the crowd, who fell back respectfully when they saw him.

He took them through the gates, turned sharply off to the right, and after about two minutes' walk in the delicious, cool wood, showed them an open space with a rustic seat under a tree.

"I am so much obliged to you," said Annie; and the colonel, lifting his hat, walked away.

"This is a comfort," said Rhoda. "You will get quite recruited here, darling; look, lean back, or sit on this beautiful green turf, and lean against the tree."

"Rhoda, must you go?"

"Not just yet. Are you very tired, dear?"

"Dreadfully tired, and I feel so odd."

"Lean back on my shoulder; it is only the heat — perhaps you might even go to sleep. Annie! Annie!"

"Annie had fainted away."

Rhoda laid her gently on the grass in terror, fanned her and called to her to no purpose; then suddenly remembering that the lodge-gate was not far off, rushed off for a glass of water.

It so happened that Colonel Greydon, after walking away a few steps, could not resist the looks of the female candidate; and much ashamed of himself, walked back, went into the open window of his own dining-room, secured a glass of sherry, and returned to the spot where he had left his son's opponents. A curious sight met his eyes. The sun was glinting down through thick foliage, the green moss was like emerald velvet, the white stems of the great beech-tree glimmering in the checkered light, and on the ground lay the very wood-nymph fitted to inhabit these glades; her hat had fallen off, and she lay flat on the ground, her hands unclosed beside her, her fair hair loosened by the fall, and straying unheeded over the lovely face, as still and pale as marble.

In a moment the old colonel was on his knees; she was raised in his arms, the wine pressed to her lips — but still she did not move; he forced a few drops through her lips.

When Rhoda came back with the water, followed by Mrs. Brand, she was too much frightened even to be astonished. The colonel seized it from her, soaking his handkerchief and dashing it plentifully over her face and hands — her pretty white gown was soaked with it.

At last there came a little shudder, and she opened her eyes and sighed —

"Rhoda!"

"I am here, dear, look up! You are better."

"Where are we?"

"In the wood, out of doors; can you sit up?"

Colonel Greydon drew back, and Annie raised herself up; she saw him suddenly, and said, —

"I beg your pardon."

"No, no, my dear; you keep quite still, and when you are better we will go."

"Thanks," and Annie shut her eyes again in bewilderment.

"We must take her to the Castle," said Colonel Greydon to Rhoda, "as soon as she can walk."

"We are almost as near home," said she, doubtfully.

"But at home she will be subjected to all the row and noise this business has brought upon you: it is no use taking her there."

"Thank you, it is quite true; Annie, try and drink this wine—that's right, now keep still again. Are you sure you do not mind having her at the Castle?" she asked, meekly.

"Are you better now, Miss Herbert?" said the colonel, cheerily, giving Rhoda no answer.

"Yes, I am well now, thanks—Rhoda, I can go now."

They helped her to rise to her feet, when, a little to Rhoda's discomfiture, the colonel signed to Mrs. Brand to put her arm round her on one side, and drew her hand through his arm on the other.

"I will take her home, madam," he said; "and I hope you will trust her to me, for I am sure you must be anxious to return to the battle."

Rhoda was very anxious to return; but she did not like to be disposed of with so little ceremony, so she stopped to speak to Annie.

"Tell me, dear, shall you be able to get on? only say whether you mind my going, and nothing will make me leave you."

In answer, Annie looked up into the somewhat anxious face of the old colonel with such a look of trustfulness and confidence, that he involuntarily smiled with pleasure.

"Thank you, Rhoda; I would rather that you went."

The colonel and Mrs. Brand, between them, led Annie to the Castle, and Rhoda returned breathless with speed to the town.

All the afternoon Annie lay on the drawing-room sofa, feeling still very odd and faint; and wondering whether what she saw was only a dream, or whether she really was lying on chintz cushions, with a red velvet table near her covered with tea, and bread, and butter, and two pretty girls sitting by it; and, strangest of all, the familiar face of Burnley leaning back in a deep, low arm-chair. Nobody actually spoke to her, but they were talking eager-

ly to themselves, and now and then the butler came in with a mysterious face, and said something in a low voice.

"Give me a cup of tea, girls," said a cheery voice, as the colonel stepped into the room from outside.

"Can you possibly drink it, papa," said Amy, pouring it out, "at this supreme moment?"

"It is past seven," he answered, looking at his watch.

"Seven! Is it seven?" cried Annie, starting up and pushing back her chair.

"Yes, my dear; but lie down again," said the old colonel, patting her gently.

"There is no news yet."

"But how soon? when will it come?" she panted.

"I don't know. We must be patient. Ha! there is the groom! Here, Richard, here! what news? make haste!"

The whole party rushed together to the window; Annie tried to rise, but only staggered back to the sofa. Colonel Greydon's voice read out the news—Somers, 680; Herbert, 510. The room seemed to reel round, to be twisting and turning; she was conscious of people round her, of being held in kind arms, and supported; and then once more all became a blank.

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For about a week Annie Herbert was too unwell to leave her room; but everything that the most affectionate care could do for her was done: Amy and Alice spent hours by her bedside, cheering her overstrained spirits and amusing her. It was with an effort that the poor child made up her mind to leave her room: the thought of facing the whole family was terrible to her—and especially without Rhoda; for her cousin, with great good taste, had seen what a restraint her presence was to the family; and knowing that Annie's illness was not serious, and that she was in good hands, she left her, and returned to London two days after the election. In the bitterness of defeat, she foretold what the end would be.

At last Annie came down-stairs, and had she been a child of the house, she could not have been received more warmly; the old colonel was attentive to her in especial—the girls could not make enough of her.

She was lying on the sofa one day by the open window, when she perceived Colonel Greydon and Captain Somers walking together in the forest. At the window they parted, and Captain Somers came in alone.

He came and knelt beside her, and took both her hands and said, —

"Annie, my father consents; and you are to be my little wife after all."

A few days' post brought a letter from Rhoda, which Annie brought down, half laughing, half crying, to read. Rhoda had pledged herself to stand for Kingtonville, a small town, whose newly-elected Radical member had been unseated for bribery — and all the world pronounced her to be certain of success.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ORDEALS AND OATHS.

IN primitive stages of society, the clanish life of rude tribes may well have been more favorable to frank and truthful relations between man and man than our wider and looser social intercourse can be. Yet one can see from the habits of modern savages that already in early savage times society was setting itself to take measures against men who broke faith to save themselves from harm or to gain some coveted good. At the stage of civilization where social order was becoming regular and settled, the wise men turned their minds to devise guarantees stronger than mere yes and no. Thus the ordeal and the oath were introduced, that wrong-doing should not be concealed or denied, that unrighteous claims should not be backed by false witness, and that covenants made should not be broken.

The principles on which these ordeals and oaths were invented and developed may to this day be plainly made out. It is evident that the matter was referred to the two intellectual orders of early times, the magicians and the priests. Each advised after the manner of his own profession. The magician said, "With my symbols and charms I will try the accused, and bind the witness and the promiser." The priest said, "I will call upon my spirits, and they shall find out the hidden thing, and punish the lie and the broken vow." Now magic and religion are separate in their nature and origin. *Magic* is based on a delusive tendency arising out of the association of ideas, namely, the tendency to believe that things which are ideally connected in our minds must therefore be really connected in the outer world. *Religion* is based on the doctrine of spiritual beings, souls, demons, or deities, who take cognizance of men and interpose in their affairs. It is need-

ful to keep this absolute distinction clear in our minds, for on it depends our finding our mental way through a set of complicated proceedings, in which magical and religious elements have become mixed in the most intricate manner. Well they might, considering how commonly the professions of sorcerer and priest have overlapped, so as even to be combined in one and the same person. But it seems from a general survey of the facts of ordeals and oaths, that on the whole the magical element in them is earliest and underlying, while the religious element is apt to come in later in history, often only taking up and consecrating some old magical process.

In the series of instances to be brought into view, this blending of the religious with the magical element will be repeatedly observable. It will be seen also that the ordeal and the oath are not only allied in their fundamental principles, but that they continually run into one another in their use. Oaths, we shall see, may be made to act as ordeals, and ordeals are brought in as tests of oaths. While recognizing this close connection, it will be convenient to divide the two and take them in order according to their practical application, ordeals being proceedings for the discovery of wrong-doers, while oaths are of the nature of declarations or undertakings.

The association of ideas which serves as a magical basis for an ordeal is quite childish in its simplicity. Suppose it has to be decided which of two men has acted wrongfully, and appeal is had to the ordeal. There being no evidence on the real issue, a fanciful issue is taken instead, which can be settled, and the association of ideas does the rest. Thus in Borneo, when two Dayaks have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given them to drop together into water, and the one whose lump is gone first is in the wrong. Or they put two live shellfish on a plate, one for each disputant, and squeeze lime-juice over them, the verdict being given according to which man's champion mollusc moves first. This reasoning is such as any child can enter into. Among the Sandwich Islanders, again, when a thief had to be detected, the priest would consecrate a dish of water, and the suspected persons, one by one, held their hands over it, till the approach of the guilty was known by the water trembling. Here the connection of ideas is plain. But we may see it somewhat more fully thought out in Europe, where the old notion remains on record that the execu-

tioner's sword will tremble when a thief draws near, and even utter a dull clang at the approach of a murderer.

Starting with the magical ordeal, we have next to notice how the religious element is imported into it. Take the ordeal of the balance, well known to Hindu law. A rude pair of scales is set up with its wooden scale-beam supported on posts; the accused is put in one scale, and stones and sand in the other to counterpoise him; then he is taken out, to be put in again after the balance has been called upon to show his guilt by letting him go down, or his innocence by raising him up. This is pure magic, the ideal weight of guilt being by mere absurd association of ideas transferred to material weight in a pair of scales. In this process no religious act is essential, but in practice it is introduced by prayers and sacrifices, and a sacred formula appealing to the great gods who know the walk of men, so that it is considered to be by their divine aid that the accused rises or falls at once in material fact and moral metaphor. If he either goes fairly up or down the case is clear. But a difficulty arises if the accused happens to weigh the same as he did five minutes before, so nearly at least as can be detected by a pair of heavy wooden scales which would hardly turn within an ounce or two. This embarrassing possibility has in fact perplexed the Hindu lawyers not a little. One learned pundit says, He is guilty, unless he goes right up! A second suggests, Weigh him again! A third distinguishes with subtlety, If he weighs the same, he is guilty, but not so guilty as if he had gone right down! The one only interpretation that never occurs to any of them, is that sin may be an imponderable. We may smile at the Hindu way of striking a moral balance, but it should be remembered that a similar practice, probably a survival from the same original Aryan rite, was kept up in England within the last century. In 1759, near Aylesbury, a woman who could not get her spinning-wheel to go round, and naturally concluded that it had been bewitched, charged one Susannah Haynokes with being the witch. At this Susannah's husband was indignant, and demanded that his wife should be allowed to clear herself by the customary ordeal of weighing. So they took her to the parish church, stripped her to her undergarments, and weighed her against the church Bible; she outweighed it, and went home in triumph. Here the metaphor of weighing is worked in the opposite way to

that in India, but it is quite as intelligible, and not a whit the worse for practical purposes. For yet another case, how an old magical process may be afterwards transformed by bringing in the religious sanction, we may look at the ancient classic sieve and shears, the sieve being suspended by sticking the points of the open shears into the rim, and the handles of the shears balanced on the forefingers of the holders. To discover a thief, or a lover, all that was required was to call over all suspected names, till the instrument turned at the right one. In the course of history, this childish divining-ordeal came to be Christianized into the key and Bible, the key of course to open the secret, the Bible to supply the test of truth. For a thief-ordeal, the proper mode is to tie in the key at the verse of the fiftieth Psalm, "When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him;" and then when the names are called over, at the name of the guilty one the instrument makes its sign by swerving or turning in the holders' hands. This is interesting as being almost the only ordeal which survives in common use in England; it may be met with in many an out-of-the-way farmhouse. It is some years since English rustics have dared to "swim" a witch, that is, to put in practice the ancient water-ordeal, which our folk-lore remembers in its most archaic Aryan form. Its essential principle is as plainly magical as any; the water, being set to make the trial, shows its decision by rejecting the guilty, who accordingly comes up to the surface. Our ancestors, who did not seize the distinction between weight and specific gravity, used to wonder at the supernatural power with which the water would heave up a wicked fellow, even if he weighed sixteen stone.

Mediaeval ordeals, by water or fire, by touch of the corpse, or by wager of battle have fallen to mere curiosities of literature, and it is needless to dwell here on their well-known picturesque details, or to repeat the liturgies of prayer or malediction said or sung by the consecrating priests. It is not by such accompanying formulas, but by the intention of the act itself, that we must estimate the real position of the religious element in it. Nowhere is this so strong as in what may be called the ordeal by miracle, where the innocent by divine help walks over the nine red-hot ploughshares, or carries the red-hot iron bar in his hand, or drinks a dose of deadly poison and is none the worse for it; or, in the opposite way,

where the draught of harmless water, cursed or consecrated by the priests, will bring within a few days dire disease on him or her who, being guilty, has dared to drink of it.

Looking at the subject from the statesman's point of view, the survey of the ordeals of all nations and ages enables us to judge with some certainty what their practical effect has been for evil or good. Their basis being mere delusive imagination, when honestly administered their being right or wrong has been matter of mere accident. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that fair-play ever generally prevailed in the administration of ordeals. As is well known, they have always been engines of political power in the hands of unscrupulous priests and chiefs. Often it was unnecessary even to cheat, when the arbiter had it at his pleasure to administer either a harmless ordeal like drinking cursed water, or a deadly ordeal by a dose of aconite or physostigma. When it comes to sheer cheating, nothing can be more atrocious than this poison-ordeal. In West Africa, where the Calabar bean is used, the administrators can give the accused a dose which will make him sick, and so prove his innocence, or they can give him enough to prove him guilty, and murder him in the very act of proof; when we consider that over a great part of that great continent this and similar drugs usually determine the destiny of people inconvenient to the fetish-man and the chief—the constituted authorities of Church and State—we see before us one efficient cause of the unprogressive character of African society. The famed ordeal by red-hot iron, also, has been a palpable swindle in the hands of the authorities. In India and Arabia the test is to lick the iron, which will burn the guilty tongue but not the innocent. Now, no doubt the judges know the secret that innocent and guilty alike can lick a white-hot iron with impunity, as any blacksmith will do, and as I have done myself, the layer of vapour in a spheroidal state preventing any chemical contact with the skin. As for the walking over red-hot ploughshares, or carrying a red-hot iron bar three paces in the palm of the hand, its fraudulent nature fits with the fact that the ecclesiastics who administered it took their precautions against close approach of spectators much more carefully than the jugglers do who handle the red-hot bars and walk over the ploughshares nowadays; and, moreover, any list of cases will show how inevitably the

friend of the Church got off, while the man on the wrong side was sure to "lose his cause and burn his fingers." Remembering how Queen Emma in the story, with uplifted eyes walked over the ploughshares without knowing it, and then asked when the trial was to begin, and how, after this triumphant issue, one-and-twenty manors were settled on the bishopric and church of Winchester, it may be inferred with some probability that in such cases the glowing ploughshares glowed with nothing more dangerous than daubs of red paint.

Almost the only effect of ordeals which can be looked upon as beneficial to society, is that the belief in their efficacy has done something to deter the credulous from crime, and still more often has led the guilty to betray himself by his own terrified imagination. Visitors to Rome know the great round marble mask called the Bocca della Verità. It is but the sink of an old drain; but many a frightened knave has shrunk from the test of putting his hand into its open "mouth of truth" and taking oath of his innocence, lest it should really close on him as tradition says it does on the forsworn. The ordeal by the mouthful of food is still popular in southern Asia for its practical effectiveness: the thief in the household, his mouth dry with nervous terror, fails to masticate or swallow fairly the grains of rice. So in old England, the culprit may have failed to swallow the consecrated *cor-snaed* or trial-slice of bread or cheese; it stuck in his throat, as in Earl Godwin's in the story. To this day the formula, "May this mouthful choke me if I am not speaking truth!" keeps up the memory of the official ordeal. Not less effective is the ordeal by curse still used in Russia to detect a thief. The *babushka*, or local witch, stands with a vessel of water before her in the midst of the assembled household, and makes bread pills to drop in, saying to each in order, "Ivan Ivanoff, if you are guilty, as this ball falls to the bottom, so your soul will fall into hell." But this is more than any common Russian will face, and the rule is that the culprit confesses at sight. This is the best that can be said for ordeals. Under their most favorable aspect, they are useful delusions or pious frauds. At worst they are those wickedest of human deeds, crimes disguised behind the mask of justice. Shall we wonder that the world, slowly trying its institutions by the experience of ages, has at last come to the stage of casting out the judicial ordeal;

or shall we rather wonder at the constitution of the human mind, which for so many ages has set up the creations of delusive fancy to hold sway over a world of facts?

From the ordeal we pass to the oath. The oath, for purposes of classification, may be best defined as an asseveration made under superhuman penalty, such penalty being (as in the ordeal) either magical or religious in its nature, or both combined. Here, then, we distinguish the oath from the mere declaration, or promise, or covenant, however formal. For example, the covenant by grasping hands is not in itself an oath, nor is even that widespread ancient ceremony of entering into the bond of brotherhood by the two parties mixing drops of their blood, or tasting each other's. This latter rite, though often called an oath, can under this definition be only reckoned as a solemn compact. But when a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered over with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit, if he breaks his word, or when in our police-courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness-box, signifying as the interpreter then puts it in words, "If you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like this saucer," we have here two full oaths, of which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in pantomime before us. By the way, the English judges who authorized this last sensational ceremony must have believed that they were calling on a Chinaman to take a judicial oath after the manner of his own country; but they acted under a mistake, for in fact the Chinese use no oaths at all in their law-courts. Now we have to distinguish these real oaths from mere asseverations, in which emphatic terms, or descriptive gestures are introduced merely for the purpose of showing the strength of resolve in the declarer's mind. Where, then, does the difference lie between the two? It is to be found in the incurring of supernatural penalty. There would be no difficulty at all in clearing up the question, were it not that theologians have set up a distinction between oaths of imprecation and oaths of witness. Such subtleties, however, looked at from a practical point of view, are seen to be casuistic cobwebs which a touch of the rough broom of common sense will sweep away. The practical question is this: does the swearer mean that by going through the ceremony he brings on himself, if he breaks faith,

some special magic harm, or divine displeasure and punishment? If so, the oath is practically imprecatory; if not, it is futile, wanting the very sanction which gives it legal value. It does not matter whether the imprecation is stated, or only implied. When a Bedouin picks up a straw, and swears by him who made it grow and wither, there is no need to accompany this with a homily on the fate of the perjured. This reticence is so usual in the world, that as often as not we have to go outside the actual formula and ceremony to learn what their full intention is.

Let us now examine some typical forms of oath. The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a weapon, that the sun may burn them, or the mountain crush them, or the weapon wound them, if they lie. The even ruder savages of the Brazilian forests, to confirm their words, raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons. These two accounts of savage ceremony introduce us to customs well-known to nations of higher culture. The raising of the hand towards the sky seems to mean here what it does elsewhere. It is in gesture calling on the heaven-god to smite the perjurer with his thunderbolt. The touching of the head, again, carries its meaning among these Brazilians, almost as plainly as in Africa, where we find men swearing by their heads or limbs, in the belief that they would wither if forsworn; or as when among the Old Prussians a man would lay his right hand on his own neck, and his left on the holy oak, saying: "May Perkun (the thunder-god) destroy me!" As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness swearing to speak the truth takes in his hand a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remained so common in Christendom, that it was expressly forbidden by a synod; even in the seventeenth century, to swear on the sword (like Hamlet's friends in the ghost-scene) was still a legal oath in Holstein. As for the holding up the hand to invoke the personal divine sky, the successor of this primitive gesture remains to this day among the chief acts in the solemn oaths of European nations.

It could scarcely be shown more clearly with what childlike imagination the savage conceives that a symbolic action, such as

touching his head or his spear, will somehow pass into reality. In connection with this group of oaths, we can carry yet a step further the illustration of the way men's minds work in this primitive stage of association of ideas. One of the accounts from New Guinea is that the swearer, holding up an arrow, calls on heaven to punish him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way, the oath can be neutralized. This is magic all over. What one symbol can do, the reverse symbol can undo. True to the laws of primitive magical reasoning, uncultured men elsewhere still carry on the symbolic reversal of their oaths. An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make it, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath, or he puts his left hand to his side to neutralize what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our "over the left"; but so far as I know this has come down with us to mere schoolboy's shuffling.

It has just been noticed that the arsenal of deadly weapons by which the natives of Aracan swear, includes a tiger's tusk and a crocodile's tooth. This leads us to a group of instructive rites belonging to central and north Asia. Probably to this day, there may be seen in Russian law-courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostyak is to be sworn, a bear's head is brought into court, and the man makes believe to bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth. Now the meaning of this act goes beyond magic and into religion, for we are here in the region of bear-worship, among people who believe that this wise and divine beast knows what goes on, and will come and punish them. Nor need one wonder at this, for the idea that the bear will hear and come if called on is familiar to German mythology. I was interested to find it still in survival in Switzerland a few years ago, when a peasant woman, whom a mischievous little English boy had irritated beyond endurance, pronounced the ancient awful imprecation on him, "The bear take thee!" (*Der Bär nimm dich!*) Among the hill-tribes of India a tiger's skin is sworn on in the same sense as the bear's head among the Ostyaks. Rivers, again, which to the savage and barbarian are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn by in strong belief that their waters

will punish him who takes their name in vain. We can understand why Homeric heroes swore by the rivers, when we hear still among Hindus how the sacred Ganges will take vengeance sure and terrible on the children of the perjurer. It is with the same personification, the same fear of impending chastisement from the outraged deity that savage and barbaric men have sworn by sky or sun. Thus the Huron Indian would say in making solemn promise: "Heaven hears what we do this day!" and the Tunguz, brandishing a knife before the sun, would say: "If I lie, may the sun plunge sickness into my entrails like this knife." We have but to rise one stage higher in religious ideas to reach the type of the famous Roman oaths by Jupiter, the heaven-god. He who swore held in his hand a stone, praying that, if he knowingly deceived, others might be safe in their countries and laws, their holy places and their tombs, but he alone might be cast out, as this stone now—and he flung it from him. Even more impressive was the great treaty-oath where the *pater patratus*, holding the sacred flint that symbolized the thunderbolt, called on Jove that if by public counsel or wicked fraud the Romans should break the treaty first—"In that day, O Jove, smite thou the Roman people as I here to-day shall smite this swine, and smite the heavier as thou art the stronger!" So saying, he slew the victim with the sacred stone.

These various examples may be taken as showing the nature and meaning of such oaths as belong to the lower stages of civilization. Their binding power is that of curses, that the perjurer may be visited by mishap, disease, death. But at a higher stage of culture, where the gods are ceasing to be divine natural objects like the Tiber or Ganges, or the sun or sky, but are passing into the glorified human or heroic stage, like Apollo or Venus, there comes into view a milder kind of oath, where the man enters into fealty with the god, whom he asks to favor or preserve him on condition of his keeping troth. Thus, while the proceeding is still an oath with a penalty, this penalty now lies in the perjurer's forfeiting the divine favor. To this milder form, which we may conveniently call the "oath of conditional favor," belong such classic phrases as "So may the gods love me!" (*Ita me dii ament*.) "As I wish the gods to be propitious to me!" (*Ita mihi deos velim propitios*.) I call attention to this class of oaths, of which we shall presently meet

with a remarkable example nearer home. We have now to take into consideration a movement of far larger scope.

Returning to the great first-mentioned class of savage and barbaric oaths, sworn by gestures or weapons, or by invocation of divine beasts, or rivers, or greater nature-deities—the question now to be asked is, what is the nature of the penalties? They are that the perjurer may be withered by disease, wounded, drowned, smitten by the thunderbolt, and so forth, all these being temporal, visible punishments. The state of belief to which the whole class belong is that explicitly described among the natives of the Tonga Islands, where oaths were received on the declared ground that the gods would punish the false swearer here on earth. A name is wanted to denote this class of oaths, belonging especially to the lower culture; let us call them “mundane oaths.” Now it is at a point above the savage level in culture that the thought first comes in of the perjurer being punished in a world beyond the grave. This was a conception familiar to the Egyptians in their remotely ancient civilization. It was at home among the old Homeric Greeks, as when Agamemnon, swearing his mighty oaths, calls to witness not only Father Zeus, and the all-seeing sun, and the rivers, and earth, but also the Erinnys who down below chastise the souls of the dead, whosoever shall have been forsworn. Not less plainly is it written in the ancient Hindu laws of Manu — “A man of understanding shall swear no false oath even in a trifling matter, for he who swears a false oath goes hereafter and here to destruction.” To this higher stage of culture then belongs the introduction of the new “post-mundane” element into oaths. For ages afterward, nations might still use either kind, or combine them by adding the penalty after death to that in life. But in the later course of history there comes plainly into view a tendency to subordinate the old mundane oath, and at last to suppress it altogether. How this came to pass is plain on the face of the matter. It was simply the result of accumulated experience. The continual comparison of opinions with facts could not but force observant minds to admit that a man might swear falsely on sword’s edge or spear’s point, and yet die with a whole skin; that bears and tigers were not to be depended on to choose perjurers for their victims, and that in fact the correspondence between the imprecation and the event was not real, but only ideal. How judgment by real

results thus shaped itself in men’s minds we may see by the way it came to public utterance in classic times, nowhere put more cogently than in the famous dialogue in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes. The old farmer Strepsiades asks whence comes the blazing thunderbolt that Zeus hurls at the perjured. “You fool,” replies the Sokrates of the play, “you smack of old Kronos’ times — if Zeus smote perjurers, wouldn’t he have been down on those awful fellows Simon, and Kleonymos, and Theoros? Why, what Zeus does with his bolt is to smite his own temple, and the heights of Sunium, and the tall oaks! Do you mean to say that an oak-tree can commit perjury?” What is said here in chaff full many a reasonable man in the old days must have said to himself in the soberest earnest, and once said or thought, but one result could come of it — the result which history shows us did come. The venue of the judicial oath was gradually changed, till the later kind, with its penalties transferred from earth to the region of departed souls, remained practically in possession of the field.

As a point in the science of culture which has hitherto been scarcely if at all observed, I am anxious to call attention to the historical stratification of judicial oaths, from the lowest stratum of mundane oaths belonging to savage or barbaric times, to the highest stratum of post-mundane oaths such as obtain among modern civilized nations. Roughly, the development in the course of ages may be expressed in the following two classifications:—

Mundane.	} Oaths. {	Curse.
Mixed.		Conditional Favor.
Post-Mundane.		Judgment.

Though these two series only partly coincide in history, they so far fit that the judicial oaths of the lower culture belong to the class of mundane curse, while those of the higher culture in general belong to that of post-mundane judgment. Anthropologically, this is the most special new view I have here to bring forward. It forms part of a wider generalization, belonging at once to the science of morals and the science of religion. But rather than open out the subject into this too wide field, we may do well to fix it in our minds by tracing a curious historical point in the legal customs of our own country. Every one knows that the modes of administering a judicial oath in Scotland and in England are not the same. In Scotland, where the witness holds up his

hand toward heaven, and swears to tell the truth as he shall answer to God at the day of judgment, we have before us the most explicit possible example of a post-mundane oath framed on Christian lines. In contrasting this with the English judicial oath, we first notice that our acted ceremony consists commonly in taking a New Testament in the hand and kissing it. Thus, unlike the Scotch oath, the English oath is sworn on a *halidome* (Anglo-Saxon *hǫlignōm*, German *Heiligtum*), a holy or sacred object. Many writers have fallen into confusion about this word, mystifying it into sacred judgment or "holy doom;" but it is a perfectly straightforward term for a sanctuary or relic, as "*On tham haligdome swerian*" — to swear by the relic. Now this custom of swearing on a halidome belongs to far pre-Christian antiquity, one famous example being when Hannibal, then a lad of nine years old, was brought by his father to the altar and made to swear by touching the sacred things (*tactis sacris*) that when he grew up he would be the enemy of Rome. In classical antiquity the sacred objects were especially the images and altars of the gods, as it is put in a scene in Plautus. — "Touch this altar of Venus!" The man answers, "I touch it," and then he is sworn. When this ancient rite came into use in early Christian England, the object touched might be the altar itself, or a relic-shrine like that which Harold is touching with his right forefinger in the famous scene in the Bayeux tapestry, or it might be a missal, or a book of the Gospels. In modern England, a copy of the New Testament has become the recognized halidome on which oaths are taken, and the practice of kissing it has almost supplanted the older and more general custom of touching it with the hand.

Next, our attention must be called to the remarkable formula in which (in England, not in Scotland) the invocation of the Deity is made, "So help me God!" or "So help you God!" Many a modern Englishman puzzles over this obscure form of words. When the question is asked what the meaning of the oath is, the official interpretation practically comes to saying that it means the same as the Scotch oath. But neither by act nor word does it convey this meaning. So obvious is the discrepancy between what is considered to be meant, and what is actually done and said, that Paley, remarking on the different forms of swearing in different countries, does not scruple to say that they are "in no country in the world, I believe,

worse contrived either to convey the meaning, or impress the obligation of an oath, than in our own."

This remark of Paley's aptly illustrates a principle of the science of culture which cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all who study the institutions of their own or any other age. People often talk of mystic formulas and mystic ceremonies. But the more we study civilization in its earlier stages, the more we shall find that formulas and ceremonies, both in law and in religion, are as purposeful and business-like as can be, if only we get at them anywhere near their origin. What happens afterwards is this, that while men's thoughts and wants gradually change, the old phrases and ceremonies are kept up by natural conservatism, so that they become less and less appropriate, and then as their meaning falls away, its place is apt to be filled up with mystery. Applying this principle to the English oath-formula, we ask what and where it originally was. It was Teutonic-Scandinavian, for though corresponding formulas are known in Latin (*Ita me adjuvet Deus*) and in Old French (*Ce m'ait Diex*, etc.), these are shown by their comparatively recent dates to be mere translations of the Germanic originals. Now although ancient English and German records fail to give the early history of the phrase, this want is fortunately supplied by a document preserved in Iceland. Some while after the settlement of the island by the Northmen, but long before their conversion to Christianity, the settlers felt the urgent need of a code of laws, and accordingly Ulfiot went to Norway for three years to Thorleif the Wise, who imparted to him his legal lore. Ulfiot went to Norway A.D. 925, so that the form of judicial oath he authorized, and which was at a later time put on record in the Icelandic Landnámabók, may be taken as good and old in Norse law. Its pre-Christian character is indeed obvious from its tenor. The halidome on which it was sworn was a metal arm-ring, which was kept by the *godhi* or priest, who reddened it with the blood of the ox sacrificed, and the swearer touching it said, in words that are still half English, "Name I to witness that I take oath by the ring, law-oath, so help me Frey, and Niördh, and almighty Thor (*hialpi mer svá Freyr, ok Niördhr, ok hinn almáttki Ass*) as I shall this suit follow or defend, or witness bear or verdict or doom, as I wit rightest and soothest and most lawfully," etc. Here, then, we have the full and intelligible formula which must very

nearly represent that of which we keep a mutilated fragment in our English oath. So close is the connection, that two of the gods referred to, Frey and Thor (who is described as the almighty god) are the old English gods whose names we commemorate in Friday and Thursday. The formula belongs, with the classic ones lately spoken of, to the class of oaths of conditional favor, "*so help me as I shall do rightly*," while Frey and Niörðr are gods whom a Norse warrior would ask for earthly help, but who would scarcely concern themselves with his soul after death. It is likely that the swearer was not indeed unmindful of what the skalds sang of Nâströnd, the strand of corpses, that loathly house arched of the bodies of huge serpents, whose heads, turned inward, dripped venom on the perjurers and murderers within. But the primary formula is, as I have said, that of the oath of conditional favor, not of judgment. With the constituents of the modern English oath now fairly before us, we see that its incoherence, as usual in such cases, has a historical interpretation. What English law has done is to transplant from archaic fetish-worship the ceremony of the hali-dome or consecrated object, and to combine with this one-half of a pre-Christian formula of conditional favor, without the second half which made sense of it. Considering that to this combination is attached a theological interpretation which is neither implied in act nor word, we cannot wonder if in the popular mind a certain amount of obscurity, not to say mystery, surrounds the whole transaction. Nevertheless we may well deprecate any attempt to patch up into Scotch distinctness and consistency the old formula, which will probably last untouched so long as judicial oaths shall remain in use in England.

Being in the midst of this subject, it may not be amiss to say a few words upon old and new ideas as to the administration of oaths to little children. The canon law expressly forbade the exacting of an oath from children under fourteen — *pueri ante annos XIV. non cogantur jurare*. This prohibition is derived from yet earlier law. The rough old Norsemen would not take oaths from children, as comes out so quaintly in the saga of Baldur, where the goddess made all the beasts and birds and trees swear they would not harm him, but the little mistletoe only she craved no oath from, for she thought it was too young. Admitting the necessity of taking children's evidence

somehow, the question is how best to do it. In England it must be done on oath, and for this end there has arisen a custom in our courts of putting the child through an inquisition as to the theological consequences of perjury, so as usually to extract from it a well-known definition which the stiffest theologian will not stand to for a moment if put straight to him, but which is looked upon as a proper means for binding the conscience of a little child.* Moreover, children in decent families learn to answer plain questions some years before they learn to swear, and material evidence is often lost by the child not having been taught beforehand the proper answers to make when questioned as to the nature of an oath. I heard of a case only lately, which was expected to lead to a committal on a charge of murder, and where an important point rested on the evidence of a young lad who was, to all appearance, truthful, but who did not satisfy the bench that he understood the nature of an oath. Those in whom the ceremony of swearing a child arouses the feeling of physical repugnance that it does in myself, may learn with interest a fact as yet little known in England, and which sufficiently justifies my bringing forward the subject. Hearing that there was something to be learnt from Germany, I applied to the eminent jurist, Dr. Gneist, of Berlin, and hear from him that under the new German rules of procedure, which are expected shortly to come in force, the evidence of children under sixteen may be received without oath, at the discretion of the judge. In these days there is a simple rule which an Englishman will do well to act up to, and that is, "Don't be beaten by a German!" Let us live in the heartiest fellowship with the Germans, and never let them get ahead of us if we can help it. In this matter of children's legal evidence, they are fairly leaving us behind, by introducing a plan which is at once more humane and more effective than ours.

* Two illustrative cases are given me by a friend learned in the law. In court lately, a little girl was asked the usual preliminary question as to the consequence of swearing falsely, and answered in due form, "Please, sir, I should go to burning hell!" Unluckily, however, the unusual question was then put, how she knew that; which brought the reply, "Oh, please, another girl outside told me I was to say so!" It is Bar tradition, though there may be no record in print, that years ago the most sarcastic of English judges put the whole matter in a nutshell. The question having been asked of a child-witness, if she knew what would become of her when she died, she answered simply, "Don't know, sir!" whereupon the judge said, "Well, gentlemen, no more do I know—but the child's evidence cannot be taken."

If now, looking at the subject as one of practical sociology, we consider what place the legal oath has filled in savage, barbaric, and civilized life, we must adjudge to it altogether higher value than to the ordeal. At certain stages of culture it has been one of the great forces of society. There was a time when Lycurgus could tell the men of Athens that the oath was the very bond that held the democracy together. There was a time when, as Montesquieu insists, an oath was so binding on the minds of the Romans, that for its observance they would do more than even patriotism or love of glory could draw them to. In our own day, its practical binding power is unmistakable over the consciences of a numerous intermediate class of witnesses, those who are neither truthful nor quite reckless, who are without the honesty which makes a good man's oath superfluous, who will indeed lie solemnly and circumstantially, but are somewhat restrained from perjury by the fear of being, as the old English saying has it, "once forsworn, ever forlorn." Though the hold thus given is far weaker than is popularly fancied, it has from time to time led legislators to use oaths, not merely in special and solemn matters, but as means of securing honesty in the details of public business. When this has been done, the consequences to public morals have been disastrous. There is no need to hunt up ancient or foreign proofs of this, seeing how conspicuous an instance is the state of England early in the present century, while it was still, as a contemporary writer called it, "a land of oaths," and the professional perjurer plied a thriving trade. A single illustration will suffice, taken from the valuable treatise on oaths, published in 1834 by the Rev. Jas. Endell Tyler: "During the continuance of the former system of custom-house oaths, there were houses of resort where persons were always to be found ready at a moment's warning to take any oath required; the signal of the business for which they were needed was this inquiry, 'Any damned soul here?'" Nowadays this enormous excess of public oaths has been much cut down, and with the best results. Yet it must be evident to students of sociology that the world will not stop short at this point. The wider question is coming into view, what effect is produced on the every-day standard of truthfulness by the doctrine that fraudulent lying is in itself a minor offence, but is converted into an awful crime by the addition of a

ceremony and a formula? It is an easily-stated problem in moral arithmetic; on the credit side, government is able to tighten with an extra screw the consciences of a shaky class of witnesses and public officers; on the debit side, the current value of a man's word is correspondingly depreciated through the whole range of public and private business. As a mere sober student of social causes and effects, following along history the tendencies of opinion, I cannot doubt for a moment how the public mind must act on this problem. I simply predict that where the judicial ordeal is already gone, there the judicial oath will sooner or later follow. Not only do symptoms of the coming change appear from year to year, but its greatest determining cause is unfolding itself day by day before observant eyes, a sight such as neither we nor our fathers ever saw before.

How has it come to pass that the sense of the sanctity of intellectual truth, and the craving after its full and free possession, are so mastering the modern educated mind? This is not a mystery hard to unravel. Can any fail to see how in these latter years the methods of scientific thought have come forth from the laboratory and the museum to claim their powers over the whole range of history and philosophy, of politics and morals? Truth in thought is fast spreading its wide waves through the outside world. Of intellectual truthfulness, truthfulness in word and act is the outward manifestation. In all modern philosophy there is no principle more fertile than the doctrine so plainly set forth by Herbert Spencer — that truth means bringing our mind into accurate matching with the realities in and around us; so that both intellectual and moral truth are bound up together in that vast process of evolution whereby man is gradually brought into fuller harmony with the universe he inhabits. There need, then, be no fear that the falling away of such artificial crutches as those whose history I have here been tracing should leave public truth maimed and halting. Upheld by the perfect fitting of the inner mind to the outer world, the progress of truth will be firmer and more majestic than in the ancient days. If, in time to come, the grand old disputation before King Darius were to be re-enacted, to decide again the question, "What is the strongest of all things?" it would be said, as then, that "truth abides, and is strong forevermore, living and conquering from age to age." And the people as of old would say again

with one voice, "Truth is great, and prevails!" *
E. B. TYLOR.

* 1 Esdras iv. 41: Μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια, καὶ ὑπερισχύει — *Magna est veritas, et prævalet.*

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WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

WHEN the history of mediæval poetry comes to be written we shall understand, perhaps, what must remain very dark till then, how it was that during the marvellous twelfth century, amid all the chaos of the shattering and building of empires, such sudden simultaneous chords of melody were shot crosswise through the length and breadth of Europe, interpenetrating Iceland and Provence, Aquitaine and Austria, Normandy and Italy, with an irresistible desire for poetic production. In that mysterious atmosphere, in an air so burdened with electric force, the ordinary rules of germination and growth were set aside; out of barbarous races, and wielding the uncouthest of tongues, poets sprang full-armed, so many Athenes born suddenly adult from the forehead of the new Gothic civilization. That was an age of rapid movement and brilliant development, an age thirsting for discovery and invention, ready with one hand to fill the West with the new-found marvel of the pointed arch, with the other to push with sword and cross far into the fabulous East. It was at such a time, under such violent auspices, that poetry was born, full-grown, in Germany; the rude bud of folk-song blossoming in one single generation into the most elaborate art, only to wither again, as is the wont of such sudden blooms, in as short a time as it had taken to expand. No more such brilliant verse was written in German, until the time of Goethe, as was produced between the years 1150 and 1220, by a group of poets residing mainly at the courts of Austria and Thuringia. It would be out of place here to give any sketch, however slight, of the influences brought to bear upon them from without. We must hurry over the various cardinal points which demand mention before we can intelligibly introduce the subject of this memoir. It was about the year 1140 that an Austrian knight, whose name has not been preserved, gathered into epical shape the scattered ballads which form what we know as the "*Nibelungenlied*." Somewhat later, another Austrian, of equally obscure

personality, collected the priceless epos of "*Kudrun*." The minne-song, the lyric of love, was at the same epoch invented or imported by the first great German lyricist, Heinrich von Veldeke, and his example was shortly followed by the simultaneous outburst of the four great poetic voices of mediæval Germany—the nightingales as they called themselves—Gottfried von Strassburg, Hermann von Ouwe, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Walther von der Vogelweide. The genius of the first three of these was essentially epical. In the "*Tristan*" of Gottfried, in the "*Iwein*" of Hermann, in the "*Parzival*" and the "*Titurel*" of Wolfram, we have the four great epics of romance literature, the four poetic pillars on which the whole structure of High-German language and literature rests. In these unique works, steeped in the purest colors of knight-errantry and chivalry, and written in verse-forms of astonishingly delicate art, we have in its original and undiluted form that spirit of romance that has so often since fascinated and betwitched the youth of Europe into more or less fatuous imitation. But this epical literature was not the sole product of the age; a lyrical growth accompanied it, represented by myriads of minor singers and one man that by common consent ranks as high as the three great epicists. This first of mediæval German song-writers was Walther von der Vogelweide.

Over the earliest years of his life there rests an obscurity which is likely to remain impenetrable. We know neither the year nor the place of his birth, his rank in society, nor the name of his family. In lack of clearer data than his own verses give us, we may roughly put his birth down at about the year 1170, or nearly a century before that of Dante. That he was of gentle, but not noble birth is judged by the title given him by all of his contemporaries of Meister Herr Walther, the "Herr" being the token of the knightly middle class. Over his appellative "von der Vogelweide" a great deal of ingenious speculation has been expended. "Walther of the Bird-Meadow" has been fancifully supposed to be a name adopted by himself, either to signify that he was born in some hamlet secluded in the midst of the forest, among the birds, or else merely in token of his own great love for wild places and little birds. But *Fogilweida* is understood to mean *aviarium* in old High German, that is to say, an enclosed space where birds are artificially confined. It would therefore be difficult to believe that the lover of wild things would take this

name from choice, and fortunately the difficulty has been cleared up very lately by the discovery in an old manuscript of the thirteenth century, of the existence of an estate called Vogelweide in the Tyrol, now long since disappeared, and there is little doubt that it was hence our poet came, especially as one of his friends and followers, a sweet minor minnesinger of that time, Leutolt von Seven, was born we know, in that very valley in Tyrol. This mountain province, even in that early time, had not a little thirst after literary glory, and several of its poets, contemporary with Walther, have been fortunate enough to have their *Lieder* preserved, now to be piecemeal printed by modern admirers. Walther, however, was not satisfied with a local reputation, and very early in life he seems to have left the paternal home to seek his fortune in Vienna.

There was no more attractive city in Germany to a young man with his life before him than the capital of Austria in 1190. No part of the empire was so prosperous or so devoted to the graceful arts as the neighborhood of the Viennese court, and, what would have special fascination for Walther, nowhere were the poets so brilliant, so popular, and so famous in their art. Jealous of the undisputed supremacy of Cologne, Vienna was taking advantage of its own security and prosperity to establish its position as the second city, at least, of the empire, if it could not be the first. It seems that the raw lad from the Tyrol, with nothing to live on but his genius, came and put himself under the tuition of the most famous lyricist of that age, Reinmar the Old, and lost in the blaze of the court and the noise of rival wits, we hear no more of him for eight years. It must not be imagined that he was idle during that time; it was no light task to learn to be a minnesinger. The poetry of that early age, so far from being the simple, wild-wood fluting that is idly and generally supposed, was a metrical art of the most elaborate kind, and one for the skilful performance of which a long and patient apprenticeship was needed. Out of the one hundred and eighty-eight poems of Walther's which exist, at least half are written in unique measures and all in forms of his own invention. He soon surpassed all his forerunners, even Reinmar himself, in the intricate mysteries of verse, and it is worthy of no small admiration how supple the stiff old High German becomes in his masterly hands. We shall return to this matter; for the present it may suffice to

point out that the blank years 1190-1198 must have been full of laborious exercise, and that all in which he differs from other poets in this, is that he has not seen fit to hand down to us his *juvenilia*. At the same time, there is no reason against supposing that many of his most beautiful love-songs, which carry no internal or external evidence of date, belong to this early period. However that may be, it is not till 1198 that we catch a distinct view of our poet for the first time.

Indeed there is a theory that almost all the naïve and spontaneous lyrics of Walther's minne-period date from this first Vienna life, and that it was the death of the emperor Henry VI. that first woke the poet out of his dream of love and pleasure, and that aroused in him that noble spirit of patriotism which has made his name so fragrant ever since. Henry VI. had raised the empire to a position of secure prosperity and dreaded power which it had never reached before; he was still in the flower of his age, and apparently at the opening of a brilliant career. Suddenly he died at Messina, on September 28, 1197, and the earliest poetical poem of Walther's that we possess evidently marks the tide of feeling at home when the deplorable news was brought to Germany. With his head resting in the palm of his hand, and one knee over the other, and his elbow resting on the upper knee, the poet sits on a rock overlooking the world, and speculates, not without dismay, how fortune, honor, and God's grace are to be reconciled in this bereaved and helmless state. In the next strophe, he sees a great water rushing by, with fish in it, and gazing past it he sees the forest; and these fish, and the birds, beasts, yea! and the very worms in the forest, have their order and their rulers, but Germany has none. In the third part he is gifted with prophetic sight, and sees all things done, and hears all things said, by all the men and women in the world, and behold! they all with one accord lift up their hands to God and cry, "Woe! for the pope is too young! Lord! help thy Christendom." In this first poem of political import we have some of the most characteristic utterances of Walther's muse; desire of order and hatred of anarchy, yearning for the unity of Germany, and deep-rooted suspicion of the papacy. The mention of the youth of the pope gives us a hint of the exact date of the poem, since Innocent III. was elected in January 1198, at the unusually early age of thirty-seven.

The death of the great emperor was

coëval with the breaking-up of Walther's Viennese home. For some reason obscure to us, Austria was no longer favorable to his prospects. Perhaps the fate of Heinrich had less to do with it than the death of his beloved patron, Duke Friedrich, who was lingering in Palestine at the extreme end of the third Crusade, and who fell in April 1198, a few months before his great rival Richard Cœur de Lion defeated the French in the battle of Gisors. It was an epoch of great deeds and names sonorous with romance. While Walther was learning the art of poetry under Reinmar, the terrible sultan Saladin had died. To return to Vienna: in place of Friedrich, Leopold VII. ascended the Austrian throne, and in him Walther had at first to mourn an irresponsible patron. We possess an artful elegy over Friedrich, in which his successor is warned to imitate the generosity of the duke, but to so little purpose that we find Walther leaving Vienna precipitately, to offer his singing services to Philip, king of Suabia. As Friedrich died in April, and as we find Walther singing at Mayence on occasion of King Philip's coronation in September of the same year, we can hardly allow that he gave Leopold time to do justice to his powers. The poem is very flattering, but from a lyrical point of view particularly flat and inefficient. The excellent and handsome Philip responded, however, to our poet's praise of his magnanimity and his beauty, so far, at least, as to take him with him in 1199 to the Diet of Magdeburg, where Walther gives us a brilliant little picture of the procession of Philip and his Greek queen Irene to church, attended by a gay throng of Thuringian and Saxon nobles. Next year he was back again in Vienna, welcomed this time by Leopold, and rewarded for his songs by largesse from the hands of that young "glorious and liberal" prince. On May 28, 1200, when Leopold took the sword in solemn pomp as duke of Austria, gifts of "not less than thirty pounds" were made in all directions, and Walther, who had complained in 1198 that the showers of fortune fell on all sides of him but left him dry, was plentifully moistened with golden rain, and had his debts paid. This brings us to the end of his first restless period. From 1200 until 1210 he seems to have stayed quietly in Austria.

The only important event that occurred during this peaceful decade was the death of his great master in poesy, Reinmar the Old. This occurred in 1207. Reinmar, who originally came from Hagenau — that

very Hagenau where, in Walther's early manhood, Richard of England was arraigned before a Diet of the empire — was *par éminence* the poet of melancholy passion and tender reverie, and very unlike the joyous, manly figure of Walther. There is a tradition that they did not live together on the friendliest terms — a notion that is curiously borne out by the wording of a very musical and thoughtful elegy by the younger on the elder poet, in which he expressly says that it is not Reinmar he mourns, but his art. The death of Reinmar gave occasion to one of the most important contemporary notices of Walther which have come down to us. Gottfried von Strassburg, far away in Alsace, received the news as he was writing the eighth book of his great epic of "*Tristan*." He broke off to celebrate and mourn "the nightingale of Hagenau," and to weave into his narrative a critical sketch of all the great poets of his time. Reinmar has fallen with the banner in his grasp, and the minnesingers are left without a leader. Gottfried takes up his prophecy: —

Who now shall lead our congregation?
Whose voice guide this dear singing nation?
I know full well whom ye will find
Bear best that banner to your mind;
That Vogelweide it must be
Whose clear high voice rings merrily
In fields and in the open air!
Who sings of wondrous things and fair,
Whose art is like an organ's tone,
Whose songs are tuned in Citheron
To please our goddess Lady of Love.

This testimony, from such a man, proves how far the young poet's fame had already reached, and how highly he was esteemed.

Except that in this same year, 1207, Walther was so frightened by comets and shooting stars that he was sure the last judgment was arriving, nothing seems to have occurred in his history until 1210, when we find him in the service of Duke Berhard of Karinthia, where he was so ill at ease that in 1211 he migrated again; and this time to the very home of polite letters, Thuringia, where the young landgrave, Hermann, gathered around him all the most advanced spirits of the age. At the Thuringian court on the Wartburg, close by Eisenach, Albrecht von Halberstadt was busy with his German version of Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*;" Herbert von Fritslar was composing his epic on the tale of Troy; Heinrich von Veldeke, the greatest of Walther's predecessors, had just died, hard by in Naumburg; and, best of all, Walther learnt here to know the rare and exalted genius of Wolfram von Esch-

enbach, who was writing his deathless "*Parzival*," amid the roaring joviality and hospitable freedom of the Wartburg, of which Walther, whom it suited less, gives a striking picture. This seems to have been a time of depression and morbid irritation with our wandering poet. His bitterest epigrams against Pope Innocent III. date from this period, and the merry life at Eisenach seems to have jarred upon his melancholy. He is plaintively humorous against a certain knight Gerhard Etze, who has stolen his horse, and on whom he revenges himself by describing him thus, —

He rolls his eyes as monkeys do,
But most he's like the lewd cuckoo,

and other such uncouth pleasantries in the lumbering manner of the Middle Ages. From Thuringia the dissatisfied man turned to the service of Dietrich Margrave of Meissen, and remained with him till 1213. It is provoking, and a little humiliating, to read the verse-petitions addressed to one monarch after another, praying for protection and shelter, and urging liberality in the style of a charity sermon. Under Dietrich as under Hermann, Walther was a liege servant of the emperor Otto IV., whose excommunication by the poet's pet aversion, Pope Innocent, provokes him to continual wrath. In all his poems against the papacy, he writes with a freedom and a force that are truly remarkable, and Luther himself never spoke out more plainly than Walther von der Vogelweide in one little *Spruch* or sonnet, where he urges the division of all temporal and spiritual authority, that being given to God which is God's, and that to the kaiser which is his. Germany was divided between rival emperors. Otto IV. was pitted, to the great danger of the whole Hohenstaufen dynasty, against the legitimate heir to the throne, Friedrich, the young son of Henry VI. The civil war between these princes was carried on for ten years, and by-and-by we find Walther growing impatient with his patron, and urging him, at any cost, to endanger the unity of Germany no longer. Presently he describes with enthusiasm the fine presence and masculine beauty of Otto, but pathetically wishes he were as mild as he is tall. Things rapidly get worse and worse, till at last Walther takes up his parable against Otto as a double-faced monster, and openly comes over to the cause of Friedrich. This was but the instinct of a wise rather than grateful man of the world, for the poem we have mentioned last seems to belong to the year 1215, in

which Friedrich II. finally gained the day. A series of moving appeals to the clemency of Friedrich meet us next. If only the great man will smile, the poet's genius, now frozen as in winter, will re-blossom and revive. He says that —

Then will I sing again of little birds,
Of heather, and of flowers, as once I sang :
Of lovely women and their gracious words,
And cheeks where roses red and lilies sprang.

Vienna seems once more to have become his settled home, and in 1217 we read his farewell to Leopold, who, with the flower of Austrian chivalry, was then starting for Palestine on the fifth Crusade. Their departure leaves the court and city as empty and dull, we are told, as the departure of the knights of the Round Table, when they parted on the quest of the Graal, left Arthur's fabulous city. The public of Walther's day, it must be remembered, were even more familiar than we are with the Arthurian legends. The humorous tone of this song, however, soon fades in genuine apprehension, and we have a poem in which, in a strain of the tenderest and most childlike piety, he begs God to guard him as Gabriel guarded Jesus in the crib at Bethlehem. To this period belongs a curious lyrical tirade against the roughness of the young knights, who have no care for courtesy and the dignity of women. For such licentious and forward mediæval youth, Walther has but one lesson, and he repeats it incessantly, —

And wilt thou gild the round of life, of women
speak thou well.

The two years between Leopold's departure, and his happy return in 1219 were lightened by brief visits to Styria and Bavaria, but he was back again in Vienna to welcome his prince, and to send a joyous note of congratulation after him when he set out once more, this time to be crowned at Rome in the winter of 1220. It must have been about the same year that he gained the friendship of Engelbert, the stirring prince-archbishop of Cologne, under whose special protection he flourished until 1225, when that gifted prelate was murdered by his own nephew. As time goes by, as the poet grows older, and as one friend and patron is taken from him after the other, he loses gradually the elasticity of intellect that had so long sustained him, and there comes to be something almost querulous in his tone. In cadences that become monotonous, he mourns the disappearance of honor, art,

piety, and virtue from the land, and it is not always that the sadness is tempered with so much sweetness as in the following poem, which we translate as literally as possible, with the poet's own rhymes and measure. He has been ill all through the winter, and only revives when spring is in the land once more : —

The hoar-frost thrilled the little birds with pain,
And so they ceased their singing ;
But now the year grows beautiful again,
Anew the heath is springing.
I saw the flowers and grasses strive amain
Which should the taller be —
I told my lady this sweet history.

O how I suffered through the wintry hours
And grievous frosty weather !
I thought I nevermore should see red flowers
Among the dark green heather ;
Yet, had I died, 'twere grief to friends of ours,
Good folk who when I sang
So gladly danced about for joy, and sprang.

Had I been dumb on this delightful day,
For me it were great sorrow ;
And Joy, so smitten, would have fled away,
And for no happier morrow
Would Joy have said farewell, O well-a-day !
May God preserve you all,
So that ye pray that health may me befall.

The poet need not much longer detain us from the poems. After the murder of Engelbert the religious tendency of Walther's character seems to have deepened into pietism. It is, therefore, fitting that we meet with him next at the court of Hermann's successor, Ludwig, landgrave of Thuringia, who, as husband of Saint Elizabeth and patron of the ecclesiastical party, was as fanatic as his predecessor had been dilettante. But Hermann's ring of poets was by this time broken up ; one by one they disappear, as is the wont of mediæval poets, fading from our sight with no record of their death. Ludwig was a child of the new age, the characteristic man of the fanatic epoch just commencing. With the year 1226 a sudden accession of pietism was felt throughout Europe ; the life-long devotion of St. Francis of Assisi was crowned by his mystical death, and France was at once consolidated and fully reconciled to the papacy by the accession of a still sweeter because more human saint, St. Louis. The power of the empire, on the other hand, was visibly shaken.* In vain Friedrich, "the world's wonder," had trusted to the power of his individual tact and genius to frustrate the petulant intrigues of pope after pope. He was the most bril-

liant of the Hohenstaufen emperors, but under him the power of the dynasty faded into air. His independence of religious opinion was not shared by the tributary princes of the empire, and among the malcontents none was more ardent than this young landgrave of Thuringia. At the court of Eisenach, in 1226, Walther must have often seen the slight pale figure of the austere girl who ruled the ruler of the Thuringians. Mystical, hysterical, a dreamer of dreams, the wife of the landgrave Ludwig was among the most singular of the characters of that dramatic age. We know her best as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, that very saint round whom some of the most charming myths of the Middle Ages cluster. Not, we may be sure, without strenuous help from her did Walther von der Vogelweide, in 1227, address a burning word of lyrical exhortation to Ludwig to start on a new Crusade, to win back Palestine once more. In all Walther's latest poems we may fairly trace the inspiring influence of personal intercourse with Saint Elizabeth, and the verses which breathe the fullest perfume of her pure devotion are among the deepest and most exalted that he has left. Always a child of his age and a representative man, we see him in the early troubadour times throwing all his force into the courtly cultus of the Lady of Love, in the internecine struggles of the candidates for empire, preaching with a louder, clearer voice than any other the gospel of unity and independence ; now in his old age rousing to the new religious fervor, and contributing to its psalmody the crown of spiritual songs. Ludwig obeyed the summons, and started under the banner of the emperor Friedrich in the autumn of 1227. Two beautiful *Kreuzlieder* of Walther's — Crusade-songs that manifestly belong to this pilgrimage — still exist, and from their wording it has been considered that one was composed after the melancholy delay at Otranto, where Ludwig and many others died of the plague, the other in Palestine itself. The present writer, however, holds with that most careful critic, the late Franz Pfeiffer, that these poems contain nothing that could not as well have been written in Germany as in the Holy Land. One strophe of the first will illustrate the measure and manner of them : —

O God, thy succour send us,
Thy saving right hand lend us,
Till all is done befriend us,
Till all this life is o'er ;

In all our onward stations
 Defend us from temptations :
 We know the hellish nations
 Are round us tempting sore ;
 O lead us with this ditty,
 Right on to thy lone city !
 Jerusalem, in pity
 We weep for evermore !

With the departure of the Crusade, Walther's last light seems to have gone out. Sad and weary he turned to his old Tyrolese home, and found all there changed and desolate, after forty years of absence. It was probably then, and sore at heart to find himself forgotten, that the old world-weary poet composed his last and finest poem. The burden of life was never sung with more passionate sorrow; the very rhythm seems to have a wailing echo in it. We have essayed to render part of this exquisite elegy, with as little loss as possible of its *naïveté* and pathos : —

Woe's me, where are they vanished, my years
 of life that flew ?
 O has my life been but a dream, or has it all
 been true ?
 Was that a lie I cherished, that truth I vaunted
 so,
 For, lo ! it seems I've been asleep, and nothing
 now I know.

Now have I awakened ; all is dim ! I cannot
 understand
 What, ere I slept, was plain to me as is my
 either hand ;
 This folk and land amidst of which my life
 arose so well,
 Have grown my foes, and all is strange, and
 why I cannot tell.

My life is bowed with burdens, 'tis more than
 I can bear ;
 The world is full of sorrow and weary with
 despair ;
 And when I think of time long past, of won-
 drous vanished days,
 Grief takes me like a sudden wave that breaks
 on ocean-ways.

The very youth that were so gay, how sadly
 now they fare,
 Their eyes are bowed with wretchedness, their
 lips are full of care ;
 All they can do is mourn and weep ; alas !
 why do they so ?
 Where'er I turn in all the world no happy man
 I know.

Dance, laughter, singing, all forgot and sadly
 put away,
 No man throughout all Christendom has joy
 in these to-day ;
 Mark how the women little heed the tiring on
 their head !
 The proudest knights are fain to lie in boorish
 drowsihead.

O would that I might bear a shield and take a
 sword in hand,
 Would God that I were worthy found to fight
 for his dear land !
 Then should I, poor albeit I seem, myself a
 rich man hold,
 Yet not in acres have my wealth, nor master
 be of gold.

But I should bear upon my head the bright
 eternal crown
 That one poor soldier with a spear can con-
 quer for his own ;
 O might I that dear voyage make, and wend
 across the sea,
 Forever would I "Glory !" cry, and never-
 more "Woe's me,"
 And nevermore "Woe's me !"

Such, or rather far sweeter and more musical than we have art to make it, is Walther's swan-song, and with it he fades out of our sight. The only traditional fact that can help us is, that he retired to an estate near Würzburg, in Franconia, which Friedrich had given him, and that he quietly passed away about 1235, having survived all the rivals and friends of his youth. It is said that he was buried under a linden in a grass-plot surrounded by the cloisters of Würzburg Minster, in a sweet poetic sanctity, shielded from the world, yet open to the sky and a leafy haunt of birds. Out of the great love he had for those his winged rivals of the woods, there arose a charming legend, that has done more than anything else to popularize his memory, to the effect that in his last testament he left a special provision that directed that every day the birds should receive food and drink upon his tombstone, so that the branches of the linden that hung over him should never cease to resound with the voices he had so tenderly loved and so exquisitely imitated. Many poets competed to write his praise when he was dead, but none with such a naïve felicity as Hugo von Trimberg, in his well-known couplet : —

Hêr Walther von der Vogelweide,
 Swer des vergæz', der tæ't mir leide.

"Who thee forgets, does me a wrong !"

It is time now to examine the poems which remain to us of the work of this great man, whose troubled and unhappy life we have traced to its final repose. In the course of the previous narrative we have spoken of the political section of his verses, for it is from these that we have extracted, not without much labor, the greater part of the history of his life. Full of biographical interest as they are,

however, they do not form by any means the most attractive or important section of his labor. In treating Walther as a political or as a religious poet, we must not forget that his great claim to remembrance rests, not on the lyrics which he composed in these capacities, but on the matchless *Minnelieder*, love-songs, which were the first-fruits of his youth. In reading these we find ourselves face to face with the earliest blossom of pure chivalry. As might be expected in the lyrical work of a generation that blended the sentiment of "*Kudrun*" with that of "*Parzival*," the Scandinavian toleration of women, born of something like indifference, with the Provençal gallantry, born of poetic passion, the German love-songs of the school that culminated in Walther have a tender elevation, a serene sweetness more courtly than a northern, less sensuous than the southern erotic literature.

Friedrich Barbarossa had instituted several courts of love in Germany in the middle of the twelfth century, but they had not suited the grave temper of the nation; and while in Provence and France they flourished for a couple of centuries, becoming more and more fantastical and licentious, we hear no more of them in Germany after the death of Barbarossa. French influence on German literature was more epical than lyrical, more through such writers as Chrétien de Troyes than through the troubadours; but the laws of love as settled by such potentates as the countess of Champagne and Ermengarde, lady of Narbonne, were accepted by the whole world of lovers, and are reflected in the simpler poems of the minnesingers. What strikes us most prominently in the lyrics of Walther, and what gives them that inherent excellence which has kept them fresh after six hundred years, is the resolute manner in which, in defiance of the artistic theories of the age, he constantly returns to the study of nature, and the folk-song as an inspired emanation from nature. His verse is full of clear little landscapes, warm with color and sunlight, like those that fill the backgrounds of the earliest German and Flemish painters. The great fault of mediæval poetry being that it is conventional, mannered, and artificial, the student of that poetry best knows how like a fountain in the desert such a clear trill of song as the following ballad of Walther's seems. There is a versified paraphrase of it by Thomas Beddoes, the author of "*Death's Jest-Book*;" but so inaccurate is it, that we prefer to lay before the reader a translation in literal

prose, the intricate harmony of the original measure seeming to defy translation:—

Under the linden
On the heath,
There our double bed we made;
There might you find
Fair as well as
Broken flowers and grass.
In front of the forest in a valley,
Tandaradei!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

I wandered
To the field;
Thither was my beloved come.
There was I so-taken,
Blessed Lady!
That I shall evermore be happy.
Did he kiss me? O, a thousand times!
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

There had he made
So rich
A bed of flowers;
Had any one come by,
Inwardly
He would have laughed,
Since among the roses he might well,
Tandaradei!
Have marked where my head had lain.

That he was there by my side
If any were to know,
(God forbid it!) I might be shamed.
What there befell
No one knows,
Except he himself and I
And one little bird,—
Tandaradei!
And she may well be trusted.

The innocent sweetness of these lines reaches at one bound the absolute perfection of such writing. In our own rich poetic literature we have equalled, but none could excel its divine simplicity and purity. In Germany it remains without a rival in its own peculiar class, the finest songs of Friedrich Rückert coming closest, perhaps, to it. The genius of the folk-song was never more exquisitely wedded to the art of accomplished verse. Among characteristics that Walther owes to his reverent study of the folk-*lied*, may be mentioned his manner of contemplating the seasons, and their natural phenomena. Spring is his favorite time, and he is divided between the joyous excitement of seeing the flowers break through the snow, delicate reminiscence, perhaps, of the gentians on his own Tyrolean mountain-sides; and the still contentment of May, the month of blossoms, that links spring with summer. He has his flower

of flowers; the heather is to him what the daisy was to Chaucer. His songs are full of references to the tender beauty of the rose-red bells that bud and break out of the dark-green sprays. He is never tired of this one flower; when he is ill and like to die in winter, it is the sight of the heather in bloom that brings back to him the desire to live. Some of his images give the heather a sweet significance; in one *Minnelied* he says: "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing, so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy." But it is not the simple flower of the wilds that can bewitch him in his excitable moments. Then the forest must receive him in its murmurous depths, to wander there till the poet's mood of restlessness is over. "I love the heather with all its manifold colors, but I love the forest better still, for within it there are many wonderful things." But for the winter he spares his hatred. Few men have said more petulant things about the winter-time than Walther. The first line of the first poem in the collected edition of his works reads: "The winter has done us all manner of harm: heather and forest have both lost their color, but many a voice will soon sound sweetly there again. As soon as I see the maidens playing at ball in the streets, then I know it is time to hear the birds again. Would that I might sleep away all the hours of winter! for watching and waiting, I grow angry that its power should spread so far and wide. God knows it must soon give place to May, and then we shall have flowers again where now we have frost." In another early poem he says: "I am grown as uncouth as Esau, my smooth hair has become all rough (with winter cold). Sweet summer, where art thou? I long to see how the fields lie once more. Rather than go on suffering as I am doing now, I would go and be a monk at Toberlû." Toberlû being, it seems, an excessively bleak and dreary Cistercian monastery in Westphalia. Once only does he speak well of winter. That one good word is to be found in the latest group of his *Minnelieder*, where at last the obdurate lady of his love has rewarded his patient passion with a declaration of her submission. That first winter of bliss cannot be denounced as winters in general are. He blames the days for being so short, but satisfies himself with this true lover's philosophy:—

If the winter days be brief,
Longer last the winter nights;

Loved and lover find relief,
Rest and bliss in love's delights.
What have I said? Woe's me! in silence best
Such rapture were confessed.

There is one exquisite *Taglied*, or *aubade* as the French would call it, song of dawn and awakening, in which the Juliet finds a thousand plausible reasons why her Romeo should take no heed of the day-star that shines out of the grey sky in testimony of the approach of morning. Fresh as dew or a newly opened flower, such poems as these, perfumed with gaiety, chivalry, and romance, come down to us with the first principles of love and poesy upon their innocent rhythms. These earliest lisps of the vernacular are naïve with the simplicity not so much of a child as of some adult creature newly gifted with a voice, some dryad or oread just cumbered with humanity. Their sweetness is primitive and unaffected, and we listen to them with surprise to find the things they tell us so familiar and yet so freshly put. The old High German, too, has a dreamy dignity about it that is lacking in the German of to-day; there are none of the harsh labial compounds that grate upon the ear, and mar so much of the melody even of Goethe and Heine; there is none of the garrulous flatness that mars its other child, the otherwise rich and graceful tongue of modern Holland. It is inherently, in all its distinction and its imperfection, the language of romance, as Old French is *par excellence* the language of chivalry.

All this while we have said nothing about the class of his poems for which Walther was most admired by his contemporaries, and in which they took most interest, the *Minnelieder*. Criticism loves above all things to linger around the peculiarities and individualities of a character, and shrinks from the needful task of considering its uniformities. Minne-singing was the fashion of the time, and of Walther himself we learn least from the love-songs. Yet, considered simply as poetry, and as the culmination of an interesting literature, they are worthy of our careful attention. The relative position of a poet and his mistress, of any knight and his liege lady, was but recently defined by the fantastic laws of chivalry. The elaborate system of gallantry that was instituted in the south of France, and out of which there gradually developed a passion for amorous litigation which was never equalled for frivolity before or since, had not penetrated as far as Germany. We meet with none of the nonsense of *tensons* and *arrêts*

d'amour east of the Rhine, and there is an agreeable absence of the attacks upon conjugal duty in sentiment if not in fact which were so familiar to the French courts of love. A simpler, sweeter fashion prevailed among the patrons of the minnesingers, and the new discovery of the lofty worth of woman was pushed to no foolish excess of affectation. It seems to have been customary for every minstrel who felt in himself a calling to sing of love, to choose a mistress to whom to pour out his ardor and his melancholy. Considering the roughness of the times, it is very singular that the ordinary tone of the verses produced should be so reticent, so delicate as it is. These are the words in which Walther first introduces us to the lady of his love: "When the flowers are springing out of the grass, laughing up at the wanton sun, in a May morning early, and the little birds are singing in the very best way they can, what can be likened to that? It is well nigh heaven itself. Should we say what it likens, I could have said what I have seen much better, and I would say so still could I only see that glorious sight again. It was where a noble, beautiful, pure woman, well robed and well adorned, went in company with many folk, with lofty bearing and not alone, looking slowly around her from time to time, going as the sun goeth among the stars. Let May bring us all its wonder, what has it so wonderfully sweet as this her lovely body? We let all the flowers stand waiting, and gaze upon this perfect woman."

We are forcibly reminded in this beautiful description of Walther's first sight of his mistress, of the passage in the "*Vita Nuova*," where Dante sees Beatrice among the other fair Florentine girls, outshining them all. There is a grace in the picture that recalls the slim maidens of some early Tuscan procession, in attendance upon a queen who easily surpasses them in dignity and beauty. Presently the first awe of the stricken senses gives way to passion that exalts and excites the imagination, and in the next poem his hands are longing to adorn her. In language at once ardent and reverent, he declares that her simple robes should be set off with chains of jewels, and since he is poor and cannot buy these, he will throw about her garlands of red and white flowers that have sprung in forest depths to the sound of the singing of birds. He flies to the woodlands to get these chaplets for her, and in the leafy solitude he makes bold to tell us how he declared his love for her to herself. It was underneath a blossoming tree that he

told her, and the air so shivered with his passion that the petals were loosed from the boughs and fell in a soft rain at their feet. In his next song he is less rapturous. It is the beauty and goodness of his dear lady that have bewitched him, and her red mouth that laughs so sweetly; and his own diction, as he says so, is so felicitous and bright, that we think of Heine in his few joyous *Lieder*. Presently we learn that some great national disaster has fallen upon Germany; but Walther can hardly refrain from singing, for he is thinking of his mistress. He is like a happy child forced to attend a funeral, who is chided for an involuntary peal of laughter. But a sadder tone comes in, a chord of apprehension jarring on the joyful music. His lady holds aloof, and while permitting him to be her declared servant, will grant him no favor, and pronounce no word of comfort. The rapture gives way to a strain of exquisitely gracious supplication. "If thou art indifferent to me I know not. I love thee! This one thing is hard to bear. Thou lookest past me and over me. I cannot bear this my burden of love alone. If thou wilt only deign to share it, I can easily bear it." There is something extremely genuine and pathetic in this broken cry of hope deferred, and the simple confession that it is very hard to be unable to fix her look a moment, that she will "look past me and over me." We seem suddenly brought face to face, pulse to pulse, with the living man in such a natural ejaculation of wounded love and vanity as this. In the next poem we learn something of the proud lady's station. "*Hêrzeliêbez frouwelîn*," he says, "heart-beloved maiden, many blame me that I love one so poor as thou art and of so low estate. This I bear as I have borne, as I will ever bear; thou art beautiful, and thou art rich enough for me. I would not give the glass ring round thy finger for a queen's gold." The next song lends itself so lightly to our English, that we cannot refrain from giving one stanza in verse:—

God of her face had great delight;
He spread such precious colors there,
So purely red, so purely white,
Here rosy-flushed, there lily-fair;
O, I would see her gladlier far, —
Dared I say so without sinning, —
Than heaven or heaven's bright chariot-star;
Poor fool, is this thy praise-beginning?
For if I lift my words so high
The trespass of my mouth may make my heart
to sigh.

Whereupon he melts into a reverie about

her lips, so ripely red for kissing, and wonders if he shall ever win them for his own; the whole somewhat unusually amorous strain being accounted for in some measure by the last stanza, in which we learn how he fainted, wounded by her loveliness, as, himself unseen, a wildwood Actæon, he watched her rising naked from her woodland bath. We also, glancing for a moment, may in fancy see some such substantial figure, flecked with leaf-shadows, and unabashed, as was made immortal three hundred years afterwards in Albrecht Dürer's glorious engraving of the Adam and Eve, that beatification of the Teutonic Venus.

At this point we meet with the first of those invectives against "my lady Fortune," *Frou Sælde*, which become so common. He begins to feel his lack of wealth and his uncertain position very irksome and painful, and he blames fortune for his ill-luck with his mistress, who in spite of all is still "not dear, or very dear, but the dearest of all." It furthermore appears that the object of his affections is not known to the world; it was a kind of duty with sensitive lovers to conceal their lady's name, and he complains that people flock round him, and tease him to tell them. But he will give way at last, and let them know. This lady, then, has two names—the one of them is Grace, but the other is Churlishness; and so he leaves them as wise as they were before. There follows then a declaration couched in words of the most modern tone and feeling. He tells us that a man of honor, a knight, a gentleman in fact, should respect all women, but should keep his deepest reverence for the best. Not those, necessarily, which have the most beauty, for beauty is but an adornment of goodness; and then, confessing that his mistress treats him ill, yet he cannot regret being a servant of love, for he says that a man knows no more than a child what life means if he never loved a woman. Next we have a charming pastoral vignette. He is sitting in the fields, and meditating on his love; he determines to try the oracle. So he takes a long stalk of knot-grass, and pulls it asunder, joint by joint as children do, to see if she will love him or love him not. He begs us "Do not laugh!" for the answer is favorable, and he is so hopeless that even that affords him some little consolation. Presently we find him, in true Renaissance spirit, kneeling in supplication to *Frouwe Minne*, Venus, our Lady of Love, that she will shoot an arrow into the hard heart of his

mistress. It is difficult to imagine how it was possible that these long-winded interchanges of homage and disdain, to prosecute which

Men must have had eternal youth, —
Or nothing else to do,

as Mr. Dobson flippantly but pertinently says, could be pursued without much *ennui*. The sense of the ridiculous was very slightly developed in the early mediæval times, many proofs of which might be adduced from Walther's poems, and from none more than the next we come to among the *Minnelieder*, which we translate as being at the same time very short and a curiosity in subject and metre:—

Queen Fortune throws her gifts around,
But turns her back on wretched me;
No place for pity hath she found,
And what to do I cannot see;
To me to turn she will not deign,
And if I run around, I find her turned again.
She pleases not to see me ever,
I would her eyes stood in her neck, so must
— she see me then for all her wild endeavor.

The abnormal length of the last line is of not unfrequent occurrence in these poems, and points to some peculiarity in the melody to which they were sung, for in all cases the metre was arranged to suit the tune, not the tune composed for the words.

A fresh group of more humoristic *Minnelieder* opens with a whimsical piece of petulance directed against his lady. All her honor comes from having so great a poet to sing her glory, and if she will not favor him he will sing no more, and her fame will be forgotten. Then with a curious impetuous outburst that is half-comic, half-savage, he hopes that if she refuses him, and takes a young man when she is gray, that her lusty husband may revenge her first poet-lover by ill-treating her, and by whipping her old hide with summer saplings. The next is more fantastic still, full of curses on the winter, queer jokes about the ill-fortune of hearing the ass and the cuckoo on an empty stomach, and ends up by addressing his mistress as Hiltegunde. It has been supposed from this that that was her name; but, on the whole, considering the etiquette of the times, which, as we have seen, forbade a knight to reveal his lady's name, it is more likely that it is a play on his own name in connection with the popular romance of "Walther and Hildegunde." A little later we are assured that the emperor, probably poor young Heinrich VI., presently about to die in Sicily, would

gladly turn music-maker for a kiss of her red lips. Passing one or two similarly conventional lyrics, we come to one song of a far fresher kind, one that made Walther famous at once, and which ought to endear his name and memory to every German, the first clear note of high patriotic unity, a hymn in praise of Germany and German beauty. One verse in particular has often been quoted by modern critics as curiously anticipating the famous national song, "*Was ist das deutsche Vaterland?*" of Ernst Moritz Arndt: —

From Elbe River to the Rhine,
And back again all round to Hungary,
'Tis the best, this land of mine;
The best of all the world, it seems to me.
If I can judge what's fair,
In body or in face,
So help me God, no ladies have such grace
As German women bear.

Whether this declaration of public feeling softened his Hiltegunde's heart or not, at all events we find him soon on terms of familiarity with her, called by her *früunt* and *gesëlle* (lover and comrade), and calling her in return *fründin* and *jrouwe min* (darling and wife). With this song and with that quoted above, in which, for her sake, he forgives the winter, closes the series of *Minnelieder*.

The verses of his later days breathe a spirit of morbid and petulant melancholy that is very sad to meet. He lived long enough to see the decline of art, and to hear the cry that poetry was dead. Walther deploras with much bitterness the loss of courtly popularity. The world whom he has served and still would serve has left him, he tells us, to listen to young fools. The garlands of the world have missed him, and the blossoms faded; the very roses have fallen apart and left only thorns. Virtue has lost its power, beauty its magic, in these sad days. In short, he mourns, like Asaph of old, that the wicked should flourish as a green bay-tree, while he is poor and an outcast. In one of these later poems, however, we come upon a single example of a brighter mood. It begins with the old depression. He is in utter despair; life is not worth living; all men do evil, and that is the fault of the women. So far all is gloomy, but at the mention of the last word he pauses, and reproves himself for speaking evil of women. He has no right to carp at others because life is dark to him, and the piece ends by his saying, "Then I will live as best I may, and give out my song." But he is soon as miserable as ever. Love

likes the stalwart limbs of young Four-and-twenty better than the wise bald head of Threescore. The Lady of Love has gone crazed after young fools, and heeds not him nor his songs. Art is at a low ebb, morality is dead, and at last he says farewell to the world altogether.

There is little pleasure in following him through this period of morbid and atrabilious discontent, a Byronic disease of the mind far enough removed from that melancholy of Leopardi or Shelley, which is deeply poetic in spite of its weakness. We lose in it all trace of the joyous singer who had been unable, in his youth, to lead off even a piece of juggling nonsense about a crow and an old woman, without a prelude of such bubbling Chaucerian sweetness as this: —

When summer came to pass,
And blossoms through the grass
Were wonderfully springing,
And all the birds were singing,
I came through sun and shadow
Along a mighty meadow,
In midst of which a fountain sprang,
Before a woodland wild, that rang
With songs the nightingale outsang.

We have seen that he awoke from this intellectual paralysis which was creeping over him, under the excitement of the pietistic revival, and wrote some superb fresh sacred lyrics under the personal influence of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. We have seen, too, that the rousing of the embers was but a flash and that the end was near. The life of trouble was to find rest in the cloistered silence of Würzburg. Thus we have traced the man and the poet through his life and his work to the same point of conclusion. E. W. G.

From Temple Bar.
LEIGH HUNT AND LORD BROUGHAM.
WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

IF we were asked, without a moment for reflection, to say who among Leigh Hunt's distinguished Liberal contemporaries was least likely to have been his frequent and familiar correspondent, we should answer, Lord Brougham. In the long period of peaceful popularity which closed Leigh Hunt's life the present generation is apt to lose sight of the storm and strife of social and political discussion during which it opened; and in the grace-

ful poet, the subtle critic, the genial fire-side companion, to forget the keen-witted controversialist, the dauntless champion of popular rights, the man in whose endurance and self-sacrifice for the public good, Byron recognized "a modern Hampden."

Charles Knight, in his "Passages of a Working Life," well describes the contrast between the ideal and the real Brougham, when on his way to their first interview, in the winter of 1826. He says:—

There was an image in my mind of the queen's attorney-general as I had often beheld him in the House of Lords, wielding a power in the proceedings on the Bill of Pains and Penalties which no other man seemed to possess—equivocating witnesses crouching beneath his withering scorn; mighty peers shrinking from his bold sarcasm; the whole assembly visibly agitated at times by the splendor of his eloquence. The Henry Brougham I had gazed upon was, in my mind's eye, a man stern and repellent; not to be approached with any attempt at familiarity; whose opinions must be received with the most respectful deference, whose mental superiority would be somewhat overwhelming. The Henry Brougham into whose chambers in Lincoln's Inn I was ushered on a November night was sitting amidst his briefs, evidently delighted to be interrupted for some thoughts more attractive.

After describing Brougham's hearty reception of his visitors, his frequent jokes, ready sympathy, and grasp, equally instantaneous and exact, of every subject brought before him, Knight adds:—

The image of the great orator of 1812 altogether vanished when I listened to the unpretentious and often playful words of one of the best table-talkers of 1826—vanished, even as the full-bottomed wig of that time seemed to have belonged to some other head than the close-cropped one on which I looked.

If we glance at the public career of Leigh Hunt in his early days, and the private tastes and sympathies of Brougham through the whole of his nobly useful life, we shall see how much the two reformers had in common.

In 1807 Henry Brougham, then thirty years old, after a dawn of brilliant promise, both literary and legal, in Edinburgh, came to London to qualify for the English bar—a step of which he gives a curious and interesting account in a letter to Earl Grey, dated "Middle Temple Hall, May 31, 1808." He says:—

From accidental circumstances I find myself placed in a situation which enables me to command a considerable degree of success in

the profession of the law, and however odious that profession is (as God knows there are few things so hateful) I am quite clear that it would be utter folly in me to neglect so certain a prospect. I have of course been continuing my study of law, and pleading as diligently as possible. . . . But I have resolved, in the mean time, to risk an experiment which I fancy you will think not very prudent, and which I own is not quite safe. By means of a special motion at Lincoln's Inn I may manage to be called to the bar early in July, and then to go the next Northern Circuit,—which I prefer to any other, as being the largest field and in every respect the first thing in that way. I shall do this at the present moment because, from my recent intercourse with Liverpool and Manchester [in consequence of his spirited pleading, on behalf of certain leading merchants, against the Orders in Council, prohibiting trade with all ports occupied by the French] the iron in that quarter is hot, and should be struck before it cools. I set out with too slender a provision of law, no doubt, and may very possibly never see a jury until I have to address it, my stock of practice being so slender that I never yet saw a *nisi-prius* trial. But the points of law are few on a circuit, and by good fortune none of any difficulty may fall on me, and as there are no great wizards go the Northern Circuit, I may push through the thing with a little presence of mind and quickness. Besides, nothing was ever done without risk, and nothing great without much danger. Therefore I have taken my determination, and shall be ready to set out for York when the circuit commences. In short, being so fairly in for it, I must make the best of an indifferent bargain, and addict myself to whatever will carry me upwards at the bar. There are many openings—no formidable obstacles. And one may hope in time to make the profession a little more like what it used to be of old, when mercenary views were out of the question, and it was certainly the finest of all civil pursuits.

The year in which Brougham was called to the English bar saw the *Examiner* started by Leigh Hunt and his brother John. At the time, W. J. Fox tells us, in his "Lectures to the Working Classes," when the new journal became

the champion of every good object—when it feared not to expose iniquity in high places—when it grappled with every question in an honest and inquiring spirit—at that time people were living under a very different state of things with regard to the public press from what prevails in our own day. Those were really times of peril. The power which Pitt established when he quelled the first great efforts in the cause of reform was yet exercised in its plenary influence and wide extent. The nation was mad with the war spirit.

The letters printed by Thornton Hunt in the two volumes of his father's "Cor-

response," are naturally those which enter most fully into personal sympathies, such as that love of classic literature which amounted to a passion in Leigh Hunt, and brought rest and refreshment to Brougham even amidst the "warfare of giants," as Lord Jeffrey called the political strife of their youth. Other letters, covering a wider range of topics, edited by Lord Brougham himself, and reserved for a projected third volume of the "Correspondence," which never appeared, were handed to me in the spring of 1873 by Thornton Hunt with the rest of his father's letters and remains, and from them I make the following selection.

One of the earliest unpublished letters before me — so far as their contents afford a clue to their chronological sequence, for unfortunately Brougham rarely gave a fuller date than "Temple, Monday," or, "Brougham, Friday," and few of the covers have been preserved — treats of a book less widely known than it deserves; the "Collection of Letters" between Charles James Fox and Gilbert Wakefield.

As the "historical memories" of the present generation of politicians embrace a scarcely more remote antiquity than the palmy days of Earl Russell, it may be useful to explain that Gilbert Wakefield was the son of the rector of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, who, after obtaining high collegiate distinction in classics and theology, left Cambridge for the curacy of Stockport. Soon quitting the Established Church he, after an interval of teaching, devoted himself to literature — writing and publishing with such rapidity that he is said to have "rushed to the printer's with manuscript on which the ink was scarcely dry." His classical and theological works passed unchallenged, but when he dashed, with all the hot impetuosity of his nature, into political pamphleteering, he trod ground unsafe in those days for even the most wary. "A Reply to the Bishop of Llandaff," who had written in defence of the war with France, was condemned as a "seditious libel," and its luckless author was imprisoned in Dorchester Gaol for two years, during which time the Liberal party subscribed £5,000 for him. He died three or four months after his release. Such was the erratic but unquestionably conscientious democrat whose correspondence with the great leader of his party forms the subject of the following letter: —

TEMPLE, Monday Evening.

My dear Sir, — I have just been devouring, rather than reading, a little volume of letters
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between Mr. Fox and G. Wakefield. Pray note the delightful spirit which breathes through every page of Fox's writings. Not only his simplicity and frankness and enthusiasm (after a life spent in debate, popular contest, dissipation, gaming, indolence — difficulties of every kind — all the worst enemies of simplicity and truth), but chiefly the instinctive and as it were constitutional love of liberty, and dislike or natural *disgust* at all manner of oppression and injustice.

The letters about the time of Wakefield's sentence, and pp. 215, and 227–231 are notable. Some peculiarities will strike you — as his love of genuine English. He calls Lorenzo de Medici, *Laurence*, p. 161.

G. Wakefield merits no small praise for his fortitude and independent spirit. His feeling so strongly the iniquity of Lord Thanet's sentence at a moment when he was so immediately occupied with his own is highly praiseworthy; as is the *disinterested* regret at finding that Fox was more fond of poetry and criticism than of a work from which he (Wakefield) expected more good to the cause of liberty. I rejoice every time I see any such fragments of Fox's admirable principles and character held up to the view of the present *de-generation*.

This is a very hurried scrawl, but I have interrupted my less agreeable labors so much with the book that I am forced to conclude hastily with assuring you that I am,

Yours faithfully,
H. BROUGHAM.

A journalist recently said that the tendency of the public mind at the beginning of this century was to confound persons and principles — thus believing that the holder of unorthodox opinions must necessarily be in his own person a breaker of all laws, human and divine; or, conversely, that the enunciator of lofty views and refined sentiments must lead a life of corresponding purity and elevation. Brougham's mind was too judicial to be open to this error, but he draws the line between precept and practice with startling sharpness when he speaks in the same letter of Fox's "admirable principles and *character*" — by which I suppose we are to understand natural disposition, warped by circumstances and association, — and his "life spent in gaming, dissipation, and indolence."

The well-known trial for libel on the prince regent so far eclipses all other crises through which the *Examiner* passed, that they are scarcely to be remembered. It was but the culmination of a series of government prosecutions, the third of which led to a curious complication.

John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine* — the brilliant essayist and journalist,

now, perhaps, chiefly remembered for his tragical death at Chalk Farm, in a duel with Mr. Christie — wrote an article in the *Stamford News*, of which he was then editor, denouncing flogging in the army. This being quoted in the *Examiner*, the Hunts were tried for libel, defended by Henry Brougham and acquitted; but Mr. Drakard, proprietor of the *Stamford News*, who was also defended by Brougham, was convicted a few days after at Lincoln, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. This case is cited by Charles Knight as an instance of the "glorious uncertainty of the law;" but there was a technical point at issue which seems to have escaped him. The *original publication* of an article which had been the subject of a government prosecution laid the publishers open on legal grounds to the charge of "malice," in spite of the failure to convict on the first process, for merely quoting it.

The following letter, written in the large, clear flowing hand of Henry Brougham's early manhood, is endorsed (at the request of Thornton Hunt) in the almost unintelligible hieroglyphics of his last years — "This relates to Drakard being brought up for judgment." The complaint against Cobbett shows that then, as now, the great Whig and Tory parties were split into innumerable factions, almost as formidable to each other as to the common foe.

TEMPLE, May, 29, 1811.

Dear Sir, — I find Cobbett persists in imputing to me the words falsely, and I really believe intentionally, put into my mouth by the *Courier* — "that the intention was highly criminal." It is worth while to contradict this, as I cannot help thinking that it affects both the party and his counsel — you will judge best how this may be done, but if possible something should be sent to Cobbett himself, I think, by Mr. D. in his own name, as he was present. You must remember that so far from admitting a "highly criminal intention," I expressly said that all I was bound to admit was some degree of criminality — that the verdict obliged me to admit this — but the whole drift of my remarks went to show that the slightest possible degree of guilt was to be ascribed to the publication and the author. It is quite scandalous that a newspaper, under color of reports of law proceedings, should be allowed to defame persons, and to defame them by putting words into their counsel's mouth.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours, etc.,
H. BROUGHAM.

Another instance of the wilful misrepresentation of the *Courier* was the leaving out

Mr. Marriott's observation, and then making the attorney-general in reply say that "the last remark of the counsel was an answer to all that went before." The attorney applied this to what Mr. M. had said, and by leaving out all mention of Mr. M., it is made to apply to what I said — and this is the report which Cobbett chooses as the most accurate!

The next group of letters possessing any public interest relates to the stormy Parliamentary contest in which Brougham opposed Canning at Liverpool in 1812. The earliest reference to his intention to stand is contained in a letter, the first three paragraphs of which have been already published in the "Correspondence," referred to.

BROUGHAM, Tuesday.

My dear Sir, — You'll think me very idle not to have sooner acknowledged your letter, and thanked you both for the introduction and for "Acme and Septimius" (an old favorite). I am extremely pleased with both, and if you'll send me a little more of the poem, I should like to make a few free remarks. One or two *turns* struck me — but they were mere specks, and, I believe, from Dryden. In the translation I doubt respecting your two diminutives — I rather more than doubt, especially as to "poor fellow," which is inconsistent with the infinite refinement of the piece. Could you not contrive some more delicate diminutive? Also, could you not give the *sinister ante*? I think both you and Cowley give it the go-by. Now, I question if it does not convey some such meaning as that a change was effected in the love — at least in the degree of possession. If it mean anything bordering on indelicacy it is indeed better omitted.

I think highly indeed of the translation. *Acme, love!* is extremely happy — but I could fill a page with instances. Pray try "Arria and Poetus," from Martial.

These things are so much pleasanter than politics that I hate to make the transition. Our wise men certainly had resolved to dissolve — but there seems by my yesterday's letters some *hitch* in it. However, I doubt if it won't speedily take place, and then I shall in all probability be drawn in to stand for Liverpool, though as yet I have carefully avoided committing myself. There is some good to be done, even in the present state of things, by popular elections, and by bringing together large bodies of men to hear peaceably free and sound language. This is all I have to set against the great inconvenience of such elections, and of the kind of seat one has even after succeeding. But I really am much indebted to the Liverpool people for their friendly zeal, and I foresee it will be difficult to be off.

By the way, I have asked Roscoe (whose taste and skill in translation is exquisite) and Shepherd, a translator of almost equal skill, to

give me their remarks on your "Acme and Septimius," which you shall have.

Pray let me have a little more of the poem ["The Story of Rimini"], which takes my fancy wonderfully. I shall very soon send the extracts from my notes. I hope you got my packet from Lancashire; I wrote it at Allerton, but sent it from Knowsley, being sure a frank of mine ran great risk in the Liverpool post-office.

Yours ever truly, H. B.

I conclude your health is restored, but wish you would not risk it by going to hot theatres.

The Roscoe referred to above was the historian of Leo X. and Lorenzo de' Medici, whose career is as remarkable as any in the annals of literature. He began life at twelve years old as assistant in his father's market-garden, and ended it as banker and author, having, *ad interim*, practised as an attorney in the court of King's Bench and sat for Liverpool.

As "Acme and Septimius" is not included in Leigh Hunt's collected poems, and it may be found interesting to compare the translation with Brougham's critical remarks, I quote it from the *Examiner* of September 13, 1812.

THE ENTIRE AFFECTION.

(Imitated from the *Acme and Septimius* of Catullus.)

O Acme, love! Septimius cried,
As on his lap he held his bride, —
O if I love thee not, my wife,
Distractedly, and shall for life
As much as mortal madness can —
May I, a lost and lonely man,
Left in a desert to despair,
Come full upon a lion's glare!

He said: and Love, on tiptoe near him,
Clapp'd his little hands to hear him.

But Acme, to the lovely youth,
Just dropping back that rosy mouth,
With smoothing kisses thus replies
To his intoxicated eyes —
My Septimy, my life, my love,
My husband — name all names above —
So may our lasting service be
To this one only deity;
As still more sharply than in thine,
He thrills this dotting frame of mine.

She said: and Love, on tiptoe near her,
Clapp'd his little hands to hear her.

Blest with this omen from above,
Their lives are one return of love.
For he, poor fellow, so possessed,
Is richer than with East and West,
And she, in her impassioned boy,
Finds all that she can frame of joy.

Now who has seen in Love's subjection,
Two souls more blest in their connection,
Or who a more entire affection?

Brougham was defeated at Liverpool. According to the account given in his "Life and Times" he failed from a cause which operated disastrously at the last general election — the perversity of running two Liberal candidates where there was a reasonable probability of carrying only one. Writing to Lord Grey on October 16, 1812, Brougham says: —

The starting two [Liberals] inflamed and combined our adversaries, and made the two parties [Corporation and Tories], with a large secession from the Whigs, unite against us. I had nine nights of the clubs, besides a regular speech each day at the poll. I delivered in that time one hundred and sixty speeches and odd; and yesterday and to-day, after being beaten, I rallied, and delivered regular speeches to the whole multitude.

Canning is said to have spent £20,000 on this election; Brougham under £8,000, raised by subscriptions among Liberals in many parts of the United Kingdom.

In these days of enlarged constituencies and the ballot it is difficult to understand how the votes polled by the different candidates in 1812 could in any way be regarded as representing the opinions of the two parties in the borough. In 1874 Lord Sandon stood at the head of the poll for Liverpool with over *twenty thousand* votes all given quietly in one day; the defeated candidates polling nearly *sixteen thousand* — in other words, five times as many as the aggregate of votes recorded in 1812.

BROUGHAM, *Tuesday*.*

My dear Sir, — I am just returned to my nest, and may really say, *desiderato acquiescimus lecto* — for such a stormy and restless three weeks I believe no mortal ever before had as I experienced during the Liverpool contest. My repose must be shortened — for I leave this on Saturday for town as term approaches. Thus, after all my labors last winter and summer, I have not had a week's rest.

We were defeated at Liverpool because we tried too much, and would not compromise so as to return Canning and myself; you will at once see why — and the more I reflect on it I rejoice the more that the unbending course was preferred to that which would have yoked me to a man so adverse in all points of principle.

The defeat indeed throws me out of Parliament for the present, because Westminster and other *really* popular places are closed, and the borough owners are not very likely to return a reformer, and one who has shown himself an indifferent party man. But I trust I may do as much good to the great cause of liberty by being out of Parliament for awhile,

* Post-mark, October 21, 1812.

as if I continued to share in the wranglings of that place. I hate what is commonly called public meetings; but the enemies or false friends of the cause greatly mistake me if they expect to find me destroyed by exclusion from the House of Commons.

In the mean time there is an interruption of the plans which I was maturing for next session—the full investigation of the property-tax, especially as affecting farmers, I had announced last session; the subject of tithes, I don't wish to conceal, it was my design to have grappled with, and I had not only gone far in preparing this, but had been enabled by some partial practical experiments made in this neighborhood, to ascertain that my principles were sound. These, and the American war, as connected with our manufacturing and trading interests, would have occupied me during the session, and I trust I shall find some men willing to take the charge of them for me while I am out.

I shall trouble you in a few days with the corrected copy of one of the many speeches delivered by me during the election—because I prize it for the effect it produced, and the untoward circumstances under which I made it,—or rather it burst from me—for it was the dictate of the moment. It consists of an invective on Pitt's *immortality*,* and I desire to be, in every respect, judged of by that speech. It was made to a real popular assembly of four or five thousand people, all in a state of agitation and passion not to be described. Many notes were taken; so that it is nearly correct.

This election has given new force to my conviction as to reform. Liverpool, unlike Westminster, is really a close borough, of one hundred thousand people not three thousand have voices, and these are the freemen admitted by birth and servitude. Think of such men as Roscoe having no vote, while every slave captain who served seven years' apprenticeship to that traffic of blood was enabled to vote against the person who made it a felony! If the *inhabitants* had voted, the good cause would have been supported by ninety-nine voices in one hundred. As it was we ran them very near—but the fear of losing their bread made many a poor creature vote against us, with tears and protestations that his heart was with us. Every means of influence was exhausted, and at last *gold* carried the day. But the popular enthusiasm cannot be described, it affects me beyond expression when I reflect on it—and, as a proof of its faithfulness, my last appearance among them and my departure were far more like a triumph than even my public entry, as to crowds—though tears and groans literally choked their huzzas. They only speak against the people who don't know them, or see the worst of them.

Believe me, yours truly,
H. BROUGHAM.

* “Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country.”

Two months after Brougham's Liverpool defeat he was engaged in the memorable trial which was for many years the most prominent association with Leigh Hunt's name, either for sympathy or censure, in the minds of thousands. An attempt is sometimes made to assert that there was no “libel” to prosecute, and that Leigh Hunt was savagely punished for a phrase of playful satire, such as had repeatedly been passed over with a smile in the verses of Tom Moore. A cursory glance at the *Examiner* will dispel that illusion. There, week by week, the character, the conduct, and the companion of the prince regent were denounced with a trenchant and fearless scorn, a bitter, pitiless vigor, from which the truth took nothing of the sting. It does not at all affect the question that the cool unbiassed judgment of posterity has endorsed every word of those passionate denunciations; that every subsequent picture of the court of that day (even when painted by those who composed it) has justified the attacks of the contemporary journalist; that every word of censure was written in no party spirit, but felt to be a direct public duty: the libel was there, and it was impossible the libellers should escape.

It must be remembered, too, that in those times, with the hideous convulsions of the first French Revolution fresh in their memories, thoughtful men might well dread to see the avenging spirit of popular wrath let loose in England; when the elements of reform and revolution were so inextricably mixed that those who dreaded the latter shuddered at the sound of the former, and preferred rather to “bear the ills they had than to fly to others that they knew not of.”

Leigh Hunt lived to see the reforms for which he strenuously pleaded come tardily but surely, without popular riot or social devastation, through the steady growth of public opinion, as he himself wrote,—

By means of mild and unforbidden men.

And if he suffered for being before his time, that is the common fate of the ardent intolerance of youth—the intolerance of evil, which, impatient at oppression and ignorance, would fain hurry on national crises that can only come safely by coming slowly.

Leigh Hunt at that time incurred an immense amount of unmerited obloquy from a wide-spread confusion of him with his namesake “Orator” Hunt. No two

men could have been more ludicrously dissimilar, and in the *Examiner* of July 19, 1812, Leigh Hunt recorded a lively protest against the identification:—

We ask any reader of ours [he says], who is nice in his notions of reputation, how he would feel if, in the midst of his pursuits in London, and at the moment, perhaps, when he is wrapping himself in the security of his good name, he finds himself accused of being in the very act of making a fool of himself at one hundred miles' distance, on a wooden elevation, and in the face of a roaring mob.

Leigh Hunt saw the danger of that confusion of principles as well as of persons of which we have already spoken—but he was sanguine that by its very excess it would right itself. The same article concludes with these eloquent words, suggested by an extraordinary tirade of Cobbett's, in which he eulogized Orator Hunt at the expense of Sir Samuel Romilly:—

What better means could have been taken to draw a happy distinction between coarseness and refinement, between meanness and elevation, between pettiness and enlargement, between emptiness and fulness, between error and rectitude, between ignorance and knowledge, between vice and virtue, between nothing and something, between false reform and true reform,—than to drag up a poor turbulent being [Henry Hunt] out of the mud of his politics, and place him by the side of the patriot lawyer? By extravagances like these the pretenders to reform bid fair to expose themselves to everybody; and by so doing they will render it the best service they ever did in their lives, and leave its true advocates a separate and respectable body.

This passage alone—and there are hundreds like it—should have been enough to vindicate Leigh Hunt from the contemporary charges of being a demagogue and a democrat. While holding up to ridicule and reprobation the abuses of the existing court, he painted an ideal monarch who should do justice and love mercy; and not all his early faith in Bonaparte's disinterested patriotism, or admiration for his genius, could blind him to the perils of revolution and the reactionary dangers of despotism. But the populace, when once roused to move at all, will not walk steadily between the lines laid down for it by its wisest and most temperate instructors; and there is infinite mundane as well as spiritual wisdom in the Scriptural injunction, to let the wheat and the tares grow together unto the harvest, lest when ye pull up the tares ye pull up the wheat also.

The *Examiner's* attack on the prince

regent was direct and unsparing, and the truth of a libel has in a legal sense nothing to do with its criminality. The case excited the strongest interest in all ranks. To Earl Grey, Brougham wrote on the 25th November, 1812:—

Hunt's trial comes on about the middle of the week after next, and they are in some consternation at Carlton House. Two several attempts have been made to buy him off, but of course in vain; one of them came almost directly from Macmahon soon *after* the trial put off last July. I feel somewhat anxious about the verdict, but am full of confidence as to the defence and its effects all over the country; *it will be a thousand times more unpleasant than the libel.*

Brougham's account of his line of defence, the key to which is given in the words we have italicized, is very characteristic, not only of the writer, but of the spirit of the times. The masked battery of contempt for the Rosa-Matilda warblings of the *Morning Post*,—apostrophizing the prince regent as

Adonis! in thy shape and face
A liberal heart and princely grace
In thee are seen combined,—

from behind which Brougham hurled strong condemnation at the object of those absurd panegyrics, was hailed at the time as a triumph of subtlety and security. But every one now must agree with Leigh Hunt himself in preferring infinitely the close of the defence, when, throwing aside all irony, Brougham pleaded in a strain of impassioned fervor for freedom of the press—that voice of the people whose outspoken rebuke is the only punishment which can reach a certain class of offences and offenders.

Of course the passage in Lord Ellenborough's charge to which Brougham refers so indignantly in the following extract from a subsequent letter to Lord Grey, is that in which Ellenborough describes "the counsel for the defendants" as "inoculated with all the poison of his clients' publication." Throughout his whole charge the judge begged the question of guilt in a manner which would not be tolerated now.

As I conclude Hunt's trial interests you I write to say that it came on this morning at nine. A *full* special jury of twelve was procured with infinite pains, and great bustle and interest excited in town about it. The prosecution was conducted by Garrow (solicitor-general) and defence by me. Garrow reserved himself in a way quite new and very cowardly saying ten words, and waiting for me, so that

all he said was in reply. I fired for two hours very close and hard into the prince — on all points, public and private — and in such a way that they *could* not find any opening to break in upon, and were therefore prevented from interrupting me. They tried twice early, but Ellenborough, losing temper, fell into a gross error, and was fairly beaten, which gave me the rest of the day pretty easy. In summing up he attacked me with a personal bitterness wholly unknown in a court, and towards a counsel — who, you know, is presumed to speak his client's sentiments — most gross and unjustifiable. All the profession are with me, and he is either in a scrape or next door to it. . . . After all his fury, the jury, to his infinite astonishment, hesitated, and then *withdrew*. I was obliged to leave the court to attend a consultation elsewhere, so don't know the result, but there is scarcely a chance. I have heard a report of the verdict being soon after given, of guilty; but the retiring is of itself really a victory, in the circumstances.

He adds in a postscript: —

Accounts just received that in twenty or twenty-five minutes (passed by the court in great agitation), they found us *guilty*.

The sentence, as most people remember, was a fine of £500 and two years' imprisonment in separate prisons, to each brother.

When we recollect Thackeray's burning denunciation of the vices of George the Fourth, ending with the emphatic question, "Would we bear him now?" and the thunder of applause which invariably answered him, we can but reflect how happily times are changed, both for the throne and the people.

The following letters were written by Brougham to Leigh Hunt during his imprisonment: —

TEMPLE, *Monday*,
(Postmark, May 18, 1813.)

My dear Sir, — Perceiving in yesterday's *Examiner* that you mention "indisposition," I am desirous of knowing whether you have had any relapse since I saw you.

I have repeatedly been on the verge of seeing you, and always stopped by some unforeseen business coming upon me. But I expect to make good my visit in spite of all interrupting one day this week,

Believe me, truly yours,

H. BROUGHAM.

There is no truth in the account in the newspapers of my being in Parliament, any more than in the other story in the Carlton House journals of my going abroad with *Lord and Lady Oxford*, whom I think I have seen exactly twice in my life.

This Lord and Lady Oxford were the eccentric couple afterwards so notorious

for their Bonapartist intrigues. Raikes tells a characteristic story of them in his "Journal" (vol. iv. p. 14). When Lord Oxford was in France and his wife in Italy in 1815, their correspondence, regularly opened by the French police, supplied the government with full information of the plots for bringing back the ex-emperor. The illness of a favorite spaniel had been mentioned in one of the intercepted letters, and so little pretence was made of concealing the system of espionage that a *gendarme* who stopped Lord Oxford's carriage at the frontier to examine his papers, accosted him with the sarcastic inquiry, "*Bon jour, milord, comment se porte votre petit chien?*"

In 1815 Leigh Hunt issued an enlarged edition of "The Feast of the Poets," dedicated to Thomas Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes. It is alluded to by Brougham in the following letter: —

TEMPLE, *Thursday*.

My dear Sir, — I have been in expectation of seeing you daily since my return from Kent, where I went during the holidays. I fear I must delay my visit for a few days longer, but I cannot defer my congratulations on these important events, so useful to the cause of constitutional liberty and improvement. The immediate and great reduction of the power of the crown may fairly be expected to arise from peace, and the lopping off of so much patronage, and the cessation of the alarm (so useful to arbitrary power) in which we have been kept for the last twenty years. What the event in France may be is less plain — but whatever government is there formed must be a peaceful one.

I copy a passage from a letter just received from my friend Mr. Jeffrey of Edinburgh, in answer to one I wrote respecting your poem. "I read 'The Feast of the Poets' with great delight in America, but never knew the author till I received your letter. I shall be glad to be of use to him when he attempts something more considerable. The present work seems too slight to justify a review." You will perceive that he had seen only the original publication.

Yours truly,

H. BROUGHAM.

I hope you liked Lord Grey's speech about Poland.

In 1827 the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was founded by Brougham, Charles Knight, and others prominent in the cause of education. The following letters relate to a work begun for that society by Leigh Hunt; subsequently issued in supplements to *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* as "The Streets of London;" and finally, much altered

and enlarged, appearing as the most popular of all his books, "The Town:" —

APPLEBY. *Thursday,*
August 27, 1829.

My dear Sir, — Your letter which I have just received is very agreeable to me, both because it lets me know that you are well, and because it conveys a wish to co-operate in one of the most important of the society's works. I write by this post to Mr. Mill, who is at the head of that department, and I have strongly recommended to him the opening an immediate correspondence with you on both the matters you mention. I know he will be as ready to do this as I am to suggest it. I have sent him an extract of the latter part of your letter. Almost all that the society publishes passes through my hands in one stage or another — and I use some freedom in cutting out as well as in suggesting alterations and additions (the latter chiefly to inculcate good feeling and unity). This seems to be incumbent upon me — *as our names are given* — and I am sure *you* will hold yourself safe in my hands.

Believe me, truly yours,
H. BROUGHAM.

"Mr. Mill" was of course the historian of India, John Stuart Mill's father.

Thursday.

My dear Sir, — I came out of court when you called for me, after I had answered your question, but you were gone.

It seems to me that you are upon exactly the right road in what you have written. The great object to be kept in view in what follows is to combine as much as possible *sound instruction* with matter of mere amusement and ordinary interest. There is hardly a part of your design that may not be connected with useful observation of men and things, such as the praise of good men, and men who have rendered service to humanity by their living, or writing, or suffering — the approbation of sound and enlightened policy — the abhorrence of vice, public or private — the commendation of the arts of peace, and magnifying of all that tends to exalt and improve mankind — the contempt of vain and bootless military glory, and the detestation of its effects. A great city full of schools, and hospitals, and useful institutions of other kinds, and abounding too in monuments of the triumphs of the worse parts of our nature, furnishes many themes at every step, and the men whose residences you everywhere see afford similar topics.

Yours truly,

H. BROUGHAM.

These are the last unpublished letters before me. Their chief interest lies in the glimpses they afford of the thoughts and opinions of Brougham in his youth; and the vivid incidental picture of a state of feeling existing between the crown and its more enlightened subjects such as, for-

tunately, in this day we find it difficult to realize.

The mutual regard and respect of the two correspondents was life-long, and Leigh Hunt dedicated "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" to his early champion in words to which all readers will readily assent — pausing perhaps on the closing parenthesis: —

Great in office for what he did for the world, greater out of it for calmly awaiting his time to do more; the promoter of education; the expediter of justice; the liberator from slavery; and (what is the rarest virtue in a statesman) always a denouncer of war.

From The Spectator.

PARTIAL DEAFNESS.

THE melancholy spring through which England has this year passed — a spring only to be distinguished from winter by the want of elasticity in the air, and by the steady malice of the north-east wind, which in winter is seldom so uninterruptedly master of the situation, being whipped or soothed into quiescence every now and then by hail or snow — produced, among other consequences, an epidemic of deafness. Quite an unusual crowd of persons were affected by a variety of bronchial disease which swells or chokes the Eustachian tubes till air cannot reach the ear from the reverse side, and patients become temporarily, sometimes for many weeks, more or less completely deaf. The severity of the attack varies considerably, not only as between individuals, but from day to day, until those affected enjoy opportunities of "feeling how deaf people feel" of a very unusual kind, opportunities usually neglected out of sheer alarm, the sufferers being "convinced," in spite of doctors and experienced friends, that they will never quite recover hearing again. The writer of this paper was one of those affected, and as he had been the subject of similar attacks before, and had a fair confidence — not quite perfect — that this one also would pass away, he amused himself by trying to estimate dispassionately the extent and kind of his losses and gains. At first, while the deafness was slight, just enough, to use the most familiar test, to debar him from hearing the ticking of a watch pressed closely to the ear, he was not certain that the deprivation was all pure loss. There was a good deal of compensation in the relief from certain nervous troubles which affect more or less

severely all residents in great cities. The roar of London—that ever-present pressure of vague sound which is never absent from the Londoner's ear, though sometimes forgotten, and which, unobserved, affects all London voices and all London music—was suddenly and incomprehensibly stilled, as in the earliest dawn. He says “stilled” advisedly, and not “suspended,” for the roar must still have been audible in some faint degree, or the patient would have felt, what he did not feel,—that dreadful increase in the effect of solitude produced by the cessation of an accustomed and all-pervading noise, that severe shock of expectancy or dread which comes to men who, sleeping constantly under the noise of factory engines or the engines of a steamboat, find it come suddenly to an end. This effect of deafness was slightly soothing, a sort of transfer from town to country, or rather from the sounds of a crowded street to the comparative quiet of a carpeted house, and was, on the whole, rather pleasant than the reverse. So was the change produced by the inability to hear the sea. The writer, unfortunately for himself, feels usually in a very acute degree the melancholy of the sea, that impression of unrest, turmoil, and sullen implacability which the sea frequently produces even on men who, like himself, have experience of long and distant voyages. That the sea is unfriendly to everything in man, except, indeed, his digestion, was his permanent impression; but being ordered to the seaside while still deaf, he was surprised to find how completely this impression depended upon the sense of hearing. While still able to hear clear voices directly addressing him, he had lost the power of hearing either the splash of water against the piles of a pier, or the dull roar of the waves breaking on the shore, and with the sound the melancholy impression due to it had departed. The sea, though rough and dingy-colored from the weather, had the pleasantness of a broad river or lake, the agreeable attractiveness which almost everything in nature possesses while in motion. The eye judged for itself alone, without interference from the ear; and to the eye the swelling and falling water, and the play of the white foam on the waves, and the self-sustained, and as it were, wilful mobility of the far-away masses, were, on the whole, cheerful, and even gladdening sights, like the view of an amused and lively crowd in a well-painted picture. The lights were perpetually coming out, and the sombre murmur was gone.

Part of this was due, no doubt, to what must be the very first impression on a deaf man, when not embittered or distracted by the conscious pressure of his loss,—the change of the world from reality into a panorama. A street in London, from a noisy scene of activity, became in a day a scene in a theatre, where silent pedestrians, and noiseless horses, and unrumbling carriages moved incessantly past, towards silent and therefore much nearer vistas of distance. All English townsmen, though they may never have been deaf, have experienced in part the same effect after a heavy fall of snow. The strand of a full and rather noisy watering-place was transformed into a place exactly like it, but seen in a camera-obscura, the crowds coming and going in silence, and apparently without purpose, as they do when seen on the table of that contrivance, once so universal in watering-places, but now apparently out of fashion or popularity. As when looking at the picture on the table, too, one became aware, as one watched, that noiseless movement always appears to be movement without volition, effortless movement which can never stop, and to dream of what one would think of the placidity or permanence of the universe, could one hear the rushing of the orbs as they pass through space. This change was not unpleasant, more especially as there was, even in London, no danger attending it. It is popularly supposed that the deaf are in peculiar danger in a crowded city, but this is, the writer is convinced, except at night-time, an error, the difficulty caused by the want of hearing being counterbalanced by the absence of the bewilderment produced by rushing noise. A deaf-and-dumb artist, many years ago, saved some of Messrs. Pickford's horses in a fire, at a moment when the animals refused to move and the firemen were temporarily driven back. He accounted for his success to the writer, who had been astonished by his apparently reckless daring, by writing, “All those men heard the flames, but I only saw them.”

Then several of the minor annoyances of life suddenly disappear to the partially deaf man. The doors do not bang, but only shut audibly; the fire-irons do not clang, but only fall *avec intention*; children's crying is not savage, but only remonstrative; and all voices are found to be in varying degrees soft and sweet, the last pleasurable impression being perhaps exaggerated by the new grace always developed in the deaf, the painful willingness

to hear, and so satisfy themselves that the power of hearing has not died away.

But the patient was not to be left with the impression that the deaf exaggerated their grievance out of querulousness, or a desire to obtain the sympathy seldom refused to the sick, unless, indeed, they are sea-sick, but so rarely accorded in full and fitting measure to the deaf. He never became stone-deaf, or anything like it, but for a week he became "as deaf as a post," as deaf as an old man usually is, — that is to say, too deaf to hear ordinary voices, or any voices not addressing themselves to him, so deaf as to require exertion in his interlocutors, to miss accidental remarks, to be insensible to remarks not prefaced by some summons calling his attention, and to be compelled constantly to ask the reiteration of a sentence. Oh! the weariness of that last deficiency, the pain of feeling oneself transformed into a bore, the grief of seeing the faint look of surprised weariness which crosses even the most patient of faces, when the exertion to speak clearly has been made and has failed. The relief at first felt in the lowering of all sounds soon passes into pain at the absence of all sounds, and you would bear any distraction from clatter, if only you might hear the voices at your own dinner-table, or talk to the children without wearying their impatience, or hear the trivialities which soften conversation, yet seem quite silly if formally repeated. We suspect that people partially deaf, "hard of hearing," as it is called, have many painful moments, when it seems to them, in spite of their better selves, as if all the world had conspired to whisper, and that its object must be to isolate them from the talk. And we know, even from a short experience, that none of the minor trials are greater than the converse of that, — the sense gathered through the eyes that all about you are, out of affection, or respect, or courtesy, pitching conversation above its natural level, and so enduring through the ears a pain which you, being deaf, would gladly endure, but which to them takes away all the grace and much of the charm of conversation. We are told that with seriously deaf people, people who are compelled to use a trumpet to catch every sound, a slight or insignificant remark becomes a torment, because in listening to it they have thrown away an exertion, have parted with energy for nothing; but to the partially or temporarily deaf, the inability to hear insignificant remarks becomes for a time a torture. It dies away, no doubt, with habit,

but relief is purchased at the price of a self-seclusion, a retreat upon the inner forces, which to some men is intolerable, and is no less intolerable to the deaf than it is to those who can hear. [Odd, think the deaf, that there should be no descriptive adjective for those possessed of the faculty of hearing, while there is one for those deprived of it, — a new instance of the tyranny of the majority.] The pain is increased, too, at least it was in this writer's case, by a reluctance to speak, arising not so much from inability to modulate his voice — that does not come till a very late stage of the disorder, and sometimes not at all — but from a dislike to a kind of reverberation in the ear or throat, a hollowness in the sound of his own voice which it would tax an aurist to explain. The effect on air of a spoken word must surely be outside the mouth, not inside, yet undoubtedly the effect on the hearing of their own voices and other people's voices is, with some deaf people, totally different. The sense of a great loss, once established, increases, of course, with the increase of the defect, until at last, when writing must be used, they feel as if nothing could compensate them for their affliction, recognize that one of the windows of the soul is shut, and grow sometimes more weary than the blind. There is a theory abroad that the latter are more patient than the deaf, but we believe it to be incorrect, and to be the result of the greater *visibility* of their dependence upon others. The deaf are almost equally worried, though of course in a less degree, they do not acquire the calm which in so many instances is the blessing of the blind, and they are liable in morbid states of mind to a temporary, but terrible apprehension, an exaggeration of dread about their eyesight, a fear that both windows of the soul may be shut, which in its intensity is probably the most awful of dreamy fears, far worse than the apprehension which doctors know under the title of *timor mortis*, which is not the "fear of death," but a special and horrible form of hypochondria, usually — we have seen two marked cases — passing away when death is really near.

From The Economist.

THE EXTRADITION QUARREL.

GENERAL GRANT has sent Congress a message on the subject of the Winslow extradition case, of which we do not think

the British government has any reason to complain. Indeed, had the British government treated the Extradition Treaty of 1842 with the United States, as excepted from the operation of our Act of 1870, which requires a stipulation that no criminal delivered up shall be tried, without being set at large in the interval for any crime on the charge of which he was not originally delivered up; and had they delivered up Winslow and Brent, without asking for any such stipulation, we suspect that the lawyers would have been able to show a very plausible case for that construction of the Act of 1870, and that the politicians would have been very little inclined to make a fuss about the advice of the lawyers. No doubt it might possibly be an objectionable thing to allow all our neighbors to get a criminal delivered up to them on evidence of one crime, and then try him for another very different and much more political kind of crime. If we were to deliver a man up on good *prima facie* evidence of murder, and then so soon as the criminal had reached the country in which he was to be tried, an accusation of a very different kind, such as that of "conspiracy to murder," was substituted—a charge which might easily be sustained by evidence of a kind derived from political associations and principles,—we might find ourselves landed in a certain amount of complicity with the political severities of despotic countries. We doubt if, even on this ground, there be really substantial excuse for serious objection, as we shall attempt to show almost immediately. But, at all events, whatever objection there might be would not apply to the United States. There is no country where the political system is more thoroughly free from the charge of political austerity than the United States. There, at least, there was little or no danger of any charge of a substantially political character being veiled under a charge of a more ordinary criminal kind. And therefore we cannot help regretting that the legal view which we should have supposed the sound and natural one and which certainly does recommend itself to some sound lawyers,—namely, that the Extradition Treaty of 1842 was excepted under one of the clauses of the Act of 1870 from the operation of the new arrangement,—has not been found trustworthy. We do not even now know what the objection of the crown lawyers to that view of the case was. But whether it were sound or not we cannot help thinking that it would

have been in many respects desirable if our old extradition treaty with the United States could have been left to work on somewhat easier and less restricted terms than the extradition treaties which we have signed with countries where there is more reason to fear political persecution. However, that appears to be now out of the question, for some reason or other. The crown lawyers are persuaded that the Act of 1870 binds us in relation to the criminals extradited under the old treaty with the United States, no less than in relation to criminals delivered up under extradition treaties made since that date. And we have, therefore, to consider on what terms we shall renew our extradition arrangements with the United States, if, as we hope we may gather from the tone of General Grant's message to Congress, the government of the United States should be willing to renew them.

What the United States desire, but what apparently the Act of 1870, as it stands, will not permit, is that if we conclude a new extradition treaty with America, we should not only include all the offences for which the newer act provides—especially making and issuing false money, larceny, obtaining property by false pretences, criminal frauds by trustees and directors of public companies, abduction, child-stealing, and so on—none of which are included in our old treaty with the United States—but that in addition to this we should give power to the United States government to try the criminals surrendered, after surrender, not only for the offences with which they should have been charged in this country, but also for any others included in the list of those for which extradition is permitted, no political or semi-political offences being of course included in that number. The reasons for such a course are very obvious. It is not easy for a *prima facie* inquiry to make out the exact crime of which a man has been guilty. Adequate evidence is offered to prove that there is a very strong case of suspicion against him, but it is often very difficult to say what is the exact charge which can be proved—whether, for instance, he can be proved guilty of forgery or only of uttering forged paper, whether he can be proved guilty of larceny or only of embezzlement. And obviously it is not a very encouraging thing for any country to have to waste all the expense and trouble devoted to the arrest of a fugitive criminal of this kind, only because some slight mistake, rather as to the proper *name* for the thing, than

the thing itself, was made in charging the criminal in the original accusation before the magistrates.

It stands to reason that if such a waste of wealth, valuable energy, and time as is implied in this defeat of justice, on purely technical ground, can be avoided, it ought to be avoided, and we ought to look very well into the reasons which are alleged against permitting so reasonable a course. Now the reasons alleged are these. It is said that this course would be perfectly safe with America, but that it would not be at all safe with some of our more despotic Continental neighbors — that they would not unfrequently get a fugitive surrendered on one ground which had no element of political motive in it, and then proceed to try him on another which had such an element pretty distinctly visible; for instance that, having been claimed for forgery, and surrendered on adequate *prima facie* evidence of forgery, he might be tried for murder under conditions which would reduce the murder to an act of political revolt. Now it cannot be denied that there may be some sort of ground for such a fear. But when we come to weigh the danger against the obvious and very great mischief of the present strict rule, we must say that the danger of injury to the State, and even to the moral rights of individuals, is far greater through the present restriction than through the proposed enlargement of the principle. In the first place, where a despotic government wishes to punish a man of dangerous political character, and can safely punish him for an ordinary crime, for his commission of which it has already accumulated a considerable mass of evidence, it is exceedingly unlikely that it will waste the evidence accumulated on the committal of the criminal, and indict him for some new offence. If the government wishes to stop his mouth and imprison him, the chances are great that it can do so best on the charge of which he has already been accused. But even if it be otherwise, so long as we stipulate that no political charge at all shall be included in the list of those for which he is triable after his surrender, there is not very much danger of a miscarriage of justice. Certainly, it is possible that, whereas he was surrendered only on evidence of a kind not admitting of capital punishment, he might be afterwards tried for one admitting of capital punishment, and so lose his life, though the motive of the government in prosecuting him should have been chiefly political. But that, too, might be easily pro-

vided against by stipulating that he might only be retried for any other offence included in our law of extradition, on condition that it was one punishable by no severer punishment than the one for which his surrender was demanded and obtained. Such a provision would make it impossible to get a man surrendered as a forger and then to try him for murder. And so long as the kind of punishment was not severer, we do not see what even the most despotic government would have to gain by trying a fugitive criminal for an offence different from that for which he had been surrendered.

On the whole, if we could so amend our Act of 1870 as to admit the trial of any fugitive criminal surrendered to a foreign nation for any offence on the list of those included in the act, except for any punishable by severer penalties than the crime for which he were surrendered, we do not believe that any serious injustice would be done, while very serious injustice and very great cost would certainly be avoided. As we observed in a previous article, there should clearly be a limit to the sacrifice this country is willing to make for the sake of protecting the asylum of political refugees. So long as these political refugees are political refugees only, it is most important that we should secure them a safe refuge, and decline altogether to give them up. It is even for the advantage of foreign despotisms themselves that those who are tempted to revolt against the oppressiveness of their system, should not be driven to utter despair by the deficiency of any safe asylum against their rulers' vengeance. But when it comes to making a very great sacrifice in the way of discipline and security, and this for the sake of political refugees who are charged on at least good *prima facie* evidence with ordinary and non-political crimes, we think the country ought to hesitate. It is all very well to throw our shield over a despairing patriot, but when the despairing patriot is a probable forger, or swindler, or thief, we think we ought to pause and count the cost. The United States have as much interest as we have in putting an end to that unfortunate state of things which bids fair to make London, or Quebec, or Montreal the asylum of a host of American scoundrels, and New York or Boston the asylum of a host of British scoundrels. We trust that the two governments will approach each other as frankly as possible with an honest resolve not to let small obstacles stand in the way of the conclusion of a new treaty, and in

the arrangement of its terms we must say we think Great Britain might well concede something, on her side, of that excessive sentimentalist sympathy with political offenders of doubtful morality, which at present seems to be the chief obstacle to a cordial understanding with the United States.

From The Spectator.
LUNAR STUDIES.

WE wonder how many selenographers, properly so called, there are in this country. The moon has been mapped and measured, and surveyed generally; her motions have been determined so precisely, that it was regarded as quite a serious matter when lately a very minute irregularity was discovered in her movements of which astronomers could give no account; her heat and light have been measured, and we have found how little she deserves to be called the "cold, pale moon," seeing that she is, on the whole, more nearly black than white, and at lunar noonday hotter than boiling water. But the selenographers proper form a class by themselves. They take a lunar crater, or walled plain, or mountain ridge, as the case may be, and in that chosen locality set up their rest. They study its aspect at lunar sunrise, midday, and sunset, now when the moon is swayed one way in her libration or balancing, anon when she is swayed the reverse way. Every spot and crevice upon or around the region selected is examined again and again for signs of change, and every appearance which can be regarded as in the slightest degree suggesting that there has been a change, is entered down in the record by which one day the world is to be convinced that the moon is not the dull, dead world astronomers have supposed. It argues well for the cause of selenography that a portly volume has recently been published for their benefit and encouragement. We infer that there must be a tolerably large selenographical constituency. The author of the work referred to, Mr. Neison, has been eight or nine years at work collecting material for this book,—selenographical fragments, so to speak. And moreover, which is even more to the purpose, so far as the future of selenography is concerned, he has made laudable efforts to show that there is certainly a good deal of air upon the moon, probably plenty of moisture, and possibly not a little vegetation.

If there is not vegetation, there is, at any rate, he thinks, a process of alternate tarnishing and brightening-up of portions of the moon's surface; and if this is not exactly equivalent to life on the moon, it has a life-like effect, calculated to be very encouraging to his selenographical brethren.

First, as to the air and moisture, for even selenographers admit that life would not be very comfortable in a dry and airless world. It is reasonable to assume that when first starting in the solar system as a full-fledged planet, the moon had her fair share of both air and water. Her mass being about the eighty-first part of the earth's, she was entitled to an atmosphere similarly proportioned in quantity to the earth's. Now the earth has fifty-three hundred millions of millions of tons of air, and therefore the moon in the same stage of planetary existence should have had more than sixty-five millions of millions of tons. Again, if the average depth of the ocean is about two miles, the earth has some two hundred and thirty times as many tons of water as of air; and the moon, in the same stage, should have had, therefore, nearly fifteen thousand millions of millions of tons of water. But then the moon is very old,—not in years, indeed, but as a planet. She is in the sere and yellow leaf, even if she has not reached the winter of her existence. She is decrepit, if not dead; and as planets grow old, they lose more and more of their air, getting at the same time drier and drier. The air and water are not, indeed, bodily removed, but gradually absorbed by the surface. Taking due account of this circumstance, Mr. Neison will only allow the moon about eleven millions of millions of tons of air, and no surface-water at all, only a moist crust. But as he truly remarks, that is a great deal of air, after all, and a great deal might happen with a moist crust which would not happen with a dry one. Eleven millions of millions of tons of air should count for something in the economy of our satellite, and the warm rays of the sun poured during the long lunar day (a fortnight of our time) without intermission upon the moon's moist surface ought to effect changes of some sort. If selenographers have not yet noted important changes thus occasioned, then all the better reason is there why they should examine the lunar features more and more searchingly, till they find the evidence they require.

There are two lunar spots which the selenographer regards with special favor,

because of the evidence they seem to give of change. One is a crater lying on the so-called Sea of Serenity, which some popular lunar observers regard as the left eye of the man in the moon. Here there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mädler in forming their celebrated chart. But ten years ago, the skillful astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers—who has, in fact, given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing—found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scientific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mädler's small telescope; but though they found a crater, it was nothing like the crater described by Mädler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. "The most plausible conjecture," said he, "as to the cause of this disappearance seems to be the filling-up of the crater from beneath by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity, casting no stray shadows." But how tremendous the volcanic energy required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly incredible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior, we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had been the floor of the crater. The forces at work on the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater-walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity. Under the tremendous and long-lasting heat of the lunar midday sun, the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand, while during the intense cold of the lunar night, a corresponding

contraction must take place. Under the influence of this alternate expansion and contraction, the strongest of the lunar crater-walls must be tending to their downfall. Their substance must be gradually crumbling away. From time to time, large masses must topple over, and occasionally long ranges of crater-wall must be brought to the ground. It seems conceivable enough, certainly far more probable than any other interpretation which has been offered, that the crater-wall first missed by Schmidt was destroyed in this way.

The other favorite region of selenographers is a much larger one,—the great walled plain called Plato, and by the older astronomers the Greater Black Lake, sixty miles in diameter, and surrounded by mountains, some of which rise nearly two thousand five hundred yards above the level of the floor. According to the selenographers, the whole of this floor changes in aspect regularly during each lunar day,—the lunar day, be it remembered, being equal in length to what we terrestrials term a lunar month. In the lunar morning hours the floor is light, during lunar midday it is dark, and in the evening it grows light again. The idea of selenographers as to the cause of this change is that some process of vegetation takes place over this depressed floor (it lies more than half a mile below the mean lunar level); or else that vapors ascend when the sun's heat is poured on the floor and tarnish it in some way, while after midday heat has passed the vapors are reabsorbed, and the surface resumes its former lustre. The profane, however, urge that the whole matter is a mere effect of contrast: in the morning and evening the black shadows of the surrounding mountains are thrown on part of the floor, and the rest by contrast looks light, whereas at midday the same mountains (which are white and bright) form a ring of light all round the floor, which, therefore, looks dark by contrast. The selenographers maintain, on the contrary, that they have not been deceived by contrast, and *adhuc sub judice lis est*.

One can understand that to those who have leisure to pore, after the selenographic fashion, into the details of our satellite's surface, the work must possess a certain charm. Though the nearest of all the heavenly bodies, the moon still lies so far away that very minute apparent signs of change imply really important disturbances; and though astronomers have given up the idea that there

can be life of any sort on the surface of our satellite, yet she still has interest for many, as a world which was probably at one time the abode of many orders of living creatures.

From Nature.

THE REMINGTON TYPE-WRITING MACHINE.

IN making comparison between the physical and the biological sciences, it is not difficult to recognize how it comes that they differ in one essential element. In the *physical* the forces in action are comparatively few, and of very different degrees of intensity. The centripetal and centrifugal tendencies, for instance, of moons and planets so far exceed the mutual attractions of the planets *inter sese*, that in the rough calculation of their orbits the latter may be omitted from consideration.

In the study of the phenomena of life, however, the innumerable forces which are found to be in play are so fairly balanced in their magnitude and tendencies, that the task of dissociating and classifying them is almost beyond the means at the disposal of the human mind.

In the study of the various machines which have from time to time been constructed with the purpose of economizing or superseding the employment of the engine muscle, — expensive in the nature of the fuel it requires, although it is so economical in the way in which it uses it, — a similar division may be made. In the steam-engine, however developed, the waste of force essential to the working of the valves is nothing in comparison to the power employed, nor in the telegraphic needle is much done by the current except the actual record which it makes.

But on looking at the sewing-machine or the more novel type-printing apparatus we can see that the ingenuity of America, stimulated by the idea of practical advantage, has been developed in a direction, not towards the discovery of more economic principles, but to the employment of forces already known in the mastery of complicated operations previously thought to be beyond the powers of any other mechanism than the hand of man. To obtain these results an entirely different conception has to be introduced. The power at the disposal of the operator has not to be directed simply to the performance of a single operation, like the movement of the needle in the sewing-machine

or the impressing of the letter in the type-writer, but has to be distributed so that it may perform a series of simultaneous operations, all leading to a complicated result. The treadle of the sewing-machine in its movement, besides the rise and fall of the needle which it produces, works the thread loop-slip, shifts the fabric, and unwinds the cotton. The pressure on any one of the keys of the type-writer, besides the impression which it stamps upon the paper, shifts that paper, inks the type, and places each letter in its proper sequence.

In order properly to balance all these varied actions, great ingenuity and much practical experiment are necessary, and of the "Remington type-writer," the only satisfactory instrument of the kind yet brought to public notice, the introducers, the most prominent of whom is Mr. Jefferson M. Clough, superintendent of the Remington armory, tells us that "during the time required to perfect the invention, about fifty machines were constructed, all upon the same general principle, but each differing more or less in the minor details."

The general principle is a most ingenious one. It is evident that the great difficulty in the construction of such an instrument is that it is necessary to have a large number of signs — letters of the alphabet, figures, stops, etc., arranged in such a manner that any one of them, may, by the simple pressure on a corresponding key-note, be printed in any required order or sequence upon a paper sheet placed ready to receive it. There are many more or less elaborate ways in which this may be accomplished; none, we believe, so simple as that adopted by the Messrs. Remington. Their apparatus may be compared to a piano, even in its details. There is a keyboard, on each key of which the letter it impresses is to be found indicated. The depression of each key raises a hammer. This hammer, however, instead of being covered with a felted pad, as in the piano, carries at its extremity a type-cast letter, which, in place of a stretched wire, strikes on a piece of paper the impression of the letter which it bears. So far the similarity between the two instruments is very close. But to produce sounds and to perpetuate impressions in black and white in any definite sequence, are two very different things, the latter being much the more difficult; and herein lies the ingenuity of the principle adopted in the type-writer. The hammers, instead of being arranged in one line, as in the piano, form a circle,

in the exact centre of which each type-letter at the end of its hammer-lever strikes upwards. Two keys struck at the same time must consequently cause two type-letters to clash in their attempt to reach the same spot, the centre of the circle. This, however, does no injury to the instrument, although care must be taken not to cause it. Above the circle of levers the recording paper is situated, rolling on a drum, towards the operator, the whole being so placed that just before any letter of a word is struck that part of the paper on which the letter has to be impressed is nearly over the middle of the lever-circle. The depression of the key first moves the paper into the exact position and then prints the letter, figure, or stop. An independent key produces the blank between each two words.

The method of inking is excellent and unexpected. A strip of fine fabric, saturated with the ink, is carried between two rollers so arranged that it intervenes *between* the paper to be printed on and the centre of the lever-circle. The type-carrying hammers do not, therefore, strike the paper itself at all, but only the ink-saturated band, which, as a result of the percussion, comes in contact with the recording paper, *but only in the parts where contact is made*, which are nothing more nor less than those corresponding to the configuration of the letter or figure employed. There is a simple shifting apparatus to carry this inking band from one roller to the other, and afterwards back again, which prevents the same part from being struck too often.

A side lever shifts the paper at the end of each line, and a small bell is struck to warn the operator when this has to be employed.

Into further detail we need scarcely enter. The whole instrument is not larger than a sewing-machine. Its cost is twenty guineas. It only writes in capitals, the total number of keys being forty-four, arranged in four rows of eleven in each. Its simplicity is the best guarantee of its durability.

As to the "typoscript" (in contradistinction to the manuscript of ordinary handwriting), there is no comparison between its clearness and that of average penmanship. It has, in fact, all the appearances of print, with its many advantages as regards legibility, compactness, and neatness. Errors, if detected soon enough, can be corrected by the repetition of the word or sentence, and the subsequent obliteration, upon reperusal, of

the faulty lines. The ink employed can be transferred like transfer ink.

The principal question which this beautiful and ingenious little instrument suggests to our minds is, whether it would not be better for every one of us to learn the Morse telegraph language, and employ it for writing upon all occasions instead of the cumbrous letters now in vogue. Thought is more quick than formerly. Germany is rapidly rejecting its archaic type; why should we not go further and write in Morse, where spots and horizontal lines do duty for all necessary signs, and type-writers of the simplest form would be required?

From The Victoria Magazine.

PHYSICAL INFLUENCES UPON CHARACTER.

THE influence of physical comforts upon us is far more considerable than we think, or would like it to be thought, perhaps. Let the most prayerful mind be ever so bent upon service to its Maker, its litany, its confessions of wrong-doing, and yet, in the very midst of its devoutest desires for amendment, the chilling frost of an uncongenial place or posture will nip the stoutest protestations in the bud. Temporal inconvenience, in nine cases out of ten, assuredly takes the upper hand where spiritual prostration essays to acknowledge itself. However devotional the character of our mind, however we may make the best intentions to "observe a lively faith in God's Holy Word," not to let it sink into mere hebdomadary letter-worship, clogged by the constant round of repetition, yet, should hard-backed seats beset us, should it unfortunately chance that a preacher's voice is droning or monotonous, these will, spite of an earnest endeavour to fix the attention, more or less affect our thoughts, and otherwise dispose of them. Even the flicker of an elusive sunbeam, or dazzling fugitive mote, will have more influence in unsettling the mind of a would-be conscientious listener than any moral truth that is being poured out before him, and to which he would fain persuade himself to attend. Among the lower classes, how very often it is to be remarked that physical comforts are more effectual in softening their character than the wisest words or the most judiciously-selected tracts. What, say they, is the use of trying to cure our souls, to ask us if we are true Christians, when our children are

starving, and we ourselves in cold and nakedness? Mere creature comforts will do more for ourselves and for them than any bare words or a holding-up of exemplary lives. Among the women, too, more particularly, a brave burial and a worthy funeral is apparently more a matter of concern than even the loss they have sustained. All the comforting assurances with which kind neighbors ply them fail to create half as much personal satisfaction as the fact of their dead having "a decent" interment. Of all the physical conditions most conducive to a rough but ready estimate of the character of any new acquaintance, or to give you an appreciable understanding of the neighbor beside whom you chance to take your seat, and which is as quick a process of discovering the "inner man" as any I know, is most certainly a dinner. A good dinner is a very safe criterion by which to form an opinion of another, and, let me add, a *bad* one will do equally as well. Whatever there is of good in a man — wit or humor, consideration or want of consideration, his pet foibles, or his peculiar ambitions, will all manifest themselves, and creep out bit by bit here and there, and proclaim the man despite himself, though to be sure you may be excluded from a certain share of unequable temper, and such minor failings as are more especially reserved for home use, or rather home abuse.

From Nature.

A FREE SPANISH UNIVERSITY.

OUR readers will easily understand what sort of a foster-mother a government like that of Spain will prove to education generally, and to scientific education and inquiry in particular. Any educational institution connected with such a State must necessarily be hampered and hindered in many ways, and the only chance of obtaining perfect liberty in scientific education and instruction is in being rid of all State interference. This has been so strongly felt in Spain by some of the foremost Spanish men of science and letters that they have formed an association to found an institution for free education. A prospectus of the institution has been forwarded us, and the difficulties which

beset a liberal education in Spain may be learned from the fact that it is signed by ten ex-professors of the highest standing, all of whom have been removed from their chairs by government on account of their liberal opinions. Among these are the names of Augusto G. de Linares, ex-professor of natural history at the University of Santiago, and Laureano Calderon, ex-professor of organic chemistry at the same university. The object of the association, as stated in the prospectus, is to found at Madrid a free institution dedicated to the culture and propagation of science in its various branches, specially by means of education. A sort of joint-stock company will be constituted by shares of two hundred and fifty francs, payable in four instalments between July next and April 1877. A preliminary meeting was to be held on the 1st inst. to constitute the society, and we earnestly hope that a successful start has been made. The association will be directed by a council representing all parties interested. The institution itself will, of course, be perfectly free from all religious, philosophical, or political restrictions, its only principles being the "inviolability of science" and the perfect liberty of teaching. There will be established, according to the circumstances and means of the society (1) studies for general, secondary, and professional education with the academic advantages accorded by the laws of the State; (2) superior scientific studies; (3) lectures and brief courses, both scientific and popular; (4) competitions, prizes, publication of books and reviews, etc. The greatest precautions will be taken to obtain as professors men of undoubted probity and earnestness and of the highest competence.

We need say nothing to our readers in recommendation of the above scheme. All who sincerely desire the welfare of Spain and the spread of scientific knowledge must sympathize with its promoters, who, we have every reason to believe, are men of the highest character and competency. We hope that not a few of our readers will show their sympathy with the object of the association by sending the moderate subscription which constitutes a shareholder to M. Laureano Figuerola, Calle de Alcalá, 72, Madrid.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
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TWO FRENCH HYMNS.

I.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF FRED. CHAVANNES.)

"Tu m'as aimé, seigneur, avant que la lumière."

O LORD, thou lovèdst me, ere shone the
lightUpon the worlds thy voice had called to
be;Ere yet the sun, rejoicing in his might,
Shed life in floods athwart their orbits bright;
My God, thou lovèdst me.Thou lovèdst me, when hung the lifeless frame
Of Jesus Christ upon th' accursèd tree;
When to redeem me from th' eternal flame
Thy holy Son endured my sin and blame;
My God, thou lovèdst me.Thou lovèdst me, when fires of love divine,
Lit in my heart by Thy good Spirit free,
Opened new heavens upon my soul to shine;
When peaceful fruits of righteousness were
mine;
My God, thou lovèdst me.And thou *wilt* love me,—whom thy love
'hath' crownèdNor sin, nor earth, nor hell shall pluck
from thee;
Where sin abounded, grace doth more abound;
Only my love to thine be answering found,
O thou, who lovèst me!

II.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE CORNEILLE,
CALLED LE GRAND CORNEILLE.)

"O Dieu de vérité, pour qui seul je soupire."

O GOD of truth, for whom alone I sigh,
Knit thou my heart by strong sweet cords
to thee;
I tire of hearing; books my patience try.
Untired to thee I cry:
Thyself my all shalt be.Speak thou alone!—For me nor human lore
Nor human sage shall now expound thy
word;
Let creatures hold their peace, and thee
adore;
Let voice of man no more,
But only thine, be heard!Lord, be thou near, and cheer my lonely way,
With thy sweet peace my aching bosom fill;
Scatter my cares and fears; my griefs allay;
And be it mine each day
To love and please thee still.My God! Thou hearest me; but clouds
obscureEv'n yet thy perfect radiance, Truth divine!
O for the stainless skies, the splendors pure,
The joys that aye endure,
Where thine own glories shine!

Sunday Magazine.

HENRY DOWNTON.

REST.

LOVE, give me one of thy dear hands to hold,
Take thou my tired head upon thy breast;
Then sing me that sweet song we loved of old,
The dear, soft song about our little nest.
We knew the song before the nest was ours;
We sang the song when first the nest we
found;
We loved the song in happy after-hours,
When peace came to us, and content pro-
found.Then sing that olden song to me to-night,
While I, reclining on thy faithful breast,
See happy visions in the fair firelight,
And my whole soul is satisfied with rest.
Better than all our bygone dreams of bliss,
Are deep content and rest secure as this.What though we missed love's golden sum-
mer time,His autumn fruits were ripe when we had
leaveTo enter joy's wide vineyard in our prime,
Good guerdon for our waiting to receive.
Love gave us no frail pledge of summer
flowers,But side by side we reaped the harvest-field;
Now side by side we pass the winter hours,
And day by day new blessings are revealed.
The heyday of our youth, its roseate glow,
Its high desires and cravings manifold,
The raptures and delights of long ago,
Have passed; but we have truer joys to
hold.Sing me the dear, old song about the nest,
Our blessed home, our little ark of rest.

All The Year Round.

CHURCH MUSIC.

SOFT, through the rich illumined panes,
All down the aisle the sunlight rains,
And sets in red and purple stains.And mid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise.
Its wings the waking spirit tries:It flutters, but it cannot soar.
Oh! heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no choice.
Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-revealing voice.All, all the soul's unuttered things
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings:Now soft—as when, for Israel's king,
Young David swept his sweet harpstring;
Now loud—as angels antheming.Oh! tell what myriad heads are bent.
Oh! tell what myriad hearts repent.
He will look down: He will relent.It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts.
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

From The British Quarterly Review.
JONATHAN SWIFT.*

MR. FORSTER'S long-looked-for life of Swift has at last appeared, and the completeness of this, its first volume, is enough to console us for the delay. The life of Swift was at first written incompetently by Delany and Dean Swift, afterwards hurriedly by Johnson; and a whole mass of misconceptions, repeated from hand to hand, had to be cleared away before his character could be reconstructed as it required to be. Popular opinion readily accepted the rough and ready estimate of Swift as one utterly dark and repulsive in life and genius; and where it took the trouble to verify this second-hand estimate, it found the estimate confirmed by the untested and rash assertions of one after another of his biographers. Mr. Forster has not brought help before it was greatly needed, and the niche of English literary biography which his book will fill is not less palpably vacant than those which he has already so ably occupied. The volume before us is perhaps chiefly valuable for the mass of new information which has been brought together either for the testing or the illustration of the facts asserted of Swift. We perhaps miss in the narrative something of succinctness and of thorough digesting of the matter; and it would be no very high compliment to the author of the "Life of Goldsmith" and of the monograph on Defoe to say that he has here surpassed or even equalled himself. But our knowledge of that part of Swift's life which is here chiefly dealt with is at the best fragmentary, and in itself perhaps incapable of any very clear or succinct narration. It is enough that this book gives us for the first time much that is of incalculable value for a knowledge of the life of Swift, and that to the judgment of this new material Mr. Forster brings his own sound experience and fine literary tact.

Whatever the objections that an editor or a biographer of Swift may have to meet in our day, there is one from which he is probably exempt. He is not likely to be

told that the works of Swift want interest, that his genius has been eclipsed, and that the study of his writings may well be laid aside, as not "entering necessarily into the institution of a liberal education." And yet something like this is the verdict pronounced by Jeffrey in his critique on Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's works in 1816. He tells us how he remembers the time when every boy was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace; when all who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; and when they and their contemporaries were placed without challenge at the head of our literature. He congratulates himself that this is no longer the case, and that these writers have been deposed from their pedestal; that their genius has been surpassed, and that they have no chance of recovering the supremacy from which they have been deposed. The language in which he goes on to speak of them is somewhat astonishing. They were remarkable, he says, for the fewness of their faults rather than for the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won by good conduct and discipline, not by enterprising boldness and native force. They had no pathos, no enthusiasm, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality; but were for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. Their inspiration is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense. They may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers, but scarcely for men of genius.

As we read the estimate of the Edinburgh reviewer, we feel that not only does that estimate differ from our own, but that the standpoint from which it is made is one with which we are essentially out of sympathy. The generation for which Jeffrey wrote had no small share of self-complacency, and it was a self-complacency fortified by circumstances. It was a generation of very considerable force and earnestness, and that force and earnestness had a very strong bias in one particular direction. Such biassed force has its advantages, but a wide-stretching sympathy, or a quick sensibility to the genius of another age, is not one of these. What is good in itself it prizes, but it does so to the exclusion of

* *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By JOHN FORSTER.
Vol. I. London: John Murray.

that which an age possessing perhaps less stringent characteristics of its own may be ready to appreciate. For us, rivalry has not made appreciation impossible. Our own generation has sought other objects, and achieved a bias in a different direction; but while the force of literary genius may be thereby dulled, the absence and hopelessness of literary emulation may make our criticism none the less disinterested. Our laurels are not chiefly won in the fields where we may find Swift and Addison and their contemporaries for rivals, and we may content ourselves with our power of judging the more calmly of the merits of different competitors. We can no longer flatter ourselves with the complacent optimism upon which the Edinburgh reviewer bases his judgment of literary progress; we can no longer assent with him to the proposition that in literary taste every generation is better than its predecessors. Instead of believing with him that such taste "is of all faculties the one most sure to advance with time and experience," we are more likely to be impressed with the extreme delicacy of its growth; with the dangers to which it is exposed of being blinded or formalized by every twist and turn of popular fanaticism or prevailing pedantry; with the likelihood that development in other directions may only disarrange the equable balance, the "sweet reasonableness," as the chief critic of our generation has it, of literary judgment. What the Edinburgh reviewer feels to be "little capricious fluctuations," we may often be disposed to think serious aberrations, and we may see in them the loss of that quick appreciativeness which only the stirring of a new birth in literature could restore. But if we lose the gratification of believing in this comfortable natural law of progression in literary taste, we escape the risk of being blind to the beauties of a state of less complete and perfect evolution. We relinquish the claim of rivalry, but we can solace ourselves with the recovery of the power of unbiassed judgment.

The generation for which Jeffrey wrote had undoubtedly much reason for self-congratulation. Not only were its literary

creations great, but its literary criticism, too, was keen, energetic, and incisive. It fairly claimed a great inheritance of re-awakened life, and we need not be surprised if the strength that shook off slumber had little delicacy of touch for the beauties which belonged to the state of repose. But the qualities which gave brilliancy to its creations and energy to its criticisms were not those to inspire a subtle sympathy. It was a generation which left little room for doubts and waverings, for efforts at penetrating meaning, for tender and careful searching after hidden beauties. It could spare no time to learn excuses for faults that were apparent on the surface; it had a rough and ready justice, which was much more fit to draw clear lines of demarcation between what it believed good and bad, than to temper its condemnation of that with which it happened to disagree. Above all, one vice tainted every part of its criticism. Not only was distinction of political party made the gauge of literary merit, but all literary criticism was steeped in the strong wine of a political creed. The Edinburgh reviewer turned from a discussion on reform to apply, of set purpose, all the tools of his trade to literature. He proceeded upon the same maxims and he set to work in the same way. "Whiggism is the one god, and the *Edinburgh Review* is its prophet," was the foundation of his system, and that system was untroubled by any qualms or doubts. It afforded a ready recipe for dealing with any question. If a judgment on any subject could not, like that of the German philosopher on the white elephant, be evolved by the Edinburgh reviewer from the depths of his own inner consciousness, it was yet easy to procure it from the repertory of that storehouse of dogma whose key was held by his own clique. Whatever the brilliancy of its creation, whatever the energy of its criticism, the generation was penetrated to the very core with the political spirit, and had no very great patience with any other. The very masterpieces which gave lustre to the age were gauged by the same criteria, and misjudged with the same rashness, until certain coincidences between these and the prevailing

spirit led to their recognition on the ground of such accidental harmony rather than of their intrinsic worth.

But if the spirit of Jeffrey's generation, or at least of his section of it, was above all political, the spirit that moved Swift and Addison was essentially literary. The one man amongst all English writers who was most deeply affected by the literary spirit, was Pope, and Swift and Addison were only one step behind him. The constant reference to political questions, the prevalence of political subjects, the bitterness of political controversy, in their writings, afford only superficial evidence to the contrary. Accident determines what a man shall write about, but it does not determine how he shall write. To the *protégé* of Sir William Temple a fantastic and fruitless controversy might divide with politics the claims on his attention, and give the accidental bias to his career; to the young aspirant after Whig patronage the victories of Marlborough gave a fitting opportunity to attract attention by his "Campaign;" to Pope, the connections of his own intimates with political parties gave an incidental interest in the Whig and Tory strife; but none of them had a soul framed for political discussion nor found a sphere that suited them in the political arena. To Swift, party spirit is the great plague-spot in English life, for which no bitterness of vituperation can be too strong, and no image of ridicule too mean or degrading. It is but the dispute between high heels and low heels, or big-endians and little-endians, over again. Just as little in sympathy with the accidental distinctions of party spirit was the calm judgment of Addison. They can only remind his worthy knight of his schoolboy adventure, when he was called a popish cur by one for asking his way to St. Anne's Lane, and a prickeared cur by the next passenger for asking to be guided to plain Anne's Lane. "There cannot a greater judgment," goes on the Spectator, "befal a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct peoples." "The influence is fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a na-

tion, and not only so, but destroys even common sense." There is something deeper than ordinary sadness in the words with which he speaks of a period of exaggerated party spirit. "It is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season." So it is with Pope: his verdict on political disputes is summed up in the often quoted words:—

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

Each felt, as they could not avoid feeling, the angry onset of the contending factions. We cannot rest in contemplation or follow the bent of our own fancy amid the tumults of the arena, however we may despise the object of the dispute and the spirit of the combatants. All three were drawn into the contest; it laid its fetters on their genius and forced that genius to do its work; it twisted and perverted it, but could not take away its distinctive character. Swift, Addison, and Pope were, for their own day, the types and examples of the purely literary spirit; and what they were for their own day, they are still more distinctively for ours. The verdict of the Edinburgh reviewer on their eclipse and supercession is the one-sided judgment of a man judging those with whom he has no sympathy, and finding in the blindness of a self-assumed superiority ground for an easy and systematized optimism. Without shutting our eyes to his merits, we can yet see the limitations of these merits, and find room for others. Many may be disposed to think that "into the institution of a liberal education" the study of our literature at all does not "necessarily enter," and that other subjects, calling for more technical ingenuity and holding out incentives of more practical expediency, may with advantage take its place; but those of us who do believe in the all-embracing scope and training implied in a study of that literature, and who would not readily see it eclipsed by the most perfect technical education, or the most complete discipline of the observing faculties, will not be willing to study it in less than its entirety, to look upon it as reaching its fruition only "in

each successive generation," to seek in it *only* the qualities of energy and "serious emotion," or *only* those of balanced judgment, clear and luminous exposition, and unrivalled wit. The palm in the former qualities we may grant to the generation in which the Edinburgh reviewer wrote, and for which he claims them, but they do not bound the range of our English literature. "Serious emotion," more perhaps than any other characteristic of a literature, is apt to have its vagaries, often fluctuating and accidental only. The same review that contains Jeffrey's critique of Swift, in which he expresses his firm trust in the progressing literary taste of his age, contains a review of Coleridge's "Christabel," in which the writer speaks with a "serious emotion," hardly disguised under an affectedly flippant style. But what is the judgment of this writer for an age of "serious emotion" and advanced literary taste? That "the publication of 'Christabel' is one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty" — "one of the boldest experiments that has yet been made on the patience or understanding of the public"! — "The thing before us ['Christabel'] is utterly destitute of value"! and so on. If the sure advance of literary taste, upon which Jeffrey congratulates himself and his generation, could lead to such a judgment on contemporary genius, can we wonder that it should be slow to recognize the distinctive merit — so entirely different from its own — of the age of Addison and Swift and Pope? A limit in one direction too often implies a limit in another; and the judgment which can find in Swift's genius only that of "a sensible and polite writer," which can estimate him as for the most part "cold, timid, and superficial," is so oddly constituted, that we can hardly wonder if its Whiggish "serious emotion" fails to appreciate an emotion which, though possibly not without seriousness, is, like that of Coleridge, hardly so exclusively Whiggish as its own.

Those who come to Swift then — and in our day it is they who must be his chief readers — as one of the standard examples of the literary spirit, are not likely to find much ground for dispute as to the completeness with which he realizes that spirit. The part he took, by "The Battle of the Books," in the controversy between the ancients and the moderns, was no doubt partly forced upon him by the attitude of his patron, Sir William Temple. Temple had committed himself very fatally

indeed on the subject of the Pseudo-Phalaris. In the courtly and learned leisure of Moor Park, Temple had ornamented his commonplaces with the fashionable dilettante scholarship of the day. He had imbibed a sort of aristocratic respect for the literature of the dead languages as that which was closed to the vulgar, and open only to those whose life had always been surrounded with intellectual as well as physical appliances. But the depth and extent of the scholarship which flattered the exclusiveness of the master of Moor Park may be gauged by his citing, as specially distinctive of the spirit of antiquity, the epistles ascribed to Phalaris, and written by some sophist very likely a thousand years after his day. The mistake was speedily and not very tenderly put right by Bentley, and it behoved Temple and Temple's adherents to muster all their forces for the fight, to turn off the attack by an inroad into the enemy's domain. Thus came "The Battle of the Books," by which Swift stepped into the arena, with weapons of a finer temper and with a longer reach of arm than any of his fellows in the fray. The criticism was no longer verbal; the assertions were no longer those of courtly commonplace. Instead of that, the whole contest was placed in such a light, that not to the eyes of critics and scholars merely, but to all the risible faculties of human nature, Bentley and his adherents became ridiculous. The vast, but pedantic and arid, scholarship of Bentley is hit off to perfection in the picture of him as he marches in armour, patched of a thousand fragments, that clangs loud and dry with every step, like the fall of a sheet of lead. The dispute has passed out of the arena of Christ Church and Moor Park: there is no longer room in it for the schoolboy conceits of Boyle, for the rasping scholarship of Bentley, for the courtly dilettanteism of Temple. The defence of the ancients is no longer a defence of aristocratic learning against popular and vernacular literature: it has taken its foundation on the broad basis of humor. Temple's need, no doubt, suggested to his dependant the assumption of his defence; but it did not limit his sympathies, or assign his position in the fight. He is bound to identify himself with Temple's mistake to some extent, and so he describes (doubtless forming his own opinion on the case all the while) the discomfiture of a scholar such as Bentley by a *petit maître* such as Boyle; yet he is unable to repress the covert sneer implied

in Temple's being caught with his back turned, and being "lightly grazed" with Wotton's shaft. But Swift had a larger share in the dispute than that of a dependant, however valuable to his master he might, as a dependant, be. To us it seems quite evident that, however his advocacy is marred by its personalities and distorted by the necessities of his position, his place was naturally on the side of the ancients in the dispute. Stript of its accessories, that side represented the protest against the anarchical element in literature. It maintained the standard of classic taste, as opposed to the erratic flights of overstrained originality. To Temple this might be a defence of aristocratic intellectual exclusiveness: to Swift it was the defence of that on which he felt the very existence of literature, as a great force, to depend. That, with all its varieties, a certain adherence to some classical standard, be it ancient or modern, is necessary, was the first principle of his creed, as it is of that of every man impressed with the literary spirit. If we fix upon the finest passages in the book, which are those where there is least of personal reference, we shall find that this is precisely the point upon which Swift insists. The moderns are ambitious, but they have a "tendency towards their own centre." Their short-lived triumph is marked "by a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library." The episode of the dispute between the spider—with his web carefully constructed in that corner of the ceiling which he imagines to be the centre of the universe, its material drawn out of his own bowels—and the bee who chances by ill-luck to trespass, to his own detriment, amid the filthy mass, contains the gist of the dispute. Labor as you may, says the bee, after all, yours is merely the "task which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb." What you want is the "universal range which, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax." These words extend the range of the dispute far beyond the merits or defects of this or that ancient or modern. They apply not merely to the fray between Temple and Wotton, or Bentley and Boyle; they express the very marrow of the truth which literature must always maintain, that excellence depends not on accidental coincidence with the taste of a

day or a clique, but upon permanence of duration, upon harmony with the calmest judgment, and, at the same time, the most "serious emotion" which even the Edinburgh reviewer could achieve.

It is this predominance of the literary spirit which gives to the writings of Swift the most characteristic part of the interest they possess for us. It is this which rescues them as a whole from the danger that besets some amongst them, in the fact that the interest attaching to their subjects is only a passing one. Swift does not interest us as the adherent of Temple in a flimsy controversy, but because he showed how literary merit rested upon no maxims reposing *in gremio magistratûs*, but upon the broad lines that separate what is sound from what is ridiculous in all spheres and for all times. We are not attracted by the political discussion in the tracts with which he pierced the only too chinky armor of the Whigs, or strove to bolster up a decaying government, and preserve them from the ills of quarrels within and discontent without; but because he was the first to show how political disputes could be conducted after a literary fashion, and yet not lose any practical force, or be affected by any of that pedantic spirit which, up to his time, had been held to be the characteristic of the literary politician. We do not need to accept his allegorical picture of the religious attitude of the Roman Catholic, the Dissenter, and the Church of England man, as just, in order to appreciate the arvellous genius of the "Tale of a Tub:" what holds us and commands our admiration is the ease with which the allegory succeeds for the time in achieving its object, be that what it may, and in making all but its own standpoint seem utterly ridiculous.

But although we do not apprehend that there is much dispute as to the position which Swift holds in our literature, and the peculiar qualities that entitle him to it, yet his is a name about which abundance of disputation is likely to gather hereafter, as it has done in the past. Granted, it may be said, that Swift was a brilliant exponent of the literary spirit, did he employ that spirit well? Was it not made the tool of faction, so as to degrade it? Was it not made the vehicle of coarseness so intense as almost to disgust people into a reaction against that from which ordinary and uneducated, but in this case, better judging, taste recoiled? Did it not cover a spirit of hypocrisy, and give a permanence by literary excellence to that which

does not really have existence in the human breast? Was he not false to his own heart, false to his political ties, false to the religion he professed? And of writings whose subject-matter is so composed, can any literary excellence allow us to condone the evil and the untruth?

Part of the assumption upon which this accusation is made we may admit to be true, but we must do even this with some reservations. It is true that the highest literary excellence is not consistent with the expression of that which is deliberately and altogether hypocritical and unreal. The most consummate art cannot master or mould to its purposes any but a frenzied partisan or a blind disciple if it refuses to appeal to something naturally and truly, however deplorably, existing in the human heart. It is this want that has broken the force of Bolingbroke's writings, and which, but for the genius which refused, in spite of itself, to be tethered to insincerity by the platitudes of Bolingbroke, might have broken the force of the "Essay on Man." But we must go no further than this. In the first place literary excellence does not accept the limitations that may fitly be placed upon us in our social responsibilities. If what it expresses be true, it has fulfilled all we can demand of it. We may regret that it expresses feelings that would be better veiled, or we may regret that human nature is subject to such feelings at all. We may stand aghast at the darkness of the prospect that it opens to us; we may long for some lighter influence to make the shade less deep; but we cannot question its truth because we question its expediency. Besides this, we must beware of the standpoint from which we judge of insincerity. Before we accuse a man of insincere acquiescence in conventionality or custom, we must know exactly the weight which that convention and his acquiescence bear to him. With his estimate of the results of that acquiescence we may disagree; we may believe him to argue wrongly, and we may pronounce his conduct to be socially wrong, and productive of enormous evil. But we are not therefore justified in denying him the merit of sincerity, or at least in laying upon him the accusation of a thorough insincerity permeating his whole life and distorting his vision. But it is only the insincerity that permeates a man's whole spirit that can affect him in the sphere of literature. As a member of society a man may have no right to put his own interpretation upon conventionalities: his acquiescence, if insincere, may be a political crime. But as

an author, all we have to ask is whether his acquiescence has so clouded his vision as to leave him without the power of discerning whether what he speaks comes from his own heart or no. We have nothing to do with the relative degree of moral guilt belonging to social and literary insincerity. We only assert that they are not identical. Voltaire showed little respect for any conventionality which did not command his acquiescence; yet it may be doubted whether an undercurrent of affectation does not more or less mar the effect of everything he has written. Dryden veered round with every change of the political compass, and yet he never lost an honest grasp on what, in his own erratic fashion, he believed for the moment to be true.

But besides this broad distinction which must be drawn between social and literary insincerity, there is another consideration to be met before we can pronounce against the truth and sincerity of any writer. We must not only know the estimate formed by him of the conventionalities in which he acquiesced, and the degree to which that acquiescence affected his judgment of truth generally, but we must also carefully weigh the general tenor of his life. We must seek for any connecting links that may give consistency to that which would otherwise appear ground for a charge of apostasy. We must examine the evidence for such scandals as exist; we must not be blind to palliations; we must sift such facts as may alter the complexion of apparently well-established charges. Our task then is a double one: we have to examine evidence, and we have to put an interpretation, as just as we may, upon the facts which that evidence shall establish.

The views of Swift's life are various, but may be summed up in not many words. Let us see how, when classified, they contrast with one another. Let us begin with the most repulsive picture. Swift, it is said, was born in poverty, and educated by an uncle, to whom his only return was ingratitude and abuse. He went to college only to waste his time in idleness and foul abuse of those in authority. From Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree with difficulty, he was compelled to fly, owing to rustication. Thence he went to England, where he found an almost menial employment in the household of Sir William Temple, in whose service he ate, in rage and silence, the bread of "a beggar or a lackey." Quarrelling with his patron, he left Moor Park for Ireland, to take

orders; but finding Temple's assistance necessary he wrote a servile and fawning letter of repentance, which procured him the service he wished for. Discontented with the drudgery or the tedium of a remote Irish parish, he returned to Moor Park, and remained there till Temple's death. The patronage he had received from him he returned in words of flattery, as insincere as were the offices of literary hack which he had before performed for him; and the stifled hate and scorn he nourished were allowed to appear only in secret, and as it were by stealth. Disappointed in schemes of ambition in England, he left for Ireland, where he settled in a new and somewhat more lucrative charge. To amuse his leisure he invited to reside in Ireland a young woman who had been, like himself, a dependant on Sir William Temple's bounty, and whose heart he had stolen, while he had the opportunity, at Moor Park, but stolen only that he might keep it in a galling and exasperating bondage till she sank to the grave. He returned only to become a political renegade and the tool of those whose patronage, or promises of patronage, had attracted his ambition, or whose friendship flattered his toadying propensities. While their triumph lasted, he bullied and browbeat and toadied: when it came to an abrupt conclusion he retired to Ireland, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," a pitiable object of baffled greed and ambition, requiting mankind for their neglect of his claims by hounding on rebellion and by outraging decency—an apostate to religion, to morality, to his country, to his friends. Before his life came to an end the darkness closed in on an intellect which had been a prey to unsated anger, passion, and disappointment, and his death was a fitting moral for such a tale.

Vulgar deception and hypocrisy, commonplace scepticism, political apostasy of the kind which the weakest and most slavish of the tools of Harley or of Walpole might have practised, are thus charged upon Swift. This, in some places word for word, is the glib verdict of the Edinburgh reviewer. It is confirmed by some phrases of careless rhetoric in which Macaulay indulges in his essay on Temple. At the very outset we may say that some of these charges had no assignable basis whatever, while the falsity of most of the remainder has now been abundantly proved by Mr. Forster. Misfortune, doubtless, was prepared for Swift before his birth; his father had died seven

months before. The widow was left with two children; but in spite of wealthy and influential connections on both sides, Jonathan and Abigail Swift had not been able to make provision during their brief married life for the future. The churlish charity of his uncle Godwin, which grudged what, no doubt, he found it impossible with decency to withhold from his brother's widow, was certainly resented by Swift; but what was given him kindly from the lesser resources of another uncle he repaid by abundant gratitude. The story of his college career is nonsense; that of his service with Temple, and its terms, exaggeration run mad. On Temple's death he expresses himself in the conventional terms of a decent sorrow; he performs dutifully the thankless task of editing the works of his patron, which no one would read, or, at least, whose readers would not buy them. But in the freedom of private correspondence he does not conceal the fact that Temple was not a little prosy and pompous, and that at times he had had hard work to bear with his humors. He had known and taught Esther Johnson when an infant; she had learned to admire, and had grown up to love him; and what their relation implied, she, open-eyed, accepted. For his political career we shall put forward an entirely different explanation, and one for which it is not necessary to impute to him any ignoble or selfish motive. His misanthropy, modified and tested in the light of well-established facts, will be found to wear an entirely different complexion. But the Edinburgh reviewer not only rests his estimate upon what is false and exaggerated; he never seems to have paused to ask himself if what he assumed was even likely or probable in itself—never to have allowed his imagination to draw a picture of Swift as he was, or even as he might have been.

The picture Johnson gives us, although it is drawn with little sympathy, is yet far different from this. He sees nothing very blamable in his conduct, either as a political partisan or as a clergyman. It is only in the slighter points that he seems to bear heavily on him. His criticism shows not the rancor of one determined to see nothing good, but the impatience of one who sees flaws with which he has, or fancies he has, no sympathy. Swift's parsimony in money matters, his uncouthness or brusqueness of manner, his whims and fancies, his rather ostentatious display of that arrogance to the great which may easily cover a not very dignified self-

gratulation on their intercourse — these are the foibles rather than the vices for which Johnson has least patience. Perhaps it was that he felt in himself something akin to them, and in the very nervousness of his determination to avoid them, viewed them with the greater dislike.* The very resemblance which, as Scott remarks, Johnson bore to Swift in “morbid temperament, political opinions, and habits of domination in society,” might help to stimulate his impatience with foibles so akin to his own. But Johnson does not stoop to the vulgarity of making the tales of slander appear the history of a life, or forget the awe due to misfortune by gibing at the tortures of genius.

Another view is that which we find within bounds in Thackeray, and exaggerated in M. Taine’s “History of English Literature.” With the former it occurs in an estimate of Swift as a man; and perhaps in a sketch professing only to catch the salient points of character, for presentation to the audience at a lecture, it is as true as any other. With M. Taine it becomes the basis of a literary criticism, the soundness of which it irretrievably perverts. In the picturesque but lurid glare that he throws round Swift, M. Taine reads all his works, which wear to him the aspect, not of specimens of consummate literary art, as we have been wont to regard them, but of the careless and disjointed utterances of a sort of devil-inspired misanthropy. It is strange that the quick tact of a Frenchman did not save M. Taine from the ludicrous disproportion of the opening words of his sketch to the superstructure he raises upon them. He describes the common, but — as Mr. Forster shows — mistaken view of the circumstances under which Swift took his degree. The degree was taken *speciali gratiâ*; and this Swift himself interprets, perhaps partly as a joke, partly with the common affectation of youthful idleness, to mean that which in Oxford phrase would be, “He only just got through.” But at its worst, granting that

Swift hardly felt a deep sympathy with the studies in vogue at Trinity College, and did not bear in his college career the character of a very exemplary student, it seems a circumstance hardly capable of preparing us for a crash of stage thunder like this: —

This was his first humiliation and his first rebellion. His whole life was like this moment, overwhelmed and made wretched by sorrows and hatred. To what excess they rose, his portrait and his history can show. He had an exaggerated and terrible pride, and made the haughtiness of the most powerful ministers and most mighty lords bend beneath his arrogance.

All this may be true, we are tempted to reply; but before assenting to it we should like to hear something worse than the story of a boy of eighteen finding himself troubled by a little irksome labor in taking his degree, even if the story itself had any good foundation. Whatever the *specialis gratia* involved, it did not prevent Temple at a later day from recommending Swift as a fellow of the college, which was granted. Indeed, both the story and the use that has been made of it illustrate admirably the fashion after which most of those who have written about Swift have chosen to deal with him. Assertions have seldom been tested, and little judgment has been shown in the inferences which have been drawn from them. These writers have pictured to themselves a man whose whole nature was a compound of gloom and rage and dis-tempered passion; at war with human nature, trampling on all that others revere, and making a boast of doing so; and what they have found inconsistent with the picture they have readily slurred over. Let us take one or two instances of this. We might imagine that few could read the “Journal to Stella” without feeling that here at least the misanthrope can smile, the gloom break, and the universal rage be for a time at least lulled to rest. But hear M. Taine. “Swift in his gaiety is always tragical; nothing unbends him; even when he serves, he pains you. In his ‘Journal to Stella’ there is a sort of imperious austerity; his compliments are those of a master to a child.” M. Taine, we fancy, is the first who has felt them so. Again, in the “Modest Proposal for preventing the children of the poor in Ireland from becoming a burden on their parents and their country, and for making them beneficial to the public,” in which Swift with mock solemnity advocates the eating of them, we should have thought

* Johnson bears heavily on Swift in little things. The story of a college career, in many respects so like his own, he exaggerates. He sees the evident motive of Swift in lodging in the commonest inns, that of “surveying human life through all its varieties;” but he cannot deny himself the pleasure of hazarding the guess that it may have been from “a passion deep fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling.” He omits to record the common story of Swift’s education to parsimony. He records the charge of plagiarism brought against “The Battle of the Books,” as borrowed from a volume of Coutray’s, whose title he quotes quite inaccurately, and of whose contents Mr. Forster’s knowledge of the original enables him to show that he (Johnson) was entirely ignorant.

that only the lighter side of his humor was shown. The paper is not perhaps quite in the present taste; its illustrations are free, and its language is not always that of the drawing-room of to-day. We might imagine some very weak and very prosaic mother finding the recipe very, very wicked, and thinking the dean a sad, sarcastic, dangerous writer, and one who should certainly never be made a bishop. But that a critic of M. Taine's acuteness should gravely argue that it gives evidence of a deep-rooted melancholy; should call it "the last effort of his despair and his genius;" should find in it "a cry of anguish" deeper than any in literature, appears hardly credible. The self-conscious strut of a mock solemnity is never for a moment absent. The outside gravity of tone is only preserved enough to keep the humor; it is never for a moment allowed to become real. In others of Swift's treatises we see the ever-recurring gleam of a real and not merely an assumed hate and anger; we have glimpses of a gloom and melancholy so far-reaching that they strike home; but this one, chosen by M. Taine to illustrate his theory of Swift as a despairing misanthrope, appears to us of all the most free from these darker traits. The language, which studiously reproduces the pained but comic earnestness of a butcher or ham-curer recommending his wares, is the very essence of humor. The joke may be ill chosen, and the miseries of the Irish were no very fitting subject for their idol's laughter; but a joke it certainly was, and we can most easily account for it as a laugh for once at the expense of the Irish, whose lavish worship Swift never accepted with more than half-jocular scorn.

That there are vast depths of melancholy in Swift's character and in his literary genius, we do not for a moment deny. That the picture of human nature which he himself sees, and to which he opens our eyes, is often one of awful gloom; that there are parts of his history which can only be explained through some terrible mystery, and that that mystery affected his genius, we readily agree. But there are few days so black that they show no rifts in the clouds, and the blue beyond is softer than the clouds, and yet more enduring and more real than they. In Swift's horizon the clouds were thick and dense, but they were often opened to a very clear and very tender light. The picture given us by M. Taine is a very powerful one. He draws in vigorous

touches a whole chamber of the human mind which Swift, perhaps more than any one else, explored. But when he bids us believe that Swift dwelt forever in that chamber himself, we must refuse him our belief. The human brain is not strong enough, the human heart is not tough enough to breathe that atmosphere without rest and without change. To ask us to believe that Swift's character was summed up in those few lurid strokes, is to bid us accept a figment of imagination for a reality, an abstract of one side of human nature for a real man; it is to call upon us to acquiesce in an account to which neither the facts of Swift's life nor the characteristics of his writings give credibility.

In his first volume Mr. Forster does not give, as indeed it was not fitting that he should, a general estimate of Swift's character. But he lets us see quite enough of his method of testing facts, and of his manner of drawing inferences from them, to indicate in what direction his estimate will lie. "The graver time" in Swift's life, as Mr. Forster well calls it, hardly falls at all within the period dealt with in this volume. The volume ends with the beginning of 1711, when Swift was still rising in the political world, when he was the chosen confidant of the ministry, and all but a cabinet minister without office. It leaves to be still dealt with, the fall of the ministry to which he had linked his fortunes, and the disappointment of his own hopes. There is still the long exile—for such he held it—in Ireland, and the dark story of his love and its ending. We have still to see him the idol of the nation that was his only by accident of birth, and whose defence he assumed by little more than the accident of opportunity. The pay for that defence was an unquestioning worship which hardly any other nation could have rendered, and which grew no colder by the insulting scorn with which it was received. Mr. Forster has not yet had to review the work of greatest range that perhaps Swift ever wrote, in which his satire was no longer against a certain literary clique, or against certain religious vagaries, but against human nature itself. The "Travels of Gulliver" were not published till fifteen years after the date at which Mr. Forster leaves us. The most distinctive parts of Swift's life, therefore, in each direction—the cloud that deepens round the story of Stella near her death, the period of his most concentrated and sustained political effort, and the publication

of the book in which he has penetrated most deeply into the dark places of the human mind—are left untouched. But the groundwork for that graver time is here laid. The circumstances of Swift's early life are investigated, and the exaggerations and mistakes that have prevailed regarding it are dispelled. We see him, not as he might have been had he fulfilled the lurid imagination of some of his biographers, but as he actually was. And though Mr. Forster has here given us no comprehensive summary of his judgment on Swift, yet we have enough to enable us to conjecture more. That Swift had neither an unkindly nature, nor an unkindly introduction to the wider spheres of life, he is at some pains to show. He is the first to give prominence to the character of Swift's mother, and to show that in her there was no exception to the common rule, that the mothers of great men are often women of marked ability and force. He describes Swift's life with Sir William Temple, and shows that neither his continuance there argued so much servility, nor his abandonment of the post so much angry discontent and repining, as has often been supposed. He shows how he refrained from entering the Church till certain scruples were removed, and upholds his sincerity to her cause after he had entered her service. He shows how his first step into the arena of political controversy did not commit him to such personal attachment to and admiration of the Whig leaders as might make his subsequent desertion of them involve the deep political apostasy which has sometimes been attributed to him. He shows how his change of sides was preceded by a grave doubt of the wisdom of prolonging the war, as the Whigs were doing; and that when the change was made, the less purely national interests that guided him were those that belonged to the cause of the Church he served rather than such as were selfishly his own. He shows that the friendship for Harley and St. John which he cultivated was neither prompted entirely by the gratification given to his pride and vanity, nor wanting altogether in an object worthy his pursuit from motives of higher sympathy. He shows how slowly, and as it were rather by the exigency of party than from any wish of the men themselves, the friendship between Swift and Addison was drawn asunder. He touches, too, upon the early phase of Swift's connection with Esther Johnson. He has shown us already how Swift was not unlike other young men in

that boyish attachment that means nothing but shows no unkindly heart. His mother's fears of an unwise marriage were apparently aroused, but Swift's sound sense put an end to all such apprehensions. A more serious attachment was made the occasion of much impassioned language; but it, too, died out, whether by neglect on the part of the lady, or by "the expulsive power of a new affection," because by this time that attachment for Esther Johnson, whom he had first known and taught as a child of seven or eight in Sir William Temple's house, was formed. It was an attachment which lasted till his death. From about his thirtieth year Stella was Swift's type of all women. Of the darker clouds that passed over the story at a later day, Mr. Forster has now nothing to say. But he does give us so far his view of that connection, and in doing so, to a certain degree, is forced to anticipate. To the belief that there never was, according to the much-disputed story, any marriage, Mr. Forster distinctly states that he adheres; but as his narrative has not reached the year to which tradition fixes the marriage, if it took place, he is not called upon as yet to give us all the evidence for such a belief. But with regard to the whole relation between Swift and Stella Mr. Forster is very clear.

The limits as to their intercourse expressed by him, if not before known to her, she had now (when her residence in Ireland began) been made aware of, and it is not open to us to question that she accepted it with its plainly implied conditions of affection, not desire. The words, "in all other eyes but mine," have a touching significance. In all other eyes but his time would take from her lustre; her charms would fade; but to him, through womanhood as in girlhood, she would continue the same. For what she was surrendering, then, she knew the equivalent; and this, almost wholly overlooked in other biographies, will be found in the present to fill a large place. Her story has indeed been always told with too much indignation and pity. Not with what depresses or degrades, but rather with what consoles and exalts, we may associate such a life. This young friendless girl, of mean birth and small fortune, chose to play no common part in the world; and it was not a sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the Star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an Astrophel.

Upon such a theory as this, little remains of that charge of being "the destroyer of the women that loved him," which has been so often and so lightly brought against Swift.

Thus, although Mr. Forster has not yet had to deal with those parts of Swift's life which have been the chief stumbling-blocks to his biographers, it is easy to see what the character of his verdict on these will be. They may well be stript of much exaggeration, and from what remains inferences by no means fatal to Swift's honor and honesty may be drawn. For an estimate of the whole of Swift's life, Mr. Forster's guidance in the early stages may at least serve to set us on the right road.

The first question that arises about Swift is one to which much importance has been attached, viz., how far he adhered to the religious opinions professed by him as a clergyman of the Church of England. On the one hand it has been asserted that his whole life was one unbroken hypocrisy; that he was, as Thackeray puts it, strangled in his bands and poisoned by his cassock, which was to him a sort of Nessus-shirt. On the other hand much has been said to show that Swift reverently held the dogmas which he professed, and having entered the Church, after carefully overlooking his position, devoted himself to the maintenance of her creed. It requires no deep search into Swift's writings to discover both themes and treatment likely to shock the religious feelings of most of mankind. But, on the other hand, he has in more than one treatise brought the whole weight of his sarcasm to bear upon the profession of scepticism and atheism; and for those who ventured to dissent from the discipline or doctrine of his own Church he professed a genuine hatred, and forcibly attacked the weak points in their position. He wrote a scheme for the advancement of religion, of which it was said that the author was a man acquainted with the world, who would go to heaven with a very good grace. But in truth it would perhaps be more reasonable to ask whether Swift deserves or would have regarded either the praise of common orthodoxy or the blame of vulgar scepticism. "Swift's," says Thackeray, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit, because Swift could love and pray," and, we might add, could think. Thus far we may know of his relation to religion in its simplest form. But who shall decide what was the binding force on Swift's conscience of the doctrines of the English Church, held, as he saw them held, by the bulk of the clergy of his day. The Church was to him, as to his contemporaries, far more of a political corporation than of a religious body. Such had been the effect of a century of political attitudinizing,

such the outcome of the alliance struck first between James I. and the High-Church party. We are not concerned to defend or to discuss the policy of such an establishment: it is enough to point out the character it bore, and the way in which that character loosened its hold on the consciences of thinking men. Swift attacked the Dissenters, but rather because of what he saw in them that outraged decorum and common sense, than because he was speculatively opposed to their tenets. In the "Tale of a Tub" he is not concerned to consider the grounds of Jack's action: he errs, as Peter errs, in not holding to the golden mean that Martin chooses, a mean so consonant with common sense, so politically convenient. "The want of a belief is a defect which ought to be concealed," he plainly says, "when it cannot be overcome." He defends the Christian religion, but it is from a contempt for the vulgar and blatant forms of popular infidelity, in all its utter vanity and misconception, rather than from a sincere feeling for the doctrine he defends. It was the wretched weakness, the inflated conceit, the inherent cowardice that this infidelity covered, which stung his sarcasm. It is only a varied form of conventional religious hypocrisy, and for both Swift feels a consuming hatred. In the "True and Faithful Narrative,"* the lady who in her consternation sends for the prophet Whiston, although she had before "been addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers," is described in the lines just preceding those where we have the lady who, having made up her mind to the institution of prayers in her household, puts it off till the next day, "reasoning that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) when the comet made its appearance." Swift's religion, in truth, stood above and outside of the doctrines which contained the not very sincere creed common in his day. The degree of blame which attaches to acquiescence in these forms, it must be for each to determine; to us it does not, in all the circumstances, seem very great. Religious hypocrisy he saw through and scorned, and the trammels of religious narrowness never greatly galled him. But the main force of his attack is directed against what he found

* A true and faithful narrative of what passed in London during the general consternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last, etc.

common in his day, political intrigue which took the form of religious dissent — and shallow vanity which took the form of free-thinking. Yet though a mind like Swift's might stand above doctrinal forms of religion, there are times when the darkness gathers round, and perforce even minds like his seek refuge in the kindly ways that bring consolation to their fellow-men. Swift never neglected religious exercise, but as far as possible he resorted to it by stealth. Partly perhaps he dreaded the growth of conventional hypocrisy; partly he felt that his religion was only outwardly that of the bulk of his fellow-worshippers. And yet he craved for sympathy. In his later years, foreseeing the approach of madness, he used to pray to be taken from the evil which he saw must come. Who shall presume to gauge what religious feeling underlay the unutterable sadness of that despairing, lonely prayer?

From Swift's religion we pass to the question of his political career. Here too he has been accused of inconsistency that amounted to absolute breach of faith. After adhering to the Whig party he basely deserted them, and, a political turncoat, sought the patronage of the Tories, which he was prepared to pay for with writings whose bitterness evinced the genuine rancor of a renegade. Now it would be rash to assert that Swift's political career is in any way very creditable. Were the conduct of public men regulated on the principles which he followed, the result would be of the kind for abundant illustration of which we would not have to go beyond his own age. But before we pass a sweeping denunciation, we must look at all the circumstances. What were the ties of party, to which he was expected to show such allegiance, to a man like Swift? How far did they comprise his views of politics? No more than the doctrines upheld by the bench of bishops comprised his religious views. From beginning to end of his political career nothing is so often repeated as his hatred of the curse of party. Grave expostulation, indignant invective, contemptuous sarcasm, are all poured out against it. He feels that it has disjointed the age, that it breaks the ties of friendship, and makes men blind to justice or to common sense. But a man cannot always choose the tools with which he has to work, and few are high-minded or scrupulous enough to abstain from the fray because its instruments are not those he would himself most reverence or admire. Swift had to serve as a partisan or stand aloof altogether. He chose the

former, and in this, as in all else, he followed no half-measures. It was not in his nature not to throw that intensity which Mr. Forster justly considers one of the chief characteristics of his satire, into all that he did. In a hand-to-hand struggle we don't measure the weight of our blows, we don't distinguish greatly upon whom they fall. The struggle may bring out the worst part of our nature, but for that it is not our nature that is most to blame. In judging of Swift's political career, therefore, we are not careful to estimate the degree to which he sincerely felt the wrong done to Ireland when he wrote the "Draper's Letters;" we are not anxious to assign his change from Somers and Halifax to Harley and St. John to purely patriotic motives. It is enough if we can prove that he found, or imagined he found, some basis for the bitterness of his invective; that he never pursued a personal attack merely for itself rather than for the question that hinged upon it; and that if his motives for change were not altogether those of the most exalted patriotism, they were yet far removed from the ignoble selfishness of the servile renegade.

Let us look to a few of his political utterances. The first was that on the "Dissensions at Athens and Rome," which was undoubtedly written, and was just as undoubtedly accepted, as a manifesto in favor of the chief leaders of the Whig party, attacked by the rancor of the Tory faction. So much we may admit. But it is further asserted that in it Swift lavished upon these Whig leaders the most flattering comparisons, and wrote of them under the thin disguise of the most respectable names of antiquity. This present flattery, as well as his subsequent attacks, were prompted merely by a selfish ambition, and the sudden transposition is held effectually to dispose of his claims to political integrity. We are concerned now only with the first part of the accusation, that which relates to the tract itself. Did it involve the direct flattery that it implied, or was Swift's object in that flattery one of personal aggrandizement?

For ourselves, we can find in the tract little beyond a calm but indignant protest against the excess of party spirit. The warning that is drawn from the political life of Athens and Rome is one which has its lesson for Whig as well as for Tory. It has no special Whiggishness of tone. That which the writer appears to dislike most is what he calls the *dominatio plebis*. Undoubtedly the lesson bore most heavily at that moment upon the tactics of the

Tory majority; but there is no special attack upon their principles, only upon their present factious prosecutions. Next, with regard to the personal identification of the names drawn from antiquity with the prominent leaders, whose purpose it served, Mr. Forster says most conclusively:—

The charges which have been based upon it, of having afterwards turned against the men whom it had compared and identified with such faultless heroes as Aristides, Themistocles, Pericles, and Phocion, are simply not true. It has no such strained comparisons, for its applications are in no respect personal. With perfect truth Swift says in it: "I am not conscious that I have forced an example or put it in any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it."

To this we may add that the number of names is not even identical with that of the Whig leaders, and Swift's accusers have been sorely put to it to distribute six names over four persons. Nor is the description itself entirely flattering. Themistocles, who is taken to represent the Earl of Orford, had "somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behavior." Pericles, the representative of Halifax, was accused of "misapplying the public revenues to his own private use." "His accounts were confused, . . . and merely to divert that difficulty and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war." The exact identification must have been embarrassing both to the flattered and to the flatterer. Add to this that any set comparison is only introduced apparently as an afterthought in the close of the chapter on Athens; that in what is said of Rome there is not one word of personal reference at all; and the meaning which it has been attempted to fix upon this tract appears to have amazingly little foundation except in the imagination of Swift's accusers.

Let us take another tract, perhaps even more characteristic, and written when Swift's position was entirely changed. It was not published till after its occasion had gone by, but it can still serve to show how far there was an identity of political feeling between the earlier and the later times, however much the outward relations of Swift had changed. In judging of this we must not lose sight of a point which is distinctive of the bulk of Swift's political tracts, and of this among them, that they were really not so much objections of political opponents as admonitions to po-

litical friends. If we keep this in mind in judging of them, the bitterness, nay, the injustice of the invective appears as nothing but the dress which was to make unpleasant advice more palatable by abuse of others.

The sum of the piece is this. Party spirit is no doubt an unmitigated evil. We have never concealed our opinion that it is false and vain: it fosters the worst passions and it prevents the free action of talents which might serve the nation usefully. But because party spirit is bad, we have not on that account the power to disregard it. Having chosen a line of policy we must keep to it, only let that policy be in the first place clear and decided. Let there be no doubt as to its intention, no darkening of counsel to adherents who have a right to know it. Do not believe that you will gain more by stratagem than you will lose by having a reputation for chicane. Nay, more than this, your action must be firm. You must not encourage opponents, nor attempt their conciliation. You will gain only their ingratitude and contempt. "Let all schisms, sects, and heresies be discountenanced, and kept under due subjection, *as far as consists with the lenity of our constitution*. Let the open enemies of the Church (among whom I include at least Dissenters of all denominations) not be trusted with the smallest degree of civil or military power."* Let the army too be regulated and made amenable to the dictates of your policy, and so mended as to be fit for the trust reposed in it. But while you are clear and decided in policy and firm in action, while you shape your tools to your purposes and give no encouragement to your opponents, you must at the same time be moderate. The exaggerations of high Tories are only less dangerous than the schisms of intriguing Whigs; but the former may be dealt with, the latter cannot without injuring our own self-respect. Above all, let us have no tampering with the Protestant succession, let us be steady in our support of the Hanoverian family. Let us offend no scruples by loudly proclaiming that succession to be necessary and desirable on any abstract principle, and in order to destroy any notions that are dear to many who might help us; but let us maintain it only on the ground that it is necessary for the maintenance of the Protestant faith. "Let us," and these are the most pregnant words in the whole treatise, "put those we dispute with as much in the wrong as we can."

* Works, by Scott, vol. v., p. 246.

These doctrines may be not only inexpedient but absolutely dangerous. They may involve, as Jeffrey thought the proposal about the army did involve, an appeal to civil war. But in the first place they are no more extreme than those to which many of the opposite party were ready to resort. The remodelling of the army was not one hundredth part as dangerous a use of faction as the proposal of the Whigs to give the command of it to the Duke of Marlborough for life. But however that may be, we fail to see how they could not honestly be held by the same man who wrote the "Dissensions in Athens and Rome." They are the words and the opinions of one who had accepted the galling bonds of party when these bonds were worst. His judgment may be thereby perverted, his genius may be given to the support of that which his calmer reason would have condemned; but, save in the proof of such partisanship, we see in them nothing of moral turpitude, nothing of renegading rancor.

And now let us consider the circumstances of the actual change, on account of which the charge of political apostasy has been laid upon Swift. "We do not believe," says Jeffrey,* "that there is anywhere on record a more barefaced avowal of political apostasy, undisguised and unpalliated by the slightest color or pretence of public or conscientious motives. . . . His only apology, in short, for this sudden dereliction of the principles which he had maintained for near forty years is a pretence of ill-usage from the party with whom he had held them — a pretence which, to say nothing of its inherent baseness, appears to be utterly without foundation." Now, in the first place there is, we believe, a considerable distinction between a dereliction of principles and a desertion of party, which the Edinburgh reviewer chooses here to confound. Unless the former be based on an honest change of opinion, it stamps a man with shame. But desertion of party is a very different thing. Party may find in itself an embodiment of principle which others fail to see in it. Unrequited service may not be the highest, but it may be a very reasonable, motive for deserting the party responsible for it. A man may find himself able to adhere with tolerable consistency to his opinions outside the sphere of the party whose ingratitude he has felt, and whose entire representation of his own principles he may have cause to doubt. Were Marlborough and Godolphin, or even Somers

and Halifax, the be-all and end-all of politics to Swift? But what proof have we that a consideration of ill-usage entered strongly into Swift's motive for a change of position? Except what arises from his own common habit of exaggerating what might tell against himself, and from the rancor of the hirelings of the other party, absolutely none at all. It is strange to find a man's dishonor based upon words of his own, spoken half in playfulness half in sulkiness. But this is what is done by Jeffrey. It is strange that he should not see the effect of the words which he himself quotes, and which show us just what Swift thought of this charge of ratting. "The Whigs think I came to England to leave them? And who the devil cares what they think?" Are these the words of a conscious renegade, or of one who thought party a sham in which, to his misfortune, he had acquiesced, and whose ties shall as little fetter his action as its tenets comprised his own principles? Had Swift read the attack of the Edinburgh reviewer, who can say what his answer might have been?

But granting that Swift did, to some extent, change his views as to Whig principle, and not merely shift his position in the confused and ill-regulated fray, had he no other ground for doing so than selfishness or caprice? What were his views towards the Whigs and their views of him before this? They had ill-used him "because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." Their violence had disgusted him. They had pursued certain measures which he had distinctly discountenanced. The removal of the Test in Ireland may have been expedient, but Swift had not thought so, and he had openly stated his disapproval. The appointment of Lord Wharton as lord-lieutenant of Ireland Swift had looked upon as an insult to that country, and an outrage upon all decency; and repeal of the Test for the sake of soothing tender consciences had not been more palatable to him from the advocacy of one stained by every vice beyond all others in a most profligate age. The expediency of continuing the war Swift had early begun to doubt. "We must have peace, let it be a good or bad one," he says, some time after, in his journal. But the Whigs stood committed to war. Lastly, what were his views of the crisis? Did he leave honesty and the Whigs for dishonor and reward among the Tories? "The nearer I look upon things," he says,*

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 12.

* Works, by Scott, vol. ii. p. 196.

"the less I like them. . . . The ministry (of Harley and St. John) is upon a very narrow bottom, and stands like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side and the violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship is too rotten, and the crew all against them." Is this the language that a man would hold in his own closet who had deserted the party to which his principles bound him, and had linked himself with that which offered him patronage and reward instead of sympathy and honor?

We believe that, however mistaken and disastrous Swift's political career may have been, the charge of profound political apostasy is absolutely baseless. But even were we to set aside all the difficulties he had found in adhering to the Whigs in these last years of their supremacy, and look only to motives of a less purely political kind for the change, yet were these motives selfish? Distinctly not. The main ground upon which Swift's discontent with his own treatment by the Whigs rested was not a personal one. That he could not have got preferment for himself, had he studiously sought it, is incredible. But he chose to throw all his political influence into a demand for the remission of the First Fruits to the Irish Church. In answer to that demand he was met by evasions, and delays, and delusive hopes, doomed from the first to disappointment. On his joining himself to Harley and St. John, this was his first demand. Obtrusive offers of personal reward he steadily and with even overdrawn brusqueness refused. Into the claim for the First Fruits he merged, for a time at least, all his efforts. No doubt a certain amount of personal pride was concerned in the result, and not quite unnaturally. But he cared little to obtrude his own part in the success of the application, and the ingratitude with which it was rewarded he meets philosophically in his letter to Stella. "So goes the world," he says, "and so let it go." The vast influence which soon fell to Swift's share no doubt gave him gratification: he would not have been human had it not. But what surprises us throughout the whole of this, the most brilliant epoch in his career, is not the greed or ambition that he shows, but the little he asked, and the still less he got. Jeffrey speaks of his preferment in the Church as what far exceeded his first expectations or his deserts: it is surprising that he did not add his abilities. The ablest service that any

political party ever received was rewarded with a post worth about £600 or £700 a year; the greatest genius that the Church England ever counted amongst her clergy was banished to an Irish deanery, while Tenison was archbishop of Canterbury. Truly it is not surprising that the Edinburgh reviewer should "really recollect no individual less entitled to be either discontented or misanthropical than Swift."

Passing from these more or less personal questions, we come to one which affects more directly our estimate of Swift's writings. These, it is said, express a misanthropy, so black and gloomy as to argue a heart at war with all humanity. By recording such feelings he has given them a permanence which they did not deserve, and which makes his writings a curse rather than a blessing. We do not mean to rebut this by asserting, as has been asserted, that in these writings, in the black picture of human nature which he draws, Swift meant to work any great reform and to purge mankind. Genius seldom cares to write directly with a purpose, and of all men Swift has least of the reformer about him. But to appreciate the misanthropy that runs through his writings, and an exaggerated view of which has produced the estimate of M. Taine to which we have referred, we must understand the peculiar qualities of Swift's humor.

The words in which Mr. Forster speaks of "The Battle of the Books" describe, not unfitly, one side of all Swift's humor.

There is not in short a line in this extraordinary piece of concentrated humor, however seemingly filled with absurdity, that does not run over with sense and meaning. If a single word were to be employed in describing it, applicable alike to its wit and its extravagance, intensity should be chosen. Especially characteristic of these earlier satires is what generally will be found most aptly descriptive of all Swift's writings, namely, that whether the subject be great or small, everything in it, from the first word to the last, is essentially part of it; not an episode or allusion being introduced merely for itself, but every minutest point not only harmonizing or consisting with the whole, but expressly supporting and strengthening it. (p. 95.)

This intensity and concentration which are such characteristic excellences of Swift's humor, are at the same time the parts of it most dangerous to him who wielded them. Swift's was not the genial easy humor that accompanies the quiet laugh, or the grave half-pathetic smile of Addison or Steele. He had none of

the gaiety that makes Goldsmith's humor a source of pleasure to himself and others. He knew nothing of those sentiments which," as the Edinburgh reviewer tells us, "it is usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pretences" — or of the truths "which are usually introduced with a thousand apologies." Intellectually, Swift could not be blind to reality and truth however hidden; by temperament, to hide what he saw was utterly impossible to him. Human nature stood before him, stripped of all its seemingly trappings, hideous, contemptible, in utter nakedness. To his consummate clearness of vision there was no deception that could prove a veil. It was pierced through with the ease of the lancet laying bare the nerves, and the stupid uselessness of the subterfuge only added to the mockery of the show. And he had the gift besides of unrivalled clearness of language, which served to lay before his reader the whole truth of the vision that he saw, unexaggerated by any false rhetoric, unsoftened by any drapery of words. His style is calm, cold, unimpassioned as a piece of sculpture; with no tawdry ornament, no mannerism, no slovenly ambiguity. Human nature was not flattered by the sight presented; but, in truth, her shocked recoil was the best tribute to the genius that laid her vices bare.

No, there is nothing of the moral teacher in the hand that wields that pitiless scalpel. The reformer draws the hope that nerves him to his work from a sanguine blindness that was denied to Swift. The view of human nature, savage amid civilization, with all her possibilities of unmeasured ill softened, but not uprooted, by centuries of philanthropy and toil, is not what animates those who struggle for only a little good. To feel the littleness of the good and the vastness of the evil ever before him, would shake the nerves of the most steadfast martyr, and make the tongue of the most fervid preacher dumb. But upon this sight Swift could never close his mind's eye; and, sleepless himself, he could not suffer others' sleep.

The power that could create real humor, which the world would know for such, out of this grim material, was even more marvellous than the clearness of vision itself. And yet it is unquestionably there. "Gulliver's Travels" contain the intensest tragedy the world has ever listened to, and yet perforce the world must laugh at its own pitiful discomfiture. For a century and a half it has amused our children and

given food for laughter to our men. The movement of the whole is so easy and so light, that we hardly notice that, with the writer, we are actually scorning ourselves, casting down our cherished idols and trampling them under foot. He never loses our sympathy for one moment. He leads us step by step, till we actually admire his Majesty of Brobdingnag when he passes this verdict on us: "I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." When we have seen ourselves in the Yahoos (who still want the crowning malady of reason), how ready we are to recognize the good sense of the Houyhnhnm's reflection, "How vile, as well as miserable, such a creature, with a small proportion of reason might be." How proud we feel when the superior Houyhnhnm honors our race in Gulliver by gently raising his hoof for him to kiss! Human nature does not learn to amend itself, but it cannot avoid knowing itself through humor like this. Take again the "True and Faithful Narrative" to which we have before referred. Here is human nature in expectation of the immediate summons to the judgment seat — not so much as it might be, but as Swift persuades us he actually saw it. What does this laughter tell us? Miserable wretches, what is your religion? A rag, for which the most drivelling posture, the most insane superstition, serves you just as well. What is your virtue? The coward fear of ill, that bade the miser, in prospect of the comet's advent, refund half-a-crown apiece to those he had cheated, and appear for the nonce a true penitent in all but charity to his neighbor. What is your boasted reason? Nothing but the obstinacy of Zachary Bowen, the Quaker, who refuses to believe the common dissolution, only because none of the brethren have had a manifestation of it. Like slaves, you are only cowed by fear. Once that is gone, "the world went on in the old channel: they drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they quarrelled, they murdered."

The humor is there, but it is not the kind that brings its possessor happiness. That clear pitiless insight seared the eyeballs that gazed as much as it shamed that they gazed upon. Swift was a misanthrope, but after his own sort. He did not hate men so much as mankind. It was not envy so much as the shadeless perspicuity of his vision that was the basis of his misanthropy. It is not the misan-

thropy of a Caliban or a Mephistopheles. It is that which finds a response in the heart of every man who thinks or feels at all. Thackeray was himself accused of cynicism, but he was a cynic only as genius is cynical in its sympathy. Swift's misanthropy was cynicism grim even to despair, but his hatred of mankind was bitter only because he felt what love for his kind might be.

He has not told the world how he felt this last. Genius rarely turns to us all its facets; it vouchsafes a heedless glimpse of one aspect, the rest it carelessly withdraws. But have we no means of knowing that other side? Was the boon companion of St. John always a cloudy misanthrope? Could the friend of Pope in the weakness and fretfulness of ill health, know nothing of tenderness or gentle care? The man whom Addison calls the "most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age," was he always a hater of his kind? Steele knew him otherwise when he describes that "turn of conversation" that made his company "very advantageous." Pope knew his gentler mood when he saw that "uncommon archness" in his eyes, "quite azure as the heavens"—those eyes in which poor Hester Vanhomrigh saw a look "so awful that it struck the gazer dumb." Stella must have known that gentlest mood of all when he shaped his mouth, as he tells her, to chat with her in the little language that she prattled to him as a child of six, and that he never forgot when he had the fate of an empire almost in his hands. And we too may see him as he was when the fits of misanthropy were gone, when he was no longer the merciless satirist, the imperious dictator of his party, but the lover, genuine and simple as lover that has left us his story never was before. Intrigues of court, attendance on this or that great man—what are they all to him? He wearies for the little garden at Laracor, for a sight of Stella, for the simple occupations of his own garden, his canal, and his willow walks. He is tired to death of the hurry and the bustle, the wretched ambition, that only disappoints the hopes that it creates. When he returns home at night, wearied and fagged, the excitement of the strife left behind, then it is that the clouds part and the light of a pure sky shines in on Swift. "Come and appear, little letter," says he, as he slips it from under the pillow. "Here I am," says he, "and what say you to Stella this morning, fresh and fasting?" Whig and Tory, Harley and St. John, Church-

men and Dissenters, fall into the background: the hand that was strong for the scalpel could be very tender now.

But this was a glimpse which we have, as it were, only on sufferance. Swift did not care that the world should know him as Stella did. The bias of his intellect and his temperament lay towards that so-called misanthropic humor which forms the staple of his work. But such work as this had its natural effect of reacting on its author. However great the gain to us, his genius was to himself a curse rather than a gift. This clear vision and its forced employment were no kindly task. He feels angry and surprised at men's indifference to what appears so clear to him, and yet he craves for sympathy. He would fain cease from working, but "a person of great honor (who was pleased to stoop so low as my mind) used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I could not give it employment." He curses what, in the fashion of the day, he calls his muse—what we might call the bent of his genius. To her he owes his restlessness.

To thee, what oft I vainly strove to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice.

"Do not," he said to Delany, "the corruptions and villanies of men eat your flesh and exhaust your spirit?"* The gloom and the anger increased together as years went on. "I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month," he writes to Bolingbroke in 1728, "to be more angry and revengeful." The Edinburgh reviewer is surprised that "born a beggar," and endowed with a comfortable income, the like of which he had no right ever to expect, he should have had the audacity to be misanthropical or gloomy. But, alas! there is a sort of gloom that even the comforts of respectable maintenance cannot lighten, and we doubt Harley might have made Swift his Grace of Canterbury without clearing away the despair that settled heavier and heavier upon him, and into the depths of which, perhaps, even the Edinburgh reviewer could not penetrate.

The exercise of humor so grim as Swift's was of itself no cheering task, but it met a temperament which was only too ready to accept its coloring of gloom.

* Delany denied it, with a text of Scripture for his authority; but we are not told what Swift's answer was.

Underneath all that misanthropy, underneath the guise of bitter sarcasm, there lay some hidden cause which is, and must remain, in great part a mystery. Throughout his life something presaged to Swift that time of hopeless madness, with its alternate rage and fatuity. For years before his death he was under a keeper, and at times it required six men to keep him from tearing his eyeballs from his head. Even here the pitiless rancor of accusation pursues him; the chief feature of his madness was, it is said, hatred of the sight of his fellow-men, proving, as is assumed, the truth of the allegations as to his misanthropy. The awe that is due in sight of reason dethroned may well spare apology, even though it does avert slander. These later years belong neither to the accuser nor to the apologist; but that which at last resulted in utter madness, we believe to have affected the whole course of Swift's life. Those lighter maladies, which Swift mentions with such evident fear, must have covered something more fitted to excite that fear than anything his words convey. To this mysterious bane of his life we attribute the dark and sad mystery of Swift and Stella; much, at least, of the restless discontent which pursued him throughout life; and, above all, that utterly loathsome coarseness that stains his works. His coarseness is not that of his own or of any other age. It contains no suggestive allurements, no images of pleasure. It is the coarseness of the man himself; the suggestion of his incipient madness, or its cause, and of that alone.

We have endeavored to estimate Swift's character and writings, neither hiding the darker traits, nor forcing facts into conformity with a preconceived, although picturesque, idea of unrelieved and lurid gloom. To Mr. Forster's later volumes we must look for the completion of the work he has begun in that now before us, the clearing away all that dust-heap of scandal that has gathered round the name of Swift, and the placing on the pedestal which justly belongs to him one who, in his own peculiar line, was the greatest genius which England ever produced. When fully known, we may expect that the greatness of that genius may command our reverence; its sadness, not our sneers and wasted diatribes, but rather our pity and our awe.

From Chambers' Journal.

INFALLIBLE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DUHAMEL and his daughter Claire were alone; but Mr. Duhamel was not benefiting by that fact as much as usual, for, strange to say, Claire did not hear a word of his talk. He, in a bright-colored dressing-gown, was marching up and down the room; she, with the *Times* drooping from her half-unclosed fingers, was leaning back absently in an easy-chair. The sweet air of the summer morning came in through open windows, and set the muslin curtains waving gently; the room was full of scent from great basins of roses which stood on the tables. Claire herself, in her white dress, and her careless attitude, was a charming object. Mr. Duhamel thought so, and as he walked and talked, congratulated himself on the beauty of his daughter and the general agreeableness of his surroundings. Only one thing vexed him: Claire was not giving him her attention.

"She might have believed me," he was saying. "I am not in the habit of making mistakes, and I always told her what would happen. I could and would, have arranged a nice, suitable, satisfactory marriage for her more than once, while she was young; but she was obstinate—a real Englishwoman—*must* choose for herself; and see what it has come to! An old maid! But I always knew how it would be! And there's our poor neighbor, Sir George, the moment he quarrelled with his stepmother, I told him he had ruined himself. I told him she would marry again, and she *has* married; and not one penny will he ever get of all that his father left her. I have told him so fifty times, and you know I am a pretty good prophet."

When Mr. Duhamel's voice ceased, Claire lifted her eyes languidly, and said, "Yes, papa," but with so little interest that her thoughts were clearly occupied with something else. Her father stood still, and examined her face.

"What are you thinking of, my child?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Can't you guess, papa?" she answered with a half-smile. "What am I most likely to be thinking of?"

"Of Eugène, of course," Mr. Duhamel replied, beginning to walk up and down again. "I will tell you more than that: you are thinking some misfortune has happened to him."

Claire raised herself and spoke with some energy: "He has never before missed

writing every mail; two mails have come in now without a letter from him. Have I not reason to think something is the matter?"

"*Nothing* is the matter," her father said with decision. "He has a reason for not writing. no doubt, but none that need trouble you."

"What can it be, then?"

"Suppose he were on his way to England?"

"Ah! that would be delightful; but then he would write to say he was coming."

"My darling, I have never seen Eugène, any more than you have, but I can tell you that he is romantic."

"Not a bit romantic, papa; at least, not a bit *too* romantic."

"Let me go on. He *is* romantic. You and he are engaged by the arrangements of your respective fathers; you have exchanged likenesses, and have written to each other a great many long and very delightful letters. You love each other. What now remains but that you should meet? Eugène has finished his business in South America sooner than he expected; he is impatient to see his *fiancée*; what more natural than that he should resolve upon surprising her with a visit?"

This time Claire fairly jumped from her chair, flew to her father, and seized both his hands. "O papa, you have a letter? Oh, cruel; tell me all about it directly!"

Mr. Duhamel took his daughter's two little hands into one of his, and patted them with the other, as he looked down into her face with a smile of loving superiority. "A letter? No, my child. But your father was not born yesterday. He knows the world a little, and men too—even lovers."

Claire's face sobered, but was still turned trustfully to her father.

"You *really* think that's it? But his name is not among any of the lists of passengers."

"Silly child! How could he surprise you, if he allowed you to read his name in the papers? There's no law against inventing a name for one's self, is there?"

Claire's face gradually broke into a smile. "Ah, if I could only believe *that*," she said, and went back to her chair.

"Mind, I don't say *positively*," Mr. Duhamel went on, with a sly smile; "I don't say it *is* so; but I am a pretty good prophet, and we shall see." With this oracular sentence he walked out of the room; and Claire, much comforted, de-

voted herself to the contemplation of a small portrait which she wore in a locket.

While Claire studied the counterfeit presentment of her never seen *fiancé*, and Mr. Duhamel prepared himself for his morning walk, a very animated conversation was being carried on by two other people, who had met midway along a path which led to the house from a small side gate of the garden. Of these two people, one was a lady, and the other a gentleman; the very lady and gentleman over whom Mr. Duhamel had been lately lamenting: his niece (or rather his late wife's niece), Anne Burton; and his neighbor, Sir George Manners. Anne was what some might (erroneously) term an old maid; she was not quite thirty, and made no effort to appear younger. She was tall, neither stout nor thin, had plenty of pretty brown hair *of her own*, and a graceful figure, set off by a well-made grey dress. Sir George was a tall man, broad-shouldered, and not particularly handsome; not so handsome as Anne, by any means, yet pleasant enough to look at; certainly not poverty-stricken in look or dress, and at this moment very far from being oppressed by care.

"What will my uncle say?" Anne asked, laughing softly, as she twisted a rosebud about in her fingers.

"I expect he'll refuse to believe it," Sir George answered. "I shall have to bring all the documents to shew him—her letter to me after she quarrelled with her husband, the notice of her death, and Payne's letters about the will, etc."

"It would be mere hypocrisy," replied Anne, "if I were to pretend to be sorry she is dead. She did you a great wrong by coming between you and your father."

"And another by coming between me and you."

"But that was your own fault," Anne answered quickly.

"Give me that rose," Sir George said; and made use of the excuse to take the lady's hand into his, very much as if she were a young maid. "I had not courage to speak while I was poor, you see; but since you waited for me, all is right."

Anne laughed, and, in spite of her thirty years, blushed, as she drew her fingers away. "You will miss your train," she observed.

Sir George looked at his watch. "Plenty of time," he answered. "Ten minutes to see your uncle, if I *must* see him, and a good hour to drive to the station in. I'd rather stay here for the ten minutes."

"No; you must go in, lest anybody should have noticed you. After to-morrow, you can come to visit *me*, if you like; at present, I am nobody."

"Good-bye, then. I shall see Payne this afternoon, and if necessary, to-morrow. At the latest, I shall be down by the four-o'clock train, and will come over here at once."

"My poor uncle! It is a bad return for all his kindness, to prove him a false prophet."

A minute or two after saying this, Anne went on alone through the garden-gate; and Sir George, with a rose in his button-hole, rang the door-bell, and asked for Mr. Duhamel. Claire dropped her locket hastily as her father and Sir George came into the room together.

"Just off, are you?" said Mr. Duhamel. "Why, you look like a bridegroom already; and you are right, you are right. The lady won't say 'No.'"

"I hope not," replied Sir George laughing; and Claire looked at him with sympathetic eyes.

"No, no. And I'm glad you've learned wisdom at last. A baronetcy on one side, a fortune on the other; a reasonable bargain, and one I always foresaw you would make at last. I am not in the habit of making mistakes."

"But, Mr. Duhamel, I never said I was going to be married, still less that the lady was rich."

"No need to say it, my dear sir — no need to say it to *me*. But you can't say you're *not* thinking of marrying?"

"No."

"Nor that you are looking forward to love in a cottage?"

"No. But my time is up. Good-bye."

The visitor went, and Mr. Duhamel followed him with a regretful glance, sighing "Poor Anne!"

Half-way to the station, Sir George met a shambling fly with two young men in it. One of them was looking out, and it could be seen plainly that his dark, good-humored face was that of a stranger. "Who can that be?" said the baronet to himself. "Claire's Eugène? Mr. Duhamel prophesies that he will be here unexpectedly, and he *may* be right for once."

But the young man who had looked out of the fly was not Eugène Bertand, for his companion called to him: "Do sit still, Marco, and give me your advice."

Marco dropped back into his corner, and began to excuse himself in Italian.

"English! English!" cried the other. "What have I told you?"

"Yes — I — know," answered Marco, bringing out each word by a separate effort of reflection.

"You tell me," continued the first speaker, "that I speak Italian as well as you do. My English friends have often said the same to me of their language. How do I do it? By *forcing* myself always to talk the tongue of any country I happen to be in."

"Yes — I know," said Marco again.

"Very well. Remember, I don't understand a word of either Italian or French as long as I am in England. And now, tell me, how am I to do it?"

"*Poveretta!*" began Marco, and then corrected himself. "Poor girl! I am so sorry for her."

"Poor girl indeed, for I believe she loved him. Her letters are — Well, I am glad he told me to read them, for they shew she was worthy of him. But how to tell her that he is dead?"

"Yes, to tell her. She has a father?"

"Of course. It was her father who arranged it all. He and old M. Bertand, Eugène's father, were great friends, and they decided that their children should marry. I suppose they would have been married before now, if it had not been for Eugène's unlucky journey to South America."

"Why did not you write to them?" Marco managed to ask.

"Because Eugène made me promise to tell the news myself. He thought Mademoiselle Duhamel would bear it better, if she were able to hear all she should wish to ask."

Both the travellers were silent for a while, and by-and-by the fly began to pass the first cottages of the village near to which Mr. Duhamel's house stood. A minute or two more, and it drew up at the door of the village inn.

"Here we are," said the elder of the travellers with a scrutinizing look at their quarters. "Let us see our rooms, and then get this miserable business over."

Half an hour later, the two young men walked up to Mr. Duhamel's door, and the elder sent in a card with a request for a few minutes' private conversation.

Mr. Duhamel had come back from his walk, and was sitting with his daughter and niece when the card was given to him. "Emile de Bellechasse," he read aloud. "Who is he, I wonder? Ah — h — h!" he went on after a moment, looking with excessive slyness at his daughter. "E. B. We have seen those initials before, I think? There's a 'de' here, to be sure.

But what did I say? Eh, Claire?" He got up, and went briskly out of the room, leaving the card, on which Claire seized, eagerly reading the name over and over.

"What does it all mean, Claire?" asked Anne from her work-table.

"Papa said Eugène meant to surprise us — and oh, Anne," Claire cried, breathless, "if this be him!"

In Mr. Duhamel's "study" an odd meeting was taking place. M. Emile de Bellechasse, sorely troubled by his mission, stood dumb before the beaming looks of his host. He, who was so seldom embarrassed, stammered, and changed color like a girl.

"Monsieur de Bellechasse?" said Mr. Duhamel, with an accent which plainly expressed, "Call yourself what you will, you are sure of a welcome."

"Yes," Emile answered. "And this, Mr. Duhamel, is my friend, Marco Castelli, who, like myself, was a friend of Eugène Bertand."

"Any friend of Eugène's is welcome," answered Mr. Duhamel. "*You*, I fancy, Monsieur de Bellechasse, are a very intimate friend, though I don't remember to have heard your name from him."

Emile felt his task grow harder as he looked at the arch face of the old gentleman. He glanced at Marco, but it was evident enough that his comprehension had left the conversation at its very beginning.

"I *was* his most intimate friend," he began gravely. "I bring very sad news, Mr. Duhamel."

"From Brazil?"

"Yes. We landed yesterday. Eugène met with an accident which resulted in his death, just before the time we had all fixed for leaving Brazil together."

"Dear me! what a sad story!"

"Is he mad?" thought Emile. "One would say he was rather pleased than otherwise." — "Sad indeed," he went on aloud, "for me, who have lost my best friend, and still more for your daughter, to whom he commissioned me to break the news."

"He wished you to tell Claire yourself, did he, poor fellow?" asked Claire's father, still with the most imperturbable good-humor.

"He did. But I should be thankful to be spared the task, if you, sir, will undertake it."

"Not I, indeed, *Monsieur de Bellechasse*. Claire will bear it much better from you. I will fetch her."

"Good heavens! Marco, what does it

mean?" cried the bearer of bad tidings, as they were left alone. But Marco could give no information.

Mr. Duhamel, shutting himself into the drawing-room, gave way — to the utter aggravation of his daughter — to a fit of the merriest laughter. Claire ran to him, pinched his arm, implored him to tell her what had happened. Anne pushed away her workbox, and looked on in silent wonder. Was it really Eugène?

"O Claire, Claire! what did I tell you?" were the first words they heard. "You'll break your heart, my child — you'll never get over it!"

"Papa, don't talk in riddles! Tell us, is it Eugène?"

"Oh no, my dear, only M. Emile de Bellechasse, a *very intimate friend* of *Eugène* — so intimate, my dear, that they are quite *inseparable*, ha, ha! And if you don't see Eugène to-day, Claire, you will never see him, depend upon that. Come and ask M. *Emile* if it is not so."

Claire drew back from her father while he spoke, and clasped her hands together with a pretty gesture, half-doubt, half-joy. She drew one deep breath, then slipped her hand through Mr. Duhamel's arm. "Let us go to him," she said.

"Take care, then," her father answered. "Don't spoil his pretty romance — and yet he *can't* expect us to be taken in by it. He will tell you a terrible story, my dear. It is well to warn you beforehand."

By this time they had reached the study door. Mr. Duhamel opened it, and led Claire, trembling now, and changing from white to red, straight up to Emile.

"Monsieur," he said, "let me present to you the *fiancée* of *your friend*, Eugène Bertand."

Claire, hardly knowing what to do, put out her hand, and Emile took it. Neither of them found anything to say, for *her* heart was beating with stifling quickness, and *his* ideas were all thrown into confusion by the sudden vision of loveliness that flashed upon him.

"Mademoiselle," he stammered, after a moment, "it is a cruel fate which sends me to you."

"I can hardly think so, monsieur," she answered, trying not to smile, "or why yield to it?"

"You do not guess, then, what my business is?"

"How can I? Except that you come to see us."

"What *shall* I say?" Emile questioned himself. "How *can* I tell her?" and then his puzzled glance fell on the face of

Mr. Duhamel, who stood, beaming with smiles, a little way off. "Mr. Duhamel, I have a packet of letters to deliver to your daughter; will you give them to her for me?" he said in despair, drawing a small parcel from his pocket.

"Letters?" Claire repeated, and for a moment her face darkened, but a look from her father reassured her. "Whose letters, monsieur?" she said.

"Your own, addressed to my poor friend, Eugène Bertand, and intrusted to me by him," he replied, giving her the packet.

"A great trust," she answered, half-smiling, as she took them. "And my likeness?"

"Is here," he replied, as he put into her hand a locket like the one she herself wore.

She held the things all together in her hand for a moment, and then laid them on the table close to him. "Why did Eugène bid you bring me these?" she asked.

"I was his dearest friend. I knew all the story of your engagement—and—I was with him when he died."

Claire's cheek turned white for a moment. Again she looked at her father, who nodded approval and comprehension.

"Since you are so deep in Eugène's confidence," archly pursued Claire, "you may keep those things, monsieur; I do not reclaim them."

"I, mademoiselle?"

"Yes; at least if you will tell me one thing."

"Whatever you will," he answered, giving up the problem as unsolvable.

"Did Eugène really care for me?" Claire asked very gravely, but with rose-red cheeks.

"Far more, mademoiselle, than I should have thought it possible to do for a lady one had never seen."

"And do you think that seeing me would change him?"

"Mademoiselle, if he could have been more utterly devoted to you than he was, he must have been so from the day of your meeting."

A suppressed sound of applause from Mr. Duhamel greeted this speech, spoken with a quite involuntary amount of fervor. Claire's eyes shone like stars; nothing less like a widowed bride could possibly have been imagined. Emile felt his senses deserting him, and stood dumb.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Duhamel, "you are very welcome to England, and to my house, as I have told you already,

and I hope you have made arrangements to stay with us some days at least."

"We have taken rooms in the village," Emile answered; "we did not, certainly, expect so cheerful a welcome."

"Ah, I daresay not—I daresay not. Well, give up your rooms, and come here."

"No," said Emile to himself; "that will never do. The whole family must be mad. And besides, in an hour's time, I should find myself making love to Mademoiselle Claire, who seems nowise unwilling. No; I must get away at once."

But this was not so easy. Matters ended in a compromise. The two friends would go back to their inn, where they were expected, but they would dine with the Duhamels, and perhaps to-morrow change their lodgings. Mr. Duhamel, chuckling, accompanied them to the door.

"Eugène—I mean *Monsieur de Bellechasse*," said he (and Emile thought he had never heard his own name pronounced with so much emphasis), "you are a *very* clever young man, and a capital actor. But you should have been warned that some people can see a little further through a stone wall than their neighbors. It is not such an easy thing to make *me* shut my eyes. *Au revoir*; seven o'clock precisely." Still laughing at the stratagem of his intended son-in-law, Mr. Duhamel followed Claire back to the room, where Anne Burton had waited impatiently for some account of the new-comers.

"And you are satisfied?" were the words Anne was saying as he came in.

"Ay, my child, tell us now, are you satisfied? Has your old father chosen well for you?"

For all her answer, Claire threw her arms round his neck, and hugged him heartily.

"Is he like his picture?" Anne asked again.

"Not very," Claire answered. "But I always was certain he must be ever so much nicer than *that*. Oh, he is delightful, Anne. I know now *exactly* what I wanted him to be like, and I never was quite sure before."

"Happy girl!" laughed her cousin. "I hope he is equally pleased."

"I do think he is—at least he looked like it.—Didn't he, papa? But I think he was a little put out because we seemed to guess his trick."

"He'll forgive us," said Mr. Duhamel. "But we shall see if he keeps up his character this evening. They are coming to dinner, Anne, so then you'll see them."

"Oh, what shall I wear?" cried Claire, as she ran up-stairs to her room, whence, through the open windows, she could be heard singing from one of her favorite French poets:—

Si vous n'avez rien à me dire,
Pourquoi venir auprès de moi?

CHAPTER II.

THE two young men were fairly off Mr. Duhamel's ground before they exchanged a word. Marco Castelli did not often begin a conversation, especially in English, and Emile was fairly at his wits' end; at last he spoke.

"*What am I to do?* I believe the best way would be to leave here at once, and when we are safely back in France, write to Miss Duhamel, and tell her the whole story. Neither she nor her father would hear it to-day."

"Yes," said Marco, who had simply come to England because Emile did, and who had no desire to stay there—"yes, that is best."

"But then—poor Eugène—I say, Marco, what a beauty she is!"

"Very pretty," assented Marco.

"Pretty! She is perfection! We should be fools to go away without seeing more of her. And yet, she cannot have cared a bit for Eugène."

"English people have no hearts," said Marco dryly, delighted at being successful in remembering that favorite calumny.

"Nonsense, my friend," answered Emile sharply. "Besides, she is not English. She was born in England, and had an English mother; that's all. Otherwise as pure French as I am."

Mr. Duhamel was impatiently looking for his guests when they re-appeared at seven o'clock. Claire, lovelier than ever, was fitting about, and saying a word now and then to her cousin about Eugène. The June evening was still light and warm; and the flowery drawing-room, with its abundance of color and perfume, was a fit shrine for such a dainty nineteenth-century nymph. So Eugène's representative thought, as his eyes greeted her, and a pang of envy—envy of his lost friend—went right through his heart, and shocked him. The puzzle of the morning was not solved. He had told Mr. Duhamel, and Claire herself, that Eugène was dead. Either they were rather glad of it, or they did not believe him. But if they did *not* believe him, why did they not treat him as a rogue, an impostor? And how *could* Claire be glad of her freedom, she who

had written those letters full of innocent girlish affection, which his dead friend had bidden him read?

"I will let things go," was Emile's last resolve. "It is a midsummer night's dream, and I'll make no further effort to break it."

It would have been pleasanter, perhaps, if Mr. Duhamel had not seemed to take such a singular pleasure in calling him by his name. He could not even say: "Monsieur de Bellechasse, will you take Claire in to dinner?" without a pomp that made it sound as if he had said "Monsieur le Marquis de Carabas;" and he looked so excessively mischievous and knowing, that he was a most embarrassing host. Miss Burton looked a little puzzled too, and evidently examined both the guests with some curiosity. She made herself very agreeable to Marco, who, finding that she could speak Italian, ventured to disregard his leader, and refresh himself with his native tongue. After all, however, other people might be or do what they liked, they could not much affect Emile's happiness. Claire sat beside him, Claire smiled upon him, Claire talked to him with the grace and gaiety which he had found in her letters; Claire was rapidly dazzling the young man into that condition of blissful folly sometimes heard of as "love at first sight." She was so happy herself! She had quite forgotten what the story was with which her Eugène had introduced himself. He was pretending to be somebody else—perhaps to test her constancy to his imaginary absent self—and her clever father had found him out; that was enough for her. Since he was everything she wished in other respects, that one little whim might be forgiven him. The test was easily stood.

After dinner, the gentlemen, none of them being English, followed the ladies out of the dining-room; but on their way to the drawing-room, Mr. Duhamel renewed Emile's doubts of his sanity.

"Are you satisfied now, Monsieur de Bellechasse?" said he, aside, "or do you mean to keep up your comedy through another act? You might as well take me into your confidence, for you can't deceive *my* eyes, you see."

He trotted off, after this mysterious sentence, with such an intensely knowing expression of countenance, that the unfortunate messenger of evil tidings had almost fled from the house and its enchantments there and then. In his distress, he was suddenly aware of a pair of serious and lucent eyes regarding him.

They were those of Miss Burton; and with a sort of gasp of relief he took deep into his mind the conviction that *she*, at any rate, was sane, and safe — neither bewitched nor bewitching. "*She* knows what it means, and will tell me," he said to himself; but how to speak privately to her? She was still good-humoredly giving her attention to Marco, and Emile himself would have been the sport of perplexity forever, rather than voluntarily desert the girl, who seemed tacitly to claim him. Mr. Duhamel regarded the young people with looks of delight. He hovered round them, putting in a word now and then, and making Claire show off for the benefit, or to the undoing, of the helpless victim. At last she was bidden to sing, and while she was turning over her songs, and calling upon Anne for advice, Emile found an opportunity of whispering to his companion: "Ask what it means. You *must* find out why they treat us in this way." Marco nodded; but Emile did not feel certain that he had understood; for many of the sayings which were most irritatingly problematical to him, had never reached the Italian's consciousness at all.

At last the evening was over, and the midsummer night's dream was a more complete, more entrancing dream than ever. The two cavaliers walked slowly away through the dewy darkness, and one of them kept his head turned till the very last possible moment towards the white-robed figure lingering at the open window.

She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven,

he repeated to himself; and then, —

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

M. de Bellechasse prided himself greatly on his acquaintance with modern English poetry, but the appropriateness of his quotations did not trouble him. He came back to prose with a sigh, and a comfortable recollection that Marco would not understand him, and eagerly inquired: "Well, what does Miss Burton say?"

"Says that you *may* be Eugène Bertand."

"*What?* That I am —"

"Eugène. That you perhaps pretend to be De Bellechasse."

"Good heavens! They *are* mad, then! Explain!"

"In Italian, then?"

"As you will."

Marco then proceeded to state that Anne, questioned by him, had honestly

told him the true state of the case. She had, perhaps, already begun to suspect that her uncle was mistaken, for had she not reasons of her own to doubt his discernment? She, upon the whole, believed Marco when he assured her that his companion was *not* Claire's betrothed; but when he begged her to make Claire and her father understand, she positively refused.

"I should offend my uncle, and throw Claire into confusion and distress," she said. "I strongly advise you and your friend to let the mistake go uncorrected for a little longer — that is, if Monsieur de Bellechasse admires Claire as much as he seems to do."

"Admire her!" repeated Emile, when Marco had conscientiously reported this advice. "I have *admired* plenty of women, but I never saw one like this. Wise Miss Burton; I will do as you bid me; but for how long?"

"Let the mistake go uncorrected," Anne had well said; but in saying so, she reckoned without her host. Mr. Duhamel was far too proud of his discernment not to be impatient to force his future son-in-law to confess.

The two young men were to be at Mr. Duhamel's in good time next morning. Both Claire and her father had willed it so; and Emile had been too weak to say no. He had argued with himself that it was impossible for him to run away while they were in their present position; and propped by Anne's advice, he meant to take all the good provided — and wait. But as he walked up to the house, his mind was still unsettled and uneasy. A harum-scarum by nature, and already fathoms deep in love, the temptation to yield, and allow himself to play the *rôle* forced on him, was great indeed. Yet, on the other hand, he shrunk from defrauding at once the dead Eugène and Eugène's betrothed. And finally, honor got the better, for the moment, of love. "I am going to compel them to believe the truth," he said to Castelli. "I shall have a fight with the old gentleman, and get it over. Poor girl!"

"Stupid old man," answered Marco, with his usual deliberateness.

Mr. Duhamel met them at the door, and Emile begged for a few minutes' conversation, and was taken to the scene of their first meeting.

"Well, Monsieur de Bellechasse," Mr. Duhamel began in great good-humor, without giving him time for a word, "you

have something particular to say to me?"

"I must beg you to believe me to-day," Emile commenced, very earnestly.

"Yes, yes, my dear boy, of course ——"

"What I told you yesterday," he went on.

"I forgive you," said Mr. Duhamel heartily. "And so does Claire. We know all about it, you see."

"Will you tell her, then?" Emile answered, beginning to believe that Mr. Duhamel *must* know what he was talking about. "Let her understand that I had no intention of deceiving her ——"

"Or, at any rate, not much," interposed the other; "and quite innocently. But I hope you are satisfied *now* that she loves you?"

"I believed that she loved Eugène ——"

"And that she *likes* Monsieur de Bellechasse, eh? As you please. And you don't *dislike* her?"

"I love her with all my soul," cried poor Emile in despair. "But pray, listen ——"

"Claire! Claire!" cried Mr. Duhamel; and before another word could be spoken, Claire, beautiful and bright as the summer morning, stood in the room.

"He has confessed, my child," said her father laughing; "and he says he finds you tolerable. So, what do you say?"

She said nothing; but put out her pretty little hand, and Emile, for all the world, could not have put it away from him.

"Bravo! bravo!" chuckled Mr. Duhamel. "Did not I say so, Claire? Did not I say so?"

"Dear Eugène," said Claire, "why did you try to deceive us? Was it for your own sake, or mine?"

"Did not I tell you he was romantic?" asked her father impatiently.

"You might have trusted *me*. Don't you remember what I wrote to you?"

"Could I forget it?" Emile answered. — "Oh, if I am to be cross-questioned, I shall be found out without fail, and just as I had given in," he thought with disgust.

"What did I say?" Claire went on. "Was it not that I never had thought, and never would think of anybody but you?"

"You said that," Emile answered boldly, "to Eugène ——"

"And you answered," she went on. "What?"

"Why oppose her? She will not hear me," said Emile to himself. Then aloud:

"Did not my answer please you?"

"Yes. But I want you to repeat it."

"When I have said a thing once I mean it always," he replied.

"But perhaps not this, because you had not seen me. Say it, if you mean it *now*."

"Heaven help me!" thought Emile. "But why should I have changed, Claire, since you are all, and more than all, I fancied?"

"Oh, how obstinate you are!" cried Claire, drawing her hand away from him. "Papa, he will not say it, because he does not like me."

"Now you mean to quarrel, do you?" said Mr. Duhamel, laughing. "I see I must settle it. Give me your hand, Claire. Now, monsieur, do you care for this present I have here for you? It is precious, and deserves to be valued."

Claire, between anger, fear, and innocent love, was watching his face keenly — to hesitate for a moment, would be, he felt, to lose her forever.

"Only give her to me," he answered; "you shall never find me ungrateful."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Mr. Duhamel again, and in a trice was out of the room, calling Anne as he bustled into the drawing-room.

An arrival had taken place there during his absence. Sir George Manners was sitting near Anne, and telling her how he had been able to get away from London last night instead of this morning.

"Ah, Sir George!" cried Mr. Duhamel, delighted to see him. "Back again already? I wish you joy, my dear sir — I wish you joy!"

"Thank you. And you are to be congratulated too, I hear?"

"Yes. I have just left them together to settle their own affairs. A fine young man as one could find anywhere. Exactly what I always thought my dear old friend's son would be."

"But rather whimsical, I should guess?"

"Ah, Anne has told you. Romantic, Sir George, romantic. These young people *will* be foolish. But he has confessed now, so we will say no more about it. And about yourself, my good neighbor?"

"I find I am sure of the money, Mr. Duhamel."

"There now; I could have told you beforehand what you would say. At Eugène's age, for instance, the lady is everything, and the money nothing. At yours, men are wiser. Sure of the money, eh? So much the better. The lady *brings* the money, so that's all right."

"Not in my case, Mr. Duhamel. You always warned me to expect my step-mother to defraud me. But for that I should probably have tried to get a wife long ago."

"Yes, of course I did. And I turned out right, you see."

"Not quite right in the end. She quarrelled with her husband, and forgave me. Her death, about three weeks ago, has given me back all that my father left to her."

Mr. Duhamel gazed at his visitor with a face where dismay gradually gave way to congratulation. "Well, well; I always said you would get nothing from her while she *lived*," he said emphatically. "And so now you have got two fortunes?"

"Only one. And I am reasonable enough to be satisfied."

"But you said just now that you had made sure of your bride's money?"

"No, Mr. Duhamel; only of my father's. As for my bride, I hope I am sure of her, but I should like to have your consent."

"*My* consent?" repeated Mr. Duhamel, bewildered.

"Yes, please, dear uncle," said Anne, quietly coming to the side of her lover.

"What! Anne? What do you both mean?"

"Uncle, you do not wish me to be an old maid?" murmured Anne, smiling.

"No, child, no. Bless me!" said Mr. Duhamel, "who would ever have thought it? But she has no money at all to speak of!"

"Quite enough for me," answered Sir George; "thanks to my stepmother."

Mr. Duhamel here left the pair and trotted back to the study, where Claire and Emile were entertaining one another. "Come with me, young people," he said, "and don't fancy you've got all the love-making to yourselves. Ah, I *did* suspect it once." He led the way to the drawing-room, and announced cheerfully: "Here is my son-in-law, Sir George — fairly caught at last, you see."

"De Bellechasse!" cried Sir George, as Emile came in with Claire; "are *you* here? Welcome to England!" and while they shook hands, he looked expectantly for the appearance of Mr. Duhamel's son-in-law, Eugène.

"De Bellechasse!" repeated Mr. Duhamel and Claire together.

"Certainly," answered Sir George. "I did not know you were acquainted."

"But, my dear fellow, this is Eugène Bertand," asseverated Mr. Duhamel.

"Mr. Duhamel," answered Emile, "do

me the favor to own that I never said so."

"You called yourself De Bellechasse, certainly," Mr. Duhamel owned — "for a whim."

"Was it for a whim that I was called De Bellechasse in Paris, Sir George?"

"I have no reason to think so. Your conduct has always been honorable and straightforward. But what does all this mean?"

Claire had left Emile's side, and clung fast to her father's arm; both father and daughter looked confounded. It was Anne who came to the rescue.

"My dear uncle," she said, "you have only made a slight mistake, and one easily mended. This gentleman is *not* your old friend's son, but he seems very willing to act as if he were — why not let him?"

"Yes," added Emile eagerly; "only try me, Mr. Duhamel — Claire, don't, I beg of you, *don't* send me away!"

Claire could not help smiling; and Mr. Duhamel saw a way out of his dilemma.

"As you will, then," said he, suffering his good-humored face to beam on the circle. "But you are the only people I ever knew who were clever enough to mislead *me*."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THOUGHTS OF AN OUTSIDER: INTERNATIONAL PREJUDICES.

WHEN General Grant delivered an address the other day upon the opening of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, we courteously expressed our surprise that he had not talked greater nonsense. He indulged in pretty good common sense instead of soaring into the regions of bombast upon the wings of the American eagle. He even admitted that Americans might have something to learn from Europe; and that the inevitable struggle with material obstacles had distracted their attention from the pursuits more immediately interesting to the intellect and the imagination. This, doubtless, was all as it should be. A certain lowering of the old tone of patriotic bluster is perceptible just now throughout the world. It is curious to notice the great waves of sentiment which sweep at intervals across whole nations. Popular fits of depression and exultation seem to propagate themselves like the cholera. At one period in the life of a people everything seems to be rose-colored. A great chorus of self-satisfaction

goes up from the whole civilized world. We believe—as people believed at the opening of the French Revolution—in the perfectibility of mankind: war was about to disappear; reason was then to take the place of blind prejudice; social wrongs were all to be redressed; man was about to become omnipotent over matter; and all human wants to be supplied by the labors of half an hour in every day. Then came a change in our anticipations. The dawn was overcast. The old spectres of tyranny, cruelty, and superstition stalked abroad; we learnt anew the old lesson that the cause of our evils lies deep in the hearts and heads of mankind; and that stupid heads cannot be cleared nor corrupt hearts purified by any political catastrophe. A gloom settled over our spirits, and instead of expecting the millennium, we sought for analogies to our position in the periods of decaying empires and declining faith.

The external causes of this revulsion of sentiment are sometimes palpable; sometimes they must be sought for in some obscure morbid tendency. They represent the dim forecasts of

the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

Nobody can fully explain his own moods, and tell why one hour of his own life is tinged with a mystic glory and the next wrapped in darkness; and still less can we unravel all the symptoms of widespread social disquiet. The race, like the individual, has strange presentiments of coming good or evil, which help perhaps to fulfil themselves. Just now, it may be said the spiritual barometer is low. We are tormented by a vague unrest. The enigmas of life torment us more than usual; and we know not whether our constitutional twinges forbode a coming attack or are destined to pass away like a bad dream. Men are not disposed either in England or America to indulge in that extravagant exhilaration which greeted the first great show a quarter of a century ago; an exhilaration which, seen by the light of later history, looks almost like a judicial infatuation. Grave men in all seriousness declared that the opening of a large bazaar was equivalent to the proclamation of a gospel of peace. We cannot think of such utterances without a cynical smile. We are looking rather at the seamy side of things; we ask whether the old order has vitality enough to throw off its maladies, and whether the new order promised by the sanguine is anything but

a skilful pretext for an attack upon the very bases of society. In such a mood, the pleasant old confident formulæ are out of place. We are tired of calculating the number of miles of railway and yards of cotton turned out of factories and looms; and we cannot speak of the boundless stores of mineral wealth in the American continent without thinking of some mining enterprises which have redistributed rather than augmented the aggregate wealth of mankind. Instead of purple and fine raiment we are disposed to fancy that sackcloth and ashes might be the most appropriate fashion of the day.

Why, indeed, should we not return to the good old custom of days of fasting and humiliation? The practice may have been wholesome in the main, when it did not mean that every man was lamenting his neighbor's sins. A Liberal would humble himself with great complacency for the shortcomings of a Conservative ministry; and the Conservative would groan over the long arrears of mischief bequeathed by the supremacy of his antagonists. But if for once we could make up our minds to apply the lash to our own backs heartily and sincerely, some good might be done. The press sometimes affects to discharge the duty; but the affectation is not very successful. When its lamentations get beyond mere party squabbling, they are apt to ring hollow. Even the platitudes about modern luxury and over-excitement—the most popular text of the would-be satirist—do not seem to imply sincere indignation so much as a thinly disguised satisfaction in dwelling upon the vicious splendors described. When a man really quarrels with the world and strikes with all his force at its vulnerable points, he soon finds as of old that the world takes him for a madman. We are melancholy just now; but we have not got so far as to admit that our sins are of a deep dye.

Englishmen indeed boast themselves to be grumblers by profession. We confess, it is said, and even exaggerate our own shortcomings. Surely of all our national boasts this is about the emptiest. I have known a sincerely religious person rather confounded by the discovery that somebody had taken in downright earnest his confession that he was a miserable sinner. He was forced to explain with some awkwardness that though, on proper occasions, he admitted the utter vileness of his heart, yet, as a matter of fact, he was not more in the habit of breaking the Ten Commandments than his most respectable

neighbors. The admission that they do things better in France means just as much or as little as this confession of the ordinary Pharisee. Nations differ widely in their mode of expressing their self-satisfaction, but hardly in the degree of complacency. A German, perhaps, is the most priggish in his consciousness of merit. He expounds his theory of world-history with the airs of a professor, and lays down his superiority to all mankind as the latest discovery of scientific thought. French vanity is the most childlike and therefore at once the least offensive and the most extravagant. American brag is often the noisiest; but it has a certain frankness which is not without its attraction. If you meet an English and an American snob together in a picture-gallery, they may be equally indifferent to the fine arts; but the American will frankly confess that he never heard of Raphael before, and dislikes what he now sees; whereas your true Briton puts on a sheepish affectation of good taste and hopes that you will mistake his stupidity for pride. If English patriotism is not pedantic, nor vain, nor bombastic, it has a tinge of sulkiness beneath its apparent self-depreciation which is almost peculiar to itself, and can therefore be more offensively vulgar than that of any other race.

There is, however, little to choose in reality between the varying manifestations of the feeling. A profound conviction that every one is a barbarian who does not wear clothes of our pattern is common to all mankind. Whether it takes this or that coloring, whether it is frank or reserved, directly or indirectly boastful, is a secondary consideration. And, moreover, the reason is obvious enough; namely, that the conviction does not, properly speaking, represent any intellectual conviction whatever, but is simply the reverse side of the universal instinct of self-satisfaction. When Johnson said, "Foreigners are fools," he expressed a belief as universal as the belief that two and two make four. Like that valuable proposition, it may be regarded as really an identical proposition. It means simply, foreigners are foreigners. A man is a foreigner in so far as he differs in some degree from my ways of thinking; that is, as I think that he thinks wrong; but thinking wrong is the mark of folly: therefore, I think that he is a fool. No mathematical demonstration can be more practically convincing, though, from the point of view of universal reason, it may be possible to

detect some error in the chain of reasoning.

So long as we remain in generalities, most people will admit that there is an ugly side to all patriotism. Patriotism is one of the great virtues, and the main-spring of the noblest human actions; but a monstrous brood of mean and ugly prejudices shelters itself under this venerable name. The people of whom we are most ashamed naturally brag the most of our acquaintance; and, on the same principle, the least admirable of Britons are apt to flaunt the silliest British prejudices most annoyingly in the eyes of the civilized world. We often have to blush for the pride of our countrymen. If, however, we were to try to go a step farther and to settle which Britons are offensive and which British prejudices are silly, we should no longer meet with the same agreement. Some people, for example, would begin by condemning all our military self-glorification from the days of Crécy and Agincourt down to the Balaclava charge. At the outside, a battle should be remembered as long as we love to pay pensions to those who took part in it. But this doctrine is a little premature.

There is another question more relevant at the present moment, which will bear a few words — would that they could be the last ever devoted to it! Englishmen and Americans have had various uncomfortable relations and seem to be endowed with special power for irritating each other's vanity. The Americans, as we fancy, act like the perverse sailor who excited the boatswain's wrath. "A plague on thee!" exclaimed that official as he flourished the cat, "wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee!" We have laid on the lash in every possible way: sometimes it comes down with a stinging satire; sometimes with a lofty moral reproof; and sometimes with profound political reasoning. Then, to make things pleasant, we rub in a good unctuous compound of flattery and philanthropy, and to our surprise and disgust our attentions are scornfully rejected. If we condemn, we are prejudiced; if we praise, we are silly flatterers; if we speak calmly, we are treating our cousins like children; if warmly, like rivals; if we say nothing, we show a brutal indifference to their claims; if we say anything, we show our profound ignorance at every word. We are like people examining some queer chemical compound, which, for anything they can say, will explode if it is touched, or heated, or chilled, or rubbed, or taken

up, or set down, or let alone. We only know that our words are pretty sure to be taken the wrong way and our silence to be misinterpreted. That the fault is not entirely our own may be guessed from the remarks of intelligent Americans; but there may be some force also in their statement that we have spoken of their countrymen in every way but one, namely, as ordinary human beings with much the same faults and virtues as ourselves. If we could manage to hit off the mean between the patronizing and the sycophantic attitude, we should perhaps succeed better. But it is not surprising that the failure of many attempts to make ourselves pleasant, and our signal success in attempts of the reverse kind, have produced a certain nervousness in our mutual relations.

After all, matters have improved. Americans have become more independent and less sensitive; and Englishmen perhaps have outlived some foolish prejudices. Let us reflect for a moment how a further advance of good feeling may be secured. A century of separation should have taught us to accept our mutual relations with a good grace. Why do, or why did, Americans and Englishmen dislike each other? One fact is plain. It was not because they knew anything of each other. If so, the question occurs whether it can be accurately said that they did in fact dislike each other. Each nation disliked a certain imaginary entity which it chose to label with the name of its antagonist, but which had of necessity the vaguest possible relation to realities. Suppose, to imagine an impossible case, that Guy Faux was still alive and living in some English village; suppose further that he was in reality one of those highly respectable and immaculate personages who have been made scapegoats by historians to be rehabilitated in later days; suppose that, so far from wishing to blow up the king and the Parliament, the true Guy Faux was really a devout Protestant, who occupied the vault for legitimate purposes of business, and that all the rest of the story was a lie contrived by politicians: if, then, the genuine Faux, being now some three hundred years ago, should walk abroad on November 5, and see a hideous image of himself paraded, with a turnip for a head, an old pipe in its mouth, and old rags on its back, and then assist at the conflagration of the said image amidst a discharge of crackers, general exultation, and vows to remember forever something that never happened, and in

regard of which the performers had no conceivable means of judging whether it happened or not — would the respectable Faux be justified in saying that he was hated, or in resenting the hatred? He might be excusably annoyed at the reflection that his Christian name had been converted into a new term of abuse, and regret the fallibility of mankind; but, if he was of a logical turn, he would console himself by thinking that the true object of popular contempt was a mere figment, accidentally connected with his name, and he would admit that the rioters were not responsible for the illusion which they had no means of testing. He would have no more cause for wrath or for a sense of martyrdom than if one of his old hats had fallen into the hands of a tribe of savages and been converted by them into a fetish, which might be accidentally worshipped or regarded as a symbol of diabolical power.

Now the ideal John Bull or Brother Jonathan is to the real Englishman or American what the factitious dummy is to our supposed Guy Faux. He is made up of vague scraps and tatters which have somehow floated across the Atlantic. The steeple-crowned hat of Guy Faux is, perhaps, a traditional portrait of the genuine original; and so the top-boots and knee-breeches of John Bull, and the lantern-jaws and bowie-knife of Jonathan, as they figure in our conventional caricatures, have no doubt a foundation in fact. But what is the substance clothed in this external form? In the case of Guy, it may be supposed, if we are charitable, that the ceremonial partly reflects a horror of dark conspiracy, which is a respectable if not a virtuous sentiment; or a love of Protestantism, with which we may or may not sympathize, but which is at least not intrinsically a vicious sentiment; and whatever the ostensible pretext, the chief constituent of the popular emotion is clearly a love of noise. What are the analogous elements in the absurd fetish which we call by the name of a nation? He is made up partly of vague antipathy — the dislike of a fat man for a thin, or of the man who shaves his chin instead of the upper lip for the man who shaves on the inverse principle; partly, again, of the pure spirit of combativeness — a very excellent ingredient in national character, though sometimes developed in excess; but chiefly, of course, of what we call patriotic feeling. To an American, John Bull represents simply the outside world; England being the only country with which

he has sensibly come in contact. England meant little more than not America; and the hatred of England was merely the shadow cast by his own self-esteem. The English sentiment is, of course, a little more complex. We have been knocked about enough in the world to distinguish between foreigners and foreigners; and the American dummy might be chiefly the reflection of that most sensitive part of national feeling which was bound up with pride in the British empire. It is not simply dislike to the non-English world, but dislike to that part of it which had most humiliated England. That is to say, it is the reverse side of the vague but keen sentiment produced by a consciousness of our colonial greatness. To hate the foreign nation is, therefore, at bottom to think with complacency of ourselves. The feeling is of course natural. Not long ago I heard some farm-laborers chanting an old song which ended by a vigorous defiance hurled at "the pope and the king of Spain." How the poor king of Spain came in for this denunciation I knew not. Perhaps it was a tradition from the times of the Armada, or possibly from the more recent excitement in the days of Walpole. Anyhow it was highly probable that the singers did not know whether Spain was nearer to England or Australia, whether Spaniards talked Hebrew or Japanese, or worshipped Mumbo-jumbo or the Virgin Mary. They would doubtless have cheered the monarch whom they denounced if he had presented himself in flesh and blood. But, in any case, their hatred of Spaniards might just as well have been called hatred of the Chinese or love of ourselves. It implied no sort of opinion about the real Spain, bad or good. The ordinary English judgment of Americans is not much more valuable. In the lower classes it means a vague impression that America is the land of promise for laborers; in the higher a vague impression that America is a bad place for people of artistic tendencies or conservative politics. But in any case it would be ludicrous to consider it as a serious judgment formed upon sufficient evidence.

If, indeed, we consider for a moment what it implies to make any decently satisfactory judgment of thirty or forty millions of human beings; how difficult it is for the imagination to realize different conditions of country and climate and social development; what ludicrous mistakes are committed by the most acute and impartial foreign travellers; how little we know even of our own country; how little an ordinary

cockney, for example, knows of the farm-laborer or of the factory-hand; how little he knows even of nine-tenths of his fellow-townsmen in this wilderness of brick and mortar; what miscalculations are made even by statesmen whose business in life is to understand their fellows as to the real currents of national sentiment on the most important matters; how hopelessly different are the estimates formed by intelligent persons as to the religion, the morality, the cultivation of classes with whom they are in daily contact; how confidently one man will decide, say, that intoxication is visibly increasing and another that it is diminishing,—we may form some estimate of the utter inadequacy of nine-tenths of our hasty verdicts about nations. We could easily mention writers of great ability who have studied English literature and English characteristics for years, and yet make errors in every page palpable to the most ordinary Englishmen. Our judgment of our neighbors is very unlikely to be as near the mark as (say) M. Taine's judgment of us. And yet what Englishman thinks that he can really learn from M. Taine? We think ourselves entitled, indeed, to form opinions by a very expeditious process. Most people reason by particular instances. An American ruffian plots the destruction of a ship, or a Frenchman cuts half-a-dozen throats, and we assume that they represent typical instances of national development. An international antipathy means a healthy instinct combined with a logical fallacy. The instinct flourishes in proportion as a nation is contented and happy. It is developed when the sentiments of which all the bonds of society are ultimately composed are in a thoroughly healthy state; its decay would mean the approach of revolution or national dissolution. Its vigor means that the social order is moulded upon the strongest popular convictions. But this most desirable passion gives strength incidentally to a mass of silly prejudices. It encourages us to hate or despise people of whom we know nothing but the name and the fact that they differ from ourselves. We should be ashamed in any matter of daily life to frame any opinion upon grounds so slight as those which determine our judgment of a foreign nation. Those grounds are vague traditions, trifling observations of the external peculiarities of an infinitesimal fraction of the phenomena in question, or hasty surmises of incompetent judges passed through a dozen intermediate stages. But when a

proposition falls in with a vigorous instinct, it acquires a strength utterly disproportionate to its logical value, and may produce serious mischief.

Does it really produce such mischief? Are these groundless prejudices really more than a harmless amusement? The mutual dislike of Americans and Englishmen has been lamented, but has it done much harm? So far as it has in fact envenomed diplomatic quarrels it has, of course, been objectionable. It may have made the preservation of peace more difficult, or produced discreditable diplomacy. Of that I can here say nothing; but there is an allowance or two to be made before we can judge rightly. Nothing, in the first place, is so transitory as a sentiment of this kind. Nations behave to each other like a pair of fickle lovers. They kiss one day, and curse the next. When the Northern States were angry with us during the war, some of their papers vowed eternal vengeance. The eternity has not lasted for ten years. The vows were pretty well forgotten before the ink was dry; and the same writers are as ready to talk the regular series of "Anglo-Saxon" platitudes. The reason is, doubtless, that the antipathy lies on the surface of men's minds, and, owing nothing to logic, may disappear without logic. Washington told his countrymen very sensibly in his last message that the national policy could not be determined by sentimental considerations. It is a cardinal virtue in a nation to guide itself by an exclusive regard to its own interest short of absolute injury to others. The French government did not help the American patriots because it loved them, but because it thought that it could strike at its great rival with their help. Therefore the French had no real claims upon American gratitude. Sympathy or antipathy between two races does not bring them into alliance or collision, but is caused by their collision or alliance. Frenchmen and Germans hate each other because they have been opposed; they have been opposed by force of geography and by tangible religious or political considerations. The hatred is merely the heat developed by the friction of two neighboring powers. We hated the French as long as we were in the habit of fighting them. Since we have fortunately been at peace for two generations, the hatred has died out, and the desire to avenge Waterloo, which some people thought so dangerous, has calmly gone to sleep.

Men are foolish enough and wicked enough in all conscience. But, foolish

and wicked as they may be, they are not generally so bad as to cut each other's throats simply because they dislike each other. Some mistaken view of very solid interests generally brings them into hostile contact, and then the hatred develops itself, and may sometimes pass itself off as the pretext. But the more we look at the history of past wars, the less force we shall be inclined to attribute to this superficial feeling, however ugly it may look and however awkward may be the complications which it sometimes introduces. Desire of wealth or of power, religious or political propagandism have caused innumerable wars, but when has a war been caused by antipathy?

Doubtless, it does not follow that the evil is a trifling one. A better mutual understanding would be an important step towards many good things. It would facilitate the disappearance of the countless fallacies arising from our narrow views of national greatness and our inclination to believe that the gain of one people must be the loss of another. It would, therefore, be desirable, if it were possible, to bring reason to bear upon some of the fallacies involved. What, for example, do we mean when we speak of the faults of rival people? Do we mean that the average American, or a Frenchman, is made of intrinsically worse materials than ourselves — that he belongs to a distinctly lower type of the race? Surely not, for then we should not hate him in any sense. Nobody despises a child because it cannot talk, or a woman because she has not the muscular strength of a man. We seldom hate a negro; and that is just because we sincerely hold him to belong to a lower order of development. We don't hate a monkey for his want of a moral sense. Many people have, it is true, a certain prejudice against the monkeys, just in so far as they seem to be caricatures of men. We can pardon the ill behavior of a pig, because he clearly belongs to a different genus from our own; but we are more or less offended when a beast of semi-human appearance behaves himself after a fashion totally inconsistent with human dignity. That is, our antipathies become strong just in proportion as we recognize the essential similarity of the offender to ourselves. We should feel the absurdity of hating an insect because it had six legs; but we should be disgusted by a creature, otherwise like ourselves, which so far diverged from the common style.

Thus, antipathy is avowedly based upon an admission of similarity. It is not pro-

portioned to the difference between ourselves and its objects; but to the superficial difference, combined with underlying identity. We are startled by a kind of logical contradiction. Different conclusions seem to follow from the same premises. This man is just like me, yet he acts differently from me. That is the very cause and justification of my offence. To be reasonable, then, we must take account of the implied resemblance as much as of the observed difference. If we really thought that Americans had an inferior nature to our own, we should not blame them, but nature; or rather, we should regard them as an odd phenomenon, not as a standing insult. The very ground of our dislike is that they are about as good as ourselves.

The French, the Germans, and the other European races differ from our own. Nobody will dare to say that any one of these races is intrinsically inferior to its neighbors. Each has its own special aptitudes and deficiencies: but even in the height of national vanity, we don't explicitly hold that an Englishman differs from a Frenchman simply as a superior from an inferior. Americans, again, are descended — the majority within a generation or two — from the European races. Any differences which may appear must therefore be due, not to a radical difference of nature, but to circumstances of climate, social condition, religious persuasion, and so on. We may regard the whole nation, therefore, as the embodiment of a vast and most interesting experiment. We may trace back their characteristics to the circumstances which gave them birth. We have planted offshoots from our own stem in a new and vast territory within historical times. We have poured out these enormous masses of population of our own blood, or of blood closely allied to ours. The existing order of the United States represents the effect of the resulting processes carried on under conditions all of which are tolerably ascertainable. There cannot be a more interesting field of enquiry; and the philosophical remarks of such men as De Tocqueville, for example, are of the highest possible interest. Even De Tocqueville made many blunders, as a foreigner was certain to do; but his conclusions, though they may apply as much to France as to America, marked a distinct stage in political speculation, and indicate the true spirit of the enquirer. He began by admitting that American flesh and blood was like his own. Unluckily,

very few writers have shown De Tocqueville's impartiality or acuteness. They have tried to justify their prejudices, good or bad, instead of trying to form their judgments; and it is here that Americans have some ground of complaint. If it should be proved that this vast operation in national chemistry has had an unfortunate result, we might be justified in disliking the race. If, for example, the Americans turned out to be rogues, the plea that their roguery was the result of natural causes would not be valid against our antipathy. I have a strong prejudice against the late Mr. Palmer, though I may hold that Palmer's wickedness was caused by temptations acting upon hereditary predispositions. Metaphysicians may settle the free-will question as they please; however they settle it, hatred of evil propensities will be as natural and rightful as before. If we suppose — purely for the sake of argument — that Americans are greater cheats than Europeans, I should take the liberty of disliking Americans in consequence, though it might be proved by the most invincible logic that their knavery was the inevitable result of their democracy, and that again of their social condition, and that of the conditions of their growth. Trace back the chain of cause and effect as far as you please, and a knave remains a knave, and ought to be a hateful person to the end of the chapter. Scientific observation may to some extent unravel the causes of moral deformity, and thereby teach us very useful lessons, but it certainly should not diminish our disgust at such deformity.

The fact, however, that American vices, whatever they may be, are thus traceable to assignable causes suggests some cautions, though it would not justify indifference. The first is that on which I have already insisted — namely, the utter futility of nine hundred and ninety-nine judgments out of a thousand. To say deliberately that the moral standard of a nation is distinctly lower or higher than that of its neighbors requires an amount of careful observation and candid reasoning which hardly anybody can give. It is said, for example, that American politicians are more corrupt than our own. What is the legitimate inference, supposing the fact to be proved? One man is content to infer that Americans generally have a low standard of honor. Another explains it as a general incident of democracy. A third excuses it by the universal excuse — which indeed

asserts an undeniable fact — that America is a new country. A fourth sets it down to the unprecedented emigration of ignorant foreigners. A Roman Catholic, perhaps, traces it to the demoralizing influences of Protestantism. A Protestant retorts that it is due to the influence of priests upon an ignorant population. A profound philosopher shows his ingenuity by connecting it somehow with the influence of climate. A radical thinks that it is part of the legacy left by slavery. A constitution-monger considers it to be clearly produced by the absence of a system for representing minorities. A sound English constitutionalist remarks upon the want of a House of Lords. An educational reformer thinks that the school system is defective. A believer in race puts it down to Celtic or Teutonic tendencies. A lover of the past says it is caused by the growth of luxury. A "nihilist" says that it is owing to the growth of centralization. An historian says that we were once equally corrupt in England, and regards the disease as a kind of measles incident to all races in certain stages of development. Each of these and a dozen other causes may have something to do with the phenomenon. I only observe that to consider any one of them fully involves a whole series of complicated observations, and to allow to each its due share would be the work of a philosophic lifetime. The connection, for example, between the standard of honor accepted in private life and that recognized in political life suggests innumerable curious questions, upon which volumes might be written. In some cases, the morality of a nation is very high in particular directions — as, for example, in regard to domestic virtues — whilst it is very low in regard to politics; whilst the reverse is constantly illustrated. One nation, like one man, is more given to drink than its neighbors, or more given to one particular form of drinking, and at the same time less inclined to crimes of violence or to offences against property. To sum up all the lines of inquiry which converge upon such problems is a task of the utmost nicety, for which, perhaps, nobody is fully competent. It implies a combination of the imagination which can see through the eyes of a strange race, with the power of accumulating knowledge which can swallow whole libraries of statistics, and the power of reasoning which can digest them.

When, therefore, a hasty traveller brings out his pet explanation, ascribes the evil

to the influence which he happens to dislike, and then ascribes the influence to a natural defect in the character of the people, and, further, infers that we ought to hate them instead of pitying, he is guilty of a whole series of doubtful assumptions. So far from seeing this, he probably gives himself the airs of a philosopher, and henceforward takes his little theory for granted, as though it were a proposition in Euclid. The true moral is surely different. We should blame any vices and praise any virtues proved to exist as heartily as if they were our own. We should sympathize with efforts to reform and denounce the fallacies by which errors are defended. On all such matters we should speak without fear or favor. We are on safe ground, and may treat with contempt any resentment that we may excite. Unluckily, this is just the course which we generally decline. Either we make a show of shutting our eyes to evils, and are despised as insincere sycophants; or we proceed to make hasty inferences as to causes which are as obscure as the consequences are palpable. Bribery and corruption are abominable — that is an undeniable truth. A or B is convicted of corruption; that is often equally clear, and so is the inference that A or B ought to be punished. It is another and quite a different thing to assume that the forty millions of men represented by A or B must all share his faults, and are therefore corrupt by nature or perverted by that particular influence on which we happen to pitch as most offensive to our own tastes. It is by this error in logic and feeling that we give legitimate ground for complaint, and manage to oscillate dexterously between administering unworthy flattery and unprovable imputations.

This or that, we may most properly say, is bad. As to its causes, we can only form some general conjectures, entitled to more or less respect, but always requiring to be carefully tested by experience. Most of us have no right to any opinion whatever. Our rash conjectures about Americans have often little more claim to respect than a schoolboy's fancies about the ancient Trojans. They are founded upon evidence, so far as they have any connection with evidence at all, which is ludicrously insufficient to justify any distinct conclusion, favorable or the reverse. Conversely, we have no right to be angry when people form utterly absurd opinions about ourselves. They do not really hate us, but a figment which happens to be called by our name. Their error is not in

judging wrongly, but in judging at all; but that offence is so universal that it does not deserve to be condemned severely. So long as we take advantage of the liberty common to all men of forming opinions without knowledge of the facts, we must not be angry if other people use the same privilege, and fall into similar blunders.

The argument, it may be replied, would justify a mischievous scepticism. Are we to admit that no judgment can be formed about national character? Are we to assume that all nations, or all civilized nations, are equally good? And are we therefore to love our neighbors as well as ourselves, and to regard patriotism as a vice instead of a virtue? None of these terrible conclusions really follow; but some things follow which we do not admit so willingly as we ought, because we find it hard to resign pretensions to supernatural sagacity. Judgments can be formed about national character, and certain conclusions established which are of the highest value in political and historical reasoning. We can assign with great confidence certain distinctions between the great varieties of the human race. We can define with some accuracy the peculiar qualities of temperament which separate the Teuton from the Celt, and the Englishman from the American. But what few people can do with any show of reason, and probably no one can do with any approach to certainty, is to effect a sound analysis of national character, to decide upon the intensity as well as the general tendency of the various constituent impulses, and then to determine the resultant value of the amazingly complex forces which result when these elements are brought together to form the whole which we call a nation. A few acute critics or political reasoners can say pretty accurately in what directions French modes of thought and action diverge from English, and can infer which is best on a given occasion. Even such men will be the first to confess their utter inability to say which type is on the whole the best. But as the overwhelming majority of the race are utterly incapable of taking the first steps in this difficult process; as their hasty conclusions are not even based indirectly upon rational judgment, but reflect a number of utterly irrational prejudices, it may perhaps be said that modesty in expressing their opinions is distinctly desirable. Nor, again, need we assume that all nations, and still less the institutions of all nations, are equally good. To learn in what respects and why one is better than another

is precisely the great problem of the philosophical observer. We should be foolish indeed not to take warning by the breakdown of some constitutions or be encouraged by the success of others. A national calamity should be a warning to others besides the persons directly affected. The objectionable practice in this case is the common tendency of jumping at the conclusions which flatter our preconceived prejudices. The action which takes place is so complex that every party has some excuse for attributing all the evils which arise to its own pet object of detestation. If you had all believed in my creed, we exclaim, this would not have happened; and the retort is easy—neither would it have happened if we had all disbelieved. Both remarks may be right. When two parties are struggling, many evils happen which would not occur if either had converted its antagonist; but that does not show which conversion is desirable. Nothing is easier than to devise taunts to vex your opponents from any historical incident that ever happened. You have only to read it by the light of your own theories. The true reason is that the extreme intricacy of all such problems makes all inferences precarious. Whether the ultramontanes or the unbelievers, the absolutists or the democrats, are most to blame is a question which may be ultimately decided by experience, but can only be confused by these hasty snatches at an immediate conclusion. The great mass may be content with observing frequent illustrations of the great truth that moral enormities bring round their punishment in time. The old maxims that honesty is the best policy, and oppression an evil both to tyrant and slave, are worth hearing afresh because incessantly forgotten. When, not content with those simple truths, we try to pronounce specific verdicts upon the conduct of people of whose motives, designs, characters, and difficulties we know next to nothing, we are apt to make disgraceful blunders and indirectly to flatter our own faults. The chief use of these national prejudices is to blind ourselves to the reflection that, if we had been in the same position, we should probably have done the same thing. The epithet "French" or "American" is easily made to account for everything, and flatters us into the generally erroneous assumption that we are not as those publicans.

Is not this to preach a futile cosmopolitanism? We are proud of our English descent, and we won't admit that our pride can be wrong, for it is that pride which

has made us do things to be proud of. But how can we be proud if we don't hold that we are better than our neighbors? This is, no doubt, the final difficulty which perplexes us, and yet the answer seems to be very simple. A man, for example, may respect himself without holding that he is of more value than his neighbors. He may take an honest pride in doing his duty and exerting his talents without holding that he ought to be prime minister, or that he is the intellectual equal of Shakespeare and Newton. Or, to come nearer to the point, a man may love his wife and children; he may be ready to fight for them to the death, to work himself to the bone, to prefer their society to that of the best people in the land, and may yet be quite ready to admit that they are not far removed from the average standard. Undoubtedly it is difficult to keep our affections from prejudicing our reason; to judge things by their intrinsic value, and yet to value them in practice by their importance to ourselves; and, in short, to refrain from declaring our own favorite geese to be swans. But that is just one of the lessons which we all have to learn in our private relations, on peril of bitter disappointment to ourselves and serious injury to those we love. A man who is capable of learning by experience finds out that the face of one whom he loves need not be the most beautiful in the world in order to be the most delightful to his eyes; and that he may admit that the maternal instinct which proportions affection to the weakness of its object instead of to its abstract merit is so far from being irrational that it represents the great condition of domestic happiness. The paradox of patriotism is precisely the same. A man may hold that Frenchmen or Americans are every whit as good as Englishmen in all essentials; that virtue and wisdom are fortunately not confined by the four seas or the horizon visible from his parish steeple; and he may yet be as ready as his neighbors to die for his country, to do his best to carry the English flag to the North Pole or Timbuctoo, or to give his whole strength to remedy the many evils which threaten our social welfare. In this sense, indeed, the worse his country may be, the greater its demands upon him; and the more convinced he is that it is behind its neighbors, the greater should be his efforts to bring it up to their level.

The whole difficulty, in fact, lies in this persistent assumption that because I love a country or a person I must logically hold

it to be the best of all countries or persons. That is the temptation, not the legitimate inference. My country is or ought to be dear to me, because I am tied down to it by a thousand bonds of birth, connection, and tradition; because it is that part of the world in which I can labor to most purpose; because my affections are governed by all kinds of associations which have no connection whatever with my intellectual estimate of its value. But this is just what people in general refuse to see. They insist upon my drawing an illogical inference. If I am forced to admit by evidence that another race is in any respect better than my own, they declare that I am unpatriotic. They do not condescend to enquire whether my recognition of that fault leads me to love my country less. That is taken for granted; and therefore the test of patriotism is taken to be my persuasion of the truth of certain conclusions about matters of which, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, I am an utterly incompetent judge. It is sought to make patriotism rational by insisting that my emotions shall have a logical basis which may or may not exist. The only result is that I make a factitious basis by inventing the proposition which gratifies my vicarious vanity, and then assuming that it is the cause instead of the effect of the vanity.

I must, for my part, decline to stake my patriotism upon any such test whatever. Something may prove to-morrow morning that another nation is better than mine, and then I must either believe a lie or cease to be patriotic. I claim the right, on the contrary, of expressing such opinions as I can form, with absolute freedom, and without admitting any inference as to my sentiment. I believe that Englishmen are in many and important respects at the rear instead of being in the van of civilized races. As a mere matter of taste, I generally prefer the society of intelligent Americans, because they are not hidebound by British prejudice. I never go to Paris or travel in Germany or Italy without being impressed by the great superiority of foreigners in many respects, intellectually, artistically, and socially. But, for all that, I may be just as patriotic as the Briton who makes his first trip to the Continent when he is already soaked to the core with native prejudices, and swears that all foreigners are filthy barbarians because he does not find soap by his basin in the first hotel. Why not? A man may love his children better than

all the world, and yet know that they are short, ugly, stupid, and far from being models of all the Christian virtues.

And, therefore, I shall be perfectly happy on the next 4th of July. I shall admit most cheerfully that we made a dreadful mess of things a century ago, and that we shall probably make other messes for centuries to come. I shall admit that the United States have a larger territory than the British islands; that they have more coal and iron, and bigger rivers, mountains, and prairies; nay, I would admit, if it were proved, that their system of government is in some ways better than ours, that they have better schools, less intoxication, and a greater diffusion of general intelligence. On all these points, and many others, I am perfectly open to conviction. Only I shall look with extreme suspicion upon any attempt to sum up the merits of their national character, and proclaim, as examiners do after a competition, that England deserves only ninety-nine marks whilst America has earned one hundred, or *vice versa*. I have a strong conviction that in such matters our confidence generally increases in proportion to our ignorance; and that the chief result of expressing it is to set up an irritation mischievous as far as it goes, though luckily it does not go so far as we think. And meanwhile I shall be quite content to be in ignorance about most of these problems, which nobody has yet solved, and shall, with Johnson and Savage, "stick by my country" so long as it does not insist upon my telling lies or doing dirty actions on its behalf.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE CHARITIES.

To live at Sunninghill, with one's feet on a level with the highest pinnacle of the big Castle of St. George's, what a thing it was in summer! All that country is eloquent with trees — big beeches, big oaks, straight climbers, sweet briars; even the very holly-bushes, in their dark green, grow tall into prickly straggling monsters, as big as the elms. But the triumph of the place perhaps is in spring, when the primroses come too thick for counting, and the woods are full of the fairy indefinable

fragrance. In the ripe summer there was no such lovely suggestion about; all was at perfection which suggests only decay. The wild flowers were foxgloves, with here and there in the marshy places a lingering plume of meadow-sweet. The ferns had grown too strong and tall, like little trees. The woods were in their darkest, fullest garments of green; not another leaflet to come anywhere; all full, and mature and complete. Wild honeysuckle waved flags of yellow and brown from the immobile branches of big trees, while it had caught and tangled in and made the hedge into one big wall of flowers — almost too much when the sun was on it. In the very heart of August it was as cool in the shadowy wood walks as in a Gothic chapel, and here and there on a little plateau of brown earth a trunk underneath a tree offered rest and a view to the wayfarer. Mrs. Burchell was sitting on one of these, panting a little, on the day we are thinking of. She was that rector's wife already mentioned, who had been a contemporary of Cherry Beresford, and who grudged so much that "two single women" should have all the delights of Sunninghill. She was just Miss Cherry's age, fat and fair, but more than forty, and she had seven children, and felt herself inconceivably in advance of Cherry, for whom she retained her old friendship however, modified by a little envy and a good deal of contempt. She was an old maid; that of itself surely was quite enough to warrant the contempt and the envy. You had but to look at Mr. Burchell's rectory, which lay at the foot of the hill too, and under the shadows of the woods, facing the high-road, which was very dusty and exposed without a tree to the blaze of the west, and to compare it with the beautiful house on the top of the hill, sheltered so carefully, not too much nor too little — set in velvet lawns and dewy gardens, dust and noise kept at arm's length — to see the difference between them. It was a difference which Mrs. Burchell for her part could not learn not to resent, though, indeed, but for the benefice bestowed by Miss Beresford, the Burchells must have had a much worse lot, or indeed perhaps never would have united their lots at all. The rector's wife might have been as poor a creature as Miss Cherry, an old maid, and none of the seven Burchells might ever have come into being, but for the gift of that dusty rectory from the ladies on the hill; but the rectorine did not think of that. She was seated on the bench under the big oak, fanning herself with her handker-

chief, while Agnes her eldest daughter, and Dolly her youngest, dutifully waited for her. They were going up to "the Hill" for tea, which was a weekly ceremonial at least.

"At all events, mamma, you must allow," said Agnes, "that it is better to live at the foot of the hill than at the top. You never could take any walks, if you had this long pull up every time you went out."

"They don't have any long pull," said her mother; "they have their carriage. Ah, yes, they are very different from a poor clergyman's wife, who has done her duty all her life without much reward for it. It is not those who deserve them most, or who have most need of them, who get the good things of this life, my dear. I don't want to judge my neighbors, but Miss Charity Beresford I have heard all my life was not so very much better than a heathen. Oh, one comes to think—but I have seen her, with my own eyes, laugh at your papa's best sermons. I am afraid she is not far removed from the wicked that flourish like a green bay-tree; yet look at her lot in life and your papa's—he a gentleman too, and a clergyman with so many opportunities of doing good—and she in this fine place, a mere old woman."

"Should she have given up the place to papa?" said Dolly, whose small brain was confused, and did not see the analogy; "that would have been very nice. Then I should have been the little lady at the Hill, instead of Carry; and would Miss Cherry have made a pet of me?"

"Hold your tongue," said her mother. "Cherry Beresford is a ridiculous old creature. Dear me, when I think of the time when she and I were girls together. Who would have thought that I should have been the one to toil up here in the sun, while *she* drove in her carriage. Oh, yes, that's very true, she was born the richest—but some girls have better luck than others. It was mine, you see, to marry a poor clergyman. Ah, well, I dare say Cherry would give her head to be in my place now."

"And you in hers. Mamma, what a pity!"

"Me in hers, I'd like to be in her house, if that's what you mean; but me a fanciful, discontented, soured old maid—me!"

"Then mamma dear, if you are better off in one way and she in another, you are equal," said Agnes, somewhat crossly; "that's compensation. Have not you

waited long enough?" Agnes was in the uncomfortable position of an involuntary critic. She had been used to hear a great deal about the Miss Beresfords all her life, and only a little while before had awoke out of the tranquil satisfaction of use and wont, to wonder if all this abuse was justifiable. She stood under the tree with her back to her mother, looking out upon the view with an impatient sadness in her face. She was fond of her mother, but to hear so many unnecessary animadversions vexed and ashamed her, and the very way in which she would show this was by an angry tone and demeanor, which sat very badly upon her innocent countenance and ingenuous looks.

Just then they heard the sound of footsteps coming towards them, and voices softly clear in the warm air. "But, Carry, we must not be so ready to blame. All of us do wrong sometimes—not only little girls, but people who are grown up."

"Then, Aunt Cherry, you ought not, and one ought to blame you. A little child who cannot read—yes, perhaps that ought to be excused—it does not know; but us——"

"We do wrong, too, on every day, every minute, Carry. You will learn that as you grow older, and learn to be kind, I hope, and forgive."

"I shall never learn that."

They were within sight when the words were said. Miss Cherry, in a cool grey gown, with a broad hat that Mrs. Burchell thought far too young for her. Little Carry in her white frock, all the shadows sparkling and waving over her, erect as a little white pillar, carrying herself so straight. They made a pretty picture coming down the brown mossy path all broken up by big roots under the cool shade of the trees. On the bank behind were the low forests of coarse fern, and a bundle of foxgloves flowering high up on a bare plain. The cool and tranquil look of them felt almost like an insult to the hot and panting wayfarers who had toiled up the path this hot day. Mrs. Burchell was in black silk, as became her age and position; she had a great deal of dark hair, and, though she blamed Miss Cherry for it, she too wore a hat; but though she had been resting for ten minutes, she was still red and panting. "Ah, Cherry," she said, "how lucky you are coming downhill while we have been climbing! Some people have always the best of it. It makes me feel hotter and hotter to see you so cool and so much at your ease."

"We have come to meet you," said Miss

Cherry, "and we shall be equal the rest of the way, for we shall all climb. Little Dolly, will you drag me up? You are so big and so strong, and you like to help old ladies. Come."

Dolly being a very little mite, more fit to be carried, was made very happy by this address. She stretched forth two fat small hands, and made great pretences to drag her thin charge. "But you must want to tum, or I tan't drag you," she said.

"Dolly is a little wise woman, and speaks proverbs and parables," said Miss Cherry. "Yes, dear, I want to come; but we must wait for mamma."

"Oh, go on, you are light and airy; you have not been tried with a large family like me. You had better give me your arm, Agnes, for the rest of the way. What a pull it is; I don't think I should ever walk if I had my choice. If I could afford a pair of ponies like yours; but with so many children ponies are out of the question," said Mrs. Burchell, still aggrieved. Miss Cherry looked wistfully at the pretty daughter upon whose arm her friend laid a heavy hand.

"Perhaps we both have something that the other would like to have," she said, mildly. "I believe that is the way in life."

"Oh, it would never do for you, a single woman, to wish for children. I consider that most improper," said the rector's wife. "Of course we all wished for husbands in our day, and some of us were successful and some weren't; but it isn't a subject to be talked of, pardon me, my dear Cherry, before young girls."

Miss Cherry opened her mild eyes very wide, and then she blushed a delicate overwhelming old-maidenly blush, one of those demonstrations of feeling which are more exquisitely pleasant in the old than in the young. She did not make any reply. Mrs. Burchell went on in her daughter's ears, "She is an old fool—look at her blushing, as if she were a young girl."

"I can't blush when I please, mamma," said Agnes; "neither I suppose can she. Lean on me a little heavier; we shall soon get to the top now."

"Why she *runs*, actually," said poor Mrs. Burchell. "She is as light as Dolly; she doesn't mind the hill. So, Carry, your papa and mamma have gone away again? Why don't they take you with them? I should think you are old enough now to go too. How different people are! Now, I can never bear to be

separated from my children. I like them to go everywhere with me. It is quite astonishing the difference. Doesn't your Aunt Charity think it strange that they should always send you here?"

"Aunt Charity likes to have me," said Carry, "and then mamma travels very fast, and I should get very tired. I think I like the Hill best. Mamma is not very strong, and I should have to stop all my lessons."

"But you would not mind that, I should think. My girls are always so glad to get lessons over. They would go mad with joy to have their month's holiday, and I am sure so would you."

"No," said Carry, "I am nearly twelve, and I can only play three or four tunes, and talk a little French with Aunt Cherry. We pronounce very badly," she continued, with a blush. "I know by the French people who come to see us in the square."

"You poor child! do you mean to say they let you stay up at night, and hear people talking in the drawing-room? How very wrong for you, both for your mind and health; that is what makes you so thin, I am sure, and you must hear a great many things that you ought not to hear."

Carry opened her blue eyes very wide. The mind was rather gratified by the idea that she had heard things she ought not to hear. That perhaps accounted for the superior wisdom which she felt in herself.

"Mamma says I ought to learn to judge for myself," she said, with dignity. "When there is an argument going on I like to listen, and often she makes me tell her what I thought, and which side I take."

Mrs. Burchell gave Agnes a significant look, and Agnes, it must be allowed, who heard little conversation which did not turn on personal subjects, was slightly horrified too.

"Poor child!" repeated the rector's wife; "at your age!—and what kind of subjects do they talk about? It must be very bad for you."

"Oh, about books chiefly," said Carry, "and pictures—but I don't understand pictures—and sometimes about politics. I like that—about Ireland and Mr. Gladstone they talked once. And to hear the Frenchmen talk about Ireland—just as if it were Poland, papa said."

"Well, I am sure it could not be much worse," Mrs. Burchell said, after a pause of alarm. She did not know much about Ireland, except that they shot landlords there, and that when she advertised for a housemaid she said, "No Irish need apply;" and she knew nothing at all about

Poland, and what the analogy was between she had not an idea. She looked at Carry after this with a little awe; but naturally held fast by her censure, which no doubt must be just, though she could not tell how.

"It cannot be good for you to hear such talk as that," she said. "A good romp and go to bed at eight o'clock, that is what I hold with for my girls. You are a great deal too old for your age. Before you are eighteen, people will be taking you for five-and-twenty. To hear you talk, one would think you were eighteen now."

"I wish they would," said Carry; "I don't like to be always thought a child. I have often things I want to say just on my very lips. I know I could set the people right if I might but speak. But mamma holds up her finger, and I dare not. If I were eighteen, I should be grown up, and I might give my opinion—and twenty-five! Is Agnes twenty-five?"

"Agnes! you spiteful little thing," cried the mother, getting redder and redder. Agnes was twenty, and the eldest of five, so to add anything to her age was very undesirable. Carry was too much bewildered to ask what it was which made her a "spiteful little thing," for just then they came to the final plateau, where the path reached the level of the lawn. And there, sniffing away at her roses, was Miss Beresford herself, in a cheap sunbonnet and garden-gloves, with a large pair of scissors in her hand, and two baskets at her feet. The roses were in the full flush of their second bloom, notwithstanding their mistress's fears. She was snipping off the withered flowers, the defective buds and yellow leaves on one hand, and here and there making a savage dash at a sound twig infested by a colony of green flies, while she cut roses for the decoration of the room. One of the baskets was filled with these flowers, and Miss Cherry, who had preceded them, had lifted this basket from the path, and was looking at it with a very queer face.

"There's a 'Malmaison' which is perfect," said Miss Charity; "and as for those 'Giant of Battles'——" She liked to pronounce their names in her own way, scorning pretence, as she said; and she put down her nose into the basket with true satisfaction. The one thing in the world Miss Charity was a little "off her head" about was a fine rose.

"They are fine flowers," said Miss Cherry, very seriously, her soft voice relaxing, with no smile, "but the stalks are so short! How am I to arrange them,

unless you put them bolt upright, each one by itself, as they are in a rose-show?"

"You don't think I'm going to sacrifice my buds," said Miss Charity; "never! I see you do it, and that dolt of a gardener, and it goes to my heart. Put them bolt upright; what could be better? or they do very well in flat dishes. You can't go wrong with roses; but sacrifice my buds—not for the world!"

"There is not one long enough to put in one's belt," said Miss Charity, who looked half disposed to cry. "We have more roses than any one, but they never look nice, for they never have any stalks. I must think what is to be done. The flat dishes are not effective, and the pyramids are wearisome, and specimen glasses make the table like a child's garden."

"There's a dinner-party to-night," said Miss Beresford; "that's why Cherry is put out. Come to the arbor and sit down, you poor hot people. How very hot you look, to be sure! That is what it is to be stout. Neither Cherry nor I are stout, and it is a great advantage to us, especially in summer. Come, Maria, you shall have some, too."

"I don't consider myself stout," said Mrs. Burchell, offended. "The mother of a large family naturally develops a little. 'It would not do, my dear, if you were as slim as you were at twenty,' my husband says to me; 'only old maids are thin;' and if he likes it——"

"Yes; you see we're all old maids here," said Miss Charity, with one of her hearty laughs. Her handsome old face shone cool at the bottom of the deep tunnel of her sunbonnet, clear red and white, as if she had been twenty; and with large, blue, undimmed eyes, from which little Cara had taken hers, and not from either father's or mother's. Cara, indeed, was considered by everybody "the very image" of Miss Charity, and copied her somewhat, it must be allowed, in a longer step and more erect carriage than was common to little girls. Miss Charity put down her scissors in her other basket, while Miss Cherry bent her reflective and troubled countenance on the roses, and drew off her big garden-gloves, and led the way to the arbor or bower, which was not so cockney an erection as its name portended. At that height, under the shadow of a group of big fragrant limes, in which two openings closely cut revealed the broad beautiful plain below, one with St. George's noble castle in the midst of the leafy frame, the air was always fresh and sweet. By stretching your

neck, as all the young Burchells knew, you could see the dusty road below, and the rectory lying deep down in the shadow of the trees, but not a speck of dust made its way up to the soft velvet, or entered at the ever-open windows. "Ah, yes, there's our poor little place, children; a very different place from this," Mrs. Burchell said, plaintively, as she sat down and began to fan herself once more.

"You once thought it a very nice little place, Maria," said Miss Charity. "I am afraid you are getting tired of the rector, good man——"

"I?" said Mrs. Burchell, "tired of my husband! You little know him or me, or you would not say such a thing. Nobody except those who have a husband like mine can understand what a blessing it is——"

"We don't keep anything of the kind up here," said Miss Charity; "and here comes the tea. Cherry has gone in to have a cry over her roses. When one has not one thing to trouble about one finds another. You because your house is not so big as ours; she because I cut the roses too short. We are but poor creatures, all of us. Well, what's the news, Maria? I always expect a budget of news when I see you."

The rector's wife, offended, began by various excuses, as that she was the last person in the world to hear anything, and that gossips knew better than to bring tales to her, but in the end unfolded her stores and satisfied Miss Charity, who took a lively interest in her fellow-creatures, and loved to hear everything that was going on. By the time this recital was fairly begun Miss Cherry came back, carrying with her own hands a bowl of creamy milk for little Dolly, who clung to her skirts and went with her wherever she went. Mrs. Burchell sat in the summer-house, which afforded a little shelter, and was safer as well as more decorous than the grass outside. When Cherry sat down with the children, Agnes had her gossip, too, to pour into the gentle old maiden's sympathetic ears. Agnes was in the crotchety stage of youth, when the newly developed creature wants to be doing something for its fellows. She had tried the school and the parish, not with very great success. She wanted Miss Cherry to tell her what to do. "The schoolmistress can teach the girls better than I can. She shrugs her shoulders at me. I care not. She is certificated, and knows everything; and the old women are not at their ease. They talk about my dear

papa, and what a beautiful sermon it was last Sunday. And mamma is busy with her housekeeping. Couldn't you tell me, dear Miss Cherry, anything a girl can do?" Miss Cherry somehow was a girl truly, though she was old. It was more natural to appeal to her than even to mamma.

Dolly for her part drank her milk, and dipped her biscuit in it, and made "a figure" of herself unnoticed by anybody, carrying on a monologue of her own all the time. And Cara sat on the lawn, with the leaves playing over her, flecking her pretty head and white frock with a perpetual coming and going of light and shadow. Cara said nothing to any one. She was looking out with her blue eyes well open, through the branches over big St. George's upon that misty blueness which was the world.

CHAPTER V.

COMING HOME.

THEY stayed in Como till late in October, now here, now there, as caprice guided their steps. Sometimes Mrs. Beresford would be pleased to be quiet, to float about the lake in the boat, doing nothing, taking in the air and the sunshine, or at her window watching the storms that would sometimes come with little warning, turning the lovely Italian lake in a moment into a wild Highland loch, that always delighted her. She liked the storms, until one day a boat was upset, which had a great effect upon her mind. The people about her thought her heartless in her investigations into this accident, which threw several poor families into dire trouble and sorrow.

"Would the men die directly?" she asked; "or would they have time to think and time to struggle?"

Her husband reminded her of the common idea that all the scenes of your life were before you, as in a panorama, when you are drowning.

"I should not like that," she said with a shiver. Then Abbondio interposed, he to whom the boat belonged which the Beresfords hired, and told how he had been drowned once.

"They brought me back," he said; "and I shall have to die twice now, which is hard upon a man, for I was gone. If they had not brought me back, I should never have known anything more. No, signora, I did not see all my life. I felt only that I had slipped the net, and was grasping and grasping at it, and could not get it."

"That was painful," she said, eagerly.

"It was a confusion," said the fisherman.

Mrs. Beresford called to her husband to give him some money for the poor widows who had lost their men in the boat. "A confusion," she said to herself, dreamily. It was a very still day after the storm, and she had been looking with a strange wistfulness at the soft blue ripples of the water which had drowned these men. "A confusion! How strange it is that we know so little about dying! A lingering death would be good for that, that you could write it down hour by hour that others might know."

"One would not be able," said her husband; "besides, I think everything gets misty; and one ceases to be interested about other people. I don't much believe those stories that represent passionate feeling in the dying. The soul gets languid. Did I ever tell you what a friend of mine said who was dead like Abbondio till the doctors got hold of him and forced him back?"

"No," she said, growing very pale; "tell me, James."

"She told me that she felt nothing that was painful, but as if she was floating away on the sea above Capri, where she had once been. Do you remember the sea there, how blue it is about those great Farigilan rocks? And there she was floating—floating—not suffering; mind and body, all softly afloat, until they got hold of her, as I say, and forced her back."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Beresford, with a shiver, "I should not like to be forced back. Poor soul! She will have to die once again some time; but if it was only like that, she will not be much afraid."

"She was as far gone as she could go to come back, I have heard. What queer talk this is, my darling! The accident has spoiled all our pleasure."

"No, it is pleasant talk. I like that idea of floating; it is better, far better, than Abbondio's confusion; but that, I suppose, was because of the suddenness in his case, and clutching at something perhaps as he got into the water. It was not an accident with her, no dying of an illness as we poor women do."

"And most men, Annie; the greater part of us all."

"Yes, yes, I know. Poor woman! And they brought her back?"

"Her family was round her bed, my darling, praying for her life, asking nothing but to get her back. You don't consider

her children, and her husband. Don't let us talk of it. It makes me think of jumping into this wicked lake, and getting it all over."

"Ah! do you feel that, too? It is wicked, James, how dare you think such things! Take me back home; yes, home. I am tired of this place. It is all very well when it is fine, but winter is coming. To-morrow let us go home."

He took her to the shore with a few long sweeps of the oars, glad in his heart of that decision. He, too, was very tired of the place; more tired of the eternal shining than of the stones, and it was getting late in the year for the Alps. Nevertheless it was by the Alps that this capricious woman insisted upon returning, and they had something very near destruction in the snows which aroused and pleased her mightily. After the excitement, however, nothing would please her but to rush to London with the utmost speed. She objected to have a night in Paris. She had been seized with a passion of longing for the humdrum square.

Miss Cherry brought Cara up from Sunninghill to be at home to receive her mother. But the pair of travellers had stolen a march upon the household, and instead of waiting to be received in a proper manner in the evening, with dinner ready and everything comfortable, had arrived at an absurd hour in the morning, before the maids were out of bed, and when there was not a thing in the house. Cook herself came, much aggrieved, to tell Miss Cherry this, while Cara ran up-stairs to her mother's room. "I don't make no doubt as folks get very fanciful when they're ill; but still, miss, there's reason in all things. At six o'clock in the morning, and we not up, as why should we be, not thinking of nothing of the sort, and not a thing in the house?"

"It was hard, cook," said the sympathetic Miss Cherry; "but then you know my brother had a right to come to his own house when he pleased. Coming home is not like going anywhere else. But I hope Mrs. Beresford is looking better?"

"Better!" said cook, spreading out her hands; and Sarah, the housemaid, shook her head and put her apron to her eyes.

"Dear, dear!" said kind Miss Cherry, appalled by their tears; "but travelling all night makes any one look ill. I shall not go up until she has had a good look at her child. Miss Cara is like a little rose."

"So she is, miss, bless her," assented the maids; and Cherry had to wait for a long time in the library before even her

brother came to her. One thing struck her with great surprise, there were no boxes about half emptied, in which precious fragilities were packed in straw and wicker case. The Buen Retiro cup was the only thing they had bought, and that was among Mrs. Beresford's things — smashed; and they had both forgotten its very existence. No more wonderful sign could have been of the changed times.

When Miss Cherry in her turn was introduced into the bedroom in which Mrs. Beresford lay, holding a *levée* in bed, she all but cried out with sudden panic. She only just stopped herself in time; her mouth was open; her tongue in the very act of forming the "Oh!" when her brother's look stopped her. Not that he saw what she was going to say, or all the effect his wife's changed looks had upon her. He himself had got used to them. He asked her, half aside, "How do you think she is looking?" with an eager look in his eyes.

"She is looking — tired," said Miss Cherry. "Most people do after travelling all night. I could not have lifted my head from the pillow; but Annie had always so much spirit."

"Yes; she has no end of spirit," said poor James Beresford, looking admiringly at his wife. He flattered himself, poor fellow! that Cherry had not remarked the thinness of the worn face, beside which her own faintly-colored old maid's almost looked fresh and round and blooming. He had been alarmed at the thought of what "they" would think of her looks; but now his spirits rose. Cherry did not seem to have remarked it; and what a hypocrite poor Cherry felt sitting there smiling with her heart sinking more and more every moment. "What will he do without his wife?" she was asking herself. And, alas! that wife's worn looks; her fretful little outbursts of impatience; all her caprices and restlessness betrayed a progress of evil more rapid than any one had ever feared.

"Does Mr. Maxwell know you have come back? He will want to see you. He was always so anxious to have news of you," she said, falteringly.

"We have forgotten what doctors are like," said Mrs. Beresford. "I don't want ever to renew my acquaintance with them. James, send him a note and let him come to dinner. Yes, Cara! What has my pet got to say?"

"You said two different things at once, mamma — that you did not want to see

doctors again, and that Mr. Maxwell was to come to dinner."

"I told you she was an idealist," said Mrs. Beresford, smiling. Then changing — as she had got into a way of doing — in a moment, she added, "Get down from the bed, Cara; you tire me. There, sit there, further back. Children flutter so; they are always in motion. Cherry is still — she is a comfort — and James. Mrs. Meredith can come, if she likes to come before I get up. She is a soft tranquil woman, like Cherry; silly, perhaps, but that does not matter. When one is overtired, silly people who don't fatigue one are the best —"

"I wonder does she think me silly?" Miss Cherry said to herself; and it is to be feared there was not much doubt on the subject. After she had made this speech about Mrs. Meredith, next door, the invalid sent them all away, that she might rest. This was no more than a passing fancy, like other notions that flitted across her restless brain. She then went down softly to the library, avoiding by common consent the drawing-room, which was her room, and so closely associated with all her ways. Then James Beresford interrogated his sister very closely. "You don't see a very great change — nothing more than you expected?" He was tired, too, poor fellow! worn out in body and in soul.

"I think you should see Mr. Maxwell at once," said Miss Cherry, who was timid, and did not like to commit herself. "What does it matter what I think, who don't know? I think she is perhaps — more worn than I expected; but then she has been travelling all night. Perhaps you ought not to have allowed her to do so much."

"I? How could I help it? and I was too thankful to get home. How I hate those pleasure places; the more beautiful they are, the more terrible. I dreamt this. I shall never be able to endure mountains and echoes again, till Annie is better," he added, with such a miserable pretence at a smile that his kind sister almost broke down. She made up her mind to remain at his entreaty, though there was a doubt in the minds of both whether the invalid would like it. "Annie will be pleased, I am sure," he said. How well they all understood it! But quiet Miss Cherry felt no anger with the fanciful, capricious, suffering woman, who meant happiness in this house, notwithstanding all her uncertain moods and ways.

"I will tell her I have something to do

in town, and ask her to give me a bed for a few nights."

"Aunt Cherry, you had nothing to do when we started; you meant to go home to-day."

"Yes, Cara; but I should like to see your mamma get a little better."

"Then please tell her so," said the child; "*please* tell her so. I know what you think. You think she is very, very ill; but you will not say it. You try to deceive papa and me, and her too. I cannot bear to be deceived."

"My dear, some time or other you will learn to know that one must not say everything one thinks, though indeed, indeed, I would always have you say the truth."

"I shall never learn not to say what I think," said the little girl, with erect head and severe blue eyes fixed upon her aunt disapprovingly. Miss Cherry was nervous and easily disturbed. She could not bear even Cara's disapproval, and she began to cry in spite of herself, even then not quite ingenuously she felt, for her disturbed nerves and her distress and sympathy for her brother were at the bottom of her emotion, though Cara's severity gave an immediate reason for her tears.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

QUAKERS AND QUAKERISM.

II.

WE have now to trace out what Quakerism through its belief in an indwelling Spirit,* which is both light and force, has accomplished, as well as in the witness it has borne to unacknowledged truths, as in the practical reforms it has effected.

We are all familiar with the unswerving witness that Quakerism has borne against war in the name of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In this alone it has shown itself some centuries in advance of the rest of the Christian Church. Channing used to say that if we would only dress our soldiers in butchers' blouses, the eyes of mankind would at once be opened to the true nature of "glorious war." But even without the help of the butcher's blouse, the Quaker's

mild glance has been able to pierce through the scarlet and white and gold trappings of military glory, and see the foul blood-smeared idol beneath.

We do not mean to inflict upon our readers any trite declamations against war, or indulge in the usual calculations of how many pipes of human blood have been wasted, or how many thousand lives are destroyed per page in an ordinary history. But it may be worth while briefly to inquire how far there is a law of evolution in human affairs which seems to point to the gradual extinction of war, and how far, therefore, the world is destined to come round to the Quakers, and not the Quakers to the world.

Going back to the rise of modern Europe, to the period which we emphatically name the Dark Ages, we find society, in the disruption of the ancient civilizations and the infancy of the new, gradually reforming itself on the only available basis of physical force, being built up of military units, the sum of which constituted the feudal system. "Because," says M. Guizot, "the system of judicial guarantees was vicious and powerless, because no one had faith therein, in one word, in default of anything better, men did themselves justice; they protected themselves." "Private warfare and judicial combat became established institutions regulated according to fixed principles, and with more minutely determined forms than the pacific process." The stout, peaceful burgher, with whom the readers of Sir Walter Scott are familiar, was, as M. Guizot elsewhere points out, a creation of the great novelist's own brain. The actual burgher was a man armed *cap-à-pie*, who had to defend his own cause by force of arms. In the practical absence of legal and judicial institutions men at that period were obliged to have recourse to Lynch law.

But the sword is only, as it were, the flame that is used to set up chemical action and bring into activity the true laws that govern human society. As towns increased in population, and more and more citizens became engaged in the peaceful prosecution of trade, the presence of lawless force no longer even approximately answered its purpose, and became an intolerable evil. Judicial institutions took its place, private war was abolished by degrees, and that gradual disarming of the private citizen took place which we see accomplished in the present day, when the walking-stick or the umbrella has taken the place of the sword

* "The Light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's Salvation, is their fundamental principle, which is as the cornerstone of their fabric; and to speak eminently and properly, their characteristic or main distinguishing point or principle." — PENN. A recent authority, S. Tuke, represents the views of the early Quakers on the Spirit as "the foundation of what is called Quakerism." — "Life of Whitehead."

which once formed part of a gentleman's ordinary outfit, and even duelling is looked upon with discredit as a relic of barbarism. Meanwhile kingdoms once, like England and Scotland, at strife with one another, peacefully coalesced under hereditary monarchs, and war was banished from their limits. Coming down to our own day, the old mechanical system of government, under which kingdoms were handed about from ruler to ruler, without the consent of the people, carried out on a colossal scale by Napoleon in the wars which drenched Europe in blood, became a yoke too grievous for humanity to bear, and under its iron reign a new feeling of national life was born which exacts an organic connection, a blood relationship between the government and the people, brings about the unification of peoples of the same race, and sets an ultimate bar to foreign conquest. Under this potent principle a united Italy and a united Germany have arisen, and the red tides of war have been driven back, leaving whole territories, once torn with discord, now free from its devastating floods. Nor is it without momentous significance that the leadership of Europe has passed from France, the stronghold of the old barbaric military spirit, to the more peaceful Teutonic races.

But is the progress to stop here? or may we not expect that the same laws which have already eliminated war from civilized private life, as well as freed extensive territories from its scourge, will ultimately work the same revolution in national life? May we not trace the gradual development of new conditions of national life which will ultimately necessitate some other appeal than the appeal to force by steps analogous to those that have already brought about the result in civil life?

Nations may be said roughly to pass through three stages of growth:—

Firstly, the youthful stage; thinly peopled, exporting natural produce, and importing luxuries.

Secondly, the self-subsistent stage; well peopled, consuming their own produce, and manufacturing their own goods.

Thirdly, the most dependent stage; densely peopled, exporting manufactures and luxuries, and importing natural produce.

Holland, Great Britain, Switzerland, and Belgium have already passed into the third and most dependent stage, and with the increase of population other nations

must infallibly do so as well. "A few years ago," observes a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "England was able to feed her own people from the produce of her own fields; she now buys grain to the annual value of more than 12,000,000*l.*, besides relying on foreign raw material for employment, foreign markets for the disposal of her manufactures, foreign land for the disposal of one or two hundred thousand of her surplus population."

Such being the new and unforeseen conditions of national life, may they not ultimately be found to be utterly incompatible with the old method of settling national disputes by force of arms, a war inflicting such intolerable injury on a neutral state as to necessitate the adoption of some other method of settling disputes than one which has ceased to secure even approximate justice?*

What the ultimate solution of the problem may be; whether as the state or county is already absorbed into the nation, the nation in its turn is destined to be subordinated to some larger whole, such as the European Confederation sketched by Professor Seeley in the pages of this magazine, the nations being disarmed, and the confederation alone possessing the right of levying troops; or whether, as the Declaration of Paris, now adopted by forty-six civilized powers, would seem to promise, it will be found possible to establish a system of international law, with some kind of international judicial machinery for its interpretation, and jointly enforced by the nations adopting it, it would indeed require a far-seeing eye to decide. All we have endeavored to prove is that Quakerism has only proved itself

the prophetic soul
Of the great world, dreaming of things to
come,

in its resolute protest against war, and its prophecy of its final extinction.

With regard to that other great "open sore of the world," slavery, the part that Quakerism has taken is equally remarkable. Slavery has never as a rule been recognized among the Friends except in the mitigated form which it assumed among the Jews. Penn, in his laws for his Pennsylvanian colony, enacted that at the end of fourteen years every slave

* See "On International Law," by Frederic Seebohm, Longmans, 1871, where the whole question is ably discussed, the writer being himself a distinguished member of the Society of Friends.

should be manumitted on payment of two-thirds of the produce raised by the gift of land and tools from the society.

But even of slavery in this modified form we find a condemnation entered in the minutes of the society as early as 1727, nearly a century before Parliament abolished slavery in the English colonies. As early as 1772 the practice of holding slaves had, owing to the labours of Woolman and others, ceased among Friends, and in the great anti-slavery contest the names of many eminent Quakers — Joseph Sturge, William Allen, William Forster, Joseph John Gurney, Joseph Gurney Bevan, and others — are prominent. Clarkson himself was largely prompted and sustained in his labors by Friends. And on the other side of the Atlantic, the Quaker poet, Whittier, for many years animated a small band of abolitionists with his vigorous poems against slavery. It was a Quaker, Levi Coffin, who invented "the underground railway," a systematic method for transmitting slaves across the state of Ohio to the British possessions, by which many thousand slaves were rescued and gained their freedom. But how deep and thorough has been their devotion to this great question is perhaps best evinced by the untiring efforts the society has made, after the abolition of slavery in America, and the excitement of the struggle were over, for the relief and permanent training of four million freedmen thus suddenly emancipated. Nearly 200,000*l.*, or about half the total relief contributed for the assistance of the freedmen, was subscribed by the small Society of Friends.

In the cause of education, the lead the Quakers have taken has been the more remarkable, in that they started at a decided disadvantage. The stress laid by the early Friends on the teaching of the Spirit led at first to a tendency to depreciate all external teaching, both sacred and profane. In respect to the qualifications of a gospel minister, Barclay says, in his famous "Apology," "that letter-learning had proved more frequently hurtful than helpful," and the minister was exhorted to take his seat in the meeting for worship with his mind as much as possible like a blank sheet. Indeed, in reading the diatribes of Fox and the early Friends against human learning, one is forcibly reminded of a Dissenting preacher at Cambridge, who, inveighing in broad north-country accents against the classical studies of the university, ended his peroration with the startling, but to himself

conclusive question, "Do you think *Powl* knew Greek?" The shrewd mother-wit of George Fox was however quick to rectify in practice any doctrinal excesses, and we find him in 1667 establishing two schools in the neighborhood of London, where he desired that "girls and young maidens, as well as boys, might be instructed in all things civil and useful in creation," a definition of education broad enough to satisfy a London school board. We believe he even issued some expurgated classical school-books, but the exact nature of a Quaker *Iliad* we have found ourselves reluctantly obliged to relegate to the domain of "the unthinkable." Five years later fifteen schools were in operation, chiefly used by the middle and wealthier classes, while the poorer children were partially instructed in the society's meeting-houses.

The provisions for education remained however very defective till the great revival of discipline in the middle of the eighteenth century, when education became a subject of paramount concern. In 1719 the indefatigable labors of Dr. Fothergill and others resulted in the establishment of a large boarding-school at Ackworth, in Yorkshire, where three hundred children of the middle and poorer classes have now for eighty years received a good English boarding-school education at the expense of the society. When, therefore, it is urged that the Quakers have no poor, it must be remembered that a process of "levelling up" has been steadily going on for nearly a century. They alone have recognized the claim of the poorest to a liberal education, and have proved themselves capable of affording the necessary funds, since they alone of Christian communities seem to have practically realized the Christian altruistic theory of property, neither all-levelling communism on one side, nor selfish "rights of property" on the other, but a trust concentrated in one hand for the good of the many. Many a poor boy educated at Ackworth has risen to take his place among our great merchants; many have now independent positions in the colonies, a large proportion of the Ackworth boys emigrating, and none remaining in the too often almost serf-like subjection and poverty of our English laborers. The British and Foreign School Society, chiefly founded by Quakers, attests their activity in the cause outside their own body.

The work of the Society of Friends in the amelioration of our penal code and the improvement of the state of our prisons

is well known in connection with the honored name of Elizabeth Fry and others. It is difficult to account for the disgraceful state of our prisons fifty years ago. The prevalence of skepticism and religious deadness, the engrossing interest of public events on the Continent, the heavy drain on national resources of the French wars, seem all inadequate to account for the incredible abuses that prevailed. For counties as well as boroughs, an old gatehouse, or an ancient feudal castle, with its dungeons, its damp, narrow cells, and its windows overlooking the street, often formed the common prison of offenders of either sex, and of all grades of crime. The danger of escape was provided against by heavy irons. Dirt and disease abounded; gambling, drinking, and swearing were habitual. The London prisons were still worse. The state of Newgate on the occasion of Elizabeth Fry's first visit is thus described: "At that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in the part now known as the untried side." The two wards and two cells of which the women's division consisted, comprised about one hundred and ninety square yards, into which nearly three hundred women with their numerous children were crowded, tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them day and night. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision, in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were partly raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same room they lived, and cooked, and washed.

With the proceeds of their clamorous begging when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquor from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language; military sentinels were posted on the leads, but such was the lawlessness prevailing, that even the governor entered this part of the prison with reluctance.

Into "this hell above ground," Elizabeth Fry and her small band of devoted fellow-workers entered, the love of Christ constraining them. On her second visit, at her own request, she was shut up alone with these outcasts from God and man, beginning her work among them by reading the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, and holding up before them the divine, pitiful Saviour of the lost—

Christ, the brother of rejected persons, brother of slaves, Felons, idiots, and of insane and diseased persons.*

She then appealed to the mother in them, pointed out the grievous consequence to their children of living in such a scene of depravity, and proposed to establish a school for them, to which they acceded with tears of joy. But one of the great secrets of her power is seen at once; true to her Quaker belief in a "divinity in man," a "light that lighteth every man," however degraded, she treated them at once as fellow-beings, and fellow-workers, and not as the wild beasts they seemed, desired them to consider the plan, as without their hearty co-operation she would not undertake it, leaving it to them to select a governess from their own number. This they did, choosing a young woman named Mary Connor, who proved admirably qualified for her work. An unoccupied cell was appropriated for a schoolroom by the permission of the prison authorities, who, however, looked upon it as a hopeless experiment; and Elizabeth Fry, accompanied by her friend Mary Sanderson, and the prisoner Mary Connor, formally opened the school. Mary Sanderson thus describes the scene, writing to Sir Fowell Buxton: "The railing was crowded with half-naked women struggling together for the first places with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and well recollect the shuddering when the door closed upon me, and I was locked up with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

At first the children were chiefly thought of, the idea of the reformation of adult women so sunk in degradation being abandoned as hopeless. But soon Elizabeth Fry and her heroic little band of Quaker workers became convinced that much might be done to introduce habits of industry and order among them, the poor women themselves being most earnest in requesting that the experiment might be tried.

Her first step was to procure remunerative employment, for it need scarcely be said that Elizabeth Fry was not one to begin her work of reformation by deliberately stubbing up the very principle of industry, on the development of which she knew all reformation must depend, through the adoption of that "unproductive labor" which is surely one of the cruelest viola-

* Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

tions of the God-given instincts of human nature invented by man. Looking upon all punishment as corrective and not penal only, one of her fundamental principles was that the convict should enjoy a portion of the fruits of her labor in order to cultivate in her a sense of the advantages of industry, knowing that one good habit formed is a greater deterrent from evil than ten thousand fears of possible future punishment. She accordingly sought out the manufacturers who supplied Botany Bay with clothing, laid her views before them, and they at once engaged to provide work. A room in Newgate was granted her by the sheriffs for her desperate experiment, as it was considered, a committee of twelve ladies was formed, and all the tried prisoners assembled. Elizabeth Fry again explained to them that the ladies did not come with any absolute authoritative pretensions; that it was not intended that they should command and the prisoners obey; but it was to be understood that all should act in concert, that not a rule should be made or a monitor appointed without their full and unanimous concurrence, and that for this purpose, each of the rules should be read and put to the vote. This was then done, the rules were passed enthusiastically, the women divided into classes, each class with its own monitor, and a matron appointed over the whole. A portion of Scripture was then read, and the classes withdrew in the greatest order to their respective wards.

The experiment exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The courtyard, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human, blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore, which after all did not suffice for decency, presented a fortnight after a scene where stillness and propriety reigned, while the countenances of the women wore an air of gravity and self-respect as they sat busily working and listening to one of the ladies reading out. Though a refractory ward was placed at Elizabeth Fry's disposal, she never had occasion to use it.

This, then, was the beginning of that remarkable work which Elizabeth Fry afterwards extended to all the prisons of the United Kingdom, and to many on the Continent. It proved what might be done by Christianity and wise Christian methods with even the most abandoned, and formed the foundation of that continuous reformation which has resulted both in an amelioration of our criminal code, and in a steady

improvement of our prison systems. But it is to our shame that the Friends have hitherto protested in vain against the incredible folly of unproductive labor, thousands of our criminals still "grinding the wind" by treadmill or crank, still lifting heavy weights to one side of a courtyard, to lift them back to the other, and presenting the nearest earthly embodiment of one of the circles of Dante's *Inferno*, "the fruitless toil that never overtakes its end:" —

Behold the human squirrels, round and round
Tramping the never-ending cylinder,
The "incorrigible rogues" that wise men send
To houses of correction, there to learn
That honest labor is indeed a *curse*.

"Well, I always did think working for one's living was by no means pleasant," exclaimed a criminal on leaving prison, "and after the dose I have just had of it, blest if I ain't convinced of it."

But even the services the Friends performed in prison discipline, and in protesting against the abuses of capital punishment, pale before that great service England owes them for having been the first to introduce the mild treatment of the insane, a few months prior to Pinel's great movement in France. We must apologize to our readers for entering into some painful details, since unless we realize what was the recognized treatment of the insane up to the period when Pinel flourished in France, and William Tuke in England, it is impossible to form any adequate idea of what we owe the Quakers in this respect alone.

"The mere enumeration," says Dr. Hack Tuke, "of the means employed to tame the fury of the maniac, whether on the Continent or in England, would subject the historian to the charge of gross exaggeration from a stranger to the actual history of insanity up to about fifty years ago. The practice of flogging was in some establishments, at least, resorted to, about a dozen lashes being daily administered to the unfortunate patient. The maniac was almost always chained, and frequently was in a state of entire nudity; he was consequently filthy in the extreme. Often placed in a cage of iron, each revolving year still found him crouching like a wild beast immured within his iron-bound cell, "the dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom," his limbs moulded in one position, and whatever of mind or feeling remained, crushed to the lowest pitch by changeless monotony, or maddened by in-

tolerable despair."* But whips and fetters were not ingeniously cruel enough. Chairs were so constructed that all movement of the limbs was prevented; and others were devised to whirl the patient round at a furious speed in order to produce extreme vertigo and sickness. German writers proposed drawing the patient up to a tower, and then suddenly letting him plunge down, thus giving him the impression of entering a cavern; naïvely adding, "that if the patient could be made to alight among snakes and serpents, it would be better still!" The bath of surprise was another very favorite remedy, the loose boards covering a cistern being so arranged as to give way, the unfortunate patient finding himself suddenly submerged and in danger of being drowned. The wonder is that any human feeling survived this system of accumulated torture acting on the already diseased and irritable brain. Yet Elizabeth Fry, who interested herself in the cause of the lunatic as well as of the prisoner, on visiting a public building at Amsterdam, noticed, among many other miserable objects, one unhappy woman, heavily ironed, perfectly naked, and grovelling in straw. Whether the look of compassion on the beautiful face, or the voice that had caught the echoes of heaven from constantly comforting the wretched, attracted her, we know not; but she dragged herself to the length of her chain and endeavored to reach her visitor; the hand she desired to touch was yielded to her, and she covered it with her kisses, bursting into an agony of tears. Surely the darkest chapter in the history of man is his treatment for so many ages of these afflicted ones, "smitten of God and afflicted" with a mysterious malady which most depends on kindness and wise sympathy for its cure, and love,

That tender thought clothes like a dove,
With the wings of care.

It was in 1792 that the great and good physician Pinel began his revolution in the treatment of the insane by unchaining fifty of the maniacs of the Bicêtre, one of the public asylums of Paris. The first man on whom the experiment was tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been chained *forty years*. He was supposed to be one of the most dangerous, having in a fit of fury killed one of his keepers. He was set at liberty after having consented to put on the

camisole, the long sleeves of which fasten up behind. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell back again; for he had been in a sitting posture so long, that he had lost the use of his legs; but after a quarter of an hour he managed to keep his balance, and tottered to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the two succeeding years he spent in the Bicêtre, he had no return of violence; and even made himself useful in managing the other patients. In the course of a few days Pinel released fifty-three maniacs from their chains; among them were men of all conditions and countries. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded tumult and disorder, and the whole discipline was marked by a regularity and kindness which had the most favorable effect on the insane themselves, rendering even the most furious more tractable.

A year before Pinel began this reform in France a circumstance occurred which turned the attention of the Friends to the same subject. "In 1791," to quote from a speech of Dr. Conolly's, at Willis's Rooms, "a member of that society sent one of their family, a lady, for care to the York Asylum. The rules of that asylum forbade her friends to see her; she died; something wrong was suspected; and from that day the Society of Friends, acting as always in conformity with Christian precepts, and never hesitating to face a right work because of its difficulties, determined to establish an institution in which there should be no secrecy. William Tuke was the great founder of the new asylum, and from the first he and his friends pursued in that institution those principles of moral treatment which are now universally acknowledged."

The great revolution in the treatment of the insane thus inaugurated in England a little prior to Pinel's great movement in France is the more remarkable, in that the founder of the York Retreat was not guided to it by medical knowledge and a long course of study of psychological therapeutics, but simply by the common principles of religion, humanity, and common sense, slowly but steadily feeling his way to the application of those principles to the insane, aided by Jepson and Fowler, introducing settled employment, cheerful amusements, gardening, tea-parties, and above all, "the strengthening and consolatory principles of religion and virtue;" and this at a time when the great medical

* "Moral Management of the Insane," by Daniel Hack Tuke, M.D.

authority, Dr. Cullen, was writing in favor of the employment of fear in the treatment of the lunatic, and prescribing stripes in some cases of mania!

Gradually this great experiment began to attract the attention and curiosity of medical men and philanthropists; and twenty years after its projection, an account of the retreat was published by Samuel Tuke, grandson of the founder, and reviewed by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh*. In this able work the author forcibly remarks, "If it be true that oppression makes a wise man mad, is it to be supposed that stripes and insults and injuries, of which the receiver knows no cause, are calculated to make a *mad man* wise? Or would they not exasperate his disease and excite his resentment? May we not hence clearly perceive why furious mania is almost a stranger to the Retreat?"

This publication was quickly followed by an exposure of the incredible atrocities and abuses of the York Asylum, among which downright murder was not an infrequent incident. The public feeling was at length aroused and alarmed, a committee was appointed by the House of Commons, and in the next five-and-twenty years fifteen asylums were built and opened on the new principles of treatment.

In 1837, the important step was taken in the Lincoln Asylum of the total abolition of mechanical restraint, always so liable to abuse, and the substitution of the padded room in cases of violence. This principle, hotly contested, but never fairly tried, on the Continent, was adopted by Dr. Conolly in the large lunatic asylum of Hanwell, containing one thousand patients; and in 1844 he gave it as the deliberate conclusion of his immense experience "that there is no asylum in the world in which mechanical restraint may not be abolished not only with safety, but incalculable benefit." So rapid was the spread of these merciful principles, that in the same year seventeen English asylums had, when visited by the commissioners in lunacy, only twenty-four patients out of 2,368, mechanically restrained.

All honor to our Quakers in England, and to Pinel and his coadjutors in France, who, in the teeth of every difficulty and opposition, brought about this grand revolution, and removed the deepest blot on our common humanity.

"Egregia sane laus! Præclaram enim humanitas atque disciplina de barbarie reportavit victoriam."

Our space only allows us to touch briefly on the three remaining points on which Quakerism strikes us as in advance of other Christian communities.

First, with regard to the vexed question of the rights of women, the position of women is undoubtedly higher among the Friends than in any other society. From George Fox's time an equal place has been assigned them in the family of God, as in the human family, in the Church as well as in human society. Their divine commission, "Go tell my brethren that I ascend to my Father and their Father, to my God and their God," has been recognized and narrowed down by no human limitation. Without committing ourselves to the bold rationalizing exegesis of the Quakeress, who, when hard pressed by certain Pauline texts relative to women keeping silence in the church, replied, "Thee knows Paul was not partial to females," we may say that the Friends alone have proved themselves free from the old tendency to stick to the letter of Scripture, and sin against its divine progressive spirit, binding women, after nineteen centuries of freedom, with precisely the old worn-out bandages and restrictions which were necessary to preserve social order when first Christianity enfranchised women, and proclaimed the equality of the sexes. And perhaps that laborious Society for the Protection of Providence which exists in our midst, might study the result with advantage, and might even learn in time that, as we do not make laws to prevent weak-armed men from being blacksmiths, to quote from John Stuart Mill, so we need not in the long run make restrictions to keep women from spheres for which Providence has unfitted them, nature being abundantly strong enough to preserve the order of the sexes without the help of our crutches. Free to exercise any exceptional gift in public, and taking their regular share in the business of the Church, the Quaker women are profoundly domestic, though with a certain largeness of mind, and absence of feminine littleness, which doubtless springs from their wider training.

Again, the Quakers are exceptional in their treatment of heretics. In Dissenting communities the unorthodox brother is too often summarily kicked out like a ball. In the Established Church we reserve him for the charity of our law courts; or, if a layman, scourge him with caustic controversy in our public prints. The Church of Rome clothes him in

curses from head to foot. The Quaker alone treats him as a "brother in perplexity." On one occasion an outburst of heretical views took place in a large congregation of Friends. The evil grew public and alarming. A few of the leading and most intelligent members of the society were at once told off to meet the difficulty. Leaving their various vocations at great personal inconvenience, they proceeded to the heretical centre, and there, day after day, patiently met their erring brethren, made themselves acquainted with their difficulties, sympathized with them, reasoned with them, implored the Divine guidance for them and with them, and finally won some back to a firmer grasp on

The mighty hopes that make us men ;

and even those whose opinions they failed to influence, confessed that Christian brotherhood had become a living fact to them—surely a fact which would keep them from ever making total shipwreck of faith. Has not the Christian Church still something to learn from Quakerism?

And, lastly, it has often struck us as a curious fact that, of all religious bodies, the Quakers alone have recognized the religious uses of silence. In these days of high pressure we have often wondered how many overwrought brains would annually be saved, if we had, like the Quakers, to sit for some four hours weekly in silence before the Lord, enjoying "a sermon not made with hands," as Charles Lamb quaintly expresses it, and bathing the sore-fretted spirit, "tired even to sickness of the nonsense noises of the world," in a religious stillness.

Our space obliges us to pass over the teeming activities of Quakerism in the promotion of temperance, sanitary measures, adult Sunday-schools, drinking-fountains, etc.; but we have said enough to show the advanced position Quakerism occupies in the modern Church, the standing witness it must ever be against sacramentarianism and priestcraft, the wonderful works it has accomplished through its vital grasp on the old mighty truth, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life."

ELLICE HOPKINS.

From Good Words.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT
ROYAL NAVY.

PART II.

TAKING up my journey again from where I left off last number, we left Kawélé on the 13th of March, 1874. I could not get away till past one o'clock; as my people spent the beads, which had been given to them to buy food, in getting drunk, I had to wait until they were sober, and we only made a short distance, camping a short way south of Jumah Merikani's permanent settlement at Point Infomdo.

Jumah Merikani (properly Jumah ibn Salim) is one of the largest traders to the west of Lake Tanganyika, and was the second or third that ever went into Manyuéma. I had a waggon-roof awning over the stern of the boat, and made my bed up under it, so as to prevent the trouble of pitching and packing up the tent every day.

The next day we passed most lovely country, with red cliffs and the trees hanging over the edges, which were reflected in the beautiful clear water. Had to stop for two or three hours to patch a hole in the boat's stern, and had dreadful difficulty in getting the men to go on again.

In the evening after we camped I was knocked over by a very sharp attack of fever, and had to halt a couple of days until I got better. Soon after leaving the camp we passed the mouth of the Malagarazi, the current of which was perceptible a long way off the land, and after a short day's work camped at Ras Kibwé. In the night there was a thunderstorm, accompanied by a little wind, and my men were all afraid to start next morning because of a very slight surf and swell, so that we did not get away till the middle of the day, and even then I had to give in to them after an hour's pulling, and camp at Machachézi, where we found three canoes belonging to Wajiji, who were going south to sell goats and corn for slaves. The country all around here is now depopulated, as for many years the Arabs and Wanyamwesi drew their principal supply of slaves from this district, and the population have either all been carried off into captivity, destroyed in the forays of the traders, have died of disease or starvation, or emigrated to some less-disturbed locality.

On the 19th of March we passed Ras Kabogo, a sort of double cape supposed to be haunted by a devil and his wife, and

my Wajiji guides refused to pass without making an offering, as they were afraid of being lost if they neglected it; but he must be a very poor devil if he was satisfied with what they gave him.

After Kabogo we went round a bay, where Livingstone and Stanley left the lake, between it and Ras Kungwé. The shores of the bay were mostly low and marshy, but high hills spring up close beyond. In this bay we saw a few natives, and a large village of slave and ivory traders from Usukuma, one of the districts of Unyamwesé. Several rivers flow into the lake, but most of their mouths are hidden by the *matélé* grass; however, the herds of hippopotami are always numerous near to them, and point them out. The reason, I believe, why hippopotami are usually more frequent near the rivers than elsewhere is, because the current brings down a quantity of mud which is deposited near their mouths and affords soil for the growth of the weeds on which the animals feed. No hippopotami are seen more than a mile from the shore or in very deep water.

On the 23rd of March we rounded Ras Kungwé, formed by a bold mass of mountains, down the sides of which torrents fall in lovely waterfalls, and occasionally we saw a few patches of *mtama* belonging to some of the wretched remains of the inhabitants who have taken refuge in the more inaccessible parts of the mountains to be more out of the reach of the slave-traders.

In the evening we camped near a village called Kinagari, where the inhabitants were principally dependent on the slave-trade for support. The Wajiji, who rounded Kabogo at the same time as ourselves, sold their cargoes of corn and goats and oil for slaves here, the price of a slave varying from three to four goats, according to quality. We had to stop here a day for my men to pound corn, and I went up to see a dance in the village; they made pirouettes, turned summersaults, etc., to the accompaniment of a big drum, which was vigorously beaten by a man who wore a remarkably hideous mask of zebra-skin, and howled a sort of recitative describing the Wazungu and others.

During our nights here we were very wretched, owing to heavy rain and thunderstorms, which wetted us all through and put out the men's fires. About twelve o'clock on the second night the rain was so heavy as to nearly swamp the boats, and a flash of lightning came down so

close that I thought we were actually struck. The glare was intense, and I was quite blinded for some minutes. The cause of this especially heavy rain here was the attraction of the mountains, which almost overhung us. In the morning there was enough sun to dry most of our kit, and we got on a short distance in the afternoon.

On the 26th we passed a small island, and directly afterwards camped, as a little wind and rain came on, and frightened my gallant men. They said at every squall, "Lake bad; canoes will be wrecked;" and get them on I couldn't. The Wajiji, who have lived all their lives either on or close to the lake, were just as timid; they used to bring me their hire, and say, "Let us go back; we don't want to die," and the trouble and bother they caused was almost indescribable.

The lake here seemed to turn to the south-eastward, and look as if it were coming to an end; the land on our side close to the shores became lower, the hills near the lake being low and rounded, and not running more than two hundred feet or so above the level of the water; the country was very fertile, and would, I fancy, form a splendid position for a mission-station.

On the 28th we came to the island of Kabogo, and pulled between it and the mainland through a broad deep channel, which had bars at each end. The island was thickly populated and well cultivated, and both on it and on the mainland were numerous fan-palms, of which the people eat the fruit, though they have not found out how to make palm-wine; they are quite contented with *pombé*. Gulls, darters, lily-trotters, and other waterfowl, were numerous, and the natives sold us some fish in exchange for palm-oil, which we had brought from Ujiji with us.

The chief lived on the mainland in a large fenced-in village. In order to land we had to force our way through a mass of weeds and canegrass; there were passages through which the small canoes of the natives could pass easily; but our larger boats from Ujiji could only be got along by dint of much hauling, shoving, and tugging. The grass and canes were so thick, that as we beat them down on each side the men could get out of the boats and stand on them.

At the chief's village I found a half-caste Arab trader, who had come here by land from Unyanyembé to buy ivory and slaves. He bitterly lamented the high price of the latter, having to give forty

yards of cloth for a man or woman, and twenty or thirty for a child. Ivory, however, was cheap — thirty-five pounds for fifty yards of inferior cloth. He seemed to be afraid of going back the way he came, as the Warori were out, and had stolen some cows sent as a present by the chief Unyanyembé to his son-in-law, the chief here. He at first wanted me to take him with me; but in the long run decided to remain, as his porters were more afraid of the lake than of the Warori.

We went on from here, passing some more rivers and high cliffs, on the face of one of which I saw an outcrop of coal and patches of marble and chalk, beside the usual granite and sandstone. Our camps often now had to be formed in places beaten down by hippopotami in their nocturnal rambles; but our fires kept them from intruding on us. The frogs used often to keep me awake at night with their croaking: some make a noise like caulkers or riveters; some of the larger kinds resemble smiths at work, whilst a rarer one makes a noise like a ratchet-drill, so that with a little imagination one could shut one's eyes and fancy oneself in a busy dockyard.

On the 2nd of April we put in behind a spit on account of a sharp squall; there were a few huts on it, and across its junction with the mainland a heavy stockade, with a crow's nest over the entrance. There were a few fires burning when we landed; but the people had all cleared out as soon as they saw the large boats, fearing a visit from the slaves of the Arabs, for they, when away by themselves, are far worse than their masters, as they have no thought, as to what the effect of their indiscriminate plundering and looting may be hereafter.

On the 3rd of April we camped close to the mouth of the Musamwira, the drain of the Likwa lagoon. The lake here is washing away its shores rapidly, and where, a few years ago, were flourishing villages, are now only shoals, spits, and sandbanks, on a few of which some fishermen have their huts. Many very large cages were lying about, which are used for catching fish; but we could get none, although I offered a high price, as I had had no meat, fowl, or fish since leaving the island of Kabogo.

Many points and bays, and the scenery lovely. Sometimes we had a fair wind, and made sail; but whenever a squall came on there was almost a mutiny amongst my men if I did not lower it. Not only were these beauties afraid of

squalls, they also funk'd going any distance from the land, always wishing to hug the shore as closely as possible, and thereby running great risks, as there are many half-sunken rocks in this portion of the lake.

On the 7th of April we passed Ras Mpimbwé, a promontory formed of enormous blocks of granite and conglomerate, scattered about anyhow, as if the Titans had been playing at building a jetty or breakwater. The cracks and crannies between the masses of stone had got filled with earth, in which large trees were growing, rendering the scene one of striking beauty.

The part of the lake we were now passing had many small islands, and the rocks in several places were of most extraordinary shapes — one pair especially. They were from seventy to eighty feet high, with sheer smooth sides, except where the granite had scaled a little.

Very little trade comes beyond this part, where there is a ferry from the Makakomo Islands to the western shore, the southern part of the lake being an *aqua incognita* to all the Arabs whom I met, though they have some routes which go a little to the southward of it altogether. Owing to there being no communication with the outward world, no European cloth finds its way here, the people being dressed in skins, bark-cloth, and cotton of native manufacture. This native cotton cloth is very coarse and heavy, like a superior sort of gunny-bag, and the commonest pattern is a sort of large shepherd's plaid, white divided into large squares by black lines. All, of course, have the fringe, which seems inevitable in African work. The country of Ufipa, which we were now passing through, used to be rich in cows, and even during Dr. Livingstone's journey from Unyanyembé sheep and goats were plentiful; but now the Watuta have destroyed every head of large cattle, and sheep and goats are very rare and dear.

After Ufipa we came to the country of Masombé, where villages were few and far between, and the people were afraid of all strangers, as the Watuta were about in numbers, and every new-comer was suspected of being in league with them. We here came upon a different formation in the cliffs; they were composed entirely of innumerable small strata, looking like courses of brickwork, and were worn and weathered into fantastic forms and shapes, reminding one very much of ruined buildings and ramparts.

On the 18th of April we arrived at

Kasangalowa, a large village in Ulungu, the country which forms the southern boundary of the Tanganyika. Kasangalowa we found in the possession of the Watuta, and although they are regular robbers and blackguards, they were very friendly to us — as, indeed, I believe they are to all caravans. The Watuta require a passing remark, as they are a peculiar people in Africa. Originally they were a nomad tribe who lived by plunder of cattle; but now they are recruited from the offscouring of all the tribes of the part of the continent they infest; not content with cattle-lifting, they also steal slaves, and everything else they can lay their hands on. They are the same as the Mazitu of Livingstone, and spread from the east coast to Sekéléto's country, travelling about in quest of plunder, and universally dreaded by all other tribes. They enlarge their ears like the Wagogo, and wear peculiarly-cut aprons of skin, which expose the upper part of their buttocks.

Leaving Kasangalowa, we crossed the lake about twelve or fourteen miles from its southern end, which is hemmed in by a high table-land, the edges of which overhanging the lake form some of the finest cliffs in the world. Elephants were very numerous about this part of the lake, and one night the trees round our camp were regularly polished by the creatures rubbing up against them after bathing in the blue waters of the lake. On the 22nd of April we arrived at Akalunga, the village of Miriro, the chief of Marungu. Here we found a good many Arab slaves and freedmen for trade; they have come from Unyanyembé without going near Kawélé, having crossed the Tanganyika at the islands of Makakoma.

Bananas, cassava, beans, etc., were plentiful here, but I could only get one wretched goat for about twelve yards of cloth, which made me very angry, as I had been hard up for meat for some time.

The chief Miriro was a very old man with a large white beard, and his moustache and whiskers shaved off: he is much fairer than most of his subjects. He was a very big chief, according to his people and those from the coast; although he got a very good cloth from me, he gave me nothing in return; and when he came to return my call began to beg for guns and powder, which I fancy he did on the instigation of the traders. However, though stingy and avaricious, he was civil, and said that the day on which the first white man had visited his place would always be remembered as a great era.

From Akalunga we went away north with slashing fair winds, mountainous hills rising straight out of the water with roughly-formed terraces on their sides, the people employed about their cultivation looking like flies on the side of the wall. One day, passing close to the shore, I saw a couple of gorillas amongst the trees; but we passed them before I could get my gun ready, and when I put back to try for a shot I found that they had disappeared. They were great big fellows, and looked larger than men. The natives say they build a hut every night and make a regular bed-place to sleep on; but they laugh at them and call them fools, as, if caught in the rain, they do not go to their comfortable huts for shelter, but sit cowering out in the open, with their hands clasped behind their necks. One or two Arab traders, at different places along the coast, told me they could get thirty-five pounds of ivory for forty yards of cloth, and a good slave for twenty.

On the 28th of April I got into a deep sort of inlet perfectly landlocked, where I had to wait a day for the "Pickle" to come up, as the men in her had been frightened by a stiff breeze the day before, and had put in to a village early in the morning. Here I found a large Arab camp, and two very big boats hauled up under a shed; one pulled eighteen and the other twenty oars, and both were fitted with masts and sails. They were the property of Jamah ibn Salim, who was reported to be away in Itawa (Msama's country), trading for ivory. In the afternoon, just as I was going to send the "Betsy" back to look for her, the "Pickle" arrived, the men protesting that they had not been able to come on the day before. Next day the men all wanted to stop, and we did not get away till late, and could not find a camping-place till eight P.M. As it was so late, I did not have my tent pitched, trusting to the look of the blue sky for the weather, but was bitterly disappointed, as about two A.M. it came on to rain in torrents, and in the morning we were all very much like drowned rats. After the things were dry I ordered a start, when all the men refused to go on, and Bombay was useless, saying he could, and that the men would, do nothing. I by force of driving, however, got them away, and a short time after we had got outside found out the reason of their reluctance; a shooting-party belonging to Mohammed ibn Gharib was camped near, and my people had seen some of them and wanted to have a yarn; their canoe put out to

have a talk, and I found they had been away from Ujiji for six months, but had only got a very little ivory, and that the next day they were going to cross over the lake on their way back, all their stores being exhausted.

On the 12th of May we reached the country of Uguhha, but only put in at the village of a chief called Luluki, to have a look at a reported hot spring. I had a hot and tiring walk, and my feet being very sore, it was rather nasty work getting to it. The temperature of the water when I got there, was 96° Fah., but I heard afterwards that sometimes it was nearly boiling, and that people had been scalded by it. There was a small spring of gas under the surface of the water, which made it keep on bubbling up like soda water.

Two days after this I discovered the Lukuga, a largish stream going out of the lake. I went down it about five miles, and was then stopped by the floating vegetation; the river there, however, was from three to five fathoms deep, and a current of about a knot an hour set us strongly into the edge of the grass. This river Lukuga flows out in the only break in the line of mountains and hills by which the Tanganyika is encircled, and according to all descriptions joins the Luvua (Livingstone's Lualaba) a short way below Moero.

Having found the outlet of the lake, my next idea was to follow it to its junction with the Lualaba; but I was obliged to go back to Ujiji to get the men and stores I had left there, before I could again start west. When I arrived at Ujiji I found that the greater portion of my stores had been wasted or stolen, and could get no account of how they had gone, and was therefore obliged to buy more to prevent future starvation. My donkeys were reduced to four, and they were not fit for the road, so I sold them for what they would fetch.

I found it utterly impracticable to follow the Lukuga, as none of my men would go anywhere without a guide, and as no one at Ujiji had ever been to the Lukuga. I could not get one, and had to avail myself of the services of a half-caste Arab, Syde Mezrui, to show me the road to Nyangwé. This fellow at first made professions of doing everything in his power for me, and promised to obtain canoes when I got to Nyangwé, in which I might follow the river to the seacoast. Whilst at Ujiji I received letters from home, dated the 1st of July, 1873, which had passed through some curious vicissitudes on their journey from Unyanyembé. They were sent on

by the Liwali there by an Arab caravan, which was attacked and dispersed by some of Mirambo's people, and those who escaped abandoned everything, including my letters. A short time after another caravan was attacked by the same men, but beat them off, shooting two or three, and on one of the dead bodies they found the packet of letters.

I now discharged such of my men as were afraid or unwilling to proceed, and after packing up a map of the Tanganyika and the journals, and a map of Dr. Livingstone's which I had found at Ujiji, in the possession of Mohammed ibn Salih, and some other small things, and despatching them to the coast in charge of my servant and two other men, set out for Kasengé on the west shore of the lake, in company with Syde.

Our journey to Kasengé was uneventful, except that the night during which we crossed from the east to the west it came on to blow hard, and we had heavy work to reach the island of Kivisa, near the landing on the main, in the "Betsy;" and the "Pickle" got to leeward altogether, and had to put in at Kigoma and wait till the weather moderated before rejoining us. We left the shore of the lake on the 31st of May, and the same day reached Ruanda, the chief town of Uguhha, which was very populous. The people formed a regular lane all the way through the town; and, to add a ridiculous feature to the scene, an unfortunate sheep, not being able to find a way through the crowd, trotted along just in front of me, ba-aing the whole time. At Ruanda I got extra porters to carry some of my loads, as the men of the caravan were all out of condition on account of having been so long without marching; and I also bought some goats, as they were cheap and plentiful. The chief at Ruanda was supposed to be a great swell, and said he was independent, though I afterwards found that he was feudatory to Kasongo, the great chief of Urua.

The day after leaving Ruanda, which we had to do without any extra men, we crossed the Rugumba, a largish stream flowing fast and swift into the Tanganyika, and with many small particles of quartz glittering in the sunshine, brought down from the mountains of Ugoma, which ended abruptly on our right. On this march, one of my men, in crossing a small watercourse, fell down, and one of the sticks forming the cradle for his load ran into his eye, destroying it completely. Owing to this, and illness of other men, I had to engage more men for part of the

road, as the lazy *askari* would do nothing to assist the *pagazi* in their work.

We then made a march of four or five days, along the watershed between the Rugumba and the Lukuga, passing many streams going towards both, and arrived at Mékéto, a fertile vale, and a scene of almost perfect rural beauty. On our journey here, from the top of a high hill I had my last view of the Tanganyika, its glorious blue showing out against the purple of the mountains of Kowendé. From these same hills we could see the trend of the valley of the Lukuga, which apparently was going to the west-south-west.

Whilst at Mékéto, to spoil one's appreciation of the scenery, a wretch of a slave-dealer brought a small boy of seven or eight years old into the camp for sale. The poor child was crying bitterly, and his master had him confined in a slave-fork, one end of which he held in his hand, and twisted and shoved the poor boy about cruelly. I felt very much inclined to thrash the master and set the slave free, but I knew that directly afterwards he would be worse treated, and therefore contented myself with turning the dealer in human chattels out of the camp.

Leaving Mékéto we passed through a moderately hilly country, crossing a tangled quantity of streams which was very hard to sort into their right basins, and just as we left Uguhha and came into Ubûdjwa we came upon the Rubumba, a stream which rising close to the Rugumba is often confounded with it, though the Rubumba falls into the Luama and the Rugumba into the Tanganyika.

The Wabûdjwa are also tributary to Kasongo, and the chiefs and upper classes are, I believe, originally of the same race as the Waguhha and Warua. The lower orders, however, are very different. One of the most striking peculiarities of the women of Ubûdjwa is the custom they have of piercing the upper lip, and in the hole inserting an oval stone, or piece of wood, or bone, which they keep on increasing in size till it sometimes, in the lesser and greater diameters, attains to 1.5 by 1.25 inches. This sticks out in front and gives the wearer the appearance of having a bill like a duck when seen in profile, and prevents her from speaking plainly. Another peculiar habit is that of wearing leather bolsters, made tapering from centre to end like buffaloes' horns, round the waist. Sometimes a dandy lady will wear two or three of these pecu-

lar vestments, though it cannot be for decency, as the barest requisites of what is considered indispensable with most people are scarcely complied with.

Some wear, instead of these bustles, belts split in the rear into two or three parts, where they serve to keep up a small piece of leather about twelve inches by eight, which with the belt and a smaller patch in front constitutes the whole of a lady's dress, with the exception of a few indispensable articles such as anklets, bracelets, and necklaces.

The largest chief in Ubûdjwa was Pakwanywa, close to whose village we stopped a couple of days. He and his wife came to visit me, and although her clothing was scanty in quantity, she was very dressy in her get-up, her apron being ornamented with beads and cowries. She also wore gaiters and bracelets from wrist to elbow, tassels just in front of her ears, and several necklaces, all of good beads. Her hair was done up in a pretty fashion, and ornamented with bright steel and copper ornaments, and across her forehead, just below the roots of her hair, stripes of red and yellow were carefully painted. Altogether she had a very effective appearance, and seemed fully conscious of it, though at the same time she was a lady-like merry body.

Whilst here we heard that a large body of Wamerima and slaves of Syde ibn Habib were close in front of us, and that they were waiting for us to come up in order to make a formidable body to cross Manyuéma. This I was very sorry to hear; I should much have preferred travelling alone, as the traders in these parts are apt to take advantage of the natives having no guns, and to allow their men to steal and pilfer from the huts, often causing rows which I had no desire of being mixed up with. I, however, had no choice, as it was intended as a civility, and if I had refused, the natives would have said that we had quarrelled, and, therefore, very likely have attacked one party in hopes of the other joining them; so that I was on the horns of a dilemma.

Two days after leaving Pakwanywa's we arrived at the camp of the other caravan, and were warmly welcomed by Muinyi Hassani, who was the principal trader in the party, although afterwards we did not get on over well together. The next country after Ubûdjwa was Uhiya, where the people wore on the back of their heads enormous leather chignons, with a piece like a tongue sticking out behind, and indulged in tattooing in irreg-

ular and diversified patterns. On leaving Uhiya we began to get into a hilly country, the commencement of the offshoots of the mountains of Bambarré. Here we came into a second country of Uvinza, and different methods of personal decoration: the people pierced the centre cartilage of the nose and ran straws through, and worked their hair into ridges and tufts, with small plaits along the tops of them. Wood-carving was here carried to greater perfection than I had yet seen, and clay idols were common outside the villages. Many of the villages had been lately deserted, and I believe that some large party of traders had had a row there, as they could not have been left for what is a very common reason, viz., the exhaustion of the soil near them, as the vegetation was luxuriant close to huts still in in good repair.

A very hilly road took us to Rohombo, the first district in Manyuéma according to the people, though geographically and ethnologically Manyuéma proper can only be said to commence on the northern side of the Bambarré Mountains. The population here was very dense, and the roads were lined by black crowds who had turned out to look at the strangers, and especially at the white man. Oil palms were very numerous at Rohombo, and the natives made palm-wine from them, which, when fresh, is very good and refreshing, reminding one something of ginger beer. They climb the trees with a belt made to go round the tree and themselves, something like the Tamils in Ceylon. Salt was in very great demand here, all that the people get being brought from Ujiji by the traders, as since the Arabs have come here the Warua, who used to do the trading in Manyuéma, have deserted it. A man would cut and bring into camp a large load of firewood for a pinch of salt as large as one usually puts on one's plate at one time.

From Rohombo we went over a rolling and fertile country intersected by many streams, all draining to the south-west, till we reached the ascent of the Bambarré Mountains. They gave us a steep climb, standing up like a narrow spine, with very declivitous sides, and we had to camp before reaching the top in a deserted village. The next morning we had another climb before surmounting the crest, and then, plunging into a mass of forest, suddenly commenced our descent amongst a number of ravines and gullies, all crowded with enormous trees. Some of the gorges were over a hundred and fifty feet deep,

and trees growing in their bottoms towered to an equal height above the head of one standing on the brink. This was truly a primeval forest; the hand of man had never desecrated these giants of the sylvan world. No sun or breeze reached the dark, damp depths, and every tree seemed to try and force itself aloft into the blue heaven to get a sight of the life-giving sun.

Emerging from the forest at the foot of the mountains, we came upon villages and cultivated land. The villages were entirely different from any I had yet seen in Africa. Huts arranged in long broad streets, the walls and ends of bright red clay, with sloping roofs thatched with yellow grass. The people also presented a change as sudden as that of their houses. The women ("*Toujours place aux dames*") dressed their hair into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet in front, with long ringlets, daubed with mud and grease, hanging down their backs. The edge of the bonnet-like part in front was trimmed with beads, cowries, or seeds of the wild banana. Round their waists they wore a string of the same materials, which served to support two small aprons, constituting all their clothing, and which, when going to work in the fields or fishing, they replaced by small bunches of leaves in order to save their go-to-meeting frocks.

The men, in their way, were equally peculiar, plastering their hair thickly with mud and forming it into cones, lumps, and flat plates, into which they inserted cowries and bits of copper as ornaments. Between the different patches the scalp was shaved perfectly bare. Some wore a cone on top of their heads, and the side and back hair formed into long flat flakes with mud, with round holes in them, to which iron and copper rings were hung. The remainder of their dress consisted of leather aprons about six or eight inches wide, reaching to their knees.

The second camp, after crossing the Bambarré Mountains, was at Moéné Bugga's village, son of Moéné Kussu. The latter, who is now dead, was chief when Livingstone stopped here for some months, and many of the people inquired after the "old white man," and seemed very sorry to hear of his death.

The chiefs indulged in more clothes than their subjects, wearing large kilts of fringed grass cloth. Each of them also wore the peculiar Manyuéma knife or sword slung over his shoulder by belt of otter skin. Every separate village is independent, and as at the time we were

here there was no war going on, several of the chiefs came to see us and have a stare at a white man. They were attended by people carrying rattles, who proclaimed their names and titles; two, Moéné Gohé and Moéné Booté, had dwarfs for their rattlers, and Moéné Booté had also a man playing on an instrument made of different-sized gourds fastened in a frame, and over them were keys of hard wood, which, when struck, gave a clear metallic sound, varying in pitch according to the size of the gourd under each key. This instrument is called the *marimba*, and is known close to the west coast, from whence it reaches to Manyuéma, which was the first place I saw it. The name is the same everywhere.

After leaving Moéné Bugga's we passed through another strip of primeval forest of enormous trees, and came to the village of another Moéné Booté, with whom we had to make arrangements about the crossing of the Luama. Muinyi Hassani and I here began to differ somewhat as to the necessity for numerous halts, as I wished to press forward as quickly as possible, and he took every opportunity to say we wanted to halt for something or another; but alternate dawdling and hurrying are what every European has to put up with when dealing with semi-civilized races. We had halted a day at the northern foot of the Bambarré Mountains, two or three at Moéné Bugga's, and now again was another delay about getting the canoes, which might have been obviated if men had been sent on in front. I asked about this whilst at Moéné Bugga's, and was told it had been done, but now found that it was a deliberate falsehood.

We got across the Luama safely after all: it is a fine stream two hundred yards wide, and varying from twelve to fourteen feet in depth with a moderate current. Its banks are mostly clothed with fine timber, and its winding course was often visible from some of the small hills over which our path led, forming an agreeable feature in the landscape.

After crossing the Luama we came to rather a flat country, but intersected by many streams and watercourses which had grooved out for themselves deep beds in the sand and shingle of which the strata are composed. Strips of green trees mark the position of these watercourses, and the rest of the country is covered with the Manyuéma grass, interspersed with trees stunted by the grass fires. This grass is impassable until it has been burnt down, being often twelve

and fourteen feet high, with stalks as thick as one's thumb, and growing in such a dense mass that one may throw oneself against it and make scarcely any impression. Even after it is burnt down, the thicker stalks remain and scratch one's hands and face, and tear one's clothes, besides which the ashes and blacks make one as dirty as a chimneysweep, which, as soap is a rarity and a luxury in Manyuéma, is the reverse of desirable. Soon after leaving the Luama we passed a few hills on our left, and many streams, some flowing to the Luama and some direct to the Lualaba.

Our road took us through many villages, in several of which the men belonging to the Wamerima traders, as they did not receive anything from their masters to buy food, had to steal from the unfortunate natives to supply their wants. I did not know the whole truth at this time, as the traders told me that they served out regular allowances to their men, and that they punished any who stole from the natives. As we formed separate camps, I could not say that this was false, and my men assured me that it was true. However, long after, I heard from some of the more respectable of my people that I had been wilfully deceived.

At Karungu, a largish village, or rather a scatter of hamlets, matters came to a crisis, and a row between the traders and natives occurred. The true story was that some natives having been robbed, retaliated by stealing from Muinyi Hassani. I was only told at the time that the natives had stolen from him, but nothing of the reason why. The next morning Muinyi Hassani and his colleagues had a palaver with some of the chiefs on the subject, and wanted their property returned, besides a heavy indemnity; and on the chiefs replying that they would pay it with their spears, and brandishing them, they were shot down in the camp.

Instantly there was a regular *tomasha*, all the people of the caravans rushing for their guns, and the natives throwing their spears at the people nearest them, and then bolting into the jungle. One fellow's spear fell only a couple of feet from where I was sitting quietly writing. In a moment all the people belonging to the traders had got their arms, and rushed out to set fire to the houses near; and it was as much as I could do to keep my men in hand, and prevent their rushing out to join their friends.

For a couple of days we were in a state of semi-warfare, the coast people going

out in bodies whenever they saw a chance, and the natives gathering together in the jungle with their spears and shields, shouting and yelling. The traders' people, in their numerous sorties, caught a lot of women and children, and goats, and the natives soon found that spears, their only offensive weapons, were no match for the guns of their opponents, and after several abortive attempts peace was at length made, and Muinyi Hassani and Syde Mezrui "made brothers" with some of the chiefs. After peace was concluded I found that people from several of the places through which we had passed had joined with those of Karungu, and if there had been any equality in the way in which the two sides were armed, we should have been in a fix.

I afterwards exerted myself to get the slaves and goats returned, but was only successful about the former, as Muinyi Hassani and his people said that if nothing was taken from the natives they would think we were afraid of them, and attack us whilst passing through some of the strips of jungle which lay across our road, and where numbers might have prevailed in spite of gunpowder.

Two days after leaving Karungu we arrived at Mangarah, a village, the chief of which was a friend with the Arabs. His son had come out to Karungu to welcome us, and on our arrival at his father's he introduced me to him in the most gentlemanly manner possible. Mangarah is one of several villages in which there are many iron foundries, a beautiful black speculum ore being obtained close to the surface.

The day we arrived here a partner of Syde Mezrui came out from Kwakasongo, where several Arabs are settled, to welcome the party and learn the news from the coast. With him came several of the surrounding chiefs. Syde, who had already squandered nearly all the beads I had given him, and now found that I did not part so freely as he anticipated, began to show his bad points. He got hold of these chiefs and instigated them to tell me most unwarrantable tales of the road in front, and told me that everything they said he was certain was true, although he did not know it from personal knowledge. His partner, a youngster of about twenty, corroborated this, and I was in a greater puzzle than ever about the rivers and everything else in front.

The next day we started for Kwakasongo, and for some inscrutable reason went two long sides of a triangle instead

of a short one, thus taking a couple of marches to get there instead of doing it in one short one.

Kwakasongo I found had fourteen or fifteen Arabs, Wasuahili and Wamerima, settled there, including Syde and his partner, and they had about two thousand Wanyamwesi and slaves all armed with guns, so that they had the sway over the whole surrounding country. One man alone had over six hundred armed Wanyamwesi, and in his storehouse he had fifteen hundred *frasileh* (each of thirty-five pounds) ready for transport, but was waiting to hear of Mirambo's war being finished, not from fear of Mirambo himself, but because he was afraid he and his men would be detained to fight Mirambo by the Arab governor at Unyanyembé.

We were detained at Kwakasongo for a week, and after three days' marching arrived at Kûmbwi on the Lualaba. The first view of the river far exceeded my previous expectations. Imagine a river varying from a thousand to three thousand yards in width, with swiftly flowing current, and many well-wooded and inhabited islands. At Kûmbwi I got canoes for myself and some of my men, and went down to Nyangwe by water in one day, leaving the others to come by land. At Nyangwe I was warmly welcomed by Habib ibn Salim, an old Arab who had housed Livingstone during his stay there.

My men, who came by land, arrived two days after me, and then set to work to try and get canoes to follow the great river down to the coast. My ill success in this, and the reasons for it, will be told next month.

From The Spectator.
HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE epitomized autobiography which Miss Martineau deposited with the *Daily News*, to be published immediately after her death, and which appeared in that journal on Thursday, is a true literary curiosity. We have always maintained that cultivated persons, in this conscious age of ours, are less under delusions about themselves and their own capacities than it is the fashion with satirists to assume. Very few, it is true, or probably none, understand themselves completely, and very many, possibly all, retain in hidden corners of their minds baseless little vanities, sometimes of a very grotesque kind. But

a very large number indeed weigh their own powers, as distinct from their own character, very accurately, know exactly what they can do and cannot do, and are able to judge their own minds *ab extra* as they would judge those of third persons. If they make mistakes, it is in the direction of self-depreciation, of a distrust which sometimes is consistent with an appearance of vanity on the very subject on which they know themselves to be weak. Vanity, and particularly visible vanity, is often a mere parade of armor over the weak place, and men are constantly soothed by flattery directed to the qualities which, as they recognize, with humorous contempt alike for the flatterer and themselves, they do not possess. Here, for instance, was a middle-aged woman of fifty-three, who had for ten years resided almost in solitude in the Lake country, who was visited mainly by worshippers, who had had, for a woman, considerable literary and political success, and who was by no means of the very first order of intellect. She was a nervous woman, too, who all her life had mistaken a weak heart and a liability to nervous exhaustion for imminent heart-disease,—a temperament perhaps the most unfavorable of all to true self-knowledge. Yet she sits down and writes a newspaper biography of herself and her work, so coldly judicial, so severely passionless, so harsh, indeed, in some respects, that had it not been her own work, the editor of the *Daily News* would have been charged with a mocking hardness for giving it publicity so soon after her death. He would hardly have ventured to write of her efforts at fiction the sentence we have italicized: "None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent; she had no power of dramatic construction; neither the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor the critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live. Two or three of her 'Political Economy Tales' are, perhaps, her best achievement in fiction,—*her doctrine furnishing the plot which she was unable to create*, and the brevity of space duly restricting the indulgence in detail which injured her longer narratives, and at last warned her to leave off writing them. It was fortunate for her that her own condemnation anticipated that of the public. To the end of her life she was subject to solicitations to write more novels and more tales, but she for the most part remained

steady in her refusal. Her three volumes of 'Forest and Game-Law Tales' and a few stories in *Household Words*, written at the express and earnest request of Mr. Dickens, and with little satisfaction to herself, are her latest efforts in that direction." That is a perfectly just judgment, with these exceptions,—that Miss Martineau had some faculty of suggesting, though none of analyzing character; and that she had a strange, almost inexplicable power of touching, in most prosaic and unimaginative fashion, the springs of pathos and pity. Reading some of her poor-law stories is like standing by the death-bed of a hungry woman, and leaves a sensation almost of physical pain. She had not, however, the artistic touch, and her fictions, though they did good work in their time, will all moulder away forgotten in ancient libraries.

That a writer should despise some division of his writings is, however, no infrequent phenomenon. Defoe never dreamed that he was to live forever through "Robinson Crusoe," and many a statesman has hoped, like Richelieu, to survive by his wretched poems, but Miss Martineau judged all her work with the same coldly unfavorable eye. She says of her first book on America, that she was carried away by sympathy with some American statesmen, and "the book is not a favorable specimen of Harriet Martineau's writings, either in regard to moral or artistic taste. It is full of affectations and preachments, and it marks the highest point of the metaphysical period of her mind." She is equally severe on herself as a historian. Her book, "The History of the Thirty Years' Peace," will live some years, as the only brief and readable collection of the annals of the period, and it brought her much popularity; but she reckons it in her biographical sketch at nearly its true value: "Without taking the chronicle form, this history could not, from the nature of the case, be cast in the ultimate form of perfected history. All that can be done with contemporary history is to collect and methodize the greatest amount of reliable facts and distinct impressions—to amass sound material for the veritable historian of a future day—so consolidating, assimilating, and vivifying the structure as to do for the future writer precisely that which the lapse of time, and the oblivion which creeps over all transactions, must prevent his doing for himself. This auxiliary usefulness is the aim of Harriet Martineau's history, and she was probably not mis-

taken in hoping for that much result from her labor." Of the most serious defect of the book, its absurd over-estimate of that showy politician Canning, she was probably unaware, as she was also unaware that her theological writings contributed positively nothing to the stock of ideas in the world. She seems, in her biographical sketch, to make an exception in their favor to an estimate more harshly true, perhaps, than woman ever yet passed upon her own performances and powers: "Her original power was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imaginative and suggestive powers, and therefore nothing approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she could popularize, while she could neither discover nor invent. She could sympathize in other people's views, and was too facile in doing so; and she could obtain and keep a firm grasp of her own, and, moreover, she could make them understood. The function of her life was to do this, and in as far as it was done diligently and honestly, her life was of use, however far its achievements may have fallen short of expectations less moderate than her own." If any proof were wanting of the lucidity of vision and expression which are the only powers she claims, this sketch alone is sufficient to afford it; and it will suggest to most men also that she must have possessed another power, — that judicial faculty which is so often wanting in men and women of genius, and is so seldom lacking to any high order of ability. That faculty will give a high interest to the posthumous work we are promised, the autobiography to which she devoted two years, and which, fearing lest her executors should be blamed for some statements in it, she herself passed through the press. Considering the number of personages she knew, her utter freedom, as it appears from this sketch, from self-interested prejudice, and her considerable political knowledge, this should be a book of great interest, even though it does not tell us very much of the inner nature and ideal life of Miss Harriet Martineau.

From Nature.

PERIODICITY OF THE FRESH-WATER LAKES OF AUSTRALIA.

THE fresh-water lakes of Australia, though insignificant in size in comparison with the extent of the country, possess several features of considerable interest to the naturalist. Lake George, which is generally considered the largest sheet of fresh water on the continent, is only some twenty-three or twenty-four miles in length and seven miles in breadth at the widest part, and even this lake had no existence twenty-four years ago. A bit of swampy ground across which drays could pass, occupied, in 1852, what is now the lowest part of the lake-bottom, and the rest was taken up by squatters and small farmers, who little dreamed, when they settled on the rich alluvial plain, that within a few years they would be driven hopelessly from their homes by the advancing waters. The present lake is situated, at an elevation of about two thousand feet above the sea, at the lower end of a shallow basin formed by a fork near the southern extremity of the Blue Mountains, and about a hundred and fifty miles from Sydney. This basin is some forty to fifty miles in length, and from fifteen to twenty miles in breadth, the mountains rising somewhat rapidly to a height of several hundreds of feet on every side except the south. The depth of the water at the present time is only from twenty-five to thirty feet, which, considering the extent of land submerged, affords a strong argument in favor of the supposition that the lake existed in past times, and was at least as extensive as it is now. An examination of the banks of the creek which runs into the head of the lake confirmed this hypothesis, and led me to believe that it has at one time been much more extensive than it is at present, for the horizontal layers of alluvial deposit could be traced along either bank at an elevation of ten or twelve feet above the present lake-surface. This, however, could not have been the case within the last one hundred years — probably not within many hundreds of years — for the present lake is fringed with broad expanses of partially submerged forest trees, that must have attained a growth of more than a century before the waters overtook them. It may, therefore, I think, be assumed that the lake has never in recent times been so extensive as it is now, but that formerly it was much more so.

It will naturally be asked, What are the causes of its recent rapid growth, and what is likely to be the end of it? With-

out doubt the chief cause lies in the killing of the trees, which, until lately, covered almost uninterruptedly the whole basin except the lowest portion. The water is thus drained rapidly into the lake, and the surface exposed to evaporation reduced to a minimum. The trees have been destroyed chiefly by the squatter, in order to let in the sun and improve the grass. But another and unexplained cause has been at work during recent years destroying the bush, and the trees have died away mysteriously at the rate of scores, if not hundreds, of acres annually. Grub at the roots or within the bark, the injury done by cattle and sheep, opossums destroying persistently the young shoots, and various other pests, have been set down as the cause, but no explanation has as yet been accepted as satisfactory. It would seem rather as if the trees were suffering from some sickness such as animals are subject to, and many square miles of bush may be cleared away before the disease has spent itself.

Whatever may be the cause, the trees are rapidly disappearing within the drainage area of the lake, and the result will be that with improved drainage and less absorption the lake *must* increase in extent during the next few years, provided the rainfall does not seriously diminish during the same period. Another cause which has probably been at work enlarging the lake during the last twenty-four years, is an increased rainfall, but the argument on this point is rather drawn from the rapid growth of the lake than from any accurate observation. It has certainly happened once or twice during dry seasons that the lake has fallen a foot or two, but it has always recovered and advanced during the following year, so that its growth may be considered to have been continuous since the year 1852. After the winter of 1874, the lake rose from four to five feet, and during the severe drought of the following summer sank to the extent of from one to two feet, but with the returning rains it recovered its former level. If, up to the present time, the first and wet half of a cycle has been operating, and twenty-five years of deficient rainfall were now to commence, it would still, I think, be unreasonable to expect that the lake would contract very much — say to one-half or one-quarter its present size. The water that falls at the most distant spot in the basin is carried within a few hours into the lake — in the same manner as in other parts of the country it is carried into the rivers; and the same cause which tends

to make the floods of the Hunter and other rivers more violent every year, will prevent Lake George from ever again becoming an insignificant pool. It may be noticed that cloudy summers — not necessarily rainy ones — would have a considerable effect in diminishing evaporation and thereby preventing shrinkage. A prevalence of westerly or northerly winds would have an opposite effect.

Near one of the squatter's houses, long ago submerged, was a well-stocked fish-pond. This the advancing waters soon appropriated, and its occupants finding their way into the lake have increased to such an extent that the lake itself is now well stocked. These fish were chiefly the fresh-water cod of Australian streams, and some of them have thriven so well that it is by no means rare to meet with specimens weighing from thirty to forty pounds each. Black swans, large flocks of three or four different kinds of ducks, with the red-legged ibis and other birds, frequent the shores and afford good sport.

The general appearance of the lake-shore is somewhat desolate on account of the enormous number of partially submerged trees that stand, some of them a mile or more, out in the water, and give the lake the appearance of an American river during a flood. The eastern shore, however, is very beautiful for Australian scenery, the hills dotted with clumps of dark casuarina rising in beautiful grassy slopes from the water's edge.

At a few miles distance from Lake George to the eastward is Lake Bathurst, a much smaller sheet of water that appears to be under very much the same influences as the larger lake, the encroachment of the water being as well marked, although not so extensive.

It would be interesting to know all the influences at work in the increase of the Great Salt Lake, Utah, which is said to be growing at the rate of ten inches in vertical height yearly. As the whole country in the neighborhood of this lake is destitute of trees, a periodic increase of rainfall is most probably the chief cause, in which case the lake's maximum may be expected to be reached at any time.

The cultivation of land previously bare might naturally be expected to cause a greater retention of moisture, whilst at the same time the hardening of the surface by the treading of cattle and sheep would cause the water to run off more easily; but the area of cultivated or pastured land within the drainage basin compared with that left in its primitive condi-

tion, is unknown, and it would be impossible to differentiate their effects.

It will be a subject of considerable in-

terest to watch the conduct of these lakes during the next twenty years.

R. ABBAY.

At the meeting of the Edinburgh Botanical Society on Thursday a paper was read by Sir Robert Christison on the restorative and curative effects of the cuca leaf of Peru (*Erythroxylon coca*), which has for many years been valued by the Indians as a preventive of bodily fatigue, and which has lately attracted much attention owing to a belief that it was of some service to the American pedestrian, Mr. Weston, on the occasion of some of his walking-feats at the Agricultural Hall. A diversity of opinion exists as to the effect of the cuca leaf on those who chew it. By some travellers it is maintained to be a pernicious stimulant, while others hold the opinion that moderately used it is beneficial to health. Of its effects Sir Robert Christison gave an account ascertained by experiments he had made himself with a cuca leaf, by which he had found that it was both a preventive of fatigue and a restorative of strength after severe bodily exertion, and that it had no reactionary effect on the system. His first experiments made with the leaf were in 1870. Two of his students had come home thoroughly tired out with a sixteen-miles walk; instead of having dinner they each took an infusion of two drachms of cuca; presently all signs of fatigue vanished, and they "promenaded" Princes Street for a whole hour with ease and enjoyment. On returning home they eat an excellent dinner, felt light throughout the evening, slept well, and got up refreshed and active next morning. Similar results were obtained in the case of other ten students, some of whom had done a thirty-miles walk; and Sir Robert has also made experiments upon himself with a cuca leaf of an equally successful and comfortable nature. He is, it seems, overwhelmed by letters from all quarters asking for information respecting it. Women especially, having tried every other form of narcotic and stimulant, are very anxious to begin with the cuca leaf. One lady who has written to Sir Robert Christison on the subject, "put her question in such a shape that he saw plainly that she meant to ask whether it would renew her youth." In regard to its use as medicine, Sir Robert Christison recommends no one to try it till something more is known about it, or at least not to make use of it without consulting a physician.

THE CLIMATE OF THE POLES, PAST AND PRESENT, may not seem a very geological subject, yet it is one of the most interesting in the

whole range of geological studies. A very valuable paper on this question has been contributed to the *Geological Magazine* (Nov. 1875), by Prof. Nordenskiöld, in which he says that we now possess fossil remains from the polar regions belonging to almost all the periods into which the geologist has divided the history of the earth. The Silurian fossils which McClintock brought home from the American Polar Archipelago, and the German naturalists from Novaja Semlja, as also some probably Devonian remains of fish found by the Swedish expeditions on the coasts of Spitzbergen, are, however, too few in number, and belong to forms too far removed from those now living, to furnish any sure information relative to the climate in which they have lived. Immediately after the termination of the Devonian age, an extensive continent seems to have been formed in the polar basin north of Europe, and we still find in Beeren Island and Spitzbergen vast strata of slate, sandstone, and coal, belonging to that period, in which are imbedded abundant remains of a luxuriant vegetation, which, as well as several of the fossil plant-remains brought from the polar regions by the Swedish Expeditions, have been examined and described by Prof. Heer of Zürich. We here certainly meet with forms, vast *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, and species of *Lepidodendra*, etc., which have no exactly corresponding representatives in the now existing plants. Colossal and luxuriant forms of vegetation, however, indicate a climate highly favorable to vegetable development. A careful examination of the petrifications taken from these strata shows also so accurate an agreement with the fossil plants of the same period found in many parts of the continent of central Europe, that we are obliged to conclude that at that time no appreciable difference of climate existed on the face of the earth, but that a uniform climate extremely favorable for vegetation—but not on that account necessarily tropical—prevailed from the equator to the poles.

Popular Science Review.

BABOO LOKE NATH GHOSE, a member of the Bengal Music-School, has compiled a Sanskrit Hymn-Book (with an English version), consisting of fourteen odes set to Hindoo *rags* and *rāginis*, with European notation. The queen has been pleased to accept a copy, and to express her appreciation of the author's loyalty and good feeling.

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Fifth Series, }
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UTINAM.

OH, that we loved thee purely!
Loved thee, our God, our all;
With a love that is large and joyous,
Not love that is cramped and small!

Oh, that the best affections
Of hearts that are warm and true,
Were lavished in richest treasure
Where only such wealth is due!

Oh, that our souls were gardens
Of flowers most sweet and rare,
All watered with tears of penance,
And nourished with faithful prayer!

Oh, that our wills so feeble
Grew strong with the strength of love,
Till they broke earth's fetters, and changed
them
For links that are forged above!

Oh, that the pride which spurs us
To things unworthy and base,
Would soar on a grander pinion,
And strive in a nobler race!

Oh, that our sensitive spirits,
That shrink from the shadow of shame,
Were callous to pain that is selfish,
And keen for their Master's fame!

Oh, that the grief that moves us,
Were grief for God's love reviled;
For wounds that the heart of a father
Has borne from the hand of a child!

Oh, that our poor complainings
Were changed into grateful lays;
That the sighs of a heart in sadness
Were fragrant with perfume of praise!

Lord help our earnest desires,
And give them a deeper root;
Let them grow into flower and blossom,
And ripen to glorious fruit!
The Month. LADY C. PETRE.

A LULLABY.

HUSH! hush! The night draws on;
The sun has long since set;
And the fast-closing flowers
With heavy dews are wet.
Shut close thine eyes;
Twilight is darkening the skies.

Hush! hush! All sounds are still;
The birds are gone to rest;
The mother-bird keeps warm
Her young within the nest.
Shut close thine eyes,
For the last songster homeward flies.

Hush! hush! The moonbeams fall
Upon the summer leas;
The night-wind murmurs soft
Among the dusky trees.
Shut close thine eyes,
For the last streak of daylight dies.

Hush! hush! The day is done.
Lie down, my child, and sleep;
The silver stars above
For thee a watch will keep.
Shut close thine eyes;
Sweet peace upon thy pillow lies.

Hush! hush! And happy dreams
All through the silent night.
Fear nothing; slumber on
Until the morning bright.
Shut close thine eyes,
For angels sing thy lullabies.

Chambers' Journal.

ROSENLIED.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE nightingale sang to the rose
Through the livelong night,
Till her hue from a ruby red
Turned wan and white.
All night it rose and fell —
That silvery strain,
And the heart of the red rose throbbed
With divinest pain;
"O Love, O Love!" it rang,
"I love but thee.
Thou art the queen of all flowers," he sang,
"And queen of me!
O Love, *my* Love!" he said.
— Before the dawn,
The rose on its stalk hung dead,
The bird was gone.

Transcript.

MILKWEED.

BY "H. H."

O PATIENT creature with a peasant face,
Burnt by the summer sun, begrimed with
stains,
And standing humbly in the dingy lanes!
There seems a mystery in thy work and place,
Which crowns thee with significance and
grace;
Whose is the milk that fills thy faithful veins?
What royal nursling comes at night and drains
Unscorned the food of the plebeian race?
By day I mark no living thing which rests
On thee, save butterflies of gold and brown,
Who turn from flowers that are more fair,
more sweet,
And, crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down,
And hang, like jewels flashing in the heat,
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts.

From The Contemporary Review.
TURKEY.

"WE are the best police of the Bosphorus." The words were spoken with emphasis, as a triumphant and conclusive argument. Nothing more could be required by a foreign visitor to justify the Ottoman rule in Constantinople. The speaker had been a medical student in Paris. His metaphors were made up of the jargon of the hospital. To this all-powerful grand vizier of Sultan Abd-ul-Assiz, it was a stroke of luck that the tsar in nicknaming his country should have called it "Sick Man." Fuad Pasha felt doubly at home in talking of his master's empire as a patient. "If you wish to have news of our health," he continued, "it is not advisable to consult that doctor." "I know Turkey better than he [the tsar], and than any one. I have stethoscoped (*auscultée*) it back and front. There is no organic malady, but—*par donnez-moi*—we have the itch and no sulphur at hand."

If Fuad Pasha (whose disciple is now in authority) had an ideal system of government, it was that which a man far greater than he, but with a mind of similar tendencies, had expounded in "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*." To reconstruct the caliphate, to reform it into a liberal despotism seated upon the heads of a dumb democracy, this was the thought of the great minister, with whose death is supposed to have departed the glory of the reign of Abd-ul-Assiz. The recent revolution is explained as a reversion to the policy of Fuad. Midhat Pasha is hailed as the political heir of the ex-medical student of Paris. The new advisers of the new sultan will do their best to sustain the opinion, which no doubt they hold, that Turkey is not sick unto death, that, as Fuad said, she has no organic malady. The present writer maintains a contrary opinion, and it is the object of these pages to show that the Turkish empire has organic disease, and that her incurable malady grows ever more deadly as she is forced by new arterial connections, closer and more closely, into the light of the political ideas and civilization of western Europe. I shall reduce the

pleas for the maintenance of the Turkish empire to that one plea of expediency upon which the greatest master of Turkish policy, Fuad Pasha, was content to rest its claim—"We are the best police of the Bosphorus."—and I shall show that the validity of this plea is a reproachful testimony to greed and jealousy, and want of true civilization, on the part of the great powers of Europe.

The Turkish power is a Mahomedan theocracy. No law is popularly accepted as valid unless it has religious sanction. The statute-book must run with the Koran. The *fetva* of the Sheik-ul-Islam was needed before any could engage in the dethronement of Abd-ul-Assiz. But we have seen in the history of the empire that the outward manifestation of this theocratic basis can be suppressed wherever it is likely to be offensive. The co-ordinate authority which the queen of these realms exercises, by virtue of the Capitulations of 1675, over all who can be called British subjects in Turkey, was "the command" (I quote the words of the treaty) "of the Emperor and Conqueror of the Earth, achieved with the assistance of the Omnipotent and by the especial Grace of God, We who by Divine Grace, assistance, will, and benevolence, now are the King of Kings of the world, the Prince of Emperors of every age, the Dispenser of Crowns to Monarchs, and the Champion." In less than two hundred years a great change was observed in the outward manifestation of the basis of Turkish power in Europe. In the Treaty of 1856 there is no trace of divine authority about the attributes of the sultan. He is styled simply "emperor of the Ottomans." This was the work of A'ali and Fuad, the great exemplars of the present time. It is not a final condemnation of the Turkish power to say that it is theocratic, for this has been the pretence of all powers, and is still the reputed basis of most of the powers of Europe. In his own dominions, the tsar is just as much "the shadow of God" as the sultan. We must look to the ethics of the religion which is the groundwork of power. Mere forms of speech can be changed, and the language of Paris put into the mouth of the padi-

shah. Had I been blind I could have fancied myself at the Tuileries on the 10th May, 1868, when, amid hopes not less extravagant than those which now encircle the utterances of Murad V., his ill-fated predecessor announced the establishment of the Council of State and of the High Court of Justice. He, the successor of sultans whose pretensions to divine direction had not been less declared than those of the infallible pope,—he, who was, in fact, the pope of the Sooni Mahommedans, confessed that something was wrong, something rotten in his state, because, said the master of greedy pashas, from his throne in the Sublime Porte, “if the principles and laws already established had answered to the exigencies of our country and of our people, we ought to have found ourselves to-day in the same rank as the most civilized and best-administered states of Europe.” With this naïve admission of failure, and “with a view to promote the rights of his subjects,” Abd-ul-Assiz, the reformer, pronounced the establishment of the Council of State “whose members are taken from all classes of our subjects without exception.” “Another body,” he continued, “instituted under the name of the High Court of Justice, has been charged to assure justice to our subjects in that which concerns the security of their persons, their honor, and their property.”

No Christian could speak more fairly. Men talked and wrote of Abd-ul-Assiz as they now write and talk of Murad, and assumed then as now, that a man whose youth had passed under oppression and surveillance, to whom education had been denied as dangerous, upon whom continence and frugality had been enforced, would, when he acquired unlimited power and wealth, when he could indulge unchecked the favorite weaknesses of the Prophet, be a lover of liberty and law, a wise and liberal statesman, the husband of one wife, the master of no slaves, and in his private expenditure, the delight of anxious bondholders. It is the inveterate error of the West to suppose that in Turkey figs grow from thistles—that beautiful women are produced by a life in rooms from which the glorious eye of the heav-

ens, as well as the sight of man is excluded; by walking out of doors in veils which prevent every breath of fresh air; in shoes and upon stones which render exercise a torture, and graceful carriage an impossibility; by a life of inanity, ignorance, and indulgence in unwholesome food. The error is not uncommon nor its cause recondite. Our mistake is that of the dramatists of the Restoration, who, Lord Macaulay says, knew not that “drapery was more alluring than exposure.” The mystery of the East is our delusion, and this, if we face it closely and fairly, especially if we regard it during moments when in the political struggle its veil is disarranged, is, as we shall see, a cover for evils which prefer darkness rather than light, in social life; a despotism with slavery for a domestic institution, and upon the throne of European Turkey, a misrepresentation founded upon force, upheld by oppression of those beneath it, and by the jealousies of the powers which are entitled its protectors.

The Turkish government has ceased to represent itself to foreign powers as theocratic, but regarding its subjects this is its truest title. When in 1856 the sultan appeared, as we have seen, to throw off, in deference to his Christian protectors of the Latin and Anglican Churches, the assumption of divine authority, it was in fact asserted, though in language purely mundane. He is “emperor of the Ottomans,” *i.e.*, of the Othmans, of the followers of the conqueror, whose sword Murad has girded on in the mosque of Ey-yub, the leader in fact of three millions out of twelve millions of people, supreme ruler by no other right than that of possession, as successor of Mahommed in the caliphate, and of Othman in the empire. Two facts exhibit this most clearly: the Mahommedan is to the Christian population in European Turkey as one to three; but the non-Mahommedan people are excluded from the army (nominally of seven hundred thousand men) by which the sultan’s power is maintained. We have seen the opposite of divine right, that of human representation, propounded in the language of the Tuileries. In its initiation, the Council of State was a scandal, and in

existence it has been a means of further enriching the oppressors of the country. The non-Mahommedan population being as three to one, A'ali Pasha, the idol of the Softas, composed a council which indeed exhibited this proportion, but with the figures reversed — three-fourths of the members being Mussulmans. We are thus brought back to the position in which grand viziers, such as Fuad and Midhat, find themselves when, after entering into promises in the French of Paris, they are surrounded with realities in the Arabic of Stamboul. They can make hatts, of course, but if these surpass the sanctions of the Koran, they rest in the pigeon-holes of the Sublime Porte.

The government of Turkey is undoubtedly Mahommedan, and the line of our argument leads us now to inquire, What are the inalienable essentials of Mahommedanism? what is its capacity for change, for re-interpretation, in accordance with modern ideas? The position of the Turkish government, thus representing only one-fourth of the people in the European empire, and claiming sovereignty over other millions in Servia and Roumania, who have successfully repudiated any direct interference by the sultan in their government, is that of a foreign garrison, the soldiery having no connection with the mass of the people. This government and garrison cohere by force of religious ties. Both are Mahommedan. It was long ago admitted by powerful friends of Turkey, that is to say, by the governments of England, France, and Italy, that the only safe path for the empire in the future was by annihilation of this exclusive mode of government; and it was A'ali Pasha, who, in the famous Hatt-y-Humaïoun, promised the overthrow of the Mahommedan system. To make this assurance more certain he consented, on behalf of his master, that the contracting powers of 1856 should be made parties to the execution of this hatt, by a special reference to it in the ninth article of the treaty. Of the thirty-five articles of this Hatt-y-Humaïoun, the most interesting, and from our point of view the only important articles, have, as Mr. Butler-Johnstone, a friend to the Turkish power, writes, “remained dead letters.” We will

take his remarks upon this neglect, because there can be no doubt that he does not overstate the case. Referring to the promises of the Hatt-y-Humaïoun, Mr. Butler-Johnstone says:—

(a.) There were to be mixed tribunals of justice, codification of the law, translations of the codes into the different languages of the empire, settled modes of procedure: this has been translated as we have seen into mock courts, unpaid judges, arbitrary procedure, and corrupt decisions. (b.) Farming the revenue was to be abolished, and a sounder fiscal system established: nothing of the kind has been done. (c.) A solemn undertaking was entered into to grapple with the evils of corruption: at present the whole administration is corrupt. (d.) Banks were to be established to assist agriculture and come to the aid of commerce: nothing of the sort has been thought of. (e.) Roads, canals, and railroads, were to be pushed forward with vigor, so as to open up the resources of the country: the absence of roads and canals has prevented the relief of a famished population; and as to railroads, the only important line finished was a cloak for a most notorious scandal. (f.) Foreign capital was to be invited and encouraged by every means, so as to develop the great resources of the country: such vexatious obstructions have been placed in the way of foreign capital that it has shunned the country, and men of integrity like Scott Russell and T. Brassey have had all their offers rejected; unless the pashas catch a glimpse of backshish, foreign enterprise is an abomination in their eyes. (g.) Christians were to be admitted into the army on the principle of general equality: nothing of the sort has taken place.

These promises are, in all important points, identical with those made, or to be made, by Murad V. Midhat Pasha is prepared to follow his great predecessors in the political dishonesty of manufacturing imperial edicts, made for show and not for use, which cannot become law in the Turkish empire, because no law is there held valid which has not the *fetva* of the Sheik-ul-Islam and the support of the clergy. I shall contend that they are made without regard to the basis of Turkish law — the Koran; that they cannot be executed without a complete surrender of Mahommedan principles, involving ultimately an overthrow of the Mahommedan

empire. Observation of Mussulman authority in the three continents has convinced me of the truth of the following opinion, penned by a distinguished upholder of the Mahommedan rule in Turkey: "Religion in the East," he most truly says, "has not the restricted meaning which it has with us. Everything with them is religious. All those questions which with us would be termed matters of politics are with the Mahommedans matters of religion. Mahommedanism is, in fact, a religion, a code, and a civil polity, or rather these three things are different aspects of the same idea." Therefore, in order to master the internal springs of the Turkish system we must go to the Koran. Englishmen have been taken to the Koran by blind guides. Attempts, like that of Mr. Bosworth Smith in his "Mahommed and Mahommedanism," have been made to varnish the Koran. Ill-judged as I shall show these to have been, they are not surprising. It is the ever-spreading revolt against certain dogmas of ecclesiastical Christianity that has led to this shallow delight in the Koran, of which the central doctrine is that of the unity of God. The service of the grand mosque, still known to Europe by its Christian name, Santa Sophia, is in its outward aspect lofty and sublime—it is ennobled by a comparison with the mean mummeries of the altars of Seville, or with the farthing tapers and picture-kissings of Moscow. But that is not Mahommedanism; and these things—the wooden dolls of Spain, "Our Ladies" of Montserrat and Atocha, and of this place and that,—dolls endowed with revenues, and with sacristans for keepers of their wardrobes; the adored pictures of Moscow, devoid of beauty or of the charm of high and authentic antiquity—nor are these things Christianity. We shall, however, be better able to appreciate the error of these apologists of Mahommedanism when we have glanced at the leading doctrines of Mahommed. The Prophet of Islam was a soldier—the Napoleon of his age. If the great Corsican had lived twelve hundred years before his time, it is probable that "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*" would have taken the form of the suras of the Koran. That was a time when opinion was moulded by conquest, and the sword of Mahommed was never long in its scabbard. He wrote a chapter of the Koran while his cheek streamed with blood from a wound sustained in the battle of Ohud. The Koran encourages Islam to war with the infidels:—

Fight, therefore, until there be no temptation to idolatry, and the religion be God's.

Fight for the religion of God against those who fight against you. Kill them wherever ye find them, and turn them out of that whereof they have dispossessed you, for temptation to idolatry is more grievous than slaughter.

War is enjoined you against the infidels; but this is hateful unto you; yet perchance ye hate a thing which is better for you, and perchance ye love a thing which is worse for you; but God knoweth, and ye know not.*

Of course there is not in ordinary times an active desire to indulge in a crusade against impossible odds; the supreme doctrines of utility are too strong for that. But every Moslem knows that the defeat of heresy by conquest is a cardinal point of Mahommed's teaching. It is no answer to this to allege that the Christianity of the Middle Ages was no better, and to quote the papal legate who put the edge of sectarian swords to all throats, with the words, "Kill all; God will know his own."

Yet the error which is latent in this line of argument has to be exposed. It seems to men like Mr. Bosworth Smith, and others, to be a discovery at once most interesting and even startling, that all systems of religion, those established before Christ as well as that of Mahommed, are related. They find not only ideas but laws transmitted—that Christianity is not the Alpha and Omega of religion. Standing in regard to the orthodox interpretation of their own sacred books somewhat in the attitude of the "poor cat i' th' adage," "letting I dare not wait upon I would," they are overjoyed with the delicious *soupeçon* of irrefragable heterodoxy thus imparted, and in their religious rapture, fail to grasp the utilitarian chain which would lead them link by link to an invaluable test in this comparison. They are not too careful how they deal with their own Bible when "the insuperable dogmatic character" of the Koran is in question. Mr. Butler-Johnstone, who I presume is with Mr. Disraeli "on the side of the angels" in the matter of evolution, argues that "the inspired character of the Christian sacred books has not prevented progress in religion in Europe, and for this reason—viz., that the inspired writings are sufficiently elastic in expression to admit of progressive developments and interpretations; otherwise religious thought, and with it civilization, would have been strangled in the Christian

* Sale's Al Koran, chap. ii.

world. And so it is, and perhaps even more so, with the Koran." These desperate friends of Mahomedan power are blind to facts as well as tendencies. Stretch the doctrines of the Koran to the length they desire, and the religion of Mahommed is gone; strain them politically, so as to establish a true equality of Mahomedan and non-Mahomedan population, and the empire of Othman must pass away. Of course, doctrines of the Koran may be amended by a revised interpretation—that is, some of them. Women need not be condemned to suffer ill-health from want of fresh air, because the Koran tells them "to discover not their ornaments," to conceal their charms from all but certain persons. Upon this matter directly affecting the whole population, there are several interpretations now in sight among Mahomedans. The Persians include the eyes, the Turks do not, and the opinion of high society in Constantinople has ceased to include any part of the face, the only difference from European custom being that whereas the veils of English ladies full from the head-dress, those of the belles of Stamboul, not less diaphanous, mount from the chin to the nose. The Koran says, "Take in marriage such women as please you—two, or three, or four, and not more;" but the faithful may enter into temporary connubial arrangements with any number of "those women whom thy right hand shall possess as slaves." It is this latter provision in one of the earliest of Mahommed's suras, or chapters of the Koran, which permits of a deposed sultan being followed to imprisonment by "fifty-three boats full of women," and of a shah arriving in Tehran after a stay at one of his country palaces, followed by eighty *takterawans* loaded with the women of his *anderoon*. But it will be said there is nothing in these words to prevent the spread of monogamy, which is already the established rule of life with many Turks. Nothing whatever; and it is obvious that time tends to encourage it along the line which these apologists will not recognize—the line which runs on forever through all systems of religion. Wherever Mahomedanism touches a higher civilization, the woman gains individuality, the veil loses opacity, and polygamy is less common. Why? Because civilization is synonymous with individuality, and individuality is both troublesome and costly in the person of dependents. The thinly veiled beauty of Constantinople has requirements unthought of by the secluded

Persian lady, and thus, by the teaching of humanity, the Turk is guided to the equitable law of monogamy. I will even admit that in adopting this rule, it is possible the Moslem does not repudiate the sanction of the Koran, and that even after a life spent in fidelity to one wife, he does not regard with scorn and contempt the revealed privileges of Mahommed in this matter. "There is nothing in the religion of Islam," says a writer of the highest authority in a recent article upon "The Situation viewed from Constantinople," "which can fairly be called adverse to civilization." I shall abundantly expose the falsity of this proposition; but if the writer had said, "There is nothing in the religion of Islam which can withstand civilization," I should have agreed with him. It is hard to feel aught but disgust for Christian writers who degrade themselves by penning apologies for the rampant lust of Mahommed. The lowest depths of historical imposture contain nothing so foul as the deliberate admixture by Mahommed of special license for himself, in regard to polygamy, with sacred principles of justice, in the Koran. It is surely too large a concession for truth, to say that the practice of monogamy, which the apologists rightly declare is extending in Turkey, is consistent with reverence for the man who, because he wished to take for himself the wife of another, and could not gain possession of her by his hand as a slave, put these words into the mouth of the Mahomedan God:—

O Prophet, we have allowed thee thy wives, unto whom thou hast given their dower, and also the slaves which thy right hand possesseth of the booty which God hath granted thee, and the daughters of thy uncles and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father's side and on thy mother's side, who have fled with thee from Mecca, and any other believing woman if she give herself unto the Prophet, in case the Prophet desireth to take her to wife. This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee above the rest of true believers. . . . Thou mayst postpone the turn of such of thy wives as thou shalt please. God knoweth whatever is in your hearts, and God is knowing and gracious.

Joe Smith and Brigham Young have not been without success in their humbler way and in more rational times; but it may be fairly doubted if they would have had as large a following had their sacred books contained special privileges of this sort for the leaders of Mormonism. Islam is adverse to civilization; the Koran is not

"sufficiently elastic in expression to admit of progressive developments and interpretations," because it is a religion essentially opposed to the progress of humanity. It is a religion of force and of sex. "The true servants of God," says the Koran concerning the Mahomedan heaven, will be rewarded with "delicious fruits, and the virgins of paradise, withholding their countenance from any other than their spouses, having large black eyes and skin like the eggs of an ostrich." The coarse materialism of this and many other passages almost similar in words, is dealt with by Mr. Bosworth Smith in a very shallow argument. It is a hard fact that no higher ideal of supernatural life is given in the Koran, and the grossness of the picture is, we are told, "explained by Mahomedans to be merely Oriental imagery." This might be accepted if the programme of Mahomed's heaven included entertainments for women, if for them there was something more than bare admission. They are not even translated into the "black-eyed virgins" who are to share the fruits and the couches of paradise; for, says the Koran, "We have created the damsels of paradise by a peculiar creation." It is not my purpose to contrast one religion with another; I am not engaged in the defence of Christianity, nor in the needless work of vindicating its superiority to Islam; yet it is with a feeling of offence that I find in Mr. Bosworth Smith's book the heaven of Mahomed contrasted with the heaven of Christ, "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," and the sensual hereafter of Mahomed condoned with the absurd apology that "a polygamous people could hardly have pictured to themselves a heaven without polygamy." The *raison d'être* of women on earth in the eyes of Mahomedans has been translated so faithfully and truly into their heaven, as to lead many to suppose that the Koran allows no future life to women. But evidently this was not the idea of the dictator of the Koran. He constructed heaven as he observed the earth, and has therefore not without show of reason been held to have denied the immortality of women, while extolling that of men. If all the "Turcophiles" in the world tug together at the words of the Koran, they cannot be expanded or reasonably interpreted so as to exhibit an equality of divine favor to men and women.

An English school leans to Islam because it is monotheistic; they touch gently on its faults for the sake of its assertion

of the unity of God. We should perhaps have fewer exhibitions of the sort if it were generally known that while denying the Godhead of Christ, the Koran accepts his miraculous conception and birth, and, denying that he was crucified, holds to his miracles and acknowledges that those miracles were an exhibition of divine powers. The pope pays homage to utility rather than to the Catholic religion, in making presents to sultan and shah, who believe, in the words of the Koran, that "when God shall say unto Jesus at the last day, 'O Jesus, Son of Mary, hast thou said unto men, 'Take me and my mother for two Gods, beside God'?' he shall answer, 'I have not spoken unto them any other than what thou didst command me, namely — worship God, my Lord and your Lord.'" If we must compare the doctrines of Christ with those of Mahomed, what could show the difference in more glaring light than the dictum of the Koran, "If a man or woman steal, cut off their hands in retribution for that which they have committed; this is an exemplary punishment appointed by God, and God is mighty and wise"? Six months have not passed since I saw a handless man, a victim of this cruel law, in consequence of theft. But it may be said that these things are only on a level with the barbarities of the earlier books of the Bible, to which I suppose the followers of Christ would reply that those books are not Christian. We must recognize the fact that to write upon the history and the inter-influence of religions, in a way to be of permanent value, something more is requisite than is displayed by any of the apologists of Mahomedanism whom we have met with. When Mr. Butler-Johnstone writes of an elastic Bible and of stretching the Koran, towards what line is it that these sacred books are to be strained? If we want to understand whether there is anything in Islam opposed to civilization, we must know what we mean by one and the other. We have seen something of the doctrines of Islam. What then is civilization? If it were merely buying ironclads, laying down telegraph wires, borrowing money upon worthless paper, building a crystal palace, or arming men with breechloaders, I should say, "Islam has done these things." But I take civilization to be, in its briefest meaning, the extension of civil rights; the co-existence of the supremacy of law with the liberty of individuals to develop and employ their faculties, for their utmost happiness and advantage. The sum of success in this endeavor is

ever increasing. We know without shadow of doubt that

Through the ages one increasing purpose runs ; and we have in this fact, in the increasing individuality of mankind, in what we call progress or civilization, a test by which to judge the doctrines of religion, whether they be transient or eternal. Of the facts which the history of the world has furnished, no one is more patent than the fact and the method of human progress, in which many religions have been and will be submerged. Mankind is outgrowing or has outgrown the practices of slavery and polygamy which are extolled by the Koran, and which did not seem hateful in the days of Christ. The experiences of life lead to laws of life, which are necessarily more and more concerned with the rights of individuals. Of the book of Mahommed nothing is left, in the light of the present civilization, but the idea of God, supreme, omnipotent, impersonal. It is not so with the words of Christ : his idea, the brotherhood of mankind, is the banner of the time to come, and gives the largest prospect of progress which eyes can see upon the horizon of humanity.

We started to prove that a Mahommedan government could not perform the promises of the Hatt-y-Humaïoun of 1856 without ceasing to be Mahommedan ; and this is true because Mahommedanism as a religious system, cannot admit the followers of other creeds upon terms of equality. It is, as it was in the time of its founder, a religion of fighting-men, who acknowledged no right but the might of the sword ; its heaven is the reward of fighting-men and none other. The reign of force is still the rule of Mahommedan countries, and progress is slow under the blighting law of the Koran. But the germs of progress, which now assert themselves chiefly in abuse of the reigning authorities, grow quickly where there is contact with European civilization. Fuad Pasha, in Stamboul, was little more a Mahommedan than is the Greek Pasha who represents the Turkish power with so much sympathy and suavity in London ; and if Midhat, the heir of Fuad's ideas, enforces upon Turkey the unfulfilled promises of 1856, Turkey will cease to be Mahommedan. She promised codification of law and independent tribunals of European pattern. How is it possible to put the Koran into a code acceptable to Christians ? She promised to admit the whole population into the army on

the principle of equality. But this is equivalent to making the army three-fourths non-Mahommedan, a situation in which Mahommedan supremacy in the government could not endure for twenty-four hours.

Turning to the political situation of Turkey, we find her bankrupt in finance, with courts of law described as "markets, not open markets, but dirty back-door shops, closets for fraud, corners for chicanery, and dens where professional brokers meet the judicial staff to job causes and rob suitors." The old, old story about the native nobility of the Turk is of the same sort as Mr. Bosworth Smith's assertion that "an Arab *cannot* ill-treat his horse," which is perhaps as untrue as anything could be. In caravans upon the plains and hills of the Turkish empire, Arabs are every day driving animals with wounds which would win the compassion of a Spaniard or an Italian, and which in any English town would bring punishment upon the driver. I have lately seen the knees of horses streaming with blood and the quivering muscles exposed, from frequent falls upon the stony plain, and again and again have compelled Arab owners to remove the loads from such distressed animals, which they would not hesitate to urge forward with whips of iron chain. Arab horses are cruelly wounded by bad shoeing, by overloading, and by bad harness. Nothing is more common in the remote parts of the Turkish empire than to see a man use in riding a sharp-pointed knife as a substitute for a bridle and whip, pricking the animal's neck on the contrary side to that towards which he wishes to direct his course. I know no people so cruel to their horses as the Arabs. Ignorance can ill-treat anything. In Salonica I saw a Turk cauterizing the harness-wounds of his mule with a red-hot frying-pan which he had borrowed from a cook's shop for the purpose.

It is not entirely owing to the will of the Turkish government that the peasants or rayahs pay, in the most cruel form of taxation, so large a portion of the revenue. The trade of Turkey is for the most part carried on in the great towns by foreigners, and these are, in the unnatural circumstances of the empire, exempt from taxation. The policy of Russia, in collecting large amounts of indirect taxation at her ports, appears to some Turkish statesmen the highest wisdom, but the powers, and England especially, would not approve this mode of raising the rev-

enue. Turks say that consequently there is no other way of reaching the mass of the people but by taxation in kind levied upon their crops. By a monstrous euphemism, the exclusion of the non-Mussulman population from the army is charged to them as "exemption," and they are made to pay about five shillings per man to establish their own degradation. They cannot reap or thrash without the presence of the tax-farmer, and Thessalian peasants have told me that these persons habitually give presents to the military officer of the district, in order that he may turn a deaf ear to the rayah imploring protection against the tax-farmer. At Volo I met with two gentlemen, one of whom, a Frenchman, said that until lately he held his land in the name of a peasant who was sweeping the paths of his garden; that he had attempted to introduce French labor, but that no foreigners would submit to the exactions of the Turkish soldiers, who had cuffed, and, without notice, had dragged some of his French laborers from their work to cart military stores. As to finance, the new sultan cannot restore the credit of Turkey. The blunt dishonesty with which the recent repudiation was effected probably displayed the success of General Ignatieff's long intrigues. Three years ago he was reported to have said that the Turkish empire would not endure for eighteen months. He labored in the hope of detaching the care of England from her debtor, believing that English interest in Turkey was identical with that of the bondholders; and he was not altogether wrong. I suspect that if there was an end, definite and complete, to the claims of the bondholders upon the Turkish government, we should hear much less of British sympathy with Mussulman rule. The new government can undoubtedly soften the act of repudiation and show good will to the bondholders by proposing better terms, but they cannot sustain Turkish finance in the old way by feeding deficits with loans; and in face of an aroused and hopeful population, predominant in numbers though they are excluded from the army, they dare not increase the revenue or readjust the abominable and rapacious system of taxation. If every person in England who has a direct or indirect interest in Turkish securities could be ticketed and his influence eliminated from the political question, we should debate that with a truer measure of its importance. As it is, when we hear the movements of the powers discussed, we know not whether the speaker

is addressing us from his head or from his pocket. British subjects hold Turkish bonds to the nominal value probably of £100,000,000; and when we presently pass to the consideration of the external circumstances of Turkey, we must not forget the obligations of English policy towards these speculators in the stability of the Turkish empire. One great matter, that of the order of succession to the throne, has been for the present arranged by a revolution and a suicide. The late sultan only followed the example of others in desiring to adopt the Western, in place of the Mussulman, order of heirship. This desire was stimulated by the knowledge that, according to Mussulman law, his hoards would pass to Murad if his nephew succeeded to the throne. The property of the late sultan belongs legally to his successor; there was therefore, from the moment of his abdication, never any question as to its destiny. The sultan can make no will, a regulation which has a salutary object though it is productive of most unwholesome consequences. The rule is established to prevent him from taxing the country and confiscating its wealth for his own enrichment: it has had the effect of making sultans prodigal to favorites, and of surrounding them with parasites. Abdul-Assiz hoarded, and hoped to change the system: he has failed, and his wealth is now in the hands of Murad. The khedive has power to leave his vice-regal crown to his son, but in his case there was never the difficulty which opposed the sultan; as a subject, he has the power of devise, and will perhaps some day bring about a revolution by the extravagance of his outlay and the magnificence of his family. His vassalage is held by a tie at once weaker and more strong than that which holds the recalcitrant provinces of Turkey, which are non-Mussulman. Yet a great deal too much is made of the sultan's power as chief of the Sooni division of Mahommedans. He is not regarded as a heaven-born ruler, whose hereditary right is a divine right; he is rather a chief acclaimed by Church and State whose special function it is to lead the battles of the Crescent against the Cross. I have no doubt whatever that a declaration of independence on the part of Egypt would be thoroughly successful, if the khedive were secure against attack by the Porte, and from interference by the powers. Of the fanaticism of the Turks there can be no question. The exercises enjoined by the Prophet, and the rewards he promised, contribute to this end. "What shall be

our lot if we die in the fight?" "Paradise," replied Mahommed. "The sun burns us," groaned his fighting-men upon the plains of Arabia. "Hell is hotter," was the Prophet's response; and in order that there should be no doubt about the alternative, he communicated to them, as the mouthpiece of God, a notion of the torments of hell. "Boiling water," says the Koran, "shall be poured on their heads; their bowels shall be dissolved thereby, and also their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron. As often as they attempt to escape from the anguish of their torments they shall be dragged back again, and the tormentors shall say unto them, 'Taste ye the pain of burning.'"

In the ceremonies of religion, the Mahommedan labors to obtain abstraction. He watches the gyrations of dancing dervishes, or the rockings to and fro and the deep shouts of howling dervishes, till these produce the desired effect, and his mind and body reel in unison with the performers. I have lately seen crowds of men and boys rushing through the streets of Persian towns beating their bare breasts for hours till the skin was red and inflamed, intoxicated with this exercise, and with shouting, "Ah! Houssein," on the supposed anniversary of the death of the Prophet's grandson. Men in this condition are ready for bloodshed, or for any act of violence which may be supposed to contribute to the stability of their religion. The Mahommedans of India, of Turkey, and of Egypt revere the authority of the sultan; but from many he is a long way off, and no people more quickly learn to accept the inevitable as destiny. Sir Lewis Pelly, when he was political resident in the Persian Gulf, saw much of the people of Arabia, and reported to the Bombay government that "the Arabs acknowledge the Turks as we do the Thirty-nine Articles, which all accept and none remember." The sultan's claim to religious authority in the caliphate is regarded by the Persians, and by all Shi'ahs, as illegal. His Soonite followers accept the four successors of the Prophet as true caliphs or imāms, and in recognizing him as head of the orthodox, they admit the descent of this power through the line of sultans. The Shi'ahs, on the other hand, absolutely reject all claims to the imāmate other than those of Ali (who married Fatima, the only surviving child of the Prophet) and his descendants. At the present time, the Shi'ahs acknowledge no visible imām. The three first imāms of the Shi'ahs are Ali and his two sons, Hassan and Hous-

sein. The eighth was the very holy Réza, whose shrine at Meshed is always crowded; the twelfth and last, Mehdee, was born A.D. 868, and, according to Shi'ah belief, was taken from the sight of men when he was nine years old. Mehdee is to return to earth some day, bearing with him the complete and perfect Koran, which, according to Shi'ah doctrine, was in the hands of Ali.

The Sooni Mahommedans may always have a caliph, but they have no competent leaders under whom to fight for the maintenance of the line of Othman; and as long as they are permitted the enjoyment of their religion, no people submit more quietly and quickly to overwhelming force. Even in Europe, Russia has nearly as many Mahommedan as Polish subjects; yet while that vast empire is excited with hopes of a crusade against the Turks, there is not a whisper of revolt among the hundreds of thousands of Mahommedans who inhabit the banks of the Volga. We, on our part, are told that it is the duty of England to maintain misgovernment, — for that, as I have shown, must be synonymous with Turkish rule in Europe, — because we have thirty million Mahommedan subjects in India, whose fidelity, it is said, rests upon our friendship with the Porte. How is it that these thirty millions are never referred to as a sufficient bulwark against Russia, the implacable foe of the Ottoman empire? Of course they take an interest in the welfare of the sultan, and would be glad, if we were engaged in a life or death struggle against Turkey — which is an impossibility — to seize that moment for revolt. As Mahommedans they would rebel at any time if there was a clear prospect of supplanting our government with Mahommedan rule. But to assert that a settlement of the Eastern question in the only way in which it can be settled, would embarrass our government in India, is an opinion which the evidence adduced from Hunter's "Mahommedan Subjects" and other authorities does not justify. When the enthronement of the Koran in Europe is ended, it will be accomplished by an exhibition of force, in face of which all Islam will be dismayed and will acknowledge destiny. Would it not then be more reasonable to suppose that the misfortunes of Mahommedanism in Europe would strengthen the contentment of Indian Mahommedans with the rule of a power known to be the most tolerant? But the weakness of the Turkish empire in Europe lies in the fact that three-fourths

of the people are non-Mahommedan, and in the fear lest the Ottoman garrison has not strength to resist the non-Mussulmans and their allies. The Turkish army has neither pay nor efficient officers. For a long time, until Europe would bear it no longer, the Turkish forces might be maintained by ravaging provinces of immense fertility, and European officers may be bought, as they have at all times been bought, to wear Turkish swords; but we have seen in the Herzegovina a sample of the spirit of resistance which such a war engenders — a spirit such as was displayed in Greece more than fifty years ago, and such as is ready to blaze out from Belgrade to Adrianople and Salonica. If one were to ask the present grand vizier what was the origin of the outbreak, he would refer to the visit of the emperor of Austria to Dalmatia in May, 1875, and tell how his Majesty there met the Montenegrin prince and made him colonel of an Austrian regiment. The vizier would say that Serbia is playing a double game with two of the great powers — that she encourages Russia in panslavism, while she looks to Austria to prevent the fruition of Russian hopes and to ensure her against absorption by the northern power. The Servian weakens the Turk by supporting insurrection on his borders; and while coquetting alternately with Russian and Austrian, has his own idea as to the future, in which he sees Belgrade the guard of a Servian or south Slavonic kingdom, including the populations of Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro.

The political movements of Serbia are, it is observed, regulated with military precision. The tsar's chancellor lately telegraphed to Prince Milan to keep quiet, and there was calm over all the land, a state of things which entirely supports the description of the government, given to me on the spot, by the late *doyen* of the consular body. "The prince governs," he said, "with a senate and a house of representatives, the first being nominated by himself, the second by the chief of his police." In the provinces of Bulgaria and Thessaly, there is great dislike for Turkish rule, but Thessaly will not move without the support of Greece, of whose advances into her borders, with designs of annexation, Thessaly has most unpleasant remembrances. The depredations of Greek bands have led to her being not more attracted to the sceptre of King George than to the wearer of the sword of Othman. As to the Bulgarians, their language, like that of Serbia, is understood

by Russians. The recent movement in Bulgaria is certainly the result of Russian intrigue. For themselves, the Bulgarians have not a settled policy of revolt. As a battle-field, Bulgaria has suffered greatly, and her old men have no happy recollections of Russian invasion. For years they nursed a grievance — their spiritual pastors and masters have been Greek, supplied by the patriarch of Constantinople from the Phanar quarter of that city, the quarter from whence, owing to the ignorance of the Turks, the working heads of Ottoman bureaucracy have been obtained. It is perhaps for this reason that the Bulgarians have never looked kindly upon the aspirations of Greece to lead the fight against Islam. If there is a general rising, the Bulgarians will not be idle, and probably their leaders have vague ideas of an autonomy something like that of Roumania, under the protection of Russia. They are quite familiar with roubles and copecks, and indeed, in the current coin of northern Bulgaria, the tsar's image is seen as often as the sultan's cipher. Supposing a Russian army to have landed in Bulgaria and to have the sympathy of the people, the great difficulty of the Turks would be in keeping open communications between the capital and such strongholds as Silistria and Widin. Bulgaria is the best battle-ground in European Turkey. When in former times Russian invaders have approached the Danube, they have passed through the plains of Great Wallachia, which are swamps from November to June, and most unwholesome resting-places in the brief period when they are passable by armies. Who can wonder that, gazing across the Danube, from the flat lands of Wallachia upon the green slopes of Bulgaria, fruitful and healthy, dotted with pleasant villages, they have longed to possess themselves of this fair province? The silver streak of the Danube, half a mile wide from the earth-works of Silistria to the Roumanian shore, is in itself a great security, but the strongly fortified hills behind the town have batteries which can sweep the Wallachian plain as they did when the Russians were repulsed in the last war.

Against the ambition of Russia upon the Danube, the powers erected, at the close of the Crimean War, a barrier as strong as the circumstances permitted. In order to shut her out more completely from the great river, they took from Russia a part of Bessarabia, added it to Moldavia, and, as the United Principalities, neutralized those provinces which are now

known under the common name of Roumania. This was done by the twenty-second article of the Treaty of 1856:—

The principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia shall continue to enjoy, under the suzerainty of the Porte, and under the guarantee of the contracting powers, the privileges and immunities of which they are in possession. No exclusive protection shall be exercised over them by any of the guaranteeing powers. There shall be no separate right of interference in their internal affairs.

This barrier was strengthened in 1866, when the emperor Napoleon, whose resentment at the proposed elevation of a Hohenzollern prince in 1870 led to the fatal consequences of Sedan, gave his cordial consent to the installation of a member of a reigning house of Prussia as prince of the United Principalities. The cabinet of Lord Palmerston hailed the accession of Prince Charles, who still rules in Jassy and Bucharest. But the government is not settled; there is always in the political atmosphere a sense of impending change. If in place of between four million and five millions of Roumains of Latin race, speaking a language akin to Italian, the Slavs of Bulgaria had occupied this side of the Danube, the position of Russia would have been greatly strengthened. If Russian panslavism is ever triumphant, the Roumanians will be, as Americans say, "cornered." But if the Roumains should find the shelter of the Sublime Porte insufficient, they will look to their German prince, and to their Austrian brothers in Transylvania and Bukovina, to save them from the fatal embrace of the Northern Bear.

The three emperors have, however, given notice to the world that they arrogate to themselves exclusive powers to deal as they please with these provinces and with the guarantees by which their independence is secured. No one will venture to say that if they can agree upon a policy, this is a matter beyond their strength. Their united conduct last year with reference to the Roumanian treaties of commerce was a virtual infraction of the treaty of 1856, an interference not in co-operation with England and France. It was a proceeding which would be very useful as paving the way for access by Russian troops to Bulgaria; and having regard to the obvious meaning of the above-recited article, such a violation of the territory of the principalities could hardly be regarded as a more flagrant wrong. The commercial system of Tur-

key is favourable to free-trade — that of Russia is the rudest protection. The United Principalities were not unwilling to enlarge their revenue by an increase of indirect taxation, and the three emperors, disregarding their engagement, undertook "interference in internal affairs" "separate" from their co-signatories, England and France. Nothing could be more clear than the obligations of Prince Charles's government. The firman from Sultan Abd-ul-Assiz, upon acceptance of which Prince Charles received investiture, contains the following stipulation:—

You engage, in your own name and in the name of your successors, to consider, as in times past, as binding upon the United Principalities, all the treaties and conventions existing between my Sublime Porte and the other powers in so far as they should not infringe the rights of the United Principalities, settled and recognized by the acts relating to them; also to maintain and respect the principle that no treaty or convention could be directly concluded by the United Principalities with foreign powers. My imperial government will nevertheless not fail to consult the United Principalities upon the dispositions of every treaty or convention which might relate to their laws and commercial regulations.

Those who in face of this agreement could contend that Roumania had a separate right to enter into commercial treaties, could have no difficulty in passing a foreign army across the Pruth.

There is no religious persecution in the Turkish empire more cruel than that which the Jews of Roumania have suffered from members of the Greek Church. These provinces have long been the home of Russian Jews, who formerly fled from Poland to escape conscription and who now get away from Odessa to avoid the more universal law of military service, which follows the example of Germany. I have read in a Bucharest journal a letter from a public officer, inviting three Israelites to quit the area of his jurisdiction, with the alternative of "severe executive measures." It had been determined, this officer said, to have no Jews in his district. This is only one of many false notes of "Christianity" in Turkey. The so-called Christians are often dishonest, not seldom drunken, and, though not inferior to the people of Russia in political capacity, are, in this respect, far beneath the level of any other European people. But theirs are vices and deficiencies such as ages of oppression by a foreign soldiery (the Turks are such to them) would produce anywhere. They have had no in-

struction, no consolation, except from priests ignorant as themselves, and the worship in their churches appears a debased idolatry in comparison with the grandly simple ritual of the mosques. The extolled virtues of the Turk are those which have ever been exhibited by conquerors in the plenitude of supremacy above millions who toil to make their wealth, such as a foreigner would have seen in the Anglo-Normans eight hundred years ago. In Mahomedan countries, where there is no interference by civilized powers, a convert to Christianity forfeits his property, upon application to the Sheik-ul-Islam by the next of kin. In the present year an Armenian Christian of rank postponed his visit to a royal personage on account of wet weather. I asked him what connection the humidity of the atmosphere had with his intention, and he said that non-Mussulmans were not welcome, the tradition from the times when they were forbidden to walk the streets in wet weather, in order that Islam might avoid the superior power of contamination which their garments acquired by moisture, being not yet quite forgotten. It is not true that intemperance is confined to the non-Mussulman population. I have never seen people drink ardent spirits in such quantities as some Mahomedans of station whom I have met with in travel. A Moslem prince lately asked me why I drank wine—"It does not make you drunk. I take arrack," he added. English doctors in the East are frequently summoned to cases of delirium tremens, but

Offence's gilded hand doth shove by justice,
Furred gowns and furbelows hide all.

The rich Moslem drinks privately; the non-Mussulman publicly. The Moslem drinks at night, the non-Mussulman at all times. Perhaps a majority of Mahomedans would refuse to drink intoxicating liquor, though in a *troupe* of servants I have never seen more than a respectable minority of this mind, and it is possible that many of the poor believe the Koran to be as inexorable in this matter as our Good Templars. Mr. Bosworth Smith falls into the vulgar error. He says that Mahomed "absolutely prohibited gambling and intoxicating liquors." The Prophet did nothing of the sort in the Koran. The words of the Moslem bible are these: "They will ask thee concerning wine and lots (*al meiser*). Answer, in both there is great sin, and also some things of use unto men; but their

sinfulness is greater than their use." I should suppose that even Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Bass would go as far as this. It is, however, the belief of pious Moslems that when Omar demanded from the Prophet direction more definite, in order that a better condition might be maintained among the then encompassed army of Islam, Mahomed did in some terms forbid gambling and the drinking of intoxicating liquors; but this prohibition was never made part of the Koran. In Mahomed's paradise we find the apotheosis of Bacchus. Youths, in perpetual bloom, are to attend the happy, "with goblets and beakers, and cups of flowing wine; their heads shall not ache by drinking the same, neither shall their reason be disturbed." The "black-eyed damsels" are again introduced, and the promise is given to the men in paradise, "They shall not hear vain discourse, or charge of sin, but only the salutation, Peace, peace." As to gambling, if he has never travelled in the East, it will surprise Mr. Smith to find that Mahomedans play cards on the sands of the desert, on the decks of ships, as well as on the carpets of their homes.

But I have made ill use of the present opportunity if I have induced in the mind of the reader an impression very favorable towards the "Christians" of Turkey. For this much I am always prepared to contend: they do possess, and their masters do not possess, a religion which admits of progressive developments and interpretations. The swelling sweep of humanity may for all time be illumined by the morals of the gospel of Christ. It is nothing to show that Mahomedanism is more successful in proselytizing Eastern peoples than the harshly dogmatic, un-Christian "Christianity" of preachers whom I have heard Sunday after Sunday dilating to Oriental crowds upon the indispensable connection between "the covenant of circumcision with Abraham" and the shedding of Christ's blood. We may develop and interpret Christ's teaching as universal, for all classes and without distinction of sex. But Mahomedanism is a democracy for men, and not for all men, but only for such as are not slaves, and with these last and lowest, not directly, but by unmistakable reference, the entire sex of women is placed. The religion of Islam is, for this reason alone, incompatible with progress, and must decline as civilization advances. Very urgent reasons are therefore required to sustain a policy having for its prime object the

maintenance of Mahommedan power, which, in its supremacy above an overwhelming majority of non-Mussulmans, must needs be transient, and must expire in the moment when these are in full possession of that complete equality to which the Turkish government has solemnly pledged itself in 1856 and 1876.

It remains for us to consider the separate interests of the powers. Austria is the nearest. The monarchical greed for territory can perhaps only be understood by those who have nothing else to wish for. The position of Austria is one of great importance. She can pass troops most easily into the disaffected districts; and if the presence of a British fleet in the Black Sea left no opening for Russian attack, except by Roumania, Austria, if she has nothing to fear from Germany, could attack the invaders in flank at terrible disadvantage to Russia. She has gone hand in hand with the tsar, not willingly, not only because of their original bond of union in the partition of Poland, but more than all from fear lest, to her exclusion, Russia should be the favorite friend of the revolting provinces. Midhat Pasha probably believes that Count Andrassy is playing a double game; that while he satisfies the objections of his compatriot Magyars by disclaiming schemes of annexation, he is hoping and resolved to please his master by the gift of Herzegovina and Bosnia. That Austria dreams of her crown floating down the Danube, saluted from both shores as the emblem of a welcome sovereignty, there can be no doubt; but the dreamer wakes with a start and finds it is not true, as he had seen in a closing vision, that Bismarck is dating orders from the Burg in Vienna, to a German fleet in possession of the port of Trieste. At the end of a visit to Servia, I quitted the uneasy principality in company with the ban of Croatia, the late field-marshal Baron Gablenz, who had been sent to Belgrade by the emperor Francis Joseph on a special mission. To the present writer he freely expressed his opinion that Servia would gladly be united to the Austro-Hungarian empire, if assured that Servian nationality would be respected and such independence accorded as that of Hungary. I asked this hero of the Dannewerke what he thought of the defences of Belgrade. His opinion was that modern artillery would soon knock the old fortifications into ruins upon the heads of defenders; yet he admitted that the citadel of Belgrade, standing high upon a point between two rivers, over-

looking plains of vast extent, had a natural position of great strength.

But the Eastern question, difficult as it is upon the Danube, is not less so around the Golden Horn. According to their lights, diplomatists will answer it by reflecting on the assertion of Fuad. Are the Turks "the best police of the Bosphorus"? We have the historical memory of Lord Russell for authority in saying that the emperor Nicholas once stated to Prince Metternich that he no longer wished to obtain Constantinople for himself; that he was quite ready to see it placed under the emperor of Austria, as a sovereign in whom he could confide. The tsar was probably dissembling; he dare not consent before his people to the replacement of the cross upon Santa Sophia by a prince of the Western Church. Those four cherubim in that grand temple, made headless by order of the Koran—who is to re-crown with human faces their ancient wings which encircle the noble cupola, and to throw down the meaningless rosettes which Islam has substituted? Who shall trace again in glaring gold those crosses upon the walls, which ages of Mahommedan occupation have not entirely obliterated? Who shall readjust the theological compass in this evidently Christian church, of which the orientation towards Jerusalem is so faulty in the eyes of Islam, that the indications of the direction of Mecca stand askew, and the long lines of the vast carpets at unpleasant variance with those of the floor? Constantinople is like no other city; it occupies a peculiar position of command. The naval strength of the power which holds Constantinople must needs be great; but if to the beligerent advantages of the position were added the maritime skill of the northern provinces of Russia and their product of iron, our road to India might be insecure. Such geographical problems cannot be solved by rude conquest or by the maintenance of a government which has not true allegiance from the people. I once asked Mr. J. S. Mill, with reference to the opposite end of the Mediterranean, what course he would be disposed to advise in the case of Gibraltar. He thought that the exclusive occupation of this natural stronghold by the British, was unjustifiable in its cost to this country, and in the offence it gave to the Spanish nation. His opinion was that places of this sort should be occupied by a small and mixed garrison, with no array of guns, their neutrality being guaranteed in the strongest possible manner.

The general conception of the material interests of the English, has led the government of this country to sustain the Turkish power; and in spite of repudiation, alike of political and financial promises, that policy appears still to be the most popular. England will condone all the vagaries of the session, because of Lord Derby's refusal to endorse the Berlin Note. Lord Derby is following the motto of his family. "*Sans changer*," we may read in his speech of 1868 his policy in 1876. In the former year, he said of Turkey in Europe:—

Trouble is gathering there. It may come quickly or it may be deferred for years; but come it probably will. Now that is a state of things to which we ought not to shut our eyes. Fifteen years ago we refused to see in time what was then obviously impending, and the result was that to everybody's dissatisfaction we drifted (it was a very happy phrase) into the Crimean War. I do not think that the dangers which threaten the Turkish empire arise from the same cause now as then. It is rather internal than external peril by which that empire is threatened. No foreign alliance, no European guarantee, can protect a government against financial collapse or against rebellion in its own provinces. In these matters every country must be left to work out its own destiny. But it does not the less follow that the weakness of a great State is a misfortune to all the world, and a misfortune I think even to those races which do not and cannot sympathize very warmly with its own. An indifferent government is better than none. And if I could venture to hope that any words of mine, whether uttered here or elsewhere, would reach those Christian populations of the East, with whom I sincerely sympathize; I should say to them, "Your aspirations may be natural, but remember this—that anarchy is not progress, and that it is not wise to pull down that for which you have not provided any substitute."*

We shall certainly not repeat all the errors of past times. The sultan is not so respectable a power as he was thought to be three hundred years ago, when Queen Elizabeth was advised, in writing to the "Prince of Believers," to style herself the "Defender of the Faith against other Christian idolaters." The empress of India, with all her religious difficulties, will make no such mistake. Our government will not—openly at least—treat Turkey as a defaulting debtor. The words of the Foreign Office in 1871, are

very instructive upon that point. Mr. Hammond was then directed to write that "forcible measures, if adopted towards small States, which for the most part are the ones complained of, would subject this country to grievous imputations." We can, if France be with us, or neutral, stop the way even of the allied emperors into Turkey by the Black Sea, and Russia cannot safely pass through Roumania without leave from Germany. But we must remember that if the three emperors, already partners in a similar work, are agreed upon a joint operation in Turkey, they have abundant power to execute their design. Lord Derby's policy has appeared most successful; circumstances helped it, and gave a diplomatic triumph to the British government. But if this policy, and the language with which it has been explained and supported by the English press, should, as is not unlikely, strengthen the three emperors in their resolve to act together, it will afford them legitimate ground for disclaiming the concurrence of England. Russia may have arranged with Germany for the re-cession of her territory in Bessarabia, and Prince Charles be prepared to surrender the land which was added to Moldavia by the Treaty of Paris. Englishmen should bear in mind the experience of the Foreign Office in 1863, when England addressed Russia and Prussia concerning the ferocious tyranny with which Mouravieff was then suppressing insurrection in Poland. Prince Gortschakoff professed the readiness of his government to discuss the subject, but only with the two copartitioning powers, and at last haughtily stated that England had no right of interference with the domestic affairs of the Russian empire—a reply with which we had to rest content. We seem once more to be committing ourselves to the maintenance of a government, the supremacy of which can less easily be justified than that of the fallen governments of Bourbon Naples and of Papal Rome—not because England admires the Sublime Porte, the existence of which has probably cost her in expenditure and bad investments about £10,000,000 a year since 1854; but because, owing to the policy of Russia, England believes the Turks to be "the best police of the Bosphorus." We must defer the consideration of the separate circumstances of Russia.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

* Lord Stanley at Lynn, 14th November, 1863.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLEM AND LIZZIE'S DEAD SECRET.

CLEM was much impressed by what Joel had said. Not only so; Clem's wits were sharpened to a remarkable degree.

Within one hour of separating from Joel Wray, he burst into his sister Lizzie's workroom.

"Hey, Liz! put by them rags!" he cried, rushing in, as Lizzie, by the aid of her tallow candle, was collecting her snips and patches after having laid aside her seam with the waning light.

"Have a care, bor. You be treadin' on Lyddy Coram's new gown tail, and your feet be out on the wussest puddles, it's like," protested Lizzie.

"Lyddy Coram's gown tail be hanged," said Clem, in a strange fit of insubordination. "I say, Liz, you'll soon 'a toggery enow to stitch at. I 'a heerd sich news as will make all Saxford ring. Your frien' Madam — wool, her d' be as good as married to Joel Wray."

"You be'nt meanin' on it, Clem," said Lizzie, her small, pale face becoming painfully red, and then whiter than before. "You d' be funnin' a bit, and it d' be main silly kind on funnin' for a big lad like you, a-startin' me, and a-makin' my heart jump like a toad i' hole."

"But it be right down truth and gospel, Liz. Joel Wray, he as good as owned it to me this wery night. He were that happy he couldn't sit lone, he 'ould 'a bustet. He mun 'a music like kings in Bible, so he sen's for me. He sen's to the Brown Cow, where he sits hisself, leastways there was nobry else but Jenny Woods, and news come out in music."

Liz still refused to believe the astonishing tidings.

"Pleasance 'ould never be so far left to herself as to prefer a whippersnapper wagabond lad like yon," she cried, springing back to her original opinion of Joel Wray, "never, never."

"Tut, Liz! every mawther ain't love-sick about 'Merican giants," said Clem, without meaning to be unkind in his jeer, "and at the least as is thought on him, Joel Wray d' be a wery smart young town chap, as all the gals in the place 'cept you, what grovels — and gets no thanks for it — at owd Dick's feet, 'ud give their ears for."

"Lor' 'a mussy, what will Dick do if so be you speak true? You 'ould never go for to deceive me when you see I do take it so to heart," urged Lizzie, wringing her hands at the thought of Long Dick's desolation, and yet in the midst of her staunch fidelity feeling the faintest flutter of personal hope awake and stir in her heart.

"Mor, you may get him yoursen yet," said Clem, "if so be he don't take to drinkin' like a fish, and fallin' into a ditch or summat. You 'ummen d' be sich fools," he went on, thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of pitying superiority, "to think any man-jack alive sich a precious prize."

"Say it again, like a lad," said Lizzie, soft and low, her little wan face appearing to become all eyes, — "that I may get him yet! You be the fust as has said it, and it do sound kinder lucky, it do. Say it again, Clem, and I'll be owin' you summat, whatever you sets your heart on as I can get for you."

"You be fair crazy about Long Dick," said Clem, impatiently dismissing the endless subject, "and it weren't him I came to speak about. It were Joel Wray as I were a-thinkin' and a-wantin' to tell you on."

"And whatten is there in Joel Wray, if you please, as is so worthy of bein' spoke on?" asked Lizzie.

"There's a heap in Joel Wray," replied Clem promptly. "Hearken till me; he 'a promised to len' me money to go to music-school in Lunnon. Now, what do 'ee think on that?" asked Clem triumphantly.

"I just think that Joel Wray d' be one on the biggest braggers out, and he'll bring poor misguided Pleasance to sorrer, sure's fate," said Liz disdainfully. "Where be he to get money to len' you? he as is no better'n a day's-man, and a-marryin' on Pleasance on her tidy bit money, if so be he d' be marryin' on she? I won'er you can be sich a gander, Clem, as to be led by the beak of a rogue. Bor! he mun be a rubber in disguise if he 'a a shillin' to len' you."

"Not a rubber, Liz. St! st! lass," he said, as if to warn breathlessly an offending dog. "What 'ould you say to a gentleman, a lor' like, in disguise?"

"A lor' a day's-man! a lor', Joel Wray, as 'a wrought the 'arvest, and lodged with Phillis Plum, and rowed with me in t' boat on t' Broad! who do be mad now, Clem?"

"St! st! I tell 'ee, Liz; it do be a dead secret," said the boy, in his excitement sitting down on the table, both him and Lizzie so engrossed that they forgot how

many boddices and sleeves he crushed by his weight. "I 'a heerd and seed summat as I never put together till this night. What do Ned up at t' manor call Joel ahind his back, for nickname, but 'gen'leman Joel'?"

"That d' be little to go on," said Lizzie.

"But why do Ned give Joel that 'ere name?" went on Clem, with the pertinacity of a slow mind which, having caught an idea, will not let it drop; "because Ned, he says Joel be 'nation nice in some things, though he d' be easy-goin' enough in others; and owd Phillis, she says he be 'nation nice in some things, she says. He mun wash arter's work, face and hands and all, be it noon or night; and he d' have a brush for 's teeth as well as a brush for 's hair, in a case sich as Madam bought at Cheam, and gev you for your needles and scissors and tapes and buttons and that," explained Clem, looking round at the objects specified.

"A brush for 's teeth, think on thatten! Wool, it do sound summat," admitted Lizzie. "I 'a heerd tell that all gentle-folks d' go a brussin' away on their teeth every live day, though it d' soun' nonsense waste on time. I 'a seed Pleasance a-doin' on it, when I were bidin' the night at the farm, and her said, in excuse like, her 'ad learnt when she were young, and were at a boardin'-school a-bringin' up for a lady. It were like an ill lesson her could not leave off and feel comfortable athout. But he d' be the impidentist dand, yon Joel Wray, as ever breathed, though he d' be a brave lad likewise, I ain't denyin' on it," she owned, in a lower tone, recollecting all at once the obligation she had lain under to Joel Wray's bravery, and softening a little under the recollection. "He may 'a brush for 's teeth, just because it d' be heady and uppish. Arter all, it d' be but a small mark that he is a lor', a black spankin' little chap like he."

"But lor's do not go by lumps, and I 'a not heerd that they were fairer than their neighbors. Look yer how he lived on at Cheam," Clem continued to deliver his testimony, not sensibly shaken by Lizzie's doubts, "and he were not livin' with owd granny; he were allers puttin' up at Ship Ahoy, as if charge for wittles and bed were aneath his countin'. There was word goin' that summat were forked out by somebody for the better beryin' on them drowned furrin' sailors when he walked at the ber'al. Folk were astin' how did he get the rock-yets when Long

Dick failed, and whatten queer customer for a for'ard day's-man and laborer were he. Were it a wayger, or what? He did not quit the town too soon, for it were gettin' too hot for he."

"And what for didn't 'ee tell us all these wonderful stories when you come from Cheam afore en?" inquired Lizzie, suspiciously.

"It were none on my business," said Clem, stoutly. "I were full on a new variation on the 'Armonious Blacksmith' — to think that there d' be sich a tune with sich a name, as if it were made for me! — as I 'ad got paper and line and bar for, and as I 'ad bought and paid for, off my odd 'arvest earnin's. I 'ad no time to spare for idle mawther stories, until t' night when Joel Wray he sought me out, he did, and spoke on the music-school, and his friend as 'ad a word to say in it."

"Wool, it 'ould be a rare tale an' it were true," said Lizzie, cautiously, yet drawing a long breath as if she were at last taking it in with the dear delight of women of all ranks in a romantic mystery. "It 'ould make a great differ to Long Dick, for Pleasance she d' be gentle born and bred, a kind on stook lady; and it stands to nature, her half belongs to gentlefolks, and if sich come arter her in the guise on day's-man, or cowman, or thatten, he d' be bound to win her — a common man, be he far besser'n t'other 'ould never 'a no chance in that case. But I take it oonkind in Pleasance," added Lizzie, after a moment's thought, "never to 'a breathed a word on her secret to me."

"Mind, Liz, it d' be a dead secret as I 'a telled 'ee, and you are not to go for to gabble it to Pleasance nor nobry," urged Clem.

"I'll not go near Pleasance to speak to she on what she 'a not thought fit to speak to me on," said Lizzie, taking her stand on the dignity of friendship and believing in an offence committed.

"Nor to nobry," Clem reiterated, making assurance doubly sure; "you and me 'a been jolly thick together along on not sailin' in the same boat with the rest. But we'll not be thick — not no more, Liz; nor will I give you another secret if you go a tellin' tales and chatterin' on what may cost me my guv'nor's favor and a rise in life."

Lizzie extended her promise reluctantly — and not without being guilty of a mental reservation in favor of Long Dick.

CHAPTER XXV.

LONG DICK GOES LIKE A MAN. — LIZZIE
FOLLOWS LIKE A SQUAW OR A DOG.

THE ordeal which Pleasance dreaded, yet which she was fain to wish, sighingly, were over, was at hand.

Long Dick had been apprised by Mrs. Balls that the die was cast — he had lost Pleasance. There was nothing remaining for him but to have it out with Pleasance — to speak his mind to her, and then — why then, the deluge! He should turn his back forever on Saxford and Manor Farm. He did not care what became of him afterwards.

There had been a great clothes-washing at the manor-house. The linen had been spread out to dry on one of the neighboring hedges. The day had been fair, with both sun and wind, and the drying process had been successful. Pleasance was removing the clothes, fresh, stiff, and white, in a basket, when Long Dick seized his opportunity. Leaving his plough in a furrow and his friends the horses to take care of themselves, he came up in the honest afternoon light to say his say and take his leave of Pleasance.

She saw him coming, detected the black cloud on his face, and her heart fell, so that she nearly dropped her basket and its contents on the earth.

"Pleasance," he said gloomily, "I could not speak up for mysen from the fust, and there is less need on speakin' now. I 'a nowt to ask, nowt to complain on like a babby, for if I cannot fight, I wunno make a moan. I knowed what were comin' from the fust. I 'ould 'a helped it an I could, but I couldn't, and so there's nor'n left for me but to go, as it's all over with me."

"Don't say that, Dick," implored Pleasance, "you've no great loss."

"I 'a lost my gal, though it's the fust time I 'a plucked up spirit to call her that. Sombry else 'a gone boldly in where I stood, on t' door step, in the cowl outside. But, dang it, if I 'ad to do it again it 'ould be just the same thing, so it d' seem 'appiness were not for me."

"Dear Dick! old friend," said Pleasance, "don't take on so. Only have patience, and you will find some other girl of whom you are worthy, who will be more like you, and make you far happier than ever I could have done."

"No, you 'ont make that out though you speak till doomsday," said Dick doggedly, "and though you cosset me ever so: 'ummen 'a cossetin' ways when they means least by en," he observed a little bitterly;

"but I dunno blame en, it bein' their nature as it is on colts to skit. There's nowt but to go. I 'a not opened my mouth afore, and I'll not open it now on'y to bid you a long farewell."

"But must you go, Dick?" entreated Pleasance, sorrowfully, "from your horses, and fields, and people, where you are doing so well? Indeed, I did not mean to deceive you."

"Nobry's a-sayin' you deceived," said Dick, a little irritably, "an't I said I stood back and let another walk in, and I can't blame 'ee? I 'ould rather suffer it twice over than 'a you 'fled by dirt cast at you — you as I 'a held a hangel. Wool, wool, it's but me as is felled, and I'm a hox on a feller as can stand a blow or tew," and Dick laughed a sore laugh.

"We might be friends still," said Pleasance longingly, "when you and he are friends already."

"Oh! dang him and his friendship," said Dick savagely.

"Dick!" cried Pleasance, becoming on the instant severe, "I did not think that you would speak like this — to me of all people. Remember that it is not his fault that you cared for me first. Remember how he saved your life."

"Give me patience," groaned Dick, "as if I were like to forget thatten! and small thanks to him for it; he 'ad a deal better knocked me on t' head at oncet, than saved my life and took my sweetheart. What do life be worth athout my sweetheart?"

"Oh, Dick, you think too much of a sweetheart," remonstrated Pleasance.

"Do I? Then what 'ould you say to me if I took yourn, though I saved your life into the bargain?" he retorted with a sneer.

"Dick, Dick, don't speak like that!" said Pleasance, paling a little; "but nothing you say will make me mistake or mistrust you."

"You're right there, Pleasance," said the giant, more gently, if with a heavy sigh, "an't I said — not oncet, but over and over, that I be'nt complainin' like a babby, nor blamin' nobry in petickler — not even an owd stoopid oaf with the strength of a hox and the wit of a hen, and no more pluck nor a sheep or hare — though yon chap comed here and comed atween you and me. Dunno deny it," he cried again; "you cannot deny it, Pleasance, that if sich a hoily-tongued, rovin' blade, with his head stuffed with know on the town and book-know, as carried off his sarce, 'adn't been to the fore, and stepped in, and winged my bird in a jiffy, I 'ad a chance. It might

'a been poor, but still it was a chance as I 'ould give all I 'ad to preserve, as I 'ould give my life to fetch back an it might be."

"I dont deny what might have been," she said, gravely, looking down; "I did—I do think kindly of you, and I value, as I have always valued, your kindness for me. But, Dick, I must say it, you could not have been to me—and it is no fault to you to own it—what he is; and although you and I had tried to do our best by each other, still there could not have been great happiness between a couple not fairly mated. We might have found that out too late; oh! Dick, don't grudge that we have found it out in time."

"I do groodge, I mun groodge you and my shadder on 'appiness to my dyin' day," said Dick, with an odd mixture of passion and tenderness; "but I 'ont pay it back on him, I 'ont, for your sake, or, for that matter, for hisn. I ain't denyin' he were above-board from the fust moment that he were a-makin' up to you. Set 'en up! a stook mechanic! a day's-man! He's a bit light o' the head he is, with all his know, and he d' want ballast, that is the wuss'n I knows on en. But he's been in luck, and a 'umman like you may 'old him straight. I ain't castin' dirt at he, nudder, because he's your choice. 'Leave her free,' says he; and I 'a left you free, an't I, Pleasance?"

"Yes, you have, Dick, you have behaved like a man; ah! don't spoil it all now."

"Wool, it is just not to spile it that I goes my way. I be'nt oonreasonable, Pleasance, no more'n peevish, but do 'ee or do he think I can stay on here and see my lot in his lap, and mine as emp'y as an owd ha'nted 'ouse, as'll never more be occypied, never? I could not bide it, Pleasance, I tell 'ee plain I 'ould make a beast on myself and go to the dawgs at your door, as 'ould cost you pain to see. And some night when t' drink were in and t' sense out, I 'ould lay wiolent hands on him—as I 'ould not harm, not knowin' it this day, along on his bein' your choice, let alone his pullin' me out on t' Broad, though what were that for a favor when I wish I were lyin' with owd Punch I do, this minent? But I might knock the breath out on him, he's none so big, though he d' be cocky, and commit murder and swing for en, and break your heart, afore I could stop. No, I'll leave the coast clear for he, and bailiff may take a fancy to he, as others that I thought wiser'n bailiff 'a took a fancy. I'll go out on your sight and hearin'; I'll put land and sea

atween me and Joel Wray, long afore the day that he can call you 'is wife."

She saw the necessity at last, and appreciated his motives as she did so. "Then go, Dick, if it be better for us all; go for a time, and God bless you. But you can never go out of sight and hearing. We shall seek tidings of you, even if you do not send them to us. You will send word to Lizzie, who is more than a sister to you. You will not be able to help it."

He let himself be touched by her appeal. "Ay, poor Liz, to care for me so much when I could give her so little; but there is a pair on us. She will miss me, and so may Diamon' and Dobbins there," pointing to the plough-horses, "poor owd chaps, with another driver as don't know their ways, though he may be that clever and all the luck hisn—and Applethorpe and Hornie as I 'a reared from calves—and Daisy as I brought out on her dwinin'—and Jowler and Tyke—and the very cocks and hens and pigeons, as knowed my voice, and came flockin' to me when you wasn't about, to be fed. But they are on'y dumb beasteses, and will soon take up with another keeper as 'a a more winnin' way with en, besides."

"More will miss you, Dick, who will not forget," said Pleasance in tears. "It is you who will forget that you ever felt forced to leave us, and to go away to the ends of the earth; and you will come back after a while, and we shall be very glad to see you."

He looked wistfully at her, shook his head, and turned on his heel.

Joel would fain have begged Dick's pardon, and sought to comfort him, and to part friends. But Dick shunned Joel to the last moment, when breaking terms, forfeiting his wages, and running the risk of being stopped and prosecuted for breach of engagement, he left within a day's time of his leave-taking of Pleasance.

Pleasance saw him go (for the road from the village to the next railway station was that which passed the manor-house), carrying in a bundle what he meant to take with him on the tramp, having literally changed places with his fortunate rival.

He walked along without looking behind him or to right or left, not even to the manor-house which he was passing close. He held on as if the furies were behind him. Mrs. Balls covered her head with her apron, and filled the air with lamentations and pettish reproaches; but Pleasance stood silent just behind the window-

curtain in order to take her last look of Long Dick.

Her heart was sore, and yet she thought within the moment of Joel Wray, and felt thankful that he was engaged at the opposite extremity of the farm, and so was spared the sorry sight.

But there was somebody who did more than look out at the fugitive from behind a curtain and bewail a hard necessity; somebody who could spare no thought from him even for herself.

On this hazy autumn morning a little crowd of familiar faces had gathered in the village streets — notably at the doors of the Brown Cow and the smithy, where Dick's youth had been reared among his kindred, to watch his departure.

These spectators easily guessed the cause of Dick's sudden abandonment of his post and his friends, and by no means showed the sufferer's forbearance in refraining from blame and from murmurs. Possessed by the scene before them, they gave vent to the violent humor of a mob in loudly accusing Joel Wray and Pleasance of being interlopers — the one a smooth-faced traitor, and the other a double-dyed jilt.

From these abusive groups Lizzie Blennerhasset emerged, half running, half limping after Dick, no one hindering her, not even her father and mother. They stood with the rest to see the end. They not only treated her love-sickness as a real and desperate disease, they acted in regard to it with somewhat of the spirit in which Eastern nations deal with madness, "Let the poor mawther see the last on him, it d' be her due." "Happen, he'll turn and give she another word to keep her poor heart, as 'a been set on en, sin he drew her out on the burnin' smithy when her were a chile. Happen she'll bring him round yet, and get him to give over leavin' his good place and his frien's and goin' off like a listed sojer; all for a proud spet'acled jade as 'ouldn't know her own mind, but 'a took up with a idle stranger, which she'll sup sorrow for, and no mistake." "Lor', how the sperit d' carry Liz's lame foot! she be gainin' on he like 't wind."

Like a squaw or a dog, poor Lizzie Blennerhasset followed Long Dick. Her eyes were blind with weeping; her yellow hair was pushed back from her face, pulled about her ears, and hanging down in elf-locks. In the disorder of extreme grief, her trim gown was as untidily put on as any slovenly field-worker's, and the skirt was dragging in the muddy road.

She could hardly have told why she followed her cousin, or whether she had the least hope in doing so. She had already been repulsed by him more than once that morning, in a desperate attempt to break her faith with Clem, and tell their secret, which, if it had any truth in it, might lighten Dick's burden, by making it less gallant to the man's vanity and pride.

Dick would not listen to her, or heed her. He treated her words as the wildest tale, put off upon him to hoodwink and disarm him. It even enraged him against Lizzie herself, so that he broke off from her in hot anger, charging her with being in a plot against him, to mock and cheat him.

This was the crowning blow that had sent Lizzie as far beside herself as he was driven desperate. This was the last straw that had broken the long-suffering camel's back. She could not let him go from her thus. She must pursue him, though he should only stay to spurn her as a man will spurn the troublesome, importunate fondness of a dog. She did not mind what people might say; she hardly heeded what he said at last. He was her sun, and she could not let it go down and leave dark night behind, without a dying struggle to keep still in its bright beams.

Lizzie overtook Dick, or rather he heard her voice crying after him, and obeying reluctantly an old obligation, even in his baneful excitement, he slackened his pace till she came up to him, just at the corner where the road was about to lose sight of the yellow gables and thatch roof of the manor.

"Hallo! Liz," he feigned astonishment, "what be you arter? What brings you so far afield? — you as hobbles like a cow as has her best front leg tied to her head to stop her from flingin'?" And he laughed at his comparison.

"Oh yes, Dick, I 'd be too cripple to run. It mun 'a been just funny to see me. But I 'a made you laugh, lad — that were one good turn," panted Lizzie, creeping up to him, and looking through her sobs and tears with a faint smile in his face, like a squaw who snatches at a chance of laying the hair of her head beneath the feet of her insolent brave, if that will propitiate him; like a dog when it ventures to wag its tail at the shadow of a sign of grace in the master who is bent on its punishment.

"Go back this minent, Liz," shouted Dick, maddened afresh by the thought of his failure. "Do'ee mean to make me a gazin' stock as well as a laughin' stock to

— thee knows who I mean, Liz — go back when I bid 'ee, or thee may tempt me to lift my hand, and strike 'ee, as are but a frail thing, even for a gal. Leave me alone, Liz."

"Dick, dear Dick," moaned Lizzie, still holding by him, "dunno leave me; strike me,— where be the odds? when I cannot live athout you. I'll die if you go. Oh! why should 'ee go for she, Dick, and not stay for me?"

That was a question far beyond Dick's philosophy. All his answer was to drag asunder Lizzie Blennerhasset's arms from clasping him, push her from him, and clearing the hedge at a bound, run across the misty fields to the station.

Lizzie sank on the road, where Pleasance ran out to lift her up. But Lizzie put out her hands, to keep Pleasance off from her, and accused her on the spot — her eyes wild and blazing like Dick's — with being his destroyer.

"You are a false, cruel woman, Pleasance Hatton. You 'a a heart as hard as the nether millstone, and you 'a a light head to match your hard heart. You mun go coloquin' with two lads; and you 'a ruined the best on 'em, the best in the country, and cost me the on'y creature I cared for — him as drew me out on the fire; and I never wish to see your face or speak to you again."

Pleasance drew back in sharp pain, while Lizzie gathered herself up, rejecting all aid, and toiled slowly back to take to her bed, and lie for many a day with her face turned to the wall.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DAYS BEFORE THE MARRIAGE.

PLEASANCE had got over the trial of Long Dick's taking her proposed marriage so much to heart; for word came that he had taken the first opportunity of sailing from Cheam, and had worked his passage out in a ship bound for America.

But why should Pleasance not get over it, when she was young and hopeful? A change of place might even bring a change of mind to Long Dick. When even Mrs. Balls had accepted the situation, and was so far reconciled to it and to Joel Wray, that though she continued shy of him, she was indemnifying herself for the overthrow of her plans by being full of the preparations for her young cousin's marriage — anyhow — to some man — if not to the right man? Mrs. Balls had grown so complacent that she had agreed — Lawyer Lockwood not forbidding the ar-

range — that the young couple should find quarters with her in the ample space of the manor-house where she was still permitted to preside, instead of her going with them to a house in the village.

Mrs. Balls knew it was only a respite, that her work was all but done, and that as Joel, however smart, could never fill Long Dick's place, so his wife would not be chosen as Mrs. Balls's successor. It was a far less "comf'able" settlement than Mrs. Balls had proposed. But even a respite was grateful to the aging woman, who had begun to cease to look forward beyond the next winter or the next summer; and in the mean time she had the glory of knowing that her cousin was soon to be a bride, and of taking the liveliest interest in all the small purchases.

Speak of a bride's pride in her adornment for the great event of her life! Surely it is far exceeded by the pride of an elderly kinswoman, who has never been a bride herself, but who takes her triumph vicariously, and at her ease.

Not merely Mrs. Balls had thawed; the village of Saxford had come round again to be in high good-humor with the two who remained master and mistress of the field. It was not simply that all crowds are fickle, and more or less time-serving. The Saxford population was not so much base as childish. It was that Long Dick, and the sorry spectacle which he had presented when he had withdrawn worsted before his enemies, were out of sight and sound; and in their room, filling the vacant village mind, was the goodly spectacle of Joel Wray and Madam about to celebrate that great festival of life, a wedding for love, a wedding that had not been long a-doing, that had been made up in the midst of the villagers, and before their very eyes as it were, in the brief weeks which intervene between the harvest and the fall.

In this wedding, Pleasance — with regard to whom the natives had shown themselves apt to nourish a rankling suspicion — was appearing a very woman, as headstrong and rash in throwing away herself and her goods, on the impulse of the moment, on a pleasant-tongued stranger, as any Polly, or Car, or Sally among them could have done. And even as one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so the people loved Madam the better because of the fellow-feeling bred of her fallibility.

One or two inveterate growlers, mostly old village inhabitants, to whom the young giant, Long Dick, and his prowess had

seemed to belong, and to lend a source of boasting over Applethorpe and other neighboring villages, would stand a little aloof and mutter about new-fangled people and new-fangled ways; but young Saxford, headed by Clem Blennerhasset, was, to a man and a woman, for the present at least, zealous adherents of Joel and Pleasance. Only Lizzie Blennerhasset lay on her bed, with her face turned to the wall, unable to eat or drink.

Pleasance, without being altogether aware of the amount of condemnation which she had previously incurred, was willing to take the compensation, and pleased to be in harmony with her world. She was too sympathetic not to crave for sympathy, however imperfect, in others; and she had an intuitive perception that Joel Wray was like her in this as in many respects, that if he would not be turned from a purpose by opposition, he would look wistfully after averted hostile faces, and would droop a little in his gladness, because of his fellows' cold dislike.

But these were merely outside matters, the husks of the happiness, the rich essence of which lay safely stored in its kernel, in this heyday of Pleasance's life. After all, she would not have cared so very much more for the revived rudeness of the Saxford villagers, than she cared for the unlucky chance, that her marriage, in place of happening in midsummer, was to occur in chill October.

Instead of the east country looking its best, it was looking its bleakest. The dank white mists rising from its own abundance of broads, rivers, and ditches, hung over it morning and evening. Every flower was either withered, or bleached into a frosted, perishing bloom. The very reeds and rushes were utterly sere, and falling crushed and broken at the slightest touch. The cattle and horses were disappearing from the pastures. The wild foreign birds—tokens of the coming reign of ice and snow in northern regions—were arriving in flocks at Saxford Broad. The last remnant of the lingering autumn gales, bitter and briny on the east coast, brought with it white and grey curfews scudding and flying low before the blast, settling in innumerable white flecks and patches on the pasture and the ploughed land, and adding, in the storm-omen which they presented, to the cheerless aspect of the scene.

Pleasance would have liked, if she could have taken her choice, to be married when the year was young, when flowers were rife, when the days were long

enough for her happiness, and when they closed in such widespread sunset glory as transformed and irradiated the common earth.

But it was a small loss, and Joel shared it with her, nay, improved it by teaching her still better what she knew already of the beauties which are to be found at all seasons. Not to speak of the wild windy grandeur of some of the dark days—there were the exquisite cobweb grace of dewy gossamers hung over grass and hedge-row—the delicate neutral tints of earth and sky when they are at their palest—the silvery light cast by low sunbeams on pollard willows, and on the rank grass by watercourses—and the sweetness of the robin's song when it alone breaks the stillness. Joel returning from his work under the new head man whom the bailiff had put in Long Dick's place, brought Pleasance splendid trailing wreaths of briony with their brilliant berries, late clusters of blackberries, and specimens of fungi that half redeemed their poisonous qualities by their marvellous hues of crimson, gold, straw-color, and ashen grey.

"Rubbishing wares," Mrs. Balls called these offerings; but it was well, she allowed, since matters had taken the turn and gone the length they had, that Pleasance could please herself with "sich dirt."

And Pleasance did please herself. She named the dirt treasure, and valued it above the lilies and roses which she missed, above the pearls and diamonds that she had never known. She looked forward to sharing the next summer in closest companionship with Joel. And in the interval what long, happy winter evenings the two should spend, with Mrs. Balls dozing peacefully in the chimney-corner, and Joel never too wearied by his work to be unable to talk, and who talked like Joel? As she worked then he would read to her from her books, or from new books which their united wages might warrant them in buying.

How could Pleasance find leisure or inclination to mourn too persistently for the rough jewel, Long Dick? How could she keep up a vexatious struggle with the unkind resentment of Lizzie Blennerhasset at this epoch of her history? She was better employed with the preparations for her marriage, notwithstanding that these were greatly simplified by having no house to take and furnish. They were kept within the compass of the village where Pleasance bought such additional supplies to her wardrobe as she judged fit, at Mrs.

Grayling's, whose shop had been the first house she had entered in Saxford.

Pleasance had a dim sense as of the shadow of Anne standing beside her, watching over her with sweet human interest still. Would Anne in the spirit blame this conclusive step by which Pleasance fulfilled her descent in worldly rank, and linked her fortunes to those of a working-man?

Ah, no! Anne was raised far above worldly distinctions, and knew far better now. Even before she died, she had said with her last breath that the sisters might have been happy together if they had but been content with the commonest and — just because they are the commonest — the best gifts of God our Father to his human children — with the love of each other, with youth, health, the blue sky above their heads, and the green earth beneath their feet.

As for Mrs. Grayling, she remarked in that lady's peculiar fashion, "Be you come to buy the wedding-gown from me, Pleasance? Wool! I d' be uplifted, surely, seein' I thought that along on your flyin' so 'igh in your matin', you 'ould look clean over t' top on my poor shop, that you 'ould 'a silks and welwets from Cheam, or Norwich, or Lunnun die-rect."

Mrs. Grayling's observation was not made with the least reference to Clem and Lizzie Blennerhasset's secret. Clem in his caution had not extended his confidence or sought sympathy from those better able to bestow it than poor Lizzie proved herself nowadays. Neither had Mrs. Grayling any suspicion of her own, by which her natural unaided sagacity had enabled her to get at once to the bottom of what mystery there was to penetrate. Her comment was no more than her sardonic mode of expressing her opinion that Pleasance was making about the poorest marriage in her power, and that was saying a good deal.

But Pleasance was used to the trick of speech, and did not mind it. She rather liked it indeed as being racy, if not bland, and was stirred by it to say heartily, holding up her head as she spoke, "Yes, Mrs. Grayling, I have chosen well, so well that I could have dispensed with silks and velvets, even had they been for me."

In reality, Pleasance's preparations, however they might engross her, were very simple, yet they were made not only according to her own somewhat severe taste and judgment, but with a softened reference to that harmless hankering after vanity and gentility which she fancied she

had detected in Joel. She bought no finery, but she added to the white ribbons for her straw bonnet a white gown of no flimsier material than dimity, and made in the plainest manner — since she had all her own way in the making when it was done by herself, after she could no longer command the services of Lizzie Blennerhasset.

"It is like yourself," Joel said, when he was informed of the material of his bride's wedding-gown, showing himself entirely satisfied with her selection. "It is like everything you wear, the right thing in the right place, the proper gown for the morning service in the little village church with the thatch roof; and I take it that is the true art of dressing. A finer gown in such circumstances would only be pretentious and vulgar. I wish I could make as fit a choice. A bridegroom's suit is of little consequence, comparatively, still one would not sure look frightful when one was wed, any more than when one was dead; and I observe working-men are rather fond of making guys of themselves on state occasions," ended Joel in a slightly discontented tone.

"Don't you go and make a guy of yourself," said Pleasance, thinking fondly in her private mind that the bright, expressive face and light, agile figure could not well, in any habiliments, offer the attributes of a guy. "Don't look out for such a cloth coat and sprigged waistcoat as those in which poor old Long Dick" (he was rapidly becoming old to her) "used to disfigure himself. Be yourself and at home, Joel, in your working-clothes. I desire nothing better, I think nothing half so good."

"So be it," he said readily, in spite of his aspirations. "I'm fond of my working-clothes. You have never seen me in any other. They are becoming, ain't they?" he demanded with boyish conceit. "I could not have worn a suit of Poole's to more purpose. Any man who can work should be at home in working-clothes. Any way I'll be myself, you may be sure, every inch of me, to marry you. But you'll have some flowers to wear with your white gown, Pleasance," he said, returning to his sheep, "were it but a sprig of myrtle in your breast. I know of a myrtle-tree from which, if I were only near it, I could get you a whole wreath."

"But what should I do with a wreath?" asked Pleasance, smiling indulgently. "A wreath would not be in my way."

"Well, no, I suppose not, since you are to wear a bonnet," yielded Joel reluctantly.

"Of course I am to wear a bonnet," said Pleasance. "Did you ever hear of a woman like me married in any other head-dress?"

"I don't know what you call 'like you,'" he answered. "I am sure you are good enough to be crowned and veiled."

"Don't flatter," she said, while it was the brightness of her day that it was not flattery on his lips.

"But you must have flowers, Pleasance," he urged, resuming the attack. "Who ever heard of a marriage without flowers?"

"I have," said Pleasance, "many a time. You must be dreaming, Joel. Where are flowers to come from in winter, for working-people? You had better say favors next."

"No, I give up favors, and I can't say I regret them; but we must have flowers. Look here, Pleasance, I'll walk into Cheam the day before, and fetch you some from a florist's shop."

She looked graver. "I am afraid that would belong to extravagance, Joel; it would be a pity for you to be one more whole day off work for such a trifle as flowers." It smote her to throw cold water on his loving gallantry; it tried her to infer that she was wiser than he; but certainly there was flightiness in him. Pleasance was not without an instinctive conviction, that, however clever he might be, however gifted with worldly experience, she was older in character. In the years which were to come she must exert her influence over him to steady him, as Long Dick had said she might do, and as her sister Anne had striven to steady her in the far-off childish days.

Joel was only half brought to his senses. "I'll send somebody over to Cheam, if you don't like my going myself. You are fond of flowers, I know."

"Yes, I am fond of flowers," admitted Pleasance cheerfully; "but I like best to look at and leave them growing. I think it is rather a waste and a pity to pull and wear roses and lilies, as the Saxford girls and lads wear them, at church and on holidays, carrying them in their hands, or sticking them into their bands and button-holes, where they wither so soon."

"You speak like a gardener, Pleasance," he said, laughing. "Gardeners always grudge their flowers, because they grudge their trouble in rearing them; but you wish to spare them because you have not had too many of them. What do you think of having plenty of flowers all the year round? How should you like to

have a winter garden like this?" And he began to describe to her one of the most extensive and perfect private winter gardens in England — spacious, blooming galleries and halls, in which the climate of Italy and Egypt prevailed. And as one might have the flowers in the open air in Italy and Egypt during the months of November, December, January, and February, beds of sweet violets, cyclamen, jonquils, anemones, and ranunculus then bordered the pavement. Tuscan roses wreathed the white pillars. Camellias, oleanders, azaleas, and plumbago with lemon and orange trees, and even feathery palms, afforded fragrant foliage.

"It must be like fairy-land, Joel," she said with ready acknowledgment of his eloquence. "Some day you'll take me to visit the queen's garden; or is it a national garden, like those at the Crystal Palace and Kew? But, perhaps, it is a little too much like fairy-land for poor humanity. I cannot think that I should care so much for flowers if I did not have to go without them sometimes. The queen must miss the gladness of picking the first primrose."

"There you are with your philosophy," he cried in pretended impatience, "or is it philosophy or bigoted rusticity and east countrifiedness? No, it is pure pride. I tell you that I am afraid you are very proud, Pleasance."

He had often come over the assertion — almost harping upon it — that she refused to be a lady. And she had always adhered to her opinion, sometimes merrily. Holding up her brown, hardened hands she would inquire were those a lady's hands? She would go on to imagine how they would look if she had to sit with them lying crossed in her lap! But for that matter she was too old a working-woman ever to learn to sit still and idle; she would be always starting up and seeking something to do, taking it out of the servants' hands, upsetting the proprieties, disgracing herself, and disgusting everybody.

But whether merry or grave, she always stuck to her point that she had not the slightest longing or vocation to be a lady, and that nothing would have induced her to become a lady. Then he called her proud, the proudest woman, in her way, that he had ever known or heard of.

This day, for the first time, she took the accusation so far to heart that she put herself to some pains to show that the charge was erroneous. "No, indeed, I never was proud, Joel, not even as a

child. Anne always said I wanted pride. It was Anne, not I, that Miss Cayley took to task for pride. Dear little Anne! she seems so little and so young, though she was my elder sister, to look back upon. It was hard for her, and I am afraid I was small help to her, who had helped me all our short lives. Next Sunday, Joel, you must come with me to her grave, and I shall tell you all that we came through when we were two poor young girls."

Accordingly on the following Sunday afternoon, when the Saxford population were fully engaged watching Host Morse taking his wife for their hebdomadal drive, Pleasance and Joel passed into the little churchyard. In accordance with what existed as a pious custom among the young people of Saxford who were keeping company in the near prospect of marriage, the couple visited together the only grave of their kindred within reach.

The churchyard was deserted for the time. Even the Sunday scholars had been let loose for the day. But though the uneven paths had been frequented by strolling groups of old and young, with neighbors leaning to converse over the crazy tombstones, as if the men and women had no other meeting-place, Joel Wray and Pleasance Hatton, on their particular errand, would have had their privacy treated with unusual respect.

The little mound, beneath which Anne's dust mouldered, had sunk nearly to a level with the ground itself, the scanty grass on it was bleached and withered, as Pleasance stood by it with the man whom she loved and was about to marry at her side, and prepared to tell him the cruel trials which had laid Anne low in the morning of her days.

Pleasance had outgrown some of the bitterness of the old anguish. She had ceased to say that their aunt Mrs. Wyndham had killed her sister. Pleasance had even learnt to apportion, however tenderly, a certain amount of weakness and error as Anne's share. For Pleasance had, in a remarkable degree for a woman, a strong sense of justice.

But in spite of the reservation, Pleasance could not tell how Anne and she had been rejected and thrust out, and how Anne had fallen and died in the first steps of their descent, without growing white, with set face and trembling lips. "It was all because my father made an unequal marriage, Joel," she ended. "You don't wonder that I set little store on his gentle birth, and that I cannot hold with ladies and gentlemen?"

He had been looking at her wistfully.

"I cannot wonder," he said quickly, and then he added, with a bursting heart, "But, oh! how you must have suffered, my darling!"

"It is all over now," she said; "Anne is at rest. I am happy. Let us speak no more of it." And they walked home in silence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN A STUDIO.

Belton. Is this freedom's temple? Is this door its portal? If so, here is a subject for your art. Behold me. I am the Washington of Robert Treat Paine — repulsing with his breast the assaults of the thunder, and conducting "every flash to the deep" with the point of my sword. Listen, —

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts ne'er could rend freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.

Mallett. Bravo! Bravo!

Belton. I have not been able to get those lines out of my mind since you repeated them the other day. I have been reciting them to myself ever since, in a loud, declamatory tone, striking an attitude, and repulsing with my breast the assault of the thunder. Tell me something more about this amazing Paine.

Mallett. After our conversation the other day, on my return home, I refreshed my own memory by reading a biographical sketch of him by his friend Mr. Charles Prentiss; and being in the vein, I then took up the life of Dr. Darwin, the famous poet, written by the scarcely less famous Miss Anna Seward. They amused me so much that I have brought them both down to the studio to read you some choice passages from each.

Belton. Pray do.

Mallett. To begin with Robert Treat Paine. Slightly as you may think of his genius, he was thought to be the great poet of his age in America. Mr. Prentiss says of his poems that "they are the legitimate and indisputable heirs of immortality;" and he boldly prophesies that "he will take his place, not by the courtesy of the coming age, but by the full and conscientious suffrage of posterity, on the same

shelf with the prince of English rhyme" — by whom he means, of course, Dryden.

Belton. Does it not make one doubt our own judgment of our contemporaries, when we hear such trumpeting as this about a man whose very name has now passed into oblivion?

Mallett. Ah! you never came in contact with him personally, and you can therefore form little idea of the influence he exerted. Mr. Selfridge, his friend, says of him: "Once engaged he was an electric battery; approach him and he scintillated — touch him and he emitted a blaze."

Belton. What a tremendous fellow, to be sure!

Mallett. This was the judgment formed of his powers, not by common vulgar flatterers, but by men of ability and distinction, such as Mr. Selfridge and Mr. Prentiss, both of whom were men of very considerable power and repute.

Belton. All I can say is that it is simply amazing.

Mallett. Great as the temporary reputation of Paine was in America, the reputation of Dr. Darwin in England was higher and wider. The distinction which he won in his profession of medicine was overshadowed by his fame as a poet; and his admirable medical works were held in far less esteem than the pompous, artificial, and ingeniously absurd poems of "The Botanic Garden," and "The Loves of the Plants," with their gnomes and nymphs and ridiculous impersonations, which were afterwards so admirably travestied by Canning in his "Loves of the Triangles." If anything could be more absurd than the poems themselves in their form, conception, and execution, it would be Miss Seward's criticisms of them. Indeed it is scarcely possible to believe that such a work as her "Life of Dr. Darwin" could have been written in the present century, — its stilted style, its unnatural verbiage, its pompous solemnity, are so out of keeping with our modern habits of thought, feeling, and expression. Let me read you some passages.

"Poetry," says Miss Seward, "has nothing more sublime than this, the picture of a town on fire: —

"From dome to dome, when flames infuriate
climb,
Sweep the long street, invest the tower sub-
lime,
Gild the tall vanes amid the astonished night,
And reddening heaven returns the sanguine
light;

While with vast strides and bristling hair
aloof,

Pale Danger glides along the falling roof;
And giant Terror howling in amaze,
Moves his dark limbs along the lurid blaze.
Nymphs! you first taught the gelid wave to
rise,

Hurled in resplendent arches to the skies;
In iron cells condensed the airy spring,
And imp'd the torrent with unfailing wing;
On the fierce flames the stream impetuous
falls,

And sudden darkness shrouds the shattered
walls;

Steam, smoke, and dust in blended volumes
roll,

And night and silence repossess the pole."

There! what do you think of that?

Belton. I feel like giant Terror — I
"howl in amaze."

Mallett. I was sure you would be impressed by this. Think of "imping a torrent with unfailing wing," and the "vast strides and bristling hair" of danger, and the "gelid waves" of the fire-engine, "hurled in resplendent arches to the skies." Think of night and silence repossessing the pole like two tame bears. But let me read you now some passages from Miss Seward's "Analysis of the Botanic Garden." "After that landscape of the scene which forms the exordium, the Goddess of Botany descends in gorgeous gaiety."

Belton. "Gorgeous gaiety!" Good heavens!

Mallett. Yes, "gorgeous gaiety;" and she thus makes her appearance, —

She comes, the goddess, through the whisper-
ing air,

Bright as the morn descends her blushing car.

"Spring welcomes her with fragrance and with song, and to receive her commission the four elements attend. They are allegorized as gnomes, water-nymphs, and sylphs, and nymphs of fire. Her address to each class and the business she allots to them form the four cantos of the first part of the poem. The ladies of Ignition receive her primal attention."

Belton. No! You have invented that.

Mallett. I could not invent anything half so good. Be patient. "The picture with which her address commences is of consummate brilliance and grace. Behold it, reader, and judge if this praise be too glowing! —

"Nymphs of primeval fire! your vestal train,
Hung with gold tresses o'er the vast inane,
Pierced with your silver shafts the throne of
night,
And charmed young nature's opening eyes
with light."

Belton. "Vast inane" indeed!

Mallett. Listen, and don't interrupt. "The Darwinian creation which ensues charms us infinitely, even while we recollect the simpler greatness on the page of Moses, and on its sublime paraphrase in the 'Paradise Lost.' The creation in this poem is astronomic, and involves the universe, and as such is of excellence unequalled in its kind, and never to be excelled in the grandeur of its conceptions.

"Let there be light! proclaimed the almighty Lord,
Astonished Chaos heard the potent word;
Through all his realms the kindling ether runs,
And the mass starts into a million suns.
Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course.
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll,
And form, self-balanced, one revolving whole.
Onward they move amid their bright abode,
Space without bound—the bosom of their God."

And listen to this commentary: "The word of the Creator setting into instant and universal blaze the ignited particles of Chaos till they burst into countless suns, is an idea sublime in the first degree."

Belton. Sublime indeed! It is more like the fireworks and the girandola of Castel St. Angelo than anything I ever read. What would Dr. Darwin of to-day say to all this? Here is "evolution" with a vengeance! I think it almost unhand-some, after the first Dr. Darwin had so satisfactorily arranged creation in a moment, and astonished Chaos, that his descendant should undertake to "evolve" nature by such tedious processes.

Mallett. Miss Seward continues: "The subsequent comments of the goddess on the powers of the nymphs of fire, introduce pictures of the lightning and the rainbow, the exterior sky, the twilight, the meteor, the aurora borealis—of the planets, the comet, and all the *ethereal blaze* of the universe."

Belton. Comprehensive. Anything else?

Mallett. "She next exhibits her as superintending the subterranean and external volcanoes.

"You from deep cauldrons and unmeasured caves
Blow flaming airs or pour vitrescent waves;
O'er shining oceans ray volcanic light,
Or hurl innocuous embers through the night."

Belton. Why innocuous?

Mallett. Have you any objection to "innocuous" as a word?

Belton. Does it mean anything?

Mallett. Oh, this is "to consider too curiously." Why should it mean anything? But let me go on. "The goddess proceeds to remind her handmaids of their employments, says they lead their glittering bands around the sinking day, and, when the sun retreats, confine in the folds of air his lingering fires to the cold bosom of earth.

"O'er eve's pale forms diffuse phosphoric light,
And deck with lambent flames the shrine of night."

Now mark what Miss Seward says of this. "Surely there cannot be a more beautiful description of a vernal twilight. The phosphorescent quality of the Bolognian stone, Beccari's prismatic shells, and the harp of Memnon, which is recorded to have breathed spontaneous chords when shone upon by the rising sun, are all compared to the glimmerings of the horizon. So, also, the luminous insects, the glow-worm, the fireflies of the tropics, the fabulous *ignis fatuus* and the *Gymnotus electricus*, brought to England from Surinam in South America about the year 1783—a fish whose electric power is a provocation mortal to his enemy. He is compared to the Olympian eagle that bears the lightning in his talons." There! what do you think of that?

Belton. Give me the book. You have invented, at least, a part of it, as you are accustomed to do. I am up to your tricks.

Mallett. No; on my word, I have not interpolated a word. See for yourself.

Belton. I can scarce believe my own eyes. How prettily that bit of information is introduced about the *Gymnotus electricus* brought from Surinam in South America about the year 1783!

Mallett. Shall I go on—or do I bore you?

Belton. Pray go on.

Mallett. "The fourth canto opens with a sunrise and a rainbow, each of Homeric excellency. The Muse of Botany gazes enchanted on the scene, and swells the song of Paphos" (whatever that may happen to be) "to softer chords. Her poet adds,—

"Long aisles of oaks returned the silver sound,
And amorous echoes talked along the ground."

Belton. Beautiful! beautiful!! beautiful!!!

And amorous echoes talked along the ground.

"Amorous echoes!" That is the finest thing I have heard yet.

Mallett. Restrain your enthusiasm. After a short digression, Miss Seward continues: "But to resume the botanic goddess, and her enumeration of the interesting employments of the third class of nymphs, their disposal of those bright waters which make Britain irriguous, verdant, and fertile —"

Belton. Irriguous?

Mallett. Yes, irriguous; and I will, as Bardolph says, "maintain the word with my sword to be a good soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven!" Irriguous, "that is, when a country is, as they say, irriguous, or when a country is being whereby a' may be thought to be irriguous, which is an excellent thing." But to leave Bardolph and go on with Miss Seward — "we find this beautiful couplet in the course of the passage, —

"You with nice ear on tiptoe strains pervade
Dim walks of morn or evening's silent shade."

Belton. "Tiptoe strains" is good.

Mallett. Good? Miss Seward does not only think it good — she cries out in her enthusiasm, "What an exquisite picture!" I shall now only cite one other passage, and then I will lend you the book to read for yourself. And this shall be the description of a simoom — or rather of Simoom — for of course he is personified: —

Arrest Simoom amid his waste of sand,
The poisoned javelin balanced in his hand;
Fierce on blue streams he rides the tainted air,
Points his keen eye and waves his whistling hair;

While, as he turns, the undulating soil
Rolls in red waves and *billowy deserts boil.*

"This," says Miss Seward, "is a fine picture of the demon of pestilence. The speed of his approach is marked by the strong current of air in which he passed, and by the term 'whistling' as applied to his hair." There, I have done.

Belton. "Points his keen eye, and waves his whistling hair." Magnificent! It's all very well to talk about arresting Simoom — with his keen eye pointed and his whistling hair, while billowy deserts are boiling round you; but I distinctly decline to make the attempt. What a subject for a picture! In fact, what a series of pictures could be made from this work!

Mallett. There is one couplet of Paine's — I am sorry that it is the only one I can bring into definite form out of vague mists of my memory — which is worthy of a

place with some of these. Such as it is I give it you. Some tremendous convulsion of nature is anticipated by him for some purpose, and he closes with these lines, —

And the vast alcove of creation blaze,
Till nature's self the Vandal torch should raise.

Belton. Did you ever read Barlow's "Columbiad," the great epic of the American revolution?

Mallett. All of it? *Gott bewhar!* I have read a good deal of it, however, in pure amusement, but it has all gone out of my memory. But there is no foolishness which is not to be found in verse, and there is no verse so bad that it does not find readers.

Belton. Do you remember in our young days a fellow who called himself the Lynn bard?

Mallett. Perfectly, and he used to wander along the shores of the *πολυφλοισβοιοῦς θαλάσσης*, and wildly gesticulate to the winds and the sea, and wave his whistling hair and point his keen eye, and pour forth his feelings in verse. One of his poems, I remember, commenced thus, —

The moon was rising on the sea,
Round as the fruit of orange tree;
I wandered forth to meet my dear,
And found her sitting right down here.

Belton. And then there was a remarkable Southern poet, over whose verses we used to "laugh consumedly" in our university days.

Mallett. "By cock and pie, sir," I remember him well. He was a tremendous Pistol, who never would "aggravate his choler" in verse, though I daresay he was a quiet peaceable gentleman enough at home and in prose, with a "mellifluous voice," and a "sweet and contagious man, i' faith." A few of his verses still stick in my mind, and I think —

Belton. Let us have them.

Mallett. They are but few; but let us not measure quality by quantity — *nume-rantur non ponderantur*. They are out of a long wild poem, not destitute of a certain straggling untrained talent, though mixed up with such fustian and folly that we used to roar with laughter over them. Scene, midnight — a wild stormy night — a lover in despair — he goes to the window: —

He raised the lattice, oped the blind,
He looked around, before, behind,
And when he heard the hinges skreak,
He thought it was his Lena's shriek.

.

For Lena was divinely fair,
But he had swapped her for despair.

Belton. That is a magnificent idea — swapping your lady-love for despair. And skreak is good too — very good. "Good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable."

Mallett. And yet, after all, laugh as we may over these absurdities, there is something melancholy in the thought of the hours, months, and even years, that were spent over these poems — of the hopes, ambitions, which falsely cheered the authors as they wrote — of the amount of talent and toil wasted upon them that was destined never to be rewarded. Even in the midst of our laughter we are almost tempted to weep over these abortive efforts for the immortality of fame. Every jeer of criticism is a deadly stab to hopes that were sweet almost as life — to ambitions which were pure as they were foolish. When this thought comes over one, criticism seems cruel, and our laugh has a Satanic echo.

Belton. Don't get sentimental.

Mallett. Do you remember that absurd statue of Moses that stands over the fountain at the entrance of the Piazza de' Termini?

Belton. Oh, yes! that squat, broad, fierce-looking figure swaddled in heavy draperies, and so stunted that it seems to have no legs.

Mallett. The same. Well, there is a story connected with that, sad enough to make one pause before uttering a savage jeer of criticism. The sculptor, whose very name is fortunately buried in oblivion, was young, enthusiastic, ambitious, and self-reliant; and when the commission to make this statue was given to him, he boasted that he would model a Moses that should entirely eclipse that of Michael Angelo. It was a foolish boast, but he was young and ardent, and let us forgive him his boast. Filled with a noble ambition to excel, he shut himself up in his studio, and labored strenuously and in secret on his work. At last it was finished, and the doors were thrown open to the public. But instead of the full acclaim of fame which he had expected, he only heard reverberating from all sides cries of derision and scorn, and, driven to desperation and madness by this cruel shattering of all his hopes, he rushed to the Tiber and drowned himself.

Belton. So much the better, perhaps. We have probably been saved some very bad statues; and we have more than enough of these already.

Mallett. Don't sneer at him. Nothing is so easy as to sneer. I call this only sad, and all the more sad because the artist really had talent and power. Absurd in many respects as this statue is, it shows vigor and purpose. It does not sin on the side of weakness, but of exaggeration; and time and study would probably have tamed him down to truth and nature. But the blow was too sudden, and he fell beneath it.

Belton. 'Tis as Ulysses says, —

No man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing,
Till he communicate his parts to others.
Nor doth he in himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they're extended — which, like an
arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.

Mallett. And when that arch reverberates only the cries of scorn, what wonder that a sensitive mind goes mad?

Belton. I believe that to most authors censure gives more pain than praise does pleasure. The arrow of fault-finding has a poisonous barb that rankles in the wound it makes. One would have thought that Voltaire had a rhinoceros epidermis in such matters — that, scorner and bitter critic as he was himself, he would have accepted criticism on his own works at least with calmness; but Madame de Graffigny says of him that he "was altogether indifferent to praise, while the least word from his enemies drove him crazy." Take again, among many others who might be mentioned, Sir Walter Scott. He tells us that he made it a rule never to read an attack upon himself; and Captain Hall, quoting this statement, adds: "Praise, he says, gives him no pleasure, and censure annoys him." I have known several distinguished authors in our own day who refused to read any criticisms, favorable or otherwise, of their works; and one who always fled the country when publishing a book.

Mallett. Criticism is not certainly like

the bat of Indian brakes,
Whose pinions fan the wound it makes;
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
It sucks the life-blood from his vein.

You cannot expect any one to relish attacks on his works, or criticism and fault-finding, however just. Sir Walter found probably that censure of his writings,

while it gave him pain, did him no good, as it always came too late. This with him, as with many others, did not arise from any self-sufficiency, or over-estimate of himself and of what he had achieved. In the introduction to "The Lady of the Lake" he says: "As the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite; so can I with honest truth exculpate myself from ever having been a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million."

Belton. Still a man must believe in himself, or he will do nothing great. If he had no faith in his work, there would be no sufficient spur and motive to do it.

Mallett. While we are doing it, yes; but after it is done, no. One might as well fall in love with one's own face, as with one's own work. It is astonishing, after it is done, how flat, tame, and unsatisfactory seem those passages which in the writing seemed so lively, spirited, and clever. There is always a terrible back-water after a thing is done.

Belton. Perhaps. Yet authors generally seem to be amazingly fond of their own works. As long as you praise them, they pretend to be modest; but attack them, and they will start up to prove that the very defects you point out constitute their greatest merits.

Mallett. What a wonderful worker Scott was! In quantity, to say nothing of quality, I know of no English writer of his time who can be compared with him; though in later days others have equalled him in the number of their works. He wrote, if I remember right, some ninety volumes. Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in about seventeen years; which alone would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months. But, besides these, he had already written twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, which had been previously published. And all this was done with an ease which seems astonishing, leaving him time to devote himself to society and all sorts of other occupations. That marvellous hand was never weary. The stream of fancy and invention never ran dry. Temporary disease did not check his inspiration, and one of his most striking works—one indeed in which he touched perhaps the highest point of his genius, "The Bride of Lammermoor"—was dictated from a bed of sickness. Not until paralysis had

struck him down, and the hand of death was on him, did that pen, which had so long enchanted the world, drop from his hand. And what a loss he was! What possibilities of joy and delight and feeling died with him, when the splendid light of his genius, which had so long shed its glory on Scotland, dropped below the horizon! But go where you will in that romantic land, his genius still irradiates it. There is scarcely a rock, or a crag, or a lake, a city, a town, or a village, where his ideal creations do not live and walk and breathe, more real than the actual men and women who tread the streets, or climb the fastnesses, or trample upon the heath of Scotland.

Belton. I am glad to hear you speak with such enthusiasm of him. It is the fashion, I fear, now to rank him in literature far lower than he deserves:—

So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time.
One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail.

When he wrote he was almost alone in the field. But literature has since swarmed with novelists, and tastes have changed.

Mallett. I don't know that they have altogether changed for the better. Where is the "great magician" to take his place? For great magician he was; and out of the realms of history and of ideal regions beyond our ken, he had the art to evoke beings of the past, and of the imagination, with whom to delight us. Over all the scenery of Scotland he threw a veil of poetic enchantment. He amused us with his rich humor, he excited us with thrilling incidents, he painted with equal facility the days of chivalry and the common life of the people of his day. Some of the characters he drew are living portraits, drawn with wonderful truth to nature. What can be more admirable in drawing than Andrew Fairservice, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, the antiquary Monkbarns, Dugald Dalgetty, Mause and Cuddie Headrigg, and a score of others in his comic gallery? What more touching and simple than Jeannie Deans? What more romantic than the Master of Ravenswood? What more fanatically powerful than Balfour of Burley? In his female heroines he was less successful; and it is only exceptionally that he gives us such spirited sketches as Di Vernon and Rebecca. But in his secondary female characters he is admirable, and in many of his men masterly. To me one of the most remarkable figures he ever drew was that of Cona-char. Nothing could be more difficult

than to provoke at once pity, contempt, and sympathy for a coward. Yet he has successfully achieved this feat; and, as far as I can recollect, it is the sole instance in English literature where such an attempt was ever made. More than this, he has drawn two cowards in this remarkable novel — each quite different from the other, and contrasted with eminent skill — the comic, swaggering, good-natured, fussy little coward, Oliver Proudfoot, who provokes a perpetual smile; and the sullen, irritable, proud, and revengeful coward Conachar, whom we cannot but pity, while we despise him. "The Fair Maid of Perth" was always a favorite of mine. It has perhaps more variety of interest, incident, and characters than any he ever wrote, and it never flags. Think of Ramorny, Rothesay, and Bonthron; the sturdy smith, and his comic reflection Proudfoot; Dwining the physician; Simon Glover the plain burgess; Conachar the apprentice and the chief of his clan, and his heroic foster-father, who was ready to sacrifice life, family, everything for his weak-hearted foster-son. Think of the gay morrice-dancers, the riot and recklessness of the duke and his boon companions, the darkened chamber of the mutilated Ramorny, and his grim interview with Rothesay and Dwining, the glee-woman at the castle, and the troubles of the honest and fiery smith, the pathetic death of the young prince, and the silence and horror that is thrown over it, and the exciting, vivid, and bloody fray of the clan Chattan and the clan Quhele, which is epic in its character. What variety, what interest, what excitement, there is throughout!

Belton. This novel was a favorite also of Goethe, which it may give you satisfaction to know; but I do not think ordinarily that it is reckoned one of Scott's best novels.

Mallett. Tastes differ. I only speak for myself. I always read it with pleasure.

Belton. You were speaking of the wonderful fertility of his genius, and of the amount of work he did. It is indeed surprising; but in quantity he cannot compare with Lope de Vega, who, I fancy, is the most voluminous of all writers, and whose fertility of creation and ease of execution seems simply marvellous. He left, it is said, no less than twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses in print, besides a mass of MSS. According to the account of Montalvan, himself a voluminous writer and the intimate friend of De Vega, he furnished the theatre with eighteen hundred regular plays, and four

hundred *autos* or religious dramas. He himself states that he composed more than one hundred comedies in the almost incredibly short space of twenty-four hours each, each comedy averaging between two and three thousand verses, a great part of them rhymed and interspersed with sonnets and difficult forms of versification. One would suppose that this was enough for any man to do; but besides this his time was occupied by various other occupations than writing. Nor did he break down under this labor; on the contrary, he lived to a good old age, dying when he was seventy-two, and thoroughly enjoying life. Supposing him to have given fifty years of his life to composition alone, he must have averaged a play a week, without taking into consideration twenty-one volumes quarto, seven miscellaneous works including five epics, all of which are in print.

Mallett. The quantity is overpowering; but the quality, how is that?

Belton. Remarkably good, considering the quantity. They had great success when they were written, though tastes have changed, and only very few of them still keep possession of the stage in Spain. Montalvan tells rather an amusing story about one of these plays. It seems that he himself once undertook, in connection with Lope, to furnish the theatre with a comedy at very short notice: accordingly he rose at two o'clock in the morning in order to get through with his half of the play, and by eleven o'clock he had completed it. When one considers that a play ordinarily covered from thirty to forty pages, each of one hundred lines, this seems an extraordinary feat in itself, exhibiting at least immense facility. Six lines a minute is about as fast as one can easily write, merely mechanically; and to achieve this feat, Montalvan must have averaged this number every minute for nine hours, with no pause for invention or hesitation. Having finished his work, he went down to walk in the garden, and there found his brother poet Lope pruning an orange-tree. "Well, how did you get on?" said he. "Very well," answered Lope; "I rose early, at about five, and after I had finished my work I ate my breakfast; since then I have written a letter of fifty triplets, and watered the whole garden, which has tired me a good deal." What do you say to that?

Mallett. I don't believe it: I don't think merely mechanically it would be possible. This would have required him to write nine lines a minute, and there are

very few persons who can copy five lines, though word for word it be read out to them, in that space of time. I write very fast, and it takes me that time to write seven — I have tried it.

Belton. I merely repeat the story of Montalvan: and I suppose many of the lines are very short; he may have used short-hand.

Mallett. That alone could in my belief have made it possible. Such excessive production must, however, lead to mannerism and repetition. The mind requires fallow times of leisure between its harvests. The stream finally runs shallow if too much be constantly drawn from it.

Belton. One cannot give absolute rules in such cases. Genius is with some a perennial spring, which never runs dry; with others it is a petroleum well, which suddenly goes out; but with the highest minds it is like a light which is not spent with giving.

Mallett. A bad comparison, for the light itself consumes the candle.

Belton. As the mind consumes the flesh, but not itself. But since you object to my figures of speech, let me call in Shakespeare to help me: —

Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: the fire in the
flint

Shows not till it be struck; *our* gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

Shallow minds fall soon into mannerism, but great minds are not to be bounded by old limits. They overflow their banks in times of fulness, and go ever on, enlarging and deepening their currents. Besides, does not one's mind strengthen as much as one's muscles by constant practice? Does not lying fallow often mean merely being idle? Does not mannerism arise rather from laziness of purpose than limitation of faculties? Of course one cannot be original to order — even to one's own order; but does doing nothing for a time help us?

Mallett. I have no doubt it does. Does it not strengthen one to sleep?

Belton. I was struck the other day in reading Goethe's essay on "Ancient and Modern," by his deliberate confession that he likes mannerists, and is pleased with the possession of their works. He places Raffaele above Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and values his facility above all their great qualities. After strenuously praising the school of the Caracci, which, by almost universal

consent, is placed in the second rank, and regarded as academical in its character, and wanting the highest inspiration of art, he says: "Here was a grand work of talent, earnestness, industry, and consecutive advantages. Here was an element for the natural and artistic development of admirable powers. We see whole dozens of excellent artists produced by it, each practising and cultivating his peculiar talent according to the same general idea; so that it seems hardly possible that after-times should produce anything similar." He then proceeds to exalt Rubens and the "crowd of Dutch painters of the seventeenth century," and the "incredible sagacity with which their eye pierced into nature, and the facility with which they succeeded in expressing her legitimate charm, so as to enchant us everywhere. Nay," he continues, "in proportion as we possess the same qualities we are willing for a time to limit ourselves exclusively to the examination and attraction of these productions, and are contented with the possession and enjoyment of this class of pictures exclusively." And then follows an elaborate analysis of a series of etchings by Sebastian Bourbon, an artist in the fifteenth century, "whose talent," he says, "has never received its due praise." This I confess, surprised me in Goethe.

Mallett. It does not surprise me. His genius had a deliberate method of action and composition which resembled in many respects the art of the Caracci, and of even the lower school of their followers. He was essentially academic in his turn of mind; and naturally he overvalued academic and almost mechanical facility above the higher methods and daring graspings of great genius. He had a high esteem for the Muses, and no passion for them. He shook hands in the most friendly manner with them, always was proper, sometimes condescending to them, and never omitted the forms and ceremonies of politeness; when he called on them he always said, "*Ich empfehle mich*," and bowed low. But he was never passionately in love with them — never gave his heart to them with a complete self-surrender. He did not feel with Schiller that

Der allein besitzt die Musen,
Der sie trägt im warmen Busen,
Dem Vandalen sind sie Stein.

No; he rather put them to school, like a stiff old schoolmaster.

Belton. I am sorry I introduced this

subject. You are thoroughly unfair to Goethe; and though there is a certain truth in all you say, you exaggerate it until it becomes a falsity.

Mallett. I like Schiller's essays on art far better than Goethe's. There are some passages in his æsthetic letters on the education of man that are wonderfully noble, eloquent, and ideal in character; and I wish I had them here, that I might read you some. I am almost tempted to try and recall them now from memory, but I should do them injustice, and so let it be for another day, when I will bring you the book and read them to you.

Belton. You know I am fond of the Germans.

Mallett. I know you are; but I cannot see what you find so admirable in their imaginative literature, nor can I sympathize with the present rage for Germanism. In scholarship, philosophy, and criticism they stand very high, and in these branches their literature is admirable. But in almost all their books there is an absence of literary digestion. They ransack libraries with an astonishing zeal and industry, and leave nothing to desire in the way of accumulation; but they have no power of rejection and assimilation. Everything is fish which comes to their net. A German's capacity of boring and of being bored is inexhaustible. In the higher grade of the imagination they are encumbered with facts and observations and commonplaces. Their works are tedious beyond measure. In their poetry there is, for the most part, no irradiation — no fire to fuse and transmute it from substance to spirit. "The German genius," says Matthew Arnold, in his admirable paper on the study of Celtic literature, "has steadiness with honesty," while the English has "energy with honesty." But steadiness and honesty are qualities which, admirable as they are in life and in certain forms of literature, have little relation to the imagination, save in a very exalted sense. The poetic imagination takes slight heed of honesty. It has a higher office. It fuses while it uses, and in its glow all things

suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

It is often absolutely dishonest to real fact, and only true to ideal feeling. Fuel becomes flame in its enthusiastic embrace. What steadiness or honesty in their common sense is their in such lines as these? —

Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

Literally this is absurd: ideally it is exquisite. There is no bane to poetry like commonplace, however true, however honest. But such graces as these are never snatched by the German muse, and she wearies us with platitudes and propositions. Even Goethe is so determined to be accurate to the fact, that in writing his *Alexis and Dora* he stopped to consider whether *Alexis*, when he takes leave of *Dora*, ought to put down or take up his bundle; so at least *Eckermann* reports from Goethe's own lips. This is purely German in its literalness.

Belton. Have you raved enough against the Germans? If so, let us go back to Sir Walter Scott, in regard to whom we shall agree. What do you think of his poetry?

Mallett. I do not think it is of the highest kind, but of its kind it is masterly. It is healthy, vigorous, and almost epical in its character; and I cannot see why the world, which never is weary of praising Homer as the greatest of poets, or among the greatest of poets, turns such a cold shoulder to Scott, who, in his directness, spirit, and vigor, and straightforwardness of narrative, resembles Homer more than any of the poets of our age. The distance between them may be great, but their methods are very much the same; and had Scott written a thousand years ago in a dead tongue, we should never cease to chant his praises. Just as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were founded on the old ballads of his age, are Scott's romantic poems founded on the old ballads of his. Both are purely objective poets. But while this is the acknowledged charm of Homer, it is alleged as a defect in Scott. There is a great mystery in a dead tongue; and I sometimes ask myself what we should think of Homer if he had written only fifty years ago, and in English. Take, for instance, the well-known battle of Flodden field in "*Marmion*." I defy any one to read it without a stir in his blood — it is so full of fire, spirit, picturesque, and directness. It carries you on with it without a flag of interest, and as description it is wonderful. No battle in Homer is more vivid, nor more true, nor more living in its energy. What a picture, for instance, is that of *Marmion's* riderless horse! —

Bloodshot his eye, his nostril spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.

The very lilt of the metre carries you on with it.

Belton. The age does not like this sort of thing now in its own poetry, however much it may admire it in ancient works. We are introspective, analytic, subjective, and self-conscious, almost to morbidness. The epic and dramatic have less charm for us than the reflective and speculative. We anatomize our feelings and emotions and motives, and are not satisfied with the natural expression of them in action. We are all Hamlets, and speculate and consider too anxiously. Our minds are

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Mallett. And yet this is the age of athletics — of hunting, shooting, racing, deer-stalking, cricketing, and Alpine climbing. We have our "muscular Christianity" — our love of sports — our adoration of strength. How is it that this finds no response in our poetry? How is it that of the thousands who gather at every racecourse, whose hearts gallop with the horses, and strain to the goal with pulsing blood, and to whom the excitement is like intoxication — the great majority prefer in poetry sentiment, introspection, nay, even a morbid anatomy of feelings and emotions and passions, to healthy narrative? One would think that such persons, rejoicing in action and feeling the thrill of life, would desire something corresponding to this in literature. But it would seem they do not. They do not like Scott's life and stir and vigor: they prefer another kind of thing. They change their minds as they do their dress when they come home — take off their hunting-pinks, their shooting-knickerbockers, and heavy shoes, and put on their dress-coat, patent-leather shoes, and white cravats. Their very voices and lives change. Nimrod becomes languid, and Di Vernon changes her manners with her riding-habit. Papa, tired with his day's work, lies on the sofa and sleeps. It is simply reaction and fashion.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

(continued.)

MRS. BERESFORD was better in the evening and came down to dinner, putting on one of her prettiest dresses in honor of the return. "I have worn nothing but grey alpaca for months," she said. "Like you, Cherry, I am quite glad to get out of it, and feel at home again. We have had rather a long spell of honeymooning this time, and we were beginning to get tired of each other; but it was the last, you know, for Cara is to go with us next year."

Cara, who was sitting by, began to speak. "If," — she said, and then stopped, arrested in spite of herself by such a passionate look as she had never seen before in her father's eyes.

"If — what? You think I shall change my mind? Ah, Mr. Maxwell, how do you do — am I feeling strong? Well, not strong, perhaps, but very well to-night. I have ups and downs. And poor James there, whom I have punished severely, will tell you I have grown the most fanciful, troublesome, capricious woman. James!"

He had taken Cara into a corner, and was whispering to her in a voice which made the child tremble, "If you say a word, if you vex your mother or frighten her with this idiotic sincerity of yours, by heaven I'll kill you!" clenching his hand. "Capricious! Yes, you never saw anything like it, Maxwell. Such a round as she has led me — such a life as I have had!" And he laughed. Heaven help them! they all laughed, pretending to see the joke. While the child in the corner, her little frame thrilling in every nerve with that strange violent whisper, the first roughness that had ever come her way, sat staring at the group in a trance of wonder. What did it mean? Why were they false all of them, crying when she was not there, pretending to laugh as soon as they turned to her. It was Cara's first introduction to the mysteries of life.

That night when Miss Cherry had cried herself nearly blind, after a stolen interview with the doctor in the passage as he left the house, she was frightened nearly out of her wits by a sudden apparition. It was late, for Cherry, though used to early hours, had not been able to think of sleep after the doctor's melancholy shake of the

head and whisper of "I fear the worst." She was sitting sadly thinking of what that pretty house would be with the mistress gone. What would become of James? Some men had work to occupy them. Some men were absorbed in the out-door life which makes a woman less the companion perpetual and cherished; but James! Cherry Beresford was so different a woman from her sister-in-law, that the affection between them had been limited, and almost conventional; the enforced union of relations, not anything spontaneous; for where mutual understanding is not, there cannot be much love. But this did not blind her perception as to what his wife was to James. She had not been very much to him, nor he to her. They had loved each other calmly like brother and sister, but they had not been companions since they were children. Cherry, who was very simple and true, not deceiving herself any more than other people, knew very well that she could never fill for him anything of the place his wife had left vacant. Her heart would bleed for him; but that was all — and what would become of him? She shivered and wept at the thought, but could think of nothing — nothing! What would poor James do?

When Cara came stalking in before her in her nightgown, with a candle in her hand, white and chill as a little ghost, her face very pale, her brown hair hanging about her shoulders, her white bare feet showing below her nightdress, all lighted up by the candle she carried, "I have come to ask you what it all means," the child said; "none of you say what is true. You laugh when I can see you are more like crying, and you make jokes, and you tell — lies. Have you all gone mad, Aunt Cherry? or what does it mean?"

Upon this a little burst of impatience came to Miss Cherry, which was an ease to her overwrought feelings. "You little disagreeable, tiresome child! How dare you make yourself a judge of other people! Are you so wise or so sensible that you should be able to say exactly what is right and what is wrong? I wonder at you, Cara! When you see us unhappy, all upset and miserable, about your poor mamma."

"But why? To tell me — lies, will that make her well?"

"You should have been whipt," cried the indignant lady. "Oh, you should have been whipt when you were a small child, and then you never would have dared to speak so to me, and to your poor father,

whose heart is broken. Would you like us to go and tell her how ill she is, and beg of her to make haste and die? Poor, poor Annie! that is what would be best for her, to get rid of the pain. Is that what you will like us to do?"

"O Aunt Cherry, Aunt Cherry, don't say that mamma — that mamma —"

"No, my darling, I can't say it," cried Miss Cherry, drawing the child into her arms, kissing and crying over her. "I won't say it. I'll never, never give up hope. Doctors are deceived every day. Nobody can tell what may happen, and God hears prayers when we pray with all our hearts. But that's why we hide our feelings, Cara; why we laugh, dear, when we would like to cry; why we try to talk as if we were happy when we are very sad; for she would give up hope if she once knew —"

"And would that make any difference?" said the child, in all the impenetrability of wonder, one revelation bursting upon her after another, feeling this new dark mysterious world beyond her powers.

"Would hope make any difference?" cried Miss Cherry. "O child, how little you know! It is hope that makes all the difference. If you think things are going well it helps them to go well — it keeps up your strength, it cheers your heart, it makes you a different creature. Everything, everything lies in keeping up hope."

"I don't understand," said Cara, slowly. She had pushed open a door unawares into a spiritual world of which she knew nothing. She had not one of the happy superficial natures which sail over mysteries. That which was deeper than fact and truer than truth was a perplexity and aching wonder to the child. She could not fathom it, she had but just discovered it. She stood quite still while Miss Cherry explained to her as well as she could how nothing must be said or done that would alarm the patient, how everything must be made smooth and kept cheerful round. "And, Cara, you will remember — you will say nothing to frighten her, whatever you may hear. If she should suffer very much, you must always look as if you felt sure she would soon be better."

"Even if it is not true?"

"O my dear child! the only way to mend that is to pray to God day and night, day and night, to make it true! He can and he will — or, O Cara! we hope he will," cried Miss Cherry, with tears. "And you can help by always

praying, and always being cheerful. Look at your poor papa, how he smiles and jokes, and his heart is breaking all the time."

"His heart is breaking!" said Cara, under her breath.

"But if we all do what we can, and are cheerful, and trust in God, she may get better, dear. There is so much we can do. That is how I try to keep up my heart. We must never look frightened, never let her get alarmed. Keep cheerful, cheerful, Cara, whatever we do."

The child went back to bed with her head buzzing full of strange thoughts. She knew very well that nurse had often exhorted her to patience under toothache, for instance, as the best cure; but it never had cured in Cara's experience. Was cheerfulness likely to do in her mother's, and smiles instead of crying, and people saying things they did not believe? Such knowledge was too high for her. It confused her head, and made it ache and throb with the multitude of her thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSULTATION.

"YES, Miss Carry, if you like. Your dear mamma is falling into a doze, and I don't wonder, poor dear, after all those doctors a-poking and fingering. Oh, it turns my heart sick! If I don't get a breath of air I'll die. Sit in the corner, honey, behind the curtains. Don't you tease her, nor talk to her; if she wants anything, ring the bell. There now, my darling, don't say as you haven't got your way. How that child has worried to get into the room," said the nurse confidentially, as she went soft-footed and noiseless down-stairs, with an anxious maid in attendance. "But a sick-room ain't a place for a child. It's bad enough for the like of me."

"Yes, poor soul! I can't think how you stand it night and day as you do," said Sarah the housemaid, under her breath.

"Bless you, I'm used to it," she said; "but there's things as I can't bear. Them doctors a-staring and a-poking, and looking as if they knowed everything. What do they know more than me? It's experience does it, not their Latin and their wise looks. I know well enough what they'll say — and I could have said it myself and welcome, 'stead of taking all that money out of master's pocket, as can't do good to nobody. I'd have said it as easy

as they could — allowing as it's any good to say it, which is what I can't see."

"What is it then, nurse?" said Sarah. "It seems awkward like, when fellows comes with kind inquiries, never to know no more nor the door you're opening. But I won't say a word," she added, contradictory but coaxing, "if you mind."

"I'll warrant as you won't," said nurse, and so disappeared down the kitchen stairs to snatch that cup of tea which is the saving of poor women. "And make it strong, do, or I can't go through with it much longer," she said, throwing herself into a chair.

This was some months after the home-coming of the invalid. Mrs. Beresford had rallied, and spent a pleasant Christmas with her friends round her once more, and she recovered her looks a little, and raised high hopes in all those who watched her so curiously. But just as spring began to touch the square and the crocuses appeared, a sudden and rapid relapse had come on, and to-day there had been a consultation of the doctors of a kind which could not be mistaken, so deeply serious was it. They were in Mr. Beresford's study while nurse went down-stairs, and he had just been called in solemnly from the next room to hear her fate, which implied his own. She had dropped into an uneasy sleep when her trial was over, too tired and worn out to be capable of more; and it was during this moment that nurse had yielded to Cara's entreaties, made through the half-open door. The child had not seen her mother all day, and her whole being was penetrated by the sense of anxiety and foreboding that was in the house. She had wandered up and down the staircase all the time the doctors had been about, and her little anxious face affected nurse with pity. It was the best thing for Cara to take the watch by her mother's side during this moment of suspense, as it was the best thing for nurse to get out of the sick-room and refresh herself with change. Nurse's heart was heavy too, but not with suspense. There had been no mystery to her in the growing illness. She was an "old-fashioned servant" — alas! of a very old-fashioned sort indeed, for few in any age, we fear, are those poetical retainers whose service is given for duty, not for need. Nurse served not for duty, indeed, — to which word she might have objected for was it not the duty "of them as she had done anything for" to look after her, as much as hers to look after them? — but for love, which is a more effectual

argument. She liked her good wages and her comforts, as an honest woman has a right to do; but she liked the "family" better still, and cared not very much for any other family, not even that with which she was herself connected in the capacity of sister and aunt—for though she had been married, she had no children of her own. Mrs. Beresford had been her child; then, so long after, Cara. Her heart was concentrated in those two. But after this trial of the medical examination, which was almost as hard upon her as upon her mistress, nurse was very thankful to take advantage of that door, and escape for a little into the more cheerful world of the kitchen, with all its coming and going, and the cup of tea which cook, sympathetic and curious, and very anxious to hear all that could be heard, made for her with such jealous care.

Thus little Cara stole in and established herself noiselessly in the corner by her mother's bedside, hidden by the curtains. Many and strange had been the thoughts in the child's head through these winter months, since her parents came home. She had lived a very quiet life for a child since ever she could remember, though it was a happy life enough; and the curious baby rigidity of the little code of morals which she had formed for herself had been unbroken up to that time. Cara had felt that whosoever did wrong ought to be hanged, beheaded, burnt, or whatsoever penalty was practicable, at once, without benefit of clergy. A lie being the worst possible offence that ever came within her ken, had been as murder in the swift and sudden vengeance of her thoughts. The offence had been considered capital, beyond the reach of pardon or extenuation. It is impossible to tell what horrible overthrow of all her canons ensued when her father and aunt not only sanctioned, but enforced, lying upon her, and boldly avowed their practice of it themselves as a duty. Cara had lost herself for a long time after that. She had wandered through that bottomless darkness for months, and now had only just come to a glimmering of daylight again by aid of the individual argument, that though truth was necessary for the world in general, modifications were permitted in cases where people were ill—in the case of mamma being ill, which was the immediate thing before her. It was the weak point in the world; but the thing was to accept it, not struggle against it, as guilt which was justified by necessity. Cara felt that here was one thing upon

which more light would come as one grew older—a prospect which generally this little idealist treated with the contempt it deserves. Mamma would be better then, she thought, and the world get back into its due balance and equilibrium without any one being the worse. Probably now that time was soon approaching, now that the doctors had come and found what was the matter, and probably very soon, Cara hoped, the worst of all her difficulties would be removed; and upon this doubtful subject she would be able to get the opinion of the individual on whose behalf the others were defying heaven with so much horrible daring, of mamma herself, for whom the sun and moon were being made to stand still, and all the world was put out of joint for the time. This hope was in her thoughts as she took her seat in nurse's big, softly cushioned chair, which never creaked nor made any noise, and sat there as still as a mouse, sometimes, not unlike a mouse, peeping round the corner of the curtain at her charge, who lay half buried among the pillows which her restlessness had thrown into disorder, with little starts and twitches of movement, and now and then a broken moan. Worn as she was, there was still beauty in the face—white and sharpened with pain, with red hectic spots upon it, like stains on the half-transparent flesh. Her hair had been pushed away under a cap, which had come loose, and only half confined the soft golden brown locks, which had not lost their lustre; she had thrown out one arm from under the bedclothes, which lay on the white coverlet, an ivory hand, half visible only through the lace and needlework of the sleeve. With what wondering awe and pity Cara looked at her—pity which was inexpressible, like all profound childish sentiments. Poor mamma! who suffered as she? for whom else did God permit the laws of truth to be broken? She was very fond of her beautiful mother, proud of her, and oh, so piteously sorry for her. Why should she be ill—she who hated it so much? Cara herself now and then was ill, and had to put up with it, without making any fuss. But mamma was different. The still child watched with a pity which was unfathomable, and beyond the reach of words.

The room was very still; it was at the back of the house, looking out upon nothing but gardens; so quiet that you could not have thought you were within reach of the full torrent of London life. The little *pétitement* of the fire, the occasional

soft falling of the ashes, the ticking of the small, soft-toned clock, were the only audible sounds. It was a warm spring afternoon, and but that Mrs. Beresford liked to see it, there was no need for a fire. It made the room warm and drowsy. How it was that, amid all her confused and troubled thoughts, such a reflective child as little Cara should have got drowsy too, who can tell? The stillness and quiet were unusual to her. She was leaning back against nurse's chair, her feet curled up, her small frame entirely contained within it, her mother sleeping beside her, the room very still, with those soft rhythms of periodic sound. All at once she came to herself in a moment, after a lapse, the duration of which she knew nothing of. It was the sound of voices which roused her. Her mother speaking — her father, though how he got there she could not tell, standing, very haggard and pale, in front of the fire.

"You said you would tell me — oh, tell me the truth! I am tired of waiting, and of uncertainty. James, in pity, the truth!"

"Yes, my darling — but they came — to no decision. It is so long since Sir William saw you. You could not bear him, you know. He must come again — he must have time —"

"James! You are not telling me the truth!"

Cara saw that her father turned round to the fire, and held out his hands to it, as if he were cold. The change made his voice sound further away. "Annie, Annie! do you think I would deceive you?" he said, faltering. Neither of them knew that the child was there behind the curtain, but of that Cara never thought.

"What did they say?" she cried. "Oh, yes, you deceive me. You do nothing but deceive me — and now, at least, I must know the truth. I will send for Maxwell to come back, and he will tell me — he is honest, not like you. James, James! have you no love for me left? You did love me once — and promised. What did they say? I *know* they have told you. You cannot hide it from me — it is in your face."

He made no answer, but stooped down over the fire, so that his very profile might be hid from her. She could not see anything, he thought, in his shoulders — and yet the tremor in his frame — the very gesture told more plainly than words. She sat up in her bed, growing wild with eager energy. Her cap fell back, which had been loose before, and her long hair streamed over her shoulders. "Bring in

the medicine-box, quick, quick!" she cried. He ran to obey her, glad of the diversion, and knowing how often she had paroxysms of pain, which had to be stilled at all hazards. The neat little medicine-chest, with its orderly drawers and shelves, like a toy in tiny regularity and neatness, was kept in a closet at the other end of the room. He brought it out, and put it down on the table by her bedside. "Is it the usual pain?" he said, his voice trembling. And now she could see all the misery in his haggard face. She clutched with her white feverish fingers at his arm.

"Tell me. You have heard — oh, I can see, you have heard — tell me, what do they say?"

He tried for a moment to get free; but what was the use? His face, all quivering with miserable excitement, his heavy eyes that would not look her in the face; his lips, not steady enough even to frame an excuse, were more telling than any words. She devoured his face with her strained eyes, holding him by his sleeve. Then, with a convulsive shiver, "It is as I thought. Cancer!" The word choked her, and came out stammering, with a shudder beyond words.

"O my darling!" he said, sinking down on his knees by her bedside. "What do they know? They are mistaken every day. How often have we said that, you and I? Why should we make gods of them now? Annie! we never believed in doctors, you and I!"

"I believe in them now," she said. All her excitement had faded from her. The hectic red had disappeared from her cheeks, a convulsive shivering was all that remained of her strong excitement and emotion. She was hushed by the news. No doubt was in her mind as to the truth of it. There was silence for a moment — a long, long time, as it seemed; and when the silence was broken, it was she who spoke, not in complaint or despair, but with a strange, chill wonder and reflective pain. "There are some people who would not have minded so much," she said, in a half-whisper. "Some people do not feel the pain so much — or — the loathing. O my God, my God, *me!*" What could be said? Hard sobs shook the man's helpless frame. He could do nothing for her — and she was dearer to him than his life.

"Do not cry," she said, as if she had been talking to a child, "that hurts me more. Don't you remember when we talked of it — if it ever came to this,

James — and I made you promise. You promised. Surely, surely, you must remember? In summer, before we went away."

He tried to look at her blankly, as if he did not know what she meant; but, God help him, he remembered every word.

"Yes; you know what I mean. I can see it in your eyes. You can't deceive me now, James! you promised!"

"Never! never!" he said, his voice broken with passionate sobs.

"I think you promised; but at least you said it was right — no wickedness in it. Oh, do it, James! You can save me still. Why should I have any more pain now? I could bear it if it was for any good; but why should I *now*, James?"

"I cannot, I cannot," he cried; "do not ask me. Myself, if you will, but not you — not you!"

"Yourself!" she said, with a dreamy contempt. In her deadly danger and despair she was somehow raised above all creatures who had no warrant of death in them. "Why yourself? You are safe; there is no vulture coming to gnaw *your* flesh. O James, have you not the heart of a man to save me! Think if it had been in India, in the Mutiny — and you said it would be right."

"How could I know?" cried the unhappy man, with the artlessness of despair; "how could I tell it was coming to us? I did not think what I was saying. I thought of others — strangers. Annie! oh, let me go! — let me go!"

"Think a moment," she said, still holding him; "think what it will be. Torment! It is hard to bear now, but nothing to what it will be — and worse than torment. You will sicken at me; the place will be unendurable. O God! James, save me! oh, save me! It would be so easy — nothing but a dose, a drink — and all safe. James! James!"

The man burst out into terrible tears — he was beyond the stage at which self-restraint exists — but as for her, she was calm. It was she who held the chief place in this conflict. He was but secondary. The day, the moment was for him but one of many; his life would flow on the same as before, but hers had to stop if not now yet close by. She had her sentence delivered to her. And suddenly a fever of longing woke up in her — a desire to taste this strange death, at once to anticipate fate, like that vertigo which makes shipwrecked people plunge into the sea to meet their end a few minutes before it comes inevitably, forestalling it, not wait-

ing for it. She rushed all at once into sudden energy and excitement.

"Come," she cried, with a breathlessness which was half haste, half from the sudden acceleration of her heart. "Come; this is the moment. There could be no time as good as now. I am not unhappy about it, nor sorry. It is like champagne. James, if you love me, do it at once; do it now!"

He made no reply, but clung to the bed, hiding his face with a convulsive shivering all over him. Was it that the excitement in her communicated itself to him, and that he was tempted to obey? There was a singing and a buzzing in his ears. Despair and misery stupefied him. Sooner or later she was to be taken from him: now, or a few weeks, a few months hence through a burning path of torture. And he could make it easy. Was it a devil or an angel that tugged at his heart, and echoed what she said?

"Come," she said, in soft tones of pleading, "cannot you see? I am in the right mind now. Death takes people constantly by surprise, but I am just as I should like to be, able to understand everything, able to feel what is happening to me, not in pain, or unhappy. Oh, quick, quick, James! you shall hold my hand, and as long as I can speak I will tell you how it feels — like your friend. You remember Como and the boat and the floating away. Quick, quick, while I am happy, out of pain, clear in my head!" Then her voice softened still more, and a piteous smile came upon her face. "Sorry only for you — O my James, my poor James! But you would rather send me away like this than see me perishing — perishing! Come, James!"

She loosed her hold upon him to let him rise, and he stumbled up to his feet like a man dazed, paused, looked at her; then throwing up his arms in a paroxysm of despair and misery, turned and fled from the room. "Ah!" she gave a cry that he thought pursued him, echoing and echoing round his head as he rushed out of the house like a hunted man. But she had no power to pursue him though her cry had. She sat up gazing after him, her arm stretched out, her head bent forward as when she was talking. Then her arm relaxed, her head drooped, a rush of womanish childish tears came to her eyes. Tears! at such a moment they made everything dim around her, but cleared away gradually like a mist, and once more the doomed woman saw clear. He was gone who should have been her loving execu-

tioner and saviour; but—her heart, which had sunk with the disappointment, gave another leap in her breast. He had left the remedy in her hands. The little medicine-chest stood open beside her on the table, within her reach. She did not pause to think, but put out her hand and selected one of the bottles firmly yet trembling, trembling only in her nerves, not in her courage. It required a little effort to pluck it out of the closely-fitting case, and then she held death in her hands.

Just then a little rustle behind the curtain, a childish form peeping round the corner, disturbed her more than anything else in the world would have done. "Mamma," said Cara, "what is that? What is that you are going to take? If papa would not give it you, can it be good for you? Oh, don't take it, mamma!"

Mrs. Beresford trembled so much that she could scarcely hold the bottle in her hand. "It is something that will put my pain away," she said, quite humbly. "O Cara, my darling, I must take it; it will put away my pain."

"Are you sure, quite sure?" said the child. "Shall I ring for nurse, mamma, or shall I do it? My hand is quite steady. I can drop medicine as well as nurse can. Mamma, you are quite, quite sure it will do you good; there, let me give it you."

"No, no," she said, with a low shriek and shudder, turning away from her. "No, Cara, not for the world."

"But I am very steady; and here is your glass, mamma."

"God forbid!" she cried, "not you, not you." This last strange incident seemed to take from her the last excuse for delay, and hurried on her fate. She paused a moment, with her hands clasped close upon the little phial, and looked upward, her face inspired and shining with a wonderful solemnity. Then slowly she unclasped her fingers, sighed, and put it to her lips. It was not the right way to take medicine, poor little Cara thought, whose mind was all in a confusion, not knowing what to think. But the moment the deed was done, that solemn look which frightened Cara passed away from her mother's face. "Ah!" she cried, fretfully, wiping her lips with her handkerchief, "how nasty, how nasty it is! Give me a piece of sugar, a bit of biscuit, anything to put the taste away."

Cara brought the biscuit, pleased to be of use. She picked up the bottle which had dropped out of her mother's hand, and put it back tidily in the case. She

smoothed the disordered pillow. Mamma had been vexed because papa would not tell her something, would not let her know the truth, which was precisely what Cara herself objected to in him; but perhaps papa might have reason on his side too, for she was not strong enough to be agitated. And no doubt he would come back presently and make amends. In the mean time it pleased Cara to be her mother's sole attendant, she putting everything tidy with great care, drawing the coverlet straight, and smoothing the bed. The medicine-chest was too heavy for her to carry back to its proper place, but at last she put it exactly level upon the table, with the other things cosily arranged round it. Her mother, following her movements with drowsy eyes, smiled softly upon her. "Cara, come here," she said; "come and give me a kiss. You will be good, and take care of papa?"

"Yes," said Cara, astonished. She was almost frightened by the kiss, so clinging and solemn, which her mother gave her, not on her cheek, but her mouth. Then Mrs. Beresford dropped back on the pillow, her eyes closing. Cara had finished her tidying. She thought the room looked more still than ever, and her patient more comfortable; and with a curious mixture of satisfaction and wonder she went back behind the curtain to nurse's big chair. Then her mother called her again; her eyes altogether closed this time, her voice like one half asleep.

"Cara, tell him I was not angry; tell him it is quite true—no pain, only floating, floating away."

"What are you saying, mamma?"

"Floating, floating; he will know." Then she half opened the drowsy eyes again, with a smile in them. "Give me one kiss more, my Cara. I am going to sleep now."

The child could not tell what made her heart beat so, and filled her with terror. She watched her mother for a moment, scarcely daring to draw her breath, and then rang the bell, with a confused desire to cry for help, though she could not have told why.

From Temple Bar.

THE LAST OF THE GRAND SCHOOL OF CONNOISSEURS.

IF this description be correct—and it was made by an excellent authority—Thomas Dodd should not be forgotten.

But I find that even the elder generation of art-collectors, *habitués* of the King Street sale-rooms, or of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, jog their recollection when he is named. Twenty-six years is an age for the memory of one who leaves no printed record of his labors and his knowledge. If ever that catalogue should be published which has been promised so long, of the prints left by Francis Douce to the Bodleian Library, Dodd's name will be once again familiar in men's mouths, with increased honor. Looking forward to that time — as every *virtuoso* of Europe has been doing for thirty-five years past — I may rescue from oblivion an autobiography which is not least interesting of the many MSS. possessed by Mr. Mayer of Bebington. It is curious for its facts. That a tailor-boy, band-boy, butcher-boy, harper, tailor for the second time, footman, bookseller, and auctioneer, should grow into the most accomplished and profound judge of a most intricate branch in art is surprising enough already. But Mr. Dodd enjoyed the dubious advantage of a literary style unequalled, perhaps, since Mrs. Malaprop gave up earthly correspondence.

One would not ridicule a man whose career was so honorable, and whose attainments so great; but I cannot myself carry reverence so far as to overlook plain facts. The involuntary laugh at perversions of speech will not be smothered by respect for learning in quite another line of study. One may marvel how Dodd acquired the ponderous Latinisms which he so strangely employs, but there they are, a droll array. Like most men self-educated, he grew to think the use of our plain mother-tongue to be a sign of ignorance, monosyllables a disgrace, and common forms of speech beneath the scholar's notice. I take occasion to display our hero's style, bearing in memory that great maxim, *le style c'est l'homme*. Thereby the reader will be enabled to guess somewhat of characteristics unhinted in the long autobiography I am about to summarize. But, whilst smiling, I hope he will ever keep in mind the astonishing ability of which this quaint language is, in one sense, another token. A schoolboy may laugh at Dodd's grammar, but very few critics have equalled him in knowledge, and none have excelled.

I, Thomas Dodd, was the first-born offspring of my parents, Thomas Dodd, a tailor, and Elizabeth, the second daughter of Thomas Tooley, an eminent accoucheur of his day,

dwelling in the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields, London; in which parish my parents also resided, and therein my mother gave me birth, on the 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1771, and was baptized in the parish church on the 22nd day of August following.

In such heroic vein does Thomas Dodd set himself to write "A Narrative of Incidents and Adventures in my Progress in Life" for his patron, Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A. As a sign of character, it is to be remarked that this first-born offspring of his parents never afterwards makes particular mention of a brother or a sister; never, indeed, alludes to his wife, save to announce the wedding, and to record her presence in that trip to Ludlow when he first struggled for the *spolia opima* of calcography, the "Basiloogia."

Dodd senior was a person of mysterious habits. We learn that he had a practice of disappearing for a while, naturally reprehended by his family. It does not appear why he should have taken a two years' trip on the Continent in 1781, nor why he should have returned thither "to stay" after six months' renewed experience of domestic joys. Until this final departure our hero went to school in the "Academy" of M. Dufour on Shooter's Hill. He does not hesitate to say that four years' residence with this gentleman earned him "great reputation for his progressive attainments in the elements of learning and of writing."

But whilst the father thus abandoned his home, the mother had no means of support except in making waistcoats, and she was doubtless overjoyed when an Anglo-American colonel, named De Vaux, offered to take young Thomas into his employment. This extraordinary gentleman, whose proceedings are utterly incomprehensible, as we catch glimpses of them in the narrative, wished to establish a juvenile band. Thomas Dodd was chosen to play the first clarionet, a boy named Carpenter played second, two other boys had French horns, and a tall negro named Johnson accompanied on the bassoon. The same Johnson afterwards clashed the cymbals in the band of the Duke of York's Foot Guards. At this moment he was groom, valet, and factotum of the gay colonel, who lived at Craven Hill with an American lady from Carolina. In fashionable places De Vaux kept up great style, "in a lofty phaeton, propelled by four fine bay blood-horses, accompanied by black Johnson, as his

groom, on a fifth." But what he wanted with a "juvenile band," unless to herald his progress, is not shown.

Dodd and his comrades dwelt in a loft above the stable; they had nothing to do save eat their meals in the kitchen and attend upon the music-masters twice a week. They "were nearly subjugated to shift for themselves," but twelve months passed in this manner. Then the colonel got rid of his mistress and broke up his establishment, setting out on a tour through England. Dodd and Carpenter were left with a butcher to be cared for, the other boys with other tradesmen. Their music-lessons were to be kept up, and meanwhile the colonel and his black groom went forth in grand array to seek an heiress.

Chapman, the butcher, proved to be an amiable man, but his wife was a "brute." She stripped the boys of their good clothing, dressed them like butchers, and set them to do the foul drudgery of the shop. They slept on undressed sheepskins in a back kitchen underground; they got nothing to eat but what was tainted, and this "furious and demon-like fiend" knocked them about with a broomstick. They carried out meat, attended Chapman to Smithfield and the slaughter-house—in fact did the work of butcher-boys of the lowest class.

For twelve months young Dodd endured his fate. But in August, 1785, he learned that the colonel was then at Liverpool, and a beating more savage than ordinary stirred him to seek his benefactor. Without a cap, in shoes worn out, and filthy jacket and apron, actually penniless, he set out for a walk to Liverpool. Crossing Primrose Hill he found a raw carrot in the path, and ate it with superstitious gratitude. At Jack Straw's Castle, on Hampstead Heath, a drover invited him to assist with a flock of sheep going to Barnet, which Dodd very willingly agreed to do for twopence, bread and cheese, and beer. From Barnet he followed a Liverpool wagon to St. Alban's, reaching that place at midnight. The wagoner put up his horses and went to bed, but our hero wandered about supperless, until a good woman leaning on the hatchway door of her house, gave him a slice of bread-and-butter. Then he found a smithy still open and cheefully clanging. With the light and noise for company, young Thomas tied his apron round his head, and slept by the doorway till a wagon passing roused him at 4 A.M. It proved to be the same he had already followed,

and he took up the pursuit till it brought him to Stony Stratford about sundown. Whilst resting on a bank, the school-children surrounded and mocked him. Nor was this all of poor Thomas's misfortune, for a man came up, gun on shoulder, and threatened to shoot him then and there, for reasons unstated. He called Thomas hard names, moreover, and proposed to send him back for a runaway apprentice, tied under the next coach passing Londonwards.

But, for the credit of Stony Stratford, there were inhabitants of more kindly humor. A poor laundress rescued the boy, took him to her cottage, gave him supper, bed, breakfast, and twopence.

Thus [says he] in the seven following days I traversed through Daventry, Dunchurch, Coventry, Meriden, Litchfield, Stone, Newcastle, Warrington, and finally reached Liverpool, meeting on my route both vicissitudes and friendly assistance from the humane of both sexes.

But the mysterious colonel had followed his quest of an heiress to Matlock Baths, and Thomas ruefully deliberated whether to pursue or not, sitting melancholy on the pier-head. He set out at length, and on Shude Hill took counsel with some Irish road-makers. They cheered him up, and subscribed fourpence amongst them to help him along. In the evening he reached Prescott, where the ostler of an inn let him sleep in the hay-loft, and gave him food. Next day he passed through Warrington, "loitering there for a while," as he tells us. But nothing good turned up for the poor little fellow, and he wandered on to Hollin's Green. Here a farmer gave him leave to sleep in his barn. Presently, while Thomas was dreaming, three or four men entered noisily, rejoicing in some villanous success. One of them stumbled over the boy, and instantly threatened to murder him; but he feigned sleep, and they drew off whispering. About a quarter of an hour afterwards the earth shook, and a dreadful noise, like a peal of the loudest thunder, startled sleep away. The men uttered shouts of triumph, and decamped. Thomas supposed the alarm to be caused by an earthquake, but on leaving the barn before daylight he found all the village astir. A powder-mill had blown up by accident, as people thought, and he did not undeceive them. In the evening Manchester was gained, where kind-hearted persons gave him food and coppers enough to pay for a lodging.

Next day brought him to Chapel-en-le-Frith, and a good Quakeress relieved him. Supper and shelter she provided, a hat besides, and shoes; for the one, he had not possessed on starting, and the other was but a mockery. Sixpence also did the kind lady present to him, and Thomas went forth merrily, reaching Matlock Baths at sunset. Most creditable travelling for a boy of thirteen! Thomas had no difficulty in finding his gallant patron, but here a certain diffidence took hold of him. It occurred to his simple mind as remotely possible that the colonel might not be deliriously overjoyed to see his first clarionet in such circumstances. "With anxiety and apprehension," he sat in the hotel stables, and revolved these novel thoughts. To him entered the oster with a lantern, who naturally, though sternly, inquired what such a ragged boy might be doing there. "To which interrogatories I replied, and asked" if black Johnson was anywhere about. The man fetched him, and black Johnson, with no visible surprise, promptly inquired how Thomas was getting on with the clarionet.

To satisfy himself he took the boy into the kitchen, and set him to show his ability upon a borrowed instrument. To the pleasant air of "Malbrook" all the household cheerfully gave way, and the maids began to dance, whilst the cooks prepared a dainty supper for their minstrel boy. Meantime, black Johnson told his master, who was pursuing his heiress in the ballroom. The colonel came out, Thomas went up-stairs, and on the landing this grave interview took place:—

"How the devil did you get here?" asked the colonel. To which I stated in reply the ill treatment I had experienced, which had compelled me to resort to seek shelter under his protection. In the course of three days I was re-equipped in a tyger-like style,

and, in short, Thomas made himself useful.

But the heiress did not turn up at Matlock, and the indefatigable colonel went in search of her to Rochdale. Here, it is hinted, he flushed game, but in the preserves of an irritable stranger. This individual demanded an immediate meeting, and I am sorry to record that the colonel vanished at that word.

They went to Manchester, and stopped nearly a month, figuring with conspicuous effect at balls and parties, but neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Frodsham and Chester were tried without success, a

tour through north Wales had no result. Returning by Conway, the colonel found an opportunity to drop Thomas in that ancient city. He handed him to an itinerant harper, who played to guests in the hotel. By this man our hero was taken to his mother's farm near Llanrwst, to be there instructed in the rudiments of harping. It is to be observed that nowhere does Dodd speak of Colonel De Vaux in unkindly mood. To the last he was apparently as much mystified as any one by that gentleman's proceedings.

The farm was half an acre, and its stock two sheep and a half-dozen poultry. Thomas had a bundle of straw in the cottage, some black bread to eat, with an occasional potato, and water or buttermilk to drink. He starved and learnt nothing, for the harper left him after two days, wandering in search of fairs and festivities. At the end of three weeks the boy grew tired, and set off for Llanrwst. Here the colonel had been staying in great magnificence whilst on his tour, so that Mr. John Richards, landlord of the Queen's Head, was naturally surprised to behold his former "tyger" wandering unprotected about the town. Mr. Richards was himself a harpist, and on hearing the boy's tale a thrill of indignation warmed him. Thomas learned that the colonel had been imposed upon. Mr. John Jones was notoriously incompetent to teach the harp. His fingering, as every one admitted, was most imperfect, and his knowledge of the true science a subject of mockery with all who knew him. Would the colonel be likely to pay a professor really skilled, if such an one could be discovered? Thomas had no doubt of it. So Mr. Richards took him home and introduced him to his family. Nor does his charitable humor seem to have been chilled when Thomas ate up a whole leg of mutton.

For twelve months Mr. Richards treated the boy very kindly, and gave him careful teaching in his profession. But no word came from the colonel, and no money. The innkeeper grew cold, then morose; finally things became so bad that Thomas decided to run away. He could now speak Welsh a little, and used his accomplishment to beg Christmas boxes, as is the custom in Wales, and, indeed, elsewhere. He collected fifteen pence on Christmas day of 1786-7, and decamped the same night. At midnight the inn was full of customers, drinking ale, and singing to Welsh harps; Thomas slipped down without his shoes, passed the bulldogs, crossed the yard and over the gates.

There was a brilliant moon and a keen frost to quicken his travel towards the mountains. About two hours after, he heard a horse's hoofs, which rang far on the frozen ground, but there was no place to hide upon the bare hillside, and the moon lit it up like day. The rider came up rapidly and asked inconvenient questions. At length he went on, and about 4 A. M. Thomas reached the village of Cerrig-y-Druidion. That appears to have been a convivial spot. The inhabitants were still honoring Christmas at the ale-house, with the usual ceremonies.

They had a harper naturally, and to his music each sang a stanza of his own composition. Thomas made himself so popular by a new tune, that the delighted Welshmen plied him with "cwrw da" till he fell asleep in their midst. Meanwhile, Llanrwst was fevered by the loss of those accomplishments which rejoiced Cerrig-y-Druidion. The town crier went about proclaiming Mr. Richards' despair, and presently an itinerant preacher came forward to announce that he had passed the boy on the mountains. Richards sent after him, and the messenger overtook Thomas in Llangollen. Upon solemn promises that he should not be hurt, the runaway mounted a pony sent for him, and returned disconsolate. Richards kept the word pledged, but threatened his apprentice with the gaol if he tried anything of the sort again.

The people of Llanrwst very seriously believed in fairies and hobgoblins, at the happy time we treat of. Thomas found himself a hero, to be classed with the most undaunted champions of Cymric story, for his valor in walking the mountains at midnight. We do not read of particular honors paid the dissenting minister, but the fame of Thomas Dodd travelled far. It reached, among others, the Rev. John Royle, who dwelt at the abbey, near Llanrwst. He questioned the boy, and learned his story. Richards had evidently no rights over him, and he wished to leave a house made intolerable by unkindness. There and then Mr. Royle set him on his horse, sent him off to the abbey, and visited Mr. Richards.

Dodd always spoke of this new protector in terms equally grateful and involved: "Under his direction," says he, "I became his attendant, more with parental accordance than otherwise." Mr. Royle had sporting tastes, and Thomas's especial duty was to look after his greyhounds, and accompany him coursing. In the year 1786, to which we have arrived, Capel

Cerrig and its neighborhood were almost desert. The mountains, utterly barren, could be crossed only on horse-tracks. The village consisted of a small chapel, one house "called an inn," and a blacksmith's forge, supported chiefly by the miners. Cottages were very few and far between on the hills, and they should rather have been called huts. Mr. Dodd tells us that he saw an astonishing change already, when he revisited the spot, in 1824. Slopes which had been naked were covered with plantations, the valleys were green and cultivated, pretty cottages had taken place of dirty hovels.

The country offered such sport, and the parson was so enthusiastic, that Thomas innocently treats coursing as his regular employment.

During my leisure hours of relaxation [says he] my mind was bent towards improving my mental capacity in the exercises of reading, in writing, and arithmetic, having had but little or no previous practice, but what I had inculcated at Mr. Dufour's academy, from which I was withdrawn at the age of ten years. I also gained some additional inculcation in practising on the harp from Lady Kyffin's harper, whom I frequently visited, and made myself no less useful to him by reading new tunes.

The whole of 1787, and part of the year ensuing, were spent with Mr. Royle, until a certain affectionate yearning drew Thomas towards his mother. The worthy parson gave him a suit of clothes and ten guineas; we learn, incidentally, that Welsh tailors at that epoch exercised a peripatetic profession, working in the country houses as they went along. Mr. Royle had a presentiment that his young huntsman would not return, and he seems to have been correct in bidding him an eternal farewell, since we hear of this gentleman no more.

Arriving at London in eight days, Thomas found his mother and two sisters working for Tooley and Mitchell, tailors, of Pancras Lane, the head of the firm being Mrs. Dodd's brother. They took the wanderer also into their employment, apparently under some promise of ultimate advantage. But in the mean while, they set him to attend upon their workmen, to sweep the shop, and to carry parcels out. After a year of this, Thomas began to despair. He could find no leisure for "inculcating" his mind, and resolved to quit this employment also. With his uncle's ready assent, he put down his name at a registry office, and within a day or two was engaged by Mrs. Stuart, 48,

Weymouth Street, Portland Place, as footman.

Here Dodd remained two years and a half, until tempted to "better himself." As footman, but at a larger salary, he entered the service of Timothy Mangles, Esq., a wealthy merchant, whose town house was in Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, and his country-seat at Leytonstone, Essex.

The light work of Mr. Mangles' household gave Dodd ample time for study. He began to practise drawing, and before the end of 1794 he had acquired considerable skill in copying prints, and even in *genre* subjects from nature. In the autumn of that year he married the waiting-maid of Miss Mangles. This grave step compelled him to seek more profitable employment, and he set up a day-school for boys, in the neighborhood of Battle Bridge, St. Pancras.

Here—but it is safer to transcribe Dodd's own account:—

After a short interval scholars began to flow in apace, owing to the rapid improvement they made under my instruction; insomuch that some few of their mothers came in succession to compliment me for what they termed as astonishing, considering the time they had been under preceding tutors, and of them had realized but very little or no improvement.

Dodd then explains the "jocose and facilitating mode of tutorship," by which he earned so much success.

But he kept school for a few months only, until a situation as engrossing clerk in the Enrolment Office of the Court of Chancery was obtained for him by Uncle Tooley. The charge of his office included deeds of bargain and sale, memorials of annuities, specifications of patents, etc., and the latter were commonly accompanied by drawings of machinery, which had to be copied. From his "previous inculcation" Dodd had reached considerable skill in such drawing, and soon perceived that the copiers of the office made more money than the engrossers. After proving his ability he was admitted amongst the former, and very soon obtained a large connection with inventors. Ten till two were the business hours of 1795, and Dodd had ample leisure for his private practice. An action brought by Messrs. Boulton and Watt against certain individuals accused of infringing on their patent for the steam-engine, displayed his talents publicly. Counsel for the defendants objected to the copy of the patent drawings lodged in court, and demanded the originals.

When brought, they were so perfectly in accordance with the copy, that Dodd received a compliment from the judge.

Beginning thus, his interest in prints became a passion. After a while he resolved to trade in them, as much for the opportunities of study to be thus obtained as for the profit. He frequented sales of old books and engravings, buying as his means permitted. In the year 1796 he was able to begin, upon the smallest scale, in Lambeth Marsh. Though humble, the venture was not unsuccessful, and in two years Dodd felt encouraged to take larger premises in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. At Lambeth Marsh he had a notable customer. William Henry Ireland found out the unpretending shop, and doubtless thought it obscure enough for his purposes. Dodd's speciality, even at this time, was ancient portraits, which he cut from books, selling the letter-press afterwards. Ireland persuaded him to abstract also the fly-leaf at beginning and end of the volume, thus securing paper of the proper age for his elaborate forgeries.*

Dodd had not yet given up his position at the Enrolment Office, but he became more and more fascinated by the study of prints. In the quaintest terms he makes the effort to describe his enthusiasm, his hard work, and his success. Paragraph after paragraph he repeats the same tale, evidently doubtful whether previous words

* Mr. Thomas Wright apparently believes, as did Gilray, that Samuel Ireland, father to William, actually wrote the forged dramas. Samuel Ireland, favorably known for his "Picturesque Tours," announced that his son had received a present from an unacknowledged source of many important mementos and manuscripts, originally the property of Shakespeare. These were exhibited to various distinguished but credulous literary men with such art, that their authenticity was generally accepted. Ireland now proceeded further. He announced that an entire MS. play, "Vortigern and Rowena," from the pen of the immortal bard, formed part of these treasures. The discovery excited universal attention; the two great theatres were eager to secure it, and Drury Lane secured the precious document for £300, and a stipulated half of the receipts for the first sixty nights. The prologue boldly asserted, "Before the court immortal Shakespeare stands!" and the play commenced. It was at once recognized as a failure. The piece proceeded to the line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," pronounced in the fifth act by Kemble, who played Vortigern, and upon this apposite cue the uproarious behavior of his audience convinced the manager that the piece was an impudent forgery. Ireland's audacity exceeded belief. In an interview with Sheridan and Kemble he urged a second trial. Sheridan dissented, and when Ireland was dismissed Kemble said, "Well, sir, you cannot doubt that the play is a forgery!" "Damn the fellow!" replied Sheridan, "I believe his face is a forgery."—"The Works of James Gilray," edited by T. Wright, p. 232.

The whole collection of Ireland's forgeries is now in possession of Mr. Mayer, who bought them in a miscellaneous kind of sale at Hodgson's rooms, Liverpool, some thirty years ago.

have yet conveyed all he would tell the reader.

My mind was sensibly alive to obtain every possible variety in the curious and varied productions of the early calcographists of the different nations of Europe. I progressively became initiated into all the varieties of practice in the art itself, and more especially into the extent of the works of each artist whose productions carried with them a high degree of perfection, and of otherwise celebrity, etc. . . . At this period the whole bent of my genius became assiduously diverted and directed in the pursuit, etc. . . . My whole energy became as it were enraptured to a degree of enthusiasm at the sight of such productions as carried with them any prominent perfection of art as emanating (*sic*) from the painter, but more especially that of the engraver, and engrafting them into my very nature.

Proceeding thus progressively I daily acquired increased information into the names of engravers of all nations throughout Europe, their varied modes of practice, their tact and efficiency in producing tone and effect in concordance with the production of the painter from whom they individually made their transcript; a task of no easy attainment but by habitual perseverance (and to such only that are gifted with a cheerful intellectual capacity to engraft in the memory as they progress in its acquirements); consequently the calcographic productions of every practitioner in the art throughout Europe became in time as familiar to my sight, insomuch as to identify every product, and applying it *instantly* to the individual who produced it, without referring to signatures.

Thus Dodd reiterates the tale of his honorable struggles, and the assurance of his extraordinary success. It is not wonderful that he should exert himself thus, for no words of an autobiographer would persuade us that after such a youth as Dodd's a man could suddenly make himself the foremost authority in a branch of art perhaps the most abstruse. Fortunately there is other evidence. An astonishing industry, joined, doubtless, to a natural bent, actually did enable this ex-Jack-of-all-trades to become a critic of renown before his thirtieth birthday, and to lift him long before he died into the very highest rank of connoisseurs. It is to be remembered also that whilst art students nowadays owe an immense debt to Thomas Dodd, he owed very little to any Englishman. Joseph Strutt had, indeed, published, in 1785, his "Biographical History of Engravers and their Works," but the notices of each artist are very brief and incorrect, the criticisms no less so, and the examples of style are curiously ill chosen. The introductory chapters of

the book prove more valuable, and they are said to have been the writing of William Roscoe.

Since the history of art was thus neglected at home, Dodd naturally looked more afield. To enjoy the advantage of foreign criticisms and knowledge, he set himself to learn French, and readily acquired skill enough to comprehend works of the class he affected. With materials thus gathered, he proposed, as a beginning, to publish the name "of every person that had hitherto exercised the arts of engraving and etching, either in metallic substances or on wood, by any one or conjoined processes; that is, by either engrafting the use of the graver with that of the point, or in mezzotinto, aquatinta, soft ground, and other modes at that time in practice." The catalogue was arranged in eight columns, of which the first showed the engraver's monogram, when he thus signed his work; the second, his full name; the third, his birthplace; the fourth, his date; the fifth, his residence; sixth, his line of art; seventh, his favorite subject; and last, the date of his death. This great work was never published at all, as I believe. It forms thirty manuscript folios in the collection of Mr. Mayer.

In the Enrolment Office Dodd had two young clerks under him, who were destined to become famous. They were sons of an old painter named Fielding, and were called Copley and Raffael. The father had a certain reputation for his painting of very old men, in whose faces he showed every wrinkle and line. They called him the "English Denner." Linnell, also, had his earliest patron in Dodd, who bought from the tiny artist his small sketches of a boat or a river scene, executed in chalk on a blue ground. Linnell was eight or nine years old in 1800, but Dodd saw his talent, and was pleased to accompany the child on his little sketching-expeditions.

The task of compiling this catalogue fixed in the collector's memory the information which it contained. He increased the list of Strutt's engravings fourfold, and

from this time my name became proverbial as being the person of best authority to resort to as regarding enquiry relative to such subject, whether as applying to the prevailing talent of any individual practitioner in the art, the extent of his works, and of other relative properties respecting them, and of the distinctive variations of impression that had resulted by alterations in any one or more states of the plates so produced.

This sentence may be puzzling, but a little thought will discover what the writer means, and a slight knowledge of the subject will show that Dodd does not exaggerate his own merit.

The shop in Tavistock Street soon made its name. Collectors eager to buy, students anxious to learn, and poor folks driven to sell, rejoiced to find a dealer who understood his stock in trade, and conducted it upon honest principles. Dodd gave a fair price and sold at a fair profit, taking no advantage of a vendor's ignorance nor of a buyer's folly. He has left but few successors.

The shop became a "rendezvous of the cognoscenti," as people said in those days, careless of the unities and the harmonies. Dodd was constantly employed judging and valuing prints, buying, selling, and studying without intermission. The demands made upon him as a critic, and his growing reputation, tempted him to undertake the public sale of books, prints, and articles of *vertù*. In 1806 he took front premises, with an auction room at the back, in St. Martin's Lane, and began business. But the French war was then at its height, the income-tax crushing, and men's minds full of anxiety. In every street, hung out to view hatchments blacker than the engraver's best, and the newspapers gave such a catalogue of dead students in the art of war as distanced Strutt and Dodd together. Things did not go well in St. Martin's Lane, but the other business had not been given up, and it prospered fairly. The stock, however, increased beyond reason, and in 1809 Dodd resolved upon a country trip. He chose a thousand of his best engravings, ranging from the earliest period of the sixteenth century and ending with those of the eighteenth. These he sent to Liverpool by canal, and followed himself, trusting especially to the protection of William Roscoe, to whom he had a letter of introduction.

He was not disappointed. That great connoisseur received him at Allerton Hall, and gathered the most likely people of the neighborhood for a private view of Mr. Dodd's collection. In due time it was sold, at a large house in Lord Street. Twenty-four days the auction lasted, and it realized £1134 15s. 6d. So successful was this enterprise that in the summer following Dodd sold a large library of books at Liverpool with equal advantage. So began his long connection with lovers of art dwelling in the north. Amongst these are specially enumerated, besides William

Roscoe and his son, G. Bainbridge, G. Howarth, J. Ashton Yates, Littledale, Thomas Winstanley, T. Binns, J. Thompson, Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Rev. Mr. Smythe, Rev. Mr. Orré, Messrs. Fielding, Anderson, Tart, Molyneux, Jackson, Pickering, C. Buckworth, Staniforth, Forsyth, Pulford, Bold, and Fletcher Raincock.

On January 18th, 1809, and nine days following, Dodd sold the collection of General W. Dowdeswell, at his rooms in London. It produced £2377 3s. 6d., and the catalogue is still prized by students in this branch of art. At the close of the same year he bought and offered to the public a collection of prints which he considered unique, after supplementing it from his own resources. The catalogue filled one hundred and seventy pages octavo, and was thus prefaced:—

A catalogue of the extensive and highly important collection of prints, forming a select and unusual display of the most rare and superior productions of the French, Flemish, German, and English engravers who stand pre-eminently distinguished for admirable skill in the respective branches of their art; consisting chiefly of portraits, historical compositions, and landscapes abounding with choice proofs; curious variations and impressions of remarkable brilliancy. Also, a choice collection of etchings, more especially by Flemish artists of the sixteenth century, including many of peculiar rarity and of high interest to the enlightened connoisseur. And upwards of fifteen hundred of the productions of Wenceslaus Hollar, comprising his most estimable portraits of British personages, and of local and topographical scenery of Great Britain of remarkable fine quality.

Strutt's "Dictionary of Engravers," illustrated by upwards of four thousand prints, the works of different engravers therein specified, arranged in chronological order, forming twenty-four vols., imp. folio. A select collection of portraits from paintings of Sir Ant. Vandyke, in upwards of two hundred proofs, and Vander Ender impressions, etc.

The sale lasted twenty days, producing £3202 6s.

In the year 1811 Dodd visited Portsmouth with a miscellaneous store of engravings likely to sell amongst a rough population. He took a room in a public-house facing the Parade, and did business to the amount of £500 in four weeks, with sporting-prints, rural scenes, pictures of pugilists, etc. Next year, 1812, was memorable for the great adventure of Dodd's life. He packed up a selection of his goods for Liverpool, and started after it with his wife. She was a native of Ludlow, and wished to revisit this Shropshire town.

Partly on foot, partly by post-chaise and coach, they made their way, and duly arrived. The reader may well be curious to see a specimen of Dodd's extraordinary style set out in full length; in a neat and careful hand, without one blot or insertion, he writes:—

We made our perambulation up one street and entered that of another, which had its due attractions, and especially in it was an inn of comparatively less humble in appearance to its more potent neighbor, but carrying with it antiquarian cut and neatness that took my fancy. Herein we entered, and were ushered into a parlor remarkably clean and well furnished, and the walls adorned with a profusion of prints neatly framed and glazed. . . . These and other peculiarities within the walls of an inn induced me to inquire of the female attendant on us, and her replies being such as rather excited my curiosity as regarding the antiquarian pursuits of the landlord, a bachelor apparently of the age of sixty. I shortly after had an opportunity of addressing him, and on entering further into conversation we sat down together in full chat, dwelling on the subject more especially of engraved portraits, and of other prints of an interesting class, and of such as pertained to history, personal and local. While thus descanting on the merit and curiosity attached to particular prints, he stated that he possessed a book containing portraits of the kings of England. I naturally made the inquiry of "Who by?" as applying to the engraver of them, which his curiosity had not hitherto led him to denote or fix on his memory, the names of bygone engravers. On my part I surmised that they were the well-known series by Vertue. I, however, requested a sight of them, which he immediately complied with by going up-stairs into his treasury chamber or antiquarian receptacle, and returning therefrom with his "Book of Kings," a thin quarto, within an antiquated parchment binding. I at once perceived by its engraved title its important contents, of which the following is a true copy:—

"Basiloogia; a Book of Kings; being the true and lively effigies of all our English Kings, from the Conquest untill this present, with their severall Coats of Arms, Impresses, and Devices, and a brief Chronologie of their Lives and Deaths, elegantly engraved on copper. *Printed for H. Holland and are to be sold by Comp. Holland over against the Exchange, 1618.*" Signed underneath, "*R. E. sculpsit*" (Reynold Elstracke).

The continuation of the "Series of the Kings" descend to that of James the First, his queen and progeny, but this series was accompanied by other portraits, consisting of those of nobility, statesmen, and ladies of elevated rank that had adorned the preceding court of Queen Elizabeth and her successor; forming together ninety-three prints, of the same age of publication as the "Book of Kings."

No instance upon record had, until the year 1811, produced a similar connecting collection of engraved portraits of British statesmen with the above "Book of Kings" of contemporary publication, which in the above year was brought to public competition at Christie's rooms, then known (the book) to have been the property of some member of the Delabere family. This latter copy, however, contained one hundred and fifty-two portraits, which were sold separately in as many lots as were productive of the sum of six hundred pounds.* In this place it must be observed that the "Basiloogia" was in itself a publication unconnected with other engraved portraits of contemporary issue, but as the context proves, from other similar additions to copies of the "Basiloogia" that have since come to light, that in order to give it a more bulky form some few individuals of the reign of James I., who attached interest to portraits painted at that period, caused them to be so far connected by binding, or by sewing them within a parchment or other cover, by which means they were thus preserved and handed down to our own times, otherwise (as with many of great interest) have by this time become nearly obsolete and of non-existence.

Dodd's excitement on discovering such a treasure in a second-rate inn of a small town, confounds all his parts or speech—antecedents are scattered loose abroad, and relatives make no visible efforts to find them. Nominative cases stand master of the field, from which verbs have fled in despair. King Sesquipedalia rules supreme. It may have been a certain eagerness in his guest's demand, which caused the landlord to refuse £50 for his book. Refuse he did, any way, and the Londoner withdrew discomfited, after arranging a system of intelligence with Mrs. Dodd's relatives, whose duty in life was henceforward to keep an eye upon the "Basiloogia."

The sale at Liverpool on this visit consisted mostly of standard prints and books of illustration. That business over, Dodd started on a tour through north Wales, leaving his wife behind. Some of his old friends and persecutors recognized him, but Conway Abbey had passed into possession of Lord Newborough. Some months after Dodd's return to London he heard from the faithful spies at Ludlow, that the possession of a "Basiloogia," or more worldly cares, had proved too much for the innkeeper's brain. Fevered with hope, Dodd waited on him at the earliest opportunity, but all he got for the offer of £100 was a promise that "some day" the jewel should be his. Disconsolate he re-

* *Vide* Appendix C, p. 58, "This series," etc.

turned to London, and sought relief in changing his abode. Stafford Row, Pimlico, seemed better fitted than Covent Garden for his stock, which had now become very select, and of no inconsiderable importance. He wished to retire from the more public class of business. Amongst his best patrons here was Mr. Morse, of Clarges Street, a retired nabob, who killed his time by haunting sale-rooms. As he grew more used to such establishments, Dodd's conduct attracted his attention. Indian experience gave him no clue to the motives of a man who became excited over a print, and paid golden guineas for a worn-out portrait. One day he abruptly called, and asked point blank what was the meaning of it. Dodd explained his pursuit at length, and poured a very deluge of learning over his visitor. Mr. Morse had his doubts apparently. He invited the sage, who knew so much, to name for him the engravers of a small lot of prints in his possession, which were signed only with intricate monograms. Dodd came, took a cup of tea, and read the ciphers at a glance, adding copious information from his store. Mr. Morse was fascinated, and forthwith resolved to master the science of calcography. At considerable expense he did so, becoming as enthusiastic as any collector about town. The whim was lost as easily as it had been acquired, for a few pert young nieces laughed him out of it when he really had something to be proud of. For some years his gallery remained under lock and key, till Mr. John Landseer begged permission to inspect it before beginning his lectures at the British Institution on that subject. This stirred the old spirit, but it dozed off again for another year. A like visit from Mr. Young Ottley and Mr. S. Lloyd, vigilant collectors, bent on the same object, finally reawakened Mr. Morse, and he began to buy with energy and purse recruited. When he died, in 1816, Dodd sold the gallery by auction, as enjoined by Mr. Morse's will. It made thirty-six hundred lots, disposed of in twenty-eight days, for nearly £6000. The catalogue is considered important.

On September 9th, 1816, the sale of Mr. Roscoe's collection attracted buyers from every land to Liverpool. Dodd took advantage of the opportunity to put up to auction a quantity of prints, which he declares to have vied in importance with Roscoe's famous gallery. It does not seem to have sold to his satisfaction. Nevertheless he disposed of a second lot

a month afterwards, with results still more unprofitable.

In the year 1817, a vast amount of time was wasted on a work which François Brulliot forestalled. The "*Dictionnaire de Monogrammes*," etc., of that authority, made useless all Dodd's labor. He takes the surprise and disappointment very cheerfully. From this time fortune left him. It had been hoped that peace would bring prosperity, but stupid financiers and reckless politicians made the years succeeding Waterloo yet more bitter than those of the struggle. Though Dodd is not clear on this subject, it is evident that he was ruined about this time, and lost his London business. He bought and sold, but on a smaller scale, and mostly in the provinces. A certain Wise, auctioneer of the "rigging" sort at Liverpool, had some share in these reverses. Discouraged, no doubt, by his own ill-luck, Dodd allowed this man to sell his prints in 1818, and suffered considerably. But he obtained some seven hundred pounds, and with that small fortune in hand went once more in quest of the "Basiloogia."

People at Ludlow entertained the proverbial opinion of their prophet. The owner of the "Basiloogia" had incautiously boasted how a Londoner had offered him £100 for his engravings, and henceforth the Ludlowites recognized him by no other name than "the old fool," *par excellence*. Under this title Dodd easily found him, and he shrewdly turned to use the public scorn, for Wigley had a natural inclination to prove himself neither fool nor story-teller, and the one way to succeed was to show the cash. In short, after seven years' essay, Dodd bought the "Basiloogia" for £100. All the way to London he displayed his treasure before every one who entered the coach, including two pointer dogs which travelled with two gamekeepers. General Dowdeswell, before mentioned, bought twenty-three of the prints, which were lacking in his own collection, for £150. The kings themselves, twenty-four in number, went to the dowager marchioness of Bath for thirty guineas. Some others Dodd sold to Mr. Wilson at five guineas each, and the remainder, in one lot, to Mr. P. Colnaghi for £130.

A long illness in 1818-19 seemed to have further deranged Mr. Dodd's affairs. In his bedroom, however, he wrote "A Dissertation on the Origin of the Art of Engraving, &c., comprehending a Period from the Time of Noah to that of the Date of the Birth of Jesus Christ," etc.,

etc., never published. The MS. is in Mr. Mayer's possession. That part of it which gathers together all scattered references to the art which the Bible contains is particularly interesting.

On leaving his room, Dodd found he "possessed neither funds nor that class of stock sufficient to propel me again into action. Nevertheless, my credit was good with many; but, on my part, I declined in a degree in accepting it, but on the condition only of sale or return of such stock as I could dispose of." Taking a quantity of books and prints to Liverpool upon these terms, the sale of them proved so unsatisfactory that Dodd shook the dust off his feet for a witness against that town, and went to Manchester. There was nobody to rival him in the neighborhood. Works of art, books, etc., had been sold hitherto upon the system of halfpenny biddings, a little fact suggestive enough. Dodd found trouble at first in opposing custom, but some persons of position took him up, and presently he began to thrive once more, in a small ground-floor at Pool-fold, then at the entrance of the Exchange in St. Ann's Street. "My name and fame," says he "(if I may so express it), became a topic of conversation, far and wide, of that locality, the seat of manufactures."

So things went "progressively," till it became desirable to move a third time. Dodd took large premises in King Street during the year 1821, where he ventured to dispose of miscellaneous articles, even farm-stock. As an auctioneer he was very popular, and his private trade in books and prints again became important. The London dealers knew and trusted him, consigning large parcels to his care.

In 1823 Dodd hatched a scheme fated to have important consequences. How it was formed he himself should best know, and he has explained the matter as follows:—

My natural impulse led me moreover to diffuse by the course of conversation in reply to enquiries, many interesting topics on the subject, and especially with individuals whose attentions were more or less excited therein, combined with an instinctive desire to become more elevated in their conceptions and a general comprehensive culture of them. From such essential promulgations I gradually discerned a generous feeling towards them by the more enlightened classes of the community, and foresaw that if in a degree they were directed and diffused among the ingenious although uninitiated minds of the community, great and highly intellectual results would ensue, to the benefit of all classes engaged in

operative employments of manufacture. Entertaining within me such and other like mental thoughts upon the subject, I duly considered that by a diffusive circulation of prints adapted to such essential purposes among the leading and more influential individuals of the trading and manufacturing classes of the community of Manchester, might eventually lead to such beneficial results as I then duly contemplated.

Led by these reflections, Dodd addressed a circular to his wealthiest patrons. It proposed, in effect, that they should each subscribe £10, to be expended by Dodd in the purchase of prints and books at his discretion. Whatever the sum so raised, he undertook to add as much on his own account, and the articles bought he engaged to sell at private auction. Every subscriber would have a right to his ten pounds' worth, and as much more as he chose to buy.

This circular was immediately answered by leading citizens, but it especially struck the artists of the town. At a supper-party there was much talk of it, and next day Mr. Calvert, a painter, waited upon Dodd in the name of his brethren to suggest an annual exhibition of pictures. As a result, a general meeting of the profession took place at Messrs. Jackson's print warehouse, in Market Street. Dodd was called to the chair, an honor which he declined, but he readily became their honorary secretary. At his house weekly meetings were held, until the association resolved to call upon their wealthier townsmen to create a permanent fund for exhibitions. The circular was drawn up by Dodd, and it found immediate answer. A number of gentlemen met and formed themselves into a committee of consideration. They resolved to buy the premises of which Dodd's sale-rooms formed part, nearly an acre in extent, the property of Colonel Ford, of Sandbach. Dodd was commissioned to treat with this gentleman, and he secured the place, after personal negotiations, for £5750.

The active and business-like men who had this matter in charge wasted no time. A general meeting of the inhabitants of Manchester was called for October 1st, 1823, in the large room of the Exchange. A hundred and forty persons subscribed £50 apiece, and the Manchester Institution was afoot. Its further progress need not be followed here.

But the originator of the scheme did not share the general delight. When subscriptions poured in so fast that the committee found themselves worth £16,-

100 in six months, Dodd's premises were no longer equal to their desires. They resold the property to one of their number, a Mr. Christie, whose drysalting establishment abutted on it. There is no apparent reason to suppose that he had any object besides a wish to increase his business, but Dodd was bitterly aggrieved. Very libellous words indeed does he employ to denounce the greed of Christie, and the thoughtless ingratitude of those who so used his own idea to turn him out of house and home. For the drysalter instantly gave notice to Dodd, and, in the mean while, heaped bricks and timber before his entrance door. A threat of law, and a mutual explanation, brought both parties to an understanding for a while.

"The Connoisseur's Repertorium," first part, is dated from Manchester, Dec. 13th, 1824. It was a "History of Artists, as Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers who have flourished from the Era of the Revival of the Fine Arts in the Twelfth Century to the present Epoch, by Thomas Dodd." A very fair number of subscribers encouraged the book, which would have been most valuable had Dodd possessed the faculty of using his extraordinary information. The reader will quite comprehend by this time how it was the enterprise broke down at its sixth volume or part. Mr. Douce, however, the "benefactor" of the Bodleian Library, found it not too diffuse. He wrote a letter of strong congratulation to Dodd, extolling the merit and erudition of the work, and even declaring, "You had little occasion to apologize for your style of writing the text, because it is exceedingly good, and just what it ought to be." On that point opinions may differ, but no one will doubt that the "Repertorium" would have been an astonishing monument of learning.

Christie's building-operations finally overcame Dodd's obstinacy. He gave up his rooms at the end of 1825, and left Manchester in disgust. Liverpool welcomed him with no better success, for a panic raged there. After eight years' absence, Dodd returned to London, and started sale-rooms in Leicester Street, Leicester Square, opposite that too famous establishment called "the Slaughter House," which was kept by a former clerk of Dodd's, George Jones. For two years the rivalry lasted, until the ex-master gave way, and the Slaughterer ruled supreme.

In 1828, three publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Chaunce, of St. Paul's Church-

yard, Hunt and Clarke, of York Street, Covent Garden, and Charles Walker, Paternoster Row, proposed to pay Dodd forty pounds a volume of his "Connoisseur's Repertorium," to be published every three months. At the end of the following year this arrangement ceased, as one partner was bankrupt, another had retired, and the third did not see his way. Mr. Martin Colnaghi just then offered Dodd four pounds a week to act as foreman in his establishment. The position was accepted, and in this capacity Dodd was employed to catalogue and rearrange Lord Yarborough's collection of old prints. When the opportunity arrived, he did not fail to stir in his lordship an enthusiasm almost equal to his own, and upon the superintendence of Colnaghi's affairs falling into the hands of the well-known auctioneer, Harry Phillips, Lord Yarborough took Dodd into his own employment. In this service he remained, purchasing prints and completing the collection till 1834. At that time died his patron, Mr. Tennant, Lord Yarborough's brother-in-law, and on that event the pursuit was set aside.

During the same period Dodd made the indices and mounted the prints for Mr. Bowyer's splendid illustration of Hume's "History of England." Mr. H. Hawkins was his immediate employer.

For some years following he traded in prints, visited Manchester and Liverpool, and settled for some months in the former town. His most important commission was the re-arrangement of Mr. Standish's collection at Duxbury. At the end of 1838 Dodd tried once more to fix himself in Liverpool, but failed.

At this time [he writes] Mr. Clements took on him the kind office of introducing me to your notice at your residence at Everton, where I met with a most cordial reception from you (Mr. Mayer) personally, and with it, moreover, your kind and liberal patronage, and which I have retained in succession from year to year to the present hour, to my great comfort, repose, and gratification. At the interval herein alluded to, I was requested to recapitulate some memoranda of my early adventures in life, which no doubt, from the very singular narrative I then gave, prepossessed you with a desire that I should transmit passages of it to paper, of which the present document forms some of the most interesting passages that I, at this present time, carry in remembrance.

In 1839 Providence "became alive to his necessities." Francis Douce had left his magnificent gallery to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. And every connois-

seur in England would have cried out had not Thomas Dodd been named to arrange it. There were fifty thousand prints to class under at least two thousand engravers, of every time, of every nation, and in all branches of the art. Dodd saw more distinctly than any one the enormous value of a catalogue to such treasures, and he was induced to give incredible pains to it by the understanding that it would be published. This has not been done, though lovers of art have many times tried to urge the duty upon the authorities of the Bodleian. In it is stored such various and accurate erudition as no living man possessed upon the subject in that age or in ours. Were it only for gratitude towards Mr. Douce, this monument should be printed.

Shortly after the completion of his two years' duty in Oxford, Dodd received news of the great sale at Strawberry Hill. The prints of that extraordinary collection had been placed in the Round Tower, expressly built for them by Horace Walpole. George Robins, the auctioneer who managed the sale, had made them into bulky lots, so as to get through them in two days, and Dodd was invited to examine this arrangement, upon public protest from nearly all collectors in England. They called for Dodd. He came, and instantly pronounced the proposal absurd, and ruinous to the estate. Consequently, at a commission of 1 1-2 per cent., he undertook to redistribute the lots, and make a catalogue *raisonné*. It was done in the utmost haste, whilst the grand sale proceeded. Ultimately, the prints were moved to Robins's rooms, at the Piazza, Covent Garden, and there were disposed of in a ten days' auction. Robins's three hundred lots formed thirteen hundred and thirty-one under the new arrangement; four of them alone made nine hundred in Dodd's hands, which sold for £1800. The entire proceeds reached £3840 10s.

Another instance of Dodd's judgment was furnished at the Binner sale. This gentleman died, leaving legacies to the amount of £1500, and only his prints to pay them. The executors expected a woful deficit, since the whole collection loaded but a single van. Dodd, however, cheered their incredulous spirits, and under his skilful arrangement Messrs. Sotheby realized £2950.

For two years longer he worked at cataloguing and classifications, until a meeting with Mr. Hurst, then of the Charterhouse, put into his mind the idea of joining that brotherhood. This gentleman

had been a publisher, and had held relations with Dodd. Upon his recommendation the latter applied to each governor, and by all was kindly received. The Bishop of London put him in nomination, but before the time arrived Lord Wharncliffe passed his name before several others on the list, and Dodd found himself a brother of the Charterhouse. And thus concludes his autobiography:—

Here, located in this magnificent asylum, founded and endowed by the truly great and most worthy philanthropist and benefactor to his fellow mortals, Thomas Sutton, I pass my time in comfort and in the pleasing enjoyments of those rational and interesting pursuits in which I have been engaged by my own ultimate choice from my youth as the most agreeable pastime and recreation, as I still wish to be engaged in, and hope to retain to the termination of my existence in this transitory world. A portion of my time at intervals is spent in the illustration of the more recently published History of Robert Smith; of this most excellent establishment, denominated "Charter House," and of its most worthy and benevolent founder.

He died August 17th, 1850, at the residence of Mr. Mayer, to whom he bequeathed the whole of his immense collection. They fill something like two hundred folios, a mine, a new world, of antique lore. Amongst them is the "Dictionary of Monograms" and the "Account of Engravers who have practised their Art in England from 1550 to 1840, or near it," with innumerable dissertations upon kindred subjects. Two days after finishing the great dictionary, which had employed him forty-five years, he died. Only an hour after writing *Finis* he took to his bed! In fulfilment of a very long promise, Mr. Mayer had him buried in St. James's cemetery at Liverpool.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DULL SERMONS.

"DON'T put all your theology into your *first* sermon; you will want some of it for your second." Such was the advice once given in my hearing by the late Bishop of Winchester to his candidates for deacon's orders, seated round his large horseshoe dining-table. He added, "Mind you are not dull in your style of preaching; it is very easy to be dull; the generality of people *are* dull."

As regards the ordinary Sunday sermon, most of the laity will fully agree with him,

and did they live in Oxford, and watch the way in which clergymen are manufactured, they would easily understand the causes of this wretched flatness of discourse. A young man of no great ability can in three years scramble through the minimum of classics; answer a few questions on the subject matter of four and a half books of Aristotle's Ethics; cram up a small allowance of Bible facts; "pass," often by the skin of his teeth, as Job says, the terrible ordeal of the examiners; skim through a regulation list of books for ordination; learn up a certain stock of biblical or sacrificial phrases, to be served up according to the well-known views of the bishop, and, donning a suit of black, be ordained, and turned out to act as a fully fledged parson, often sent directly to minister to the needs of a poor and populous parish.

The next Sunday the youngster, "sworn in" at the age of twenty-three to defend a number of enormous propositions which he has swallowed wholesale, having very likely never written an essay in his life, nor said one grammatical sentence in public; whose only speech has been made in returning thanks on behalf of the bridesmaids at some wedding in the long vacation; utterly ignorant of life, of men and things, stands up, and in a cold perspiration of terror, lets off a collection of platitudes about some obvious fact or incomprehensible dogma; or else delivers a curious medley of texts, bad philosophy, inapt similes, ridiculous assertions, and tremulous appeals, enough to dumbfounder the simple folk, and convulse the educated hearers.

This striking result is caused not seldom by the poor stripling having made a sort of Irish stew of Newman, Robertson, and Sadler, served up with a little gravy of his own. But after one or two Sundays have passed, the dull drab of the man's mind is clearly apparent (one can't go on poaching forever). Still if the curate be hard-working among the poor, quiet, and inoffensive in society, and thoroughly orthodox in his dress, people get to like him "out of the pulpit," and for the sake of his honest toil and good intentions, patiently sit under him and endure his nonsense week by week.

I observe that many of these young gentlemen take refuge in what may be termed the "*salad sermon*;" the text is picked from the gospel, mixed up with the epistle, flavored with the lessons, and garnished with the collect; his hearers are then invited to observe the wisdom of Mother Church in her "admirable selec-

tions," and to follow the blessed guidance she affords in her round of fast and festival.

Then there is the concordance kind of sermon, easily concocted, and capable of being produced to any length in a straight line. The subject, say, is "Love;" you copy out forty or fifty texts in which the word love occurs; you remind the people that it is synonymous with charity; this enables you to produce a fresh stock of places in the Bible mentioning charity; you speak of it as the basis of "all that has been done for us, all we can do for one another." At the close you make a series of applications, beginning with interjections, thus: "Oh, my friends! Oh, beloved! Oh, young man! Oh, sinner! Oh, halting one!" Then lean forward in the pulpit, drop one hand over the side, turn up your eyes, and ask your flock to carry home the "blessed thought" (or the awful thought, if you are preaching on hate), and chew the cud of reflection upon it in the stillness of the secret chamber, or the silent hours of the night, adding (as though it were a new and original idea), in slow and solemn tones, "It's for you, for me, for *all*."

But, after all, the "Cerberus sermon" is the most wearying when endured Sunday after Sunday. To be told *ad infinitum*, no matter what may be the subject under discussion, that this question naturally divides itself into three heads is very tiring; the scaffolding of the sermon is somewhat thus: "These are times requiring a man to have a clear idea on this all-important subject; it will be well, then, to state what it is *not* at the outset." Take a "Temple," for instance, anything will answer the purpose: "This, Beloved, is *not* a Chapel, *not* a Synagogue, not even a Church, but a Temple; clearly understand to-day we are speaking of a *Temple*." This line of talk for ten minutes; then another ten minutes are spent in describing the shape and the furniture of a temple; what a temple really is in its essence; lastly, how *we*, under the new dispensation, may all of us become temples, holy temples, everlasting *temples*.

But second only in its weariness is the stock saint's-day sermon of the young ritualist, when he has to preach about the least prominent of the Apostles: "Of this follower little or nothing is said in Holy Writ; he was, no doubt, a humble and devoted member of that early band of Christians who first went forth beneath the banner of the Cross. We can picture him unflinchingly fighting, unwavering

and bold, winning a martyr's crown for the cause he loved so well; he is among the many known only to One above in the beauty of their lives and their sufferings in death." England being a free country, these pictures can be drawn *ad libitum*, the only objection to them being that they do not really teach anybody anything.

Young bachelor curates seem fascinated by such themes as the trials of domestic life, the duty of husbands and wives, and the best mode of bringing up children, though their clumsy handling of the babe to be baptized forms an amusing contrast to their words of wisdom.

In one respect High-Church clergy have done good service to the nation; they have spoken out boldly, and called "a spade a spade;" still courage to use the simplest word is by no means general; and with many clergymen, to be plain and straightforward in their pulpit language seems an impossibility. I remember quite a sensation running through a congregation, when a preacher, one evening, instead of talking about "habits of cleanliness," and the "necessity of regular ablution," remarked that "plenty of soap and water had a healthy bracing effect upon the body, and so indirectly benefited the mind." People were aghast; and looked as much as to say, "Come, come, this won't do; if Mr. So-and-So really means us to wash, we'd better leave the Church; he ought not to say what he means in homely words like these; if he insists upon using terms everybody can understand we shall have to protest." At the time of the Irish famine, no clergyman could bring himself to say the word "potato" in the pulpit. Preachers called it "that root, upon which so many thousands of God's creatures depended for support, and which in His wise purposes had for a time ceased to flourish;" or spoke of "that esculent succulent, the loss of which had deprived so many hungry sinners of their daily sustenance;" but no one said "potato."

But why should it be more irreverent to use the word "potato" in the pulpit than to speak of corn, wine, oil, or sparrows? In simplicity of expression may often be found the secret of true dignity and real eloquence; good plain words, Saxon ones if possible, monosyllables if to the point, are the best and surest way of gaining the ears of a congregation. Compare the soporific phrases of the ordinary sermon with any chapter of the English Bible; mark how pleasant is the change when a verse of Scripture occurs amid the dry,

meaningless verbiage of the preacher, like an oasis in the desert. But who shall paint the awful suffering inflicted by an extempore preacher, unequal to the effort, whose one talent seems to be the talent of going on? will no one dare to expostulate, and if so, would he stop? He reminds one of the deaf old woman, who screamed away to help the church choir close to her; when reproved (unable to understand the rebuff) she answered, "Not to me be the praise, it is a *gift*." and moreover the sermon is generally the same, only with a different text. I knew a Calvinistic preacher, who in his discourses seldom failed to speak of the "back settlements of eternity," where in the ages before the world *was*, the elect had been chosen. Very few people ought to preach extempore, for, without knowing it, they generally fall into the same idioms Sunday after Sunday; they have "a choice assortment of stock phrases always on hand—country orders promptly supplied." But the goods are ever the same; like street barrel-organs, they play so many tunes, and no more. A clergyman friend of mine met an old woman one morning after this *round and round* kind of sermon. She said, "Ah, sir, it were a beautiful sermon, it were—so comforting like; it came over, and over, and over again." He fled home, and *wrote* something for the evening service.

Only a clergyman with a clever, candid wife should be permitted to indulge in the "*gift*" of extempore preaching; he would not be *allowed* to repeat himself. "But how can we be expected to find sound, interesting matter week by week, as years go on?" ask the clergy. I answer, study what Dr. Liddon calls the "Shakespearean side" of religion; study the book of men and manners around you; mark the facts of human life; realize how other people feel, and what they have to contend with; be on the look-out for hints; as the late Dean of Canterbury said, "Put your sermon in soak" at the beginning of the week, and build up the practical half of it out of the experience of your parish. Avoid the everlasting type and anti-type sermons, where the stones David used against Goliath are made to symbolize the sacraments, or the children of Jacob's concubines to typify modern Dissenters. Aim at a practical discourse; ask the half-dozen leading men in your parish for a little help; tell them what you propose to preach upon; this will interest them, and bring them to church without fail. Let us suppose you are

going to speak about decision of character; the man of business will be able to furnish instances, taken from his personal experience in past years, where hesitation lost, or decision won, the fruits of golden opportunities; he will be pretty sure to add a suitable anecdote or two; the village grocer, or the radical shoemaker (shoemakers are always radicals), will in their turn contribute to your store; the schoolmaster and one or two more will assist; and instead of bald generalities you will have matter more than you require, will have gauged the mental calibre of the people, and will on Sunday administer medicines, like a wise physician, after testing the pulse of your patients.

If the clergy would rest upon their people, would take them into their confidence, would catch the ideas floating in the atmosphere of their parish and work them up into a practical shape, the parishioners would listen eagerly, and be proud of *their* share in the sermon. The isolated parson who walks from his study to the pulpit and from the pulpit to his study may be a capital theologian, but his Sunday guns will fire over the heads of his flock.

Perhaps the best books for a young clergyman to read in lieu of the experience which can only come in time, would be the "Arabian Nights," as illustrating the Book of Esther, or the history of Daniel; the works of Thackeray, if he is preaching to fashionable people; and Dickens's works, if his sphere of usefulness is among the "great unwashed." The father looking daily for the return of the prodigal son finds a fitting illustration in the door left open for the chance, of welcoming back "little Em'ly," in "David Copperfield." Christ drew his instruction from things *as they were then*; following in his steps the clergy ought to find the *present* equivalent to his parables; the letter cannot always be kept, the spirit is for all times. Homely common sense, speaking out of a full heart to a people familiar and friendly, about subjects discussed in the week, which are perplexing the minds or harassing the lives of those who form the audience, will never be dull. The Bishop of Winchester cautioned his clergy against dwelling too much on heresies and schisms over and done with long ago, in these words: "Don't waste your time in killing dead devils, but spend it in manfully fighting the live ones."

As regards the delivery of the discourse, we recommend the advice of the Scotch pastor, "*Cultivate the pause.*" The best oratorical effect was produced on one oc-

casation by an interval of silence during which a celebrated preacher was trying to remember the lost thread of the argument; afterwards, as he opened his lips to apologize to his friends for the delay, they congratulated him upon it, as having had a very fine effect.

It is easy in "Coward's Castle" to pooh-pooh scientific investigation, and speak of the leading scientific men as "enemies to the faith," and "carried about with every blast of vain doctrine:" but the laity would rather hear a clear exposition of the points in which they are wrong; an able and temperate sermon showing the perplexed business man where things were certain; how to receive fresh discoveries, and what were the fallacies likely to mislead him; and where he might be content to wait for more light; a sermon like this would not be dull, but would be thankfully and eagerly listened to by the earnest men of all classes. It is painful to hear again and again that "if you once begin to undermine the Bible by doubting the accuracy of certain texts, the whole foundations of Christianity will be shaken:" all we can say is, "So much the worse for the foundations of Christianity." The thing is a mere question of fact; a question of evidence to be fairly faced; and the best way of "building up" a people in goodness, is by picking out the old mortar and "re-pointing" the edifice. Give a man a preparatory training in weighing evidence, and the shocks of criticism will not make him turn infidel; go on ignoring the result of modern research as long as you can; teach that everything in the Bible is *equally* necessary to salvation, and then, when the storm comes, it will sweep away the taught, religion and all; and the hearers acting upon the oft-repeated dogma, "all or none," will find themselves with *none*.

Only the other day, a leading clergyman in the "Establishment," when asked if he had seen an able article on "Courage and Death," in the *Fortnightly*, replied, "Oh, no; I never read any ephemeral literature." He certainly preaches very ephemeral sermons; but to my mind the real need of sermon-teaching is to deal with the questions now distressing and puzzling people; to supply a healthy antidote to the wrong-headed tendencies of the age. Handle carefully and fairly the riddles of to-day, and earnest men and women will bless you; even though an elderly spinster or two were to threaten to leave the Church, because your style differs from that of what *they* call the old divines.

While young clergymen are pushing rit-

ualistic details to extravagance, the thinking lay world is hungering for honest, manly advice; let the clergy as asking nothing, and expecting nothing, boldly speak out exactly what they think, and try, for the sake of their flock, to grapple with the intellectual problems of the age; and having thought out for themselves the bearings of a question, an "ephemeral" question if you will, let them stand up and give us the fruits of their reflection. We shall hear no more complaints about dull sermons then; and the pulpit will become a real power, helping to guide and form public opinion and individual goodness.

C. H. GRUNDY.

From Chambers' Journal.

SICK-NURSING, AN EMPLOYMENT FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

To many who are anxious to give their daughters a staff to lean on in life, an occupation which will render them self-dependent and useful, the necessary education for the medical profession is too expensive, independently of other and more serious difficulties. Latterly, many sources of employment have been secured to women; and within the last year certain of the government offices have opened their portals to educated girls, capable of passing an examination by no means trivial, at the hands of the Civil Service commissioners. With what success this step will be attended, it is early to prophesy. It has one great recommendation—namely, that the requirements are not such as to dismay any good pupil in a well-directed collegiate school, and can possess no terrors for those who have already passed the local examinations of the universities—a test which most parents who estimate real mental training for their daughters, would desire them to submit to, whatever their prospects in future life may be.

The complete recognition of the large field of labor open to women as nurses, dates we think, from the time of the Crimean war, when Miss Nightingale and her band of assistants were of such incalculable service to the heroes of their country, when wounded, sick, and dying. Every one at that time felt that the dire necessities of war had developed a sphere for woman's work, the value of which could not be gainsayed; but it has taken years of effort, unassisted by the great pressure of the battle-field, to convince

the directors of hospitals, boards of guardians, and district visitors, that to nurse wisely and well, and with benefit to the patient be he even a pauper, *intelligence* and *special training* are necessary, and that without these qualifications a nurse (so called) is often a curse instead of a blessing. Gradually the state of feeling which made it possible for "Mrs. Gamp" to be more than a creation of fancy is passing away, and all classes are beginning to see that in sickness the choice of a nurse is perhaps more important even than the choice of a doctor; that oftentimes life and recovery are in her hands, when the doctor has done his best or his worst as it may be. Nor will any who have ever passed through the valley of severe illness fail to estimate at its true value the tender care of one not only well instructed in her art, but by reason of her previous surroundings and education, capable of entering into the minute refinements of feeling, be they for pleasure or pain, which severe suffering frequently develops in a patient. Well can we understand the feeling which was gratified and soothed, inadvertently enough, in the frame of a poor dying girl in a workhouse, when we gently stroked her thin wasted hand. She exclaimed: "Oh, do that again! It is so long since I felt a soft, gentle hand—never since I was a little child!" At that moment we knew that were it no other gift in a woman which fitted her specially to minister to the sick, her soft white hand is in itself an instrument of healing.

But the education necessary for an efficient sick-nurse is not of the sentimental or dilettante sort; she must in the first place have good and vigorous health, which supposes also good spirits, and we think she ought to have a sympathetic and kindly heart devoted to her calling. At present there are but few women who take the social rank of ladies, who have given themselves to this work; and there are perhaps some difficulties to encounter in their necessary training when they volunteer for the service. Notable amongst the women of the upper classes who give their lives to the nursing of the sick, and to training others to do so, is Miss Florence Lees, the friend and assistant of Miss Nightingale. She was the first student of the art of nursing who entered St. Thomas's Hospital, London, under the Nightingale fund, as it is called; and since that time she has seen considerable service in the hospitals of the Continent in the Franco-Prussian war, and is now

superintendent of the Metropolitan Institution for providing trained nurses for the sick poor. In an address on "Nursing the Sick," recently given by Miss Lees before the National Health Society, she explained the working of this nursing-institution, and the great benefit derived from its operations wherever they extend. Unconnected with any particular religious creed or denomination, the object of the association is to provide nurses for the sick poor in their own dwellings. Unless in a hospital, but few of our poorer neighbors know the luxury of a nurse in illness. With the best intentions in the world, neither the ability nor the time of the relatives of the sick admits of the necessary care and attention. Medicine given just when remembered, and dirt and squalor rendered more terrible and overwhelming than usual, from the extra demand which sickness makes on the resources of every household—these conditions must be apparent to all who have ever visited the sick poor in their habitations. The district nurse changes all this. As far as possible, after she is called in, the sick-room assumes a different aspect; cleanliness takes the place of dirt; the atmosphere of disease is purified and changed, and many are the recoveries which can be traced mainly to her beneficent influence. The want of especial nursing is felt perhaps more terribly by poor than by rich patients, so few of the former class know even how to apply the simplest remedies, to prepare a poultice or to apply a fomentation; and it is with the hope of remedying this great deficiency, that the system of district nursing is being encouraged largely in London, and has already been most successful in Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns.

The nurses at present employed in London as workers amongst the poor, are taken chiefly from the class that would otherwise become superior domestic servants. They are lodged and boarded in a district home, of which it is contemplated to open three as soon as possible in different quarters of the metropolis. Two are already in full operation, containing six nurses each, who are lodged, fed, and superintended by a district lady manager. Every nurse is required to undergo one year's training in a hospital; and most of the large hospitals arrange to receive them. In the Nightingale training-ward of St. Thomas's Hospital, the probationary nurses obtain a thorough professional education. As soon as the

nurse has passed her hospital year, she is placed in one of the homes of the association, and commences her practical duties as district nurse amongst the poor of the neighborhood, directed and assisted by the lady superintendent of her home. The expenses of training are not great, and are within the means of all but the very poor. The hospital year costs the probationer thirty pounds for her maintenance during that time, payable in two instalments, fifteen pounds on entering, fifteen pounds at the expiration of six months. Immediately on being received into the home, and commencing work amongst the poor, the nurse receives a salary, beginning at thirty-five pounds a year, and increasing three pounds a year till it reaches fifty pounds. As a rule, each nurse is provided in the home with full board, washing-expenses, a suitable and sufficient uniform dress, a separate furnished bedroom, and the use of a comfortable sitting-room. Every nurse is required to work eight hours a day in her district; and as a rule, unless in some cases of sickness, her duties cease after five o'clock in the afternoon. This is, of course, whilst occupied in district work, which is in a measure a training for more advanced positions and greater responsibilities.

Miss Lees tells us that nursing the sick is by no means a cheerless or depressing occupation; she thinks that no brighter or happier group of women workers can be found than the nurses in her home; and we can well imagine that the deep interest that must arise in the mind of every woman engaged in so good a work must greatly elevate and purify the character of the nurse herself. Miss Lees is anxious to induce gentlewomen to join her staff of nurses, and to qualify themselves by the prescribed training and by the experience gained in district nursing, for the entire charge of special cases amongst those who can afford to make skilled nursing a remunerative employment for women.

Miss Merryweather, who until lately had the charge of the district nurses at Liverpool, and is now lady superintendent of the Westminster Hospital training-school for nurses, is most anxious to induce ladies to join her ranks. The difficulties existing in the way of the intimate association of different classes of women in the training-home—at present too small for all requirements—may, it is hoped, be removed by the erection of a suitable building, and the inauguration of a fund in memory of the late lamented

Lady Augusta Stanley, than whom none more fully appreciated and encouraged the idea of trained and skilled sick-nurses. We can well understand how valuable an assistant the anxious surgeon or physician might secure in a well-trained, cultivated, and intelligent lady nurse. It is often highly desirable, for the sake of change of air, to send a patient to a distance from her medical attendant; but lest matters should go wrong, and for lack of some friend whose knowledge is equal to the necessity of the case, the change is pronounced to be impracticable. We will suppose that a lady equal in social standing with the doctor himself, possibly with the patient also, has been engaged at the early stage of the illness, has with the doctor, watched the progress and symptoms of the disease, and has taken her place as nurse and companion to the patient. Her education and experience are such that the doctor can with confidence trust her to keep a watchful eye on his patient, to note every changing symptom, and to keep him informed daily — hourly if need be — of the minute details of the case on which his treatment is based. In the charge of such a nurse, the most anxious medical man might trust his patient to remain at a distance, feeling sure that the state of the pulse, temperature of the body, and every changing phase of disease, would be accurately communicated to him by letter or telegram, and so enable him to regulate his visits intelligently and according to necessity, and not by the caprice of an excited and nervous patient, or an ignorant and terrified nurse. Such skilled attendance would undoubtedly command liberal payment; and we can well imagine that many who now toil their lives away as governesses — vainly striving to teach that which they never knew, and to exercise a vocation for which they were never fitted — might have experienced a very different fate, and spent happy and useful years, had it not been the fixed idea which until lately remained unchallenged, that educated and refined women who required to earn their living must of necessity be governesses or nothing.

It is right to say that recently the committee of the Nightingale fund have afforded increased facilities for gentlewomen wishing to qualify themselves in the practice of hospital nursing, and a limited number of such probationers are, as we have already stated, now admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital upon payment only of the cost of their maintenance during

their year of training. These candidates are supposed to enter with a view of ultimately taking superior positions in public hospitals and infirmaries. These lady probationers — whose ages should not be less than from twenty-six to thirty-six years — receive instruction from the medical instructor and the hospital "sisters" or chief nurses in the wards, and serve as assistant nurses during their year of probation. The lady superintendent of the Nightingale Institution at St. Thomas's Hospital is at all times accessible to written inquiry, and to personal visits on Tuesday and Friday between ten and twelve o'clock. It is difficult to imagine an occupation for our daughters and sisters, more entirely in harmony with the character of a true woman, or more beneficent in its object than that of tending their afflicted fellow-creatures.

From Chambers' Journal.
LEECHES.

THE great demand which suddenly sprung up for leeches for surgical purposes at the end of last century, caused their natural haunts in the swamps and marshes to be invaded by armies of collectors, who soon denuded them of their ordinary stock. The French seem particularly partial to leeches, and their use in that country has always been more general than elsewhere. As a consequence of the drain upon her supplies, she was the first to suffer from a diminished yield; and in time the famine spread to Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Germany, and even to Algeria and Syria, all of which countries were ransacked in the search for these blood-thirsty creatures. The scarcity and dearth of leeches at last attracted attention, and it was, we believe, about 1830 that the idea was conceived by a Frenchman that leeches might be kept in regular farms and bred, just like any other animal for which there is a steady market. The idea was soon carried into practice, and with such success, that leech-breeding has come to be regarded as a distinct industry of no little importance, and is carried on to a considerable extent in different parts of the Continent.

The success of such an establishment depends, of course, on the choice of a suitable locality, and as the spots best adapted for this purpose are generally tracts of marshy ground, which are either useless for any other purpose, or — worse

than useless — a nuisance, the selection of such areas and turning them to account in this way, is a double benefit. As an instance of the advantages attending the establishment of the industry in such places, setting aside the actual and immediate profits of the trade, we may quote a writer, who, twenty years ago, gave his experience of such an undertaking. Natural swamps previously neglected are cultivated and placed under control, their miasmatic effects are neutralized, and employment is given to many poor people, who would otherwise find it hard to get a living. In the department of La Gironde alone, about ten thousand acres of land have been devoted to this purpose; its value has risen six or eight fold; men's wages have risen from 1s. to 2s. 6d. and 3s. a day; women and children also find remunerative occupation; shops have sprung up where none previously existed; and the condition of the peasantry generally has been vastly improved.

Let us examine one of these farms which have been the means of doing such an amount of good. We will pay a visit to one of the first of many which were established by M. Laurens — namely, that at Parempuyre, about nine miles from Bordeaux. Here an area of about four hundred acres near the Garonne, is devoted to this industry. The marsh is subdivided into compartments of five or six acres in extent, each of which can be inundated separately. It is surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide by five feet deep, outside which is a bank of earth which acts as an obstacle to the escape of the leeches, and which also enables the watchman to go round the property at night without being seen; for there are some thieves who cannot resist the temptation of stealing even leeches when the opportunity presents itself. Outside the bank is a second ditch, connected with the inner one by occasional breaches in the intervening bank. Each compartment is intersected with drains, and can be flooded or laid dry at will by opening the hatches with which the ditches are provided. In the case of draining the water off, the lower hatches are replaced by perforated metal ones, through which the water, but not the leeches, can escape. Besides these breeding-grounds is a reservoir, similar to them in every respect, which is replenished at every opportunity with the larger leeches; so that, when the other beds are laid dry, there is always a stock on hand ready for the market. This reservoir is always kept covered with water to the depth of three

to five inches, and holds from forty to fifty thousand leeches to the acre; a rate rather larger than that observed in the breeding-ponds, which are populated to the extent of thirty to forty thousand leeches per acre. During the cold season the leech remains quite underground; but the first rays of the spring sun being him out, and then a troop of horses is made to enter the breeding-grounds, in the proportion of ten to the acre. The leeches attach themselves to the lower part of the legs of the animal, and then gorge themselves. The same troop of horses remains "on service" for five or six hours, when they are recalled and tended, and sent back to their pastures, where they are allowed to rest and regain strength. After eight or ten days' rest, the horses are again despatched on duty; the hitherto unfed leeches, and those that have digested their last repast, come out again; and from about the 1st of March to the middle of June they are thus fed about eight or ten times each.

In June the leeches all go underground, and the laying-dry of the parks commences; the horses are kept out of them, the weeds and reeds are allowed to grow, and the soil becomes better knit together, as it were. In July and August the leeches come out to deposit their eggs in the tufts of herbage, and then the drains before mentioned are filled with water enough to keep the ground moist. The leeches having performed this duty, again burrow underground, and in a short time the young ones make their escape from the eggs.

The parks are now inundated, and at the end of August the fishing commences. The fishers, protected by high boots, enter the pond arranged in lines, and beat the water with sticks, to arouse the dormant leeches, which soon appear in great numbers, ready, after their long fast, for another feast. The large ones are carefully lifted out and placed in bags, with which each person is provided; and the line of fishers gradually advances till the whole bed is thoroughly beaten. It is then left to be subjected, three or four days afterwards, to another careful search, a sufficient stock being always reserved in the shape of the young and small leeches, and those that, not having digested their food, do not put in an appearance on the unceremonious summons of the collectors.

The price of leeches in the market now is about four pounds per pound-weight — an average of five hundred individuals

going to the pound. An establishment such as that described above will produce several million leeches annually in a healthy condition. Serious losses are experienced in cold weather, and in consequence of injudicious handling of the annelides; but the profits are nevertheless considerable, as the cost of maintenance and collection is not very great.

The method of feeding these interesting flocks is, as we have said, by sending a number of horses into the ponds, periodically, for unless leeches are provided with an ample commissariat, they will take themselves off in search of forage elsewhere. The horses used for this purpose do not suffer to anything like the extent that might be imagined. They are closely watched during the operation, and carefully tended afterwards. In many cases, horses which have been bought for a trifle have, under the care bestowed upon them, improved so wonderfully as to have been sold afterwards at a profit, so little does the system injure them. Old horses, whose lives have hitherto been a succession of hard knocks and fastings, and a perpetual round of fatiguing journeys, here find a relief from their burdens; death is deferred for months, and even years, and the latter period of their life is passed in a paradise, compared with the experience they have gone through.

Paris alone "consumes" some twelve million leeches annually; and, prior to the establishment of the system of producing them in artificial reservoirs, the annual importation into France from abroad, exclusive of its own production, was nearly fifty millions. The enormous demand for these useful surgical attendants throughout the world may be estimated from the above figures.

From The Victoria Magazine.

WORK FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

NINETY years ago, women of the class who now swell the ranks of governesses took to dressmaking, and found themselves in no degree "degraded" thereby. Why should not their descendants do the same? The writer of these lines knew a firm of fashionable dressmakers, the members of which were the four daughters of a man who was socially, and by birth and education, a gentleman. Their business

was so well conducted, and succeeded so well, that they were enabled to retire on a competence while yet in the prime of life. What is there "derogatory" to a lady in making and fitting dresses on to ladies? The dressmaker is only brought in contact with her own sex, she has her own domain, and is a monarch therein, if in requisition among fashionable persons. We advise young ladies who are deft with their needle, to take a few finishing lessons in the art of millinery, and commence in a small way, in conjunction with a friend. With industry and good work they would soon be more independent than a nursery governess can ever be. Another opening might be in this line: there is room in London for a fair number of ladies' restaurants; if two or three ladies with some capital, one of them possessing that amount of housekeeping knowledge often found—despite the groans of certain desponding press-writers—and all having good business capacity, were to set up a good restaurant in a leading thoroughfare, exclusively for ladies, we believe that they would have every prospect of fair success. The polished manners of gentlewomen would commend the place to customers, and by being confined to women only, there could be no danger of its being frequented by persons who could not be refused entrance, and yet whose manners would be offensive to gently nurtured women. Of course, it will be objected that this is "trade," and not fit for gentlewomen. We reply that it is far more fit than domestic service, which we hold to be simply impracticable; that it is quite as fit as being "dummy" in a mantua-maker's show-room, and there are clergymen's and officers' daughters occupying this position—a position which we by no means despise; but we object to the process of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." We fully concede that the work we recommend is not that which properly speaking belongs to the social status of a lady; but we deny that a lady need in any way lose respect in her own eyes or in those of others; and while so few avenues remain open to women who have their living to make, it is a pity not to include among "ladylike" occupations all that can by any possibility be entered upon without that distinct transition to another social sphere which domestic servitude involves.

From The Gardener's Magazine.

A PERFECT LAWN.

AFTER years of devotion to gardening as the most blessed of pastimes for a hard-working citizen, I rejoice in nothing more heartily than in the exquisitely perfect grass-turf I have secured as the reward of unremitting labor. In some points of management I have departed from the rules from time to time laid down in the magazine, but I have nowhere read such admirable treatises on the making and managing of grass-turf, and if my plan of procedure differs from that of our editor, it remains to be said, so far as I am concerned, that I should probably never have acquired a single practical notion on the subject except for its frequent eloquent and instructive appeals to us to do our utmost to secure a perfect turf. Having about half an acre of grass and two good mowing-machines — a Shanks and a Climax — I seem to begin well, but a fastidious eye and a strong soil combine to make weeds conspicuous. I tried our editor's plan of changing daisies into clover by means of sprinklings of phospho-guano. It is a grand method to put into operation just before you leave home for a month or so, but I don't like it if I am not going away. On a fine day you take a boxful of phospho-guano, or Peruvian guano, and when you find a dock or dandelion or thistle you powder the guano all over him by means of a trowel, and make him a nice brown color all over. There follows immediately a brown patch, and if the lawn is dotted with these brown patches its appearance is decidedly objectionable for a month or so; therefore, if you intend to leave home for a tour it is a very proper thing to kill the lawn weeds by this process before going away. Four years ago I treated a pretty croquet lawn in this way, and it has become since one of the loveliest bits of turf I have ever seen, for it is nearly all clover, the result, I suppose, of the guano dressing, and after two months of hot weather is still quite green — though dark green — and agreeable to the foot. But, I repeat, this process results in disfigurement of the turf for a month or so; in fact, the brown patches do not disappear until heavy rains occur, and then the grasses and clovers take possession, and the difficulty is at an end. I have tried other preparations for the same purpose, but without finding anything better than guano. I find Watson's lawn-sand an effectual killer of weeds, especially of daisies, but it does not promote a

good aftergrowth as guano does, the result, I suppose, of its being destitute of phosphatic fertilizers. Daisy-rakes are ridiculous, and for the complete eradication of daisies there can be no plan, I think, so effectual as guano-sprinkling. But for three years I have constantly practised a method which I will venture to consider my own. I go out every morning from the time pleasant summer weather sets in until the pleasant summer weather is over. I have in one hand a strong clasp-knife and in the other a box of salt. For this purpose I buy agricultural salt, which is considerably cheaper than culinary salt. When I find a thistle or dock or other rank weed, I carefully cut it out, pushing my knife down so as to cut it below the collar. Into the hole I drop a pinch of salt, which kills the root and makes an end of the business. I must own that sometimes this plan results in brown patches, but they are smaller, at all events, than those caused by the guano system without the knife; and if the work is done with care the beauty of the turf is not materially lessened. Let any one follow up this system and make an amusement of it, as I have done, and the reward will come in time, especially if carried out on land that really suits grass. If I had a soil on which grass did not thrive, I would be content with any substitute, and make no objection to daisies, for, after all, they are green.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

"I think the house beautiful; it is so full of remembrances."

"The slow, sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow, sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil." — TENNYSON.

I AM sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
And my thoughts go back to the long long
years
Whose record is — passed away.

Yes, passed away is the echo I hear,
As I sit within this room,
And think of the lives of those loved ones
dear
Who first made the house a home.

I see myself still, a little child,
Its walls unfinished and bare,
When brought on our queen's coronation-
day,
The festive gladness to share.

Three years passed away, and the old man
died,
Two households we were before :
Now we gathered all round this one fireside
Thirty years ago, and more.

And now, by these very same windows bright
My children are standing to-day,
Looking out on the green grass, the clouds so
light,
The blue heaven that is far away.

Far away, but to their child-thought quite
near,
For one has just entered there,
Who had told them God would soon call her
home
To his heaven so bright and fair.

They were told God's call had come in the
night,
"I did not hear him, mamma,"
"I can see no hole in the clouds all white,
Oh! how did she go, mamma?"

Ah! how do they go? There is answer none,
Be the last watch long or short,
As love holds each look of the dying one
In tender questioning thought.

It came all too soon, that first sad watch,
In the days of spring-time sweet,
He had come home to die, but dying found
The life in Him complete.

Deep sorrow, yet gladness, was ours that day,
When, gathered around his bed,
The Name humbly confessed as there he lay,
We shared in the broken bread.

Father, sister and friend and aunt were there,
And she who had loved so well,
With him through whose life it was holy joy
The glad news of hope to tell.

'Twas sudden and short on that winter day,
When death's vale by him was trod —
No time to think, no farewell could we say :
Father and son were with God.

Peaceful and calm did the aged one lie,
The corn sheaves for garnering drest ;
"Yes, to live is Christ, but it's gain to die,"
And she entered into rest.

The watch was not sad, we could scarcely
weep
Through those days of the new-born year,
She seemed like a tired child fallen asleep,
But the waking was not here.

She had wandered back to the summer days
And up to the golden gate ;
On her lips were words of prayer and praise,
And we could but watch and wait.

And others have crossed to the further shore,
Though not from the old rooftree ;
Kind hands closed *his* eyes, though no kith or
kin,
Whose grave is beside the sea,

Where they laid him, though all too late they
went
To see that gentle life close,
While with sound of funeral the marriage-bell
blent —
So mingle life's joys and woes.

One passed, too, for long happy years a wife,
Who left us a blooming bride,
She quietly laid down the burden of life,
Fair children grown up by her side.

She had looked for new life with summer's
warm breath,
Alas! she waited in vain,
The new life *was* hers, but of heaven, not of
earth,
His mother meets Willie again.

I am sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
And my thoughts go back to the long long
years
Whose record is passed away.

They are passed away, but memory still
Calls those faces round me yet ;
I hear their voices, am one in their midst,
An unbroken household met.

Ah, me! 'twas a home where goodness and
worth
Found ever a welcome meet,
And none would go, but they fain would re-
new
The happy memory sweet.

For a Christian life breathed its power around,
Nothing mean could entrance find,
Loving counsel and help alike were given,
Ever courteous, liberal, kind.

Each day brought to each its appointed task :
But the happy social time
Was when over the open book they talked
Of its prose or poet's rhyme ;

Or discussion grew strong, deep truths were
weighed,
Thought, satire, flashed out by turn ;
Or in other moods these aside were laid,
Love's sweeter lesson to learn.

And music and song would the hours beguile
When the evening guests were there,
While the eager talk and the answering smile
Lighted up those faces fair.

But these dumb old walls give no echo back,
They have kept their secrets well,
Fond words have they heard while glad tears
were shed,
But never a one they tell.

But there lingers about them a hallowing
charm,

And I feel them dearer now,
As, folding my children within my arm,
And kissing each fair white brow,

I think of the time when I stood by your side,
To begin my life anew,
And we whispered low, till death do us part
We will be to each other true.

And through the seven years that have passed
since then

Our life has been richly blessed,
While our home was *hers*—'twas as if we had
Entertained an angel guest.

And what glad hearts were ours when first to
my breast

I folded our baby girl,

Then another came, little Sunbeam bright,
Laughing eye and flaxen curl.

And yet once again we gave thanks, when he,
"Little brother," came to share
Our fond love, we forecasting the years to be,
As he lay cradled there.

And the dear old home is now ours alone!
As a trust it comes to me,
Yes, a sacred trust from those who are gone,
Ah! what shall *our* record be?

As sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
I ask, will they feel it a holy place,
When we, too, have passed away?

MANY people would be amazed at the notion of a "forest" without trees; but those who have either studied the old forest laws or have mastered the geography of the New Forest on the spot know that at all events there may be large parts of a forest wholly treeless. "*Silvam habet in foresta*" is a Domesday phrase, showing that, though there were woods within the forest, yet the forest itself was not all wood. Still one is a little startled at finding any one bold enough to deny that a forest could contain any trees at all. We find such a daring person in a coachman spoken of in Mr. Frank Buckland's "Log-book of a Fisherman and Zoologist." "At one place the tourist asked 'what they called yon hills.' 'Eh, but that's just a deer-forest,' says the coachman. 'Deer-forest,' said Mr. Tourist, 'but I see no trees.' 'Trees,' said coachee, 'but, man, who ever heard of trees in a forest?'" Mr. Buckland, with rather curious logic, adds, "In a true etymological sense I believe the coachman's definition of a 'forest' was right, for I find the following definition in a dictionary: 'Forest, in geography, a huge wood; or a large extent of ground covered with trees.'" Then the dictionary adds some of the usual derivations, among which the Latin *forefla* and the German *frost* may be safely corrected into *foresta* and *forst*. The New Forest and the Domesday record thereof, though they hardly bear out the coachman's doctrine that there can be no trees in a forest, quite upset the tourist's doctrine that there can be no forest without them. According to the most likely etymology, *foresta* is from *foris*, *foras*, an outside place, outside many things, especially outside the ordinary law. There was some one who could not see the wood for the trees. To be unable to see the forest for the wood is a very likely case indeed. In Mr. Buckland's story the wood

was not there, so the coachman was able to see the forest. But it is certain that the forest might have been there, though there had been a reasonable amount of wood to hide it from the coachman and to suggest it to the tourist.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A LESSON IN TURKISH. — The word *ulema* is plural, and means such persons as have graduated in Mussulman law and theology in the *medresses*, or schools attached to the mosques. The pupils of these *medresses* are called *softas*. This word *softa* is a corruption of the past participle of the Persian *soukhhte*, which signifies burnt, and indicates that those who bear it are consumed by divine love. The *softas* are taught by professors called *khodjas*, and live in *imarets*, or gratuitous hotels, on the money provided by pious bequests. Their numbers are very large, not because Turks are phenomenally devout, but for the sound, practical reason that the *softas* are exempt from military service. The *softas* ultimately become *khodjas* themselves, and *khodja*, which is borrowed from the Persian, means "reader." The *imams*, who are the veritable priests, take charge of the ceremonies of religion. Their name comes from the Arabic, and signifies "he who holds himself forward." Naturally they are selected from the *ulema*. *Mollah*, from the Arabic *mevla*, means literally "one charged with administrative power," but actually it designs no class in particular, but is applied to anybody who has acquired a reputation for purity of conduct, much as in some English counties the title captain is given for life to anybody who has been lieutenant in the militia for three months.

Standard.

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SAINTS.

I SEE them with their heavenward eyes,
Men who in Christ abide ;
The long train ceases not to rise
Through time's unceasing tide,
And a grave across each pathway lies
But the path swerves not aside.

Like a chorus which no discords mar,
Sober and clear and grand,
Like a scroll upreaching to a star,
Caught by an angel's hand,
Like a wind beginning from afar,
And covering all the land,

They sound, they pass ; each man beholds
The Master's risen face,
Each arm some near beloved enfolds,
Yet keeps its forward place,
The weak one leans, the strong upholds,
But all are in the race.

Up, through the darkness and the pain,
Up, through the joy and light,
Earth's myriad hands are raised in vain
To baffle or invite,
Life shows them nothing to detain,
Death, nothing to affright.

By all things fair their course is graced,
By all things bitter, healed ;
Gathering like servants sent in haste
Who, being challenged, yield,
And through the garden on the waste,
Guide to God's happy field.

To them each human loss is gain
Withdrawn or sacrificed,
Nothing but sin was all in vain,
And that, which long enticed,
Falls from each soul and leaves no stain
At the first smile of Christ.

The flock of God goes up and on,
And if, as sin departs,
Some faces from the throng are gone
Leaving some broken hearts,
God, full of pity for his own,
Dries every tear that starts.

The flock of God is strong and swift
And it devours the way,
Longing to see the curtain lift
From the everlasting day ;
How slight the toil, how vast the gift,
How weary the delay !

Lord, gather us beneath their feet
As thy good will shall be !
The service of thy saints is sweet
When they are serving thee ;
Souls for inheritance unmeet
May serve eternally.

Good Words. M. B. SMEDLEY.

DREAMLAND.

DREAMING of kindlier, warmer suns,
Dreaming of happier hours,
We dwell in a future that never sheds
O'er our heads its living flowers ;
In fancy we gather with eager glee
What fate dooms to perish in infancy.

The youth is dreaming of laurels won
On the battle-field of life,
He sees the hour of triumph near,
Nor recks of the years of strife ;
Yet his flashing eye shall be sunk and dim
Ere the victor's wreath may be wove for him.

The maiden dreameth the dearest dream
The human heart may treasure,
Of a sun-lit home where faith and love
Flow forth in ceaseless measure ;
Let her dream, — nor whisper the future brings
No rainbow hues on its darkening wings.

Let them dream — they will rouse at duty's
call,
Eager for nobler doing,
Will catch the light on her steel-crowned
helm,
And turn from fancy's wooing,
And visions of love and of fame will die
As the sunset gleam from the wintry sky.

And yet, — though the dreams of earth be fair,
God grant that a dreamless sleep
May seal the eyes that have learned too well
O'er waking thoughts to weep ;
Till a morn shall break in their dazzled sight,
Crowning earth's dreams with a truer light.
Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

THE SONG-BIRD.

"L'oiseau posé sur des rameaux tout frères chante
pourtant sachant qu'il a des ailes."

THE song-bird singeth on the bough,
His song is never sad ;
The bough is frail, the wind is high,
And yet his song is glad, —
He knoweth he hath wings.

That carol riseth higher yet
When morning turneth night to day,
And still some notes when passing clouds
Obscure the heavenly ray, —
He knoweth he hath wings.

O Thou whose voice the spirits hear,
Speak to our souls in doubt or fear,
And tell us we have wings ;

Bid every dark misgiving cease,
And all be confidence and peace, —
Oh tell us we have wings.

Golden Hours. A. M. JEAFFRESON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ADAM SMITH AS A PERSON.

OF Adam Smith's political economy almost an infinite quantity has been said; but very little has been said as to Adam Smith himself. And yet not only was he one of the most curious of human beings, but his books can hardly be understood without having some notion what manner of man he was. There certainly are economical treatises that go straight on, and that might have been written by a calculating machine. But the "Wealth of Nations" is not one of these. Any one who would explain what is in it, and what is not in it, must apply the "historical method," and state what was the experience of its author and how he worked up that experience. Perhaps, therefore, now that there is a sort of centenary of Adam Smith, it may not be quite amiss to give a slight sketch of him and of his life, and especially of the peculiar points in them that led him to write the book which still in its effects, even more than in its theory, occupies mankind.

The founder of the science of business was one of the most unbusinesslike of mankind. He was an awkward Scotch professor, apparently choked with books and absorbed in abstractions. He was never engaged in any sort of trade, and would probably never have made sixpence by any if he had been. His absence of mind was amazing. On one occasion, having to sign his name to an official document, he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures. And Lord Brougham preserves other similar traditions. "It is related," he says, "by old people in Edinburgh that while he moved through the Fishmarket in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back, and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broken loose, 'Hech, sirs, to see the like o' him to be aboot. And yet he is weel eneugh put on' (dressed).

It was often so too in society. Once, during a dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a long lecture on some political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative sitting opposite and stopt; but he was heard to go on muttering, 'Deil care, deil care, it's all true.' And these are only specimens of a crowd of anecdotes.

The wonder that such a man should have composed the "Wealth of Nations," which shows so profound a knowledge of the real occupations of mankind, is enhanced by the mode in which it was written. It was not the exclusive product of a lifelong study, such as an absent man might, while in seeming abstraction, be really making of the affairs of the world. On the contrary, it was in the mind of its author only one of many books, or rather a single part of a great book, which he intended to write. A vast scheme floated before him much like the dream of the late Mr. Buckle as to a "History of Civilization," and he spent his life accordingly, in studying the origin and progress of the sciences, the laws, the politics, and all the other aids and forces which have raised man from the savage to the civilized state. The plan of Adam Smith was indeed more comprehensive even than this. He wanted to trace not only the progress of the race, but also of the individual; he wanted to show how each man being born (as he thought) with few faculties, came to attain to many and great faculties. He wanted to answer the question, how did man—race or individual—come to be what he is? These immense dreams are among the commonest phenomena of literary history; and as a rule, the vaster the intention the less the result. The musings of the author are too miscellaneous, his studies too scattered, his attempts too incoherent, for him to think out anything valuable, or to produce anything connected. But in Adam Smith's case the very contrary is true; he produced an enduring particular result in consequence of a comprehensive and diffused ambition. He discovered the laws of wealth in looking for "the natural progress of opulence," and he investigated the progress of opu-

lence as part of the growth and progress of all things.

The best way to get a distinct notion of Adam Smith's scheme is to look at the other works which he published besides the "Wealth of Nations." The greatest, and the one which made his original reputation, was the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," in which he builds up the whole moral nature of man out of a single primitive emotion-sympathy, and in which he gives a history of ethical philosophy besides. With this are commonly bound up some "Considerations concerning the first Formation of Languages," which discuss how "two savages who had never been taught to speak, but had been bred up remote from the society of man, would naturally begin their converse." Then there is a very curious "History of Astronomy," left imperfect; and another fragment on the "History of Ancient Physics," which is a kind of sequel to that part of the "History of Astronomy" which relates to the ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on ancient logic and metaphysics; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, the imitative arts, painting, poetry, and music, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming part, his executors tell us, "of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts." And he destroyed before his death the remains of the book, "Lectures on Justice," "in which," we are told by a student who heard them, "he followed Montesquieu in endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property in producing correspondent alterations in law and government;" or, as he himself announces it at the conclusion of the "Moral Sentiments," "another discourse" in which he designs "to endeavor to give an account of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society, not only in what concerns justice, but in what con-

cerns police, revenue, and arms, and whatever else is the subject of law." Scarcely any philosopher has imagined a vaster dream.

Undoubtedly it is a great literary marvel that so huge a scheme, on so many abstract subjects, should have produced anything valuable, still more that it should have produced what has been for a whole century a fundamental book on trade and money—at first sight, the least fit for a secluded man to treat at all, and which, if he did treat of them, would seem more than any other to require from him an absorbed and exclusive attention. A little study of the life of Adam Smith, however, in some degree lessens the wonder; because it shows how in the course of his universal studies he came to meet with this particular train of thought, and how he came to be able to pursue it effectually.

Adam Smith was born early in the first half of the eighteenth century, at Kirkcaldy, in Scotland, on the 5th June, 1713. His father died before he was born; but his mother, who is said to have been a woman of unusual energy and ability, lived to be very old, and to see her son at the height of his reputation as a philosopher. He was educated at school in the usual Scotch way, and at the University of Glasgow; and at both he is said, doubtless truly, to have shown an unusual facility of acquisition, and an unusual interest in books and study. As we should also expect, a very strong memory, which he retained till the last, showed itself very early. Nothing, however, is known with precision as to the amount of knowledge he acquired in Scotland, or as to his place among his contemporaries. The examination system, which nowadays in England discriminates both so accurately, has in Scotland never been equally developed, and in Adam Smith's time had never been heard of there at all.

His exceptional training begins at the next stage. There is at the University of Glasgow a certain endowment called the Snell exhibition, after the name of its founder, which enables the students selected for it to study for some years at the University of Oxford. Of these exhibitioners Adam Smith became one, and as such

studied at Oxford for as many as seven years. As might be expected, he gives the worst account of the state of the university at that time. In the sketch of the history of education which forms so odd an episode in the "Wealth of Nations," he shows perpetually that he thought the system which he had seen at Oxford exceedingly bad, and its government excessively corrupt. "If," he says, "the authority to which a teacher is subject resides in the body corporate of the college or university of which he is himself a member, and in which the greater part of the other members are, like himself, persons who either are or ought to be teachers, they are likely to make a common cause, to be all very indulgent to one another, and every man to consent that his neighbor may neglect his duty, provided he is himself allowed to neglect his own." "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." And he adds, "In England, the public schools are much less corrupted than the universities. In the schools, the youth are taught, or at least may be taught, Greek and Latin. That is everything which the masters pretend to teach, or which it is expected they should teach. In the universities, the youth neither are taught, nor can always find the means of being taught, the sciences which it is the business of these incorporated bodies to teach." And he retained through life a fixed belief that endowments for education tended only to the "ease" of the teacher, and not to the advantage of the learner. But though he says he had the means of learning little at Oxford, he certainly, in fact, learnt much. "Greek," as Sydney Smith says, "never crossed the Tweed in any force;" but Adam Smith incessantly shows a real familiarity with Greek books and a sound accumulation of Greek learning. Very likely his erudition would not bear much comparison with what is now carried away from Balliol. If we compare him with a more recent Snell exhibitioner, Sir William Hamilton, we shall see that Greek teaching has enormously advanced in the time between

them; but, on the other hand, if we compare Adam Smith with Scotch philosophers of purely Scotch education, say with Reid or Hume, we cannot help seeing that his acquaintance with Greek things belongs, both in quantity and in quality, to an order altogether superior to theirs.

For the vast works which Adam Smith contemplated, a sound knowledge of Greek was, as he must have felt, far more necessary than any other kind of knowledge. The beginnings of nine-tenths of all philosophy are to be found there, and the rudiments of many other things. But for the purpose of the great task which he actually performed, Adam Smith learned at Oxford something much more valuable than Greek. He acquired there a kind of knowledge and sympathy with England, in which the other eminent Scotchmen — especially literary Scotchmen — of his time were often very deficient. At that time the recollection of the old rivalry between the two countries had by no means died away; there was still a separate Scotch philosophy and a separate literature; and when it happened, as it perpetually did, that Scotch writers were not thought so much of in England as they thought they ought to be, they were apt to impute their discredit to English prejudice, and to appeal to France and Paris to correct the error. Half Hume's mind, or more than half, was distorted by his hatred of England, and his love of France. He often could not speak of English things with tolerable temper, and he always viewed French ones with extravagant admiration. Whether Adam Smith altogether liked this country may perhaps be doubted — Englishmen then hated Scotchmen so much — but he had no kind of antagonism to her, and quite understood that in most economical respects she was then exceedingly superior to France. And this exceptional sympathy and knowledge we may fairly ascribe to a long and pleasant residence in England. For his great work no qualification was more necessary; the "Wealth of Nations" would have been utterly spoiled if he had tried (as Hume incessantly would have tried) to show that,

in industrial respects, England might not be better than France, or at any rate was not so very much better.

The Snell foundation at Oxford has often been an avenue to the English Church, and it seems to have been intended that Adam Smith should use it as such. The only anecdote which remains of his college life may be a clue to his reasons for not doing so. He is said to have been found by his tutor in the act of reading Hume's "Philosophical Essays," then lately published, and to have been reproved for it. And it is certain that any one who at all sympathized with Hume's teaching in that book would have felt exceedingly little sympathy with the formularies of the Church of England, even as they were understood in the very Broad Church of that age. At any rate, for some reason or other, Adam Smith disappointed the wishes of his friends, gave up all idea of entering the Church of England, and returned to Scotland without fixed outlook or employment. He resided, we are told, two years with his mother, studying no doubt, but earning nothing, and visibly employed in nothing. In England such a career would probably have ended in his "writing for the booksellers," a fate of which he speaks in the "Wealth of Nations" with contempt. But in Scotland there was a much better opening for philosophers. The Scotch universities had then, as now, several professorships very fairly paid, and very fairly distributed. The educated world in Scotland was probably stronger a century ago than it ever was before or since. The union with England had removed the aristocracy of birth which overshadowed it before, and commerce had not yet created the aristocracy of wealth which overshadows it now. Philosophical merit had therefore then in Scotland an excellent chance of being far better rewarded than it usually is in the world. There were educated people who cared for philosophy, and these people had prizes to give away. One of those prizes Adam Smith soon obtained. He read lectures, we are told, under the patronage of Lord Kames, an eminent lawyer who wrote books on philosophy, that are still quoted, and who was no doubt deeply interested in Adam Smith's plans of books on the origin and growth of all arts and sciences, as these were the topics which he himself studied and handled. Contrary to what might have been expected, these lectures were very successful. Though silent and awkward in social life, Adam Smith possessed in consider-

able perfection the peculiarly Scotch gift of abstract oratory. Even in common conversation, when once moved, he expounded his favorite ideas very admirably. As a teacher in public he did even better; he wrote almost nothing, and though at the beginning of a lecture he often hesitated, we are told, and seemed "not to be sufficiently possessed of the subject," yet in a minute or two he became fluent, and poured out an interesting series of animated arguments. Commonly, indeed, the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings. Adam Smith acquired great reputation as a lecturer, and in consequence obtained two of the best prizes then given to philosophers in Scotland — first the professorship of logic, and then that of moral philosophy, in the University of Glasgow.

The rules, or at any rate the practice, of the Scotch universities, seem at that time to have allowed a professor in either of these chairs, great latitude in the choice of his subject. Adam Smith during his first year lectured on rhetoric and belles-lettres "instead of on logic," and in the chair of moral philosophy he expounded, besides the theory of duty, a great scheme of social evolution. The beginnings of the "Wealth of Nations" made part of the course, but only as a fragment of the immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or, as we may perhaps put it, not inappropriately, of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman. This course of lectures seems to have been especially successful. So high, we are told, was his reputation as a professor, "that a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to the university merely upon his account. Those branches of science which he taught became fashionable" in the city, "and his opinions were the chief topics of discussion in clubs and literary societies. Even the small peculiarities of his pronunciation and manner of speaking became frequently the objects of imitation." This is the partial recollection of an attached pupil in distant years; it may be over-colored a little, but even after a fair abatement it is certainly the record of a great temporary triumph and local success.

That the greater part of the lectures can have been of much intrinsic merit it is not now easy to believe. An historical account "of the great principles of law

and government, and of the different revolutions which they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society," would be too great a task for a great scholar of the ripest years and with all the accumulated materials of the present time, and it was altogether beyond the strength of a young man a century ago; not to say that he combined it with an account of the origin of the moral faculties, a theory of belles-lettres, and other matters. The delivery of that part of the course which was concerned with wealth and revenue may have been useful to him, because it compelled him to bring his ideas on those subjects into a distinct form. Otherwise, being a bookish man, he might have been too absorbed in bookish matters, and neglected what can only be taught by life for that which is already to be learned from literature. But at the time this was only a minor merit: the main design of the lectures was only an impossible aim at an unbounded task.

So complex, however, is life, that this Scotch professorship, though in a superficial view wasteful, and likely to exhaust and hurt his mind by the constant efflux of inferior matter, was, nevertheless, on the whole exceedingly useful. It not only induced him to study as a part of his vast scheme the particular phenomena of wealth, but it gave him an excellent opportunity of seeing those phenomena and of learning how to explain them. It was situated at Glasgow, and Glasgow, though a petty place in comparison with its present magnitude, was nevertheless a considerable mercantile place according to the notions of those times. The union with England had opened to it the trade with our West-Indian colonies, as well as with the rest of the English empire, and it had in consequence grown rapidly and made large profits. That its size was small, as we should think now, was to a learner rather an aid than a disadvantage. A small commerce is more easily seen than an immense one; that of Liverpool or London now is so vast that it terrifies more than excites the imagination. And a small commerce, if varied, has almost as much to teach as a large one; the elements are the same though the figures are smaller, and the less the figures the easier are they to combine. An inspection of Liverpool now would not teach much more than an inspection of Glasgow a hundred years ago, and the lessons of modern Liverpool would be much more difficult to learn. But the mere sight of the phenomena of the commerce was but a small part

of the advantage to Adam Smith of a residence at Glasgow. The most characteristic and most valuable tenets of Adam Smith are, when examined, by no means of a very abstract and recondite sort. We are, indeed, in this generation not fully able to appreciate the difficulty of arriving at them. We have been bred up upon them; our disposition is more to wonder how any one could help seeing them, than to appreciate the effort of discovering them. Experience shows that many of them — the doctrine of free-trade for example — are very uncongenial to the untaught human mind. On political economy the English-speaking race is undoubtedly the best-instructed part of mankind; and, nevertheless, in the United States and in every English-speaking colony, protection is the firm creed of the ruling classes, and free-trade is but a heresy. We must not fancy that any of the main doctrines of Adam Smith were very easily arrived at by him because they seem very obvious to us. But, on the other hand, although such doctrines as his are too opposed to many interests and to many first impressions to establish themselves easily as a dominant creed, they are quite within the reach and quite congenial to the taste of an intelligent dissenting minority. There was a whole race of mercantile free-traders long before Adam Smith was born; in his time the doctrine was in the air; it was not accepted or established, — on the contrary, it was a tenet against which a respectable parent would probably caution his son, — still it was known as a tempting heresy, and one against which a warning was needed. In Glasgow there were doubtless many heretics. Probably in consequence of the firm belief in a rigid theology, and of the incessant discussion of its technical tenets, there has long been, and there is still, in the south of Scotland, a strong tendency to abstraction and argument quite unknown in England. Englishmen have been sometimes laughing at it, and sometimes gravely criticising it for several generations; Mr. Buckle wrote half a volume on it; Sydney Smith alleged that he heard a Scotch girl answer in a quadrille, "But, my lord, as to what ye were saying as to love in the *abstract*," and so on. Yet, in spite both of ridicule and argument, the passion for doctrine is still strong in southern Scotland, and it will take many years more to root it out. At Glasgow in Adam Smith's time it had no doubt very great influence; a certain number of hard-headed merchants were believers in free-trade and kindred tenets.

One of these is still by chance known to us. Dr. Carlyle, whom Mr. Gladstone not unhappily described as a "gentleman clergyman" of the Church of Scotland, tells us of a certain Provost Cochrane, to whom Adam Smith always acknowledged his obligations, and who was the founder and leading member of a club "in which the express design was to inquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate their knowledge on that subject to each other." From this club Adam Smith not only learned much which he would never have found in any book, but also in part perhaps acquired the influential and so to say practical way of explaining things which so much distinguishes the "Wealth of Nations." Mr. Mill says he learned from his intercourse with East-India directors the habit of looking for, and the art of discovering, "the mode of putting a thought which gives it easiest admittance into minds not prepared for it by habit;" and Adam Smith probably gained something of this sort by living with the Glasgow merchants, for no other book written by a learned professor shows anything like the same power of expressing and illustrating arguments in a way likely to influence minds like theirs. And it is mainly by his systematic cultivation of this borderland between theory and practice that Adam Smith attained his pre-eminent place and influence.

But this usefulness of his Scotch professorship was only in the distant future. It was something for posterity to detect, but it could not have been known at the time. The only pages of his professional work which Adam Smith then gave to the public were his lectures on moral philosophy, in what an Englishman would consider its more legitimate sense. These formed the once celebrated "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which, though we should now think them rather pompous, were then much praised and much read. For a great part, indeed, of Adam Smith's life they constituted his main title to reputation. The "Wealth of Nations" was not published till seventeen years later; he wrote nothing else of any importance in the interval; and it is now curious to find that when the "Wealth of Nations" was published, many good judges thought it not so good as the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and that the author himself was by no means certain that they were not right.

The "Theory of Moral Sentiments" was, indeed, for many years, exceedingly

praised. One sect of philosophers praised it, as it seems to me, because they were glad of a celebrated ally, and another because they were glad of a celebrated opponent: the first said, "See that so great an authority as Adam Smith concurs with us;" and the second replied, "But see how very weak his arguments are; if so able an arguer as Adam Smith can say so little for your doctrines, how destitute of argumentative grounds those doctrines must be." Several works in the history of philosophy have had a similar fate. But a mere student of philosophy who cares for no sect, and wants only to know the truth, will nowadays, I think, find little to interest him in this celebrated book. In Adam Smith's mind, as I have said before, it was part of a whole; he wanted to begin with the origin of the faculties of each man, and then build up that man — just as he wished to arrive at the origin of human society, and then build up society. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments" builds them all out of one source, sympathy, and in this way he has obtained praise from friends and enemies. His friends are the school of "moral sense" thinkers, because he is on their side, and believes in a special moral faculty, which he laboriously constructs from sympathy; his enemies are the utilitarian school, who believe in no such special faculty, and who set themselves to show that his labor has been in vain, and that no such faculty has been so built up. One party says the book is good to gain authority for the conclusion, and the other to gain credit by refuting its arguments. For unquestionably its arguments *are* very weak, and attractive to refutation. If the intuitive school had had no better grounds than these, the utilitarians would have vanquished them ages since. There is a fundamental difficulty in founding morals on sympathy; an obvious confusion of two familiar sentiments. We often sympathize where we cannot approve, and approve where we cannot sympathize. The special vice of party spirit is that it effaces the distinction between the two; we sympathize with our party, till we approve its actions. There is a story of a Radical wit in the last century who was standing for Parliament, and his opponent, of course a Tory, objected that he was always *against* the king whether right or wrong, upon which the wit retorted that on his own showing the Tory was exposed to equal objection, since he was always *for* the king whether right or wrong. And so it will always be. Even the wisest party men more or less

sympathize with the errors of their own side; they would be powerless if they did not so; they would gain no influence if they were not of like passions with those near them. Adam Smith could not help being aware of this obvious objection; he was far too able a reasoner to elaborate a theory without foreseeing what would be said against it. But the way in which he tries to meet the objection only shows that the objection is invincible. He sets up a supplementary theory — a little epicycle — that the sympathy which is to test good morals must be the sympathy of an "impartial spectator." But, then, who is to watch the watchman? Who is to say when the spectator is impartial, and when he is not? If he sympathizes with one side, the other will always say that he is partial. As a moralist, the supposed spectator must warmly approve good actions, and warmly disapprove bad actions; as an impartial person he must never do either the one or the other. He is a fiction of inconsistent halves; if he sympathizes he is not impartial, and if he is impartial he does not sympathize. The radical vice of the theory is shown by its requiring this accessory invention of a being both hot and cold, because the essence of the theory is to identify the passion which loves with the sentiment which approves.

But although we may now believe the "Theory of Moral Sentiments" to be of inconsiderable philosophical value, and though it would at first sight seem very little likely to contribute to the production of the "Wealth of Nations," yet it was, in fact, in a curious way most useful to it. The education of young noblemen has always been a difficulty in the world, and many schemes have been invented to meet it. In Scotland, a hundred years ago, the most fashionable way was to send them to travel in Europe, and to send with them some scholar of repute to look after their morals and to superintend their general education. The guardians of the great border nobleman, the Duke of Buccleugh, were in want of such a tutor to take him such a tour, and it seems to have struck them that Adam Smith was the very person adapted for the purpose. To all appearance an odder selection could hardly have been made. Adam Smith was, as we have seen, the most absent of men, and an awkward Scotch professor, and he was utterly unacquainted with the Continent. He had never crossed the English Channel in his life, and if he had been left to himself would probably never have

done so. But one of the guardians was Charles Townshend, who had married the young duke's mother. He was not much unlike Mr. Disraeli in character, and had great influence at that time. He read the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and Hume writes to Adam Smith: "Charles Townshend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance that he said to Oswald he would put the duke under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this I called on him twice with a view of talking with him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow; for I could not hope that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship. But I missed him. Mr. Townshend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions, so perhaps you need not build much on this sally." Mr. Townshend was, however, this time in earnest, and the offer was made to Adam Smith. In our time there would have been an insuperable difficulty. He was a professor of great repute, they were asking him to give up a life-professorship that yielded a considerable income, and they would have hardly been able to offer him anything equally permanent. But in the eighteenth century there was a way of facilitating such arrangements that we do not now possess. The family of Buccleugh had great political influence, and Charles Townshend, the duke's father-in-law, at times possessed more; and accordingly the guardians of the young duke therefore agreed that they should pay Adam Smith £200 a year till they should get him an equal office of profit under the crown — a person apparently more unfit for the public service could not easily have been found, but in that age of sinecures and pensions it was probably never expected that he should perform any service. An arrangement more characteristic of the old world, and more unlike our present world could hardly have been made. The friends of the young duke might, not unnaturally, have had some fears about it; but, in fact, for his interests it turned out very well. Long afterwards, when Adam Smith was dead, he wrote: "In October, 1766, we returned to London, after having spent near three years together without the slightest disagreement or coolness; on my part with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship

till the hour of his death; and I shall always remain with the impression of having lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for every private virtue." Very few of Charles Townshend's caprices were as successful. Through life there was about Adam Smith a sort of lumbering *bon-homie* which amused and endeared him to those around him.

To Adam Smith the result was even better. If it had not been for this odd consequence of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," he might have passed all his life in Scotland, delivering similar lectures and clothing very questionable theories in rather pompous words. He said in after life that there was no better way of compelling a man to master a science than by setting him to teach it. And this may be true of the definite sciences. But nothing can be conceived worse for a man of inventive originality than to set him to roam over huge subjects like law, morals, politics, and civilization, particularly at a time when few good data for sound theories on such subjects are at hand for him to use. In such a position the cleverer the man, the worse are likely to be the consequences: the wider his curiosity and the more fertile his mind, the surer he is to pour out a series of gigantic conjectures of little use to himself or to any one. A one-eyed man with a taste for one subject, even at this disadvantage, may produce something good. The limitation of his mind may save him from being destroyed by his position; but a man of large interests will fail utterly. As Adam Smith had peculiarly wide interests, and as he was the very reverse of a one-eyed man, he was in special danger; and the mere removal from his professorship was to him a gain of the first magnitude. It was of cardinal importance to him to be delivered from the production of incessant words and to be brought into contact with facts and the world. And as it turned out, the caprice of Charles Townshend had a singular further felicity. It not only brought him into contact with facts and the world; but with the most suitable sort of facts, and for his purpose the best part of the world.

The greater part of his three years abroad were naturally spent in France. France was then by far the greatest country on the Continent. Germany was divided and had not yet risen; Spain had fallen; Italy was of little account. In one respect, indeed, France was relatively greater than even at the time of her great-

est elevation, the time of the first Napoleon. The political power of the first empire was almost unbounded, but it had no intellectual power; under it Paris had ceased to be an important focus of thought and literature. The vehement rule which created the soldiers also stamped out the ideas. But under the mild government of the old *régime*, Paris was the principal centre of European authorship. The deficiency of the old *régime* in eminent soldiers and statesmen only added to the eminence of its literary men. Paris was then queen of two worlds, in that of politics by a tradition from the past, and in literature by a force and life vigorously evidenced in the present. France therefore thus attracted the main attention of all travellers who cared for the existing life of the time; Adam Smith and his pupil spent the greater part of their stay abroad there. And as a preparation for writing the "Wealth of Nations," he could nowhere else have been placed so well. Macaulay says that "ancient abuses and new theories" flourished together in France just before the meeting of the States-General in greater vigor than they had been seen combined before or since. And the description is quite as true economically as politically; on all economical matters the France of that time was a sort of museum stocked with the most important errors.

By nature then, as now, France was fitted to be a great agricultural country, a great producer and exporter of corn and wine; but her legislators for several generations had endeavored to counteract the aim of nature, and had tried to make her a manufacturing and an exporting country. Like most persons in those times, they had been prodigiously impressed by the high position which the maritime powers, as they were then called (the comparatively little powers of England and Holland), were able to take in the politics of Europe. They saw that this influence came from wealth, that this wealth was made in trade and manufacture, and therefore they determined that France should not be behindhand, but should have as much trade and manufacture as possible. Accordingly they imposed prohibitive or deterring duties on the importation of foreign manufactures; they gave bounties to the corresponding home manufactures. They tried, in opposition to the home-keeping bent of the French character, to found colonies abroad. These colonies were, according to the maxim then everywhere received, to be

markets for the trade and nurseries for the commerce of the mother country; they were mostly forbidden to manufacture for themselves, and were compelled to import all the manufactures and luxuries they required from Europe exclusively in French ships. Meanwhile, at home, agriculture was neglected. There was not even a free passage for goods from one part of the country to another. As Adam Smith himself describes it:—

“In France, the different revenue laws which take place in the different provinces, require a multitude of revenue officers to surround, not only the frontiers of the kingdom, but those of almost each particular province, in order either to prevent the importation of certain goods, or to subject it to the payment of certain duties, to the no small interruption of the interior commerce of the country. Some provinces are allowed to compound for the *gabelle* or salt-tax. Others are exempted from it altogether. Some provinces are exempted from the exclusive sale of tobacco, which the farmers-general enjoy through the greater part of the kingdom. The aids, which correspond to the excise in England, are very different in different provinces. Some provinces are exempted from them, and pay a composition or equivalent. In those in which they take place and are in farm, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. The *traites*, which correspond to our customs, divide the kingdom into three great parts; first, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1664, which are called the provinces of the five great farms, and under which are comprehended Picardy, Normandy, and the greater part of the interior provinces of the kingdom; secondly, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1667, which are called the provinces reckoned foreign, and under which are comprehended the greater part of the frontier provinces; and, thirdly, those provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, or which, because they are allowed a free commerce with foreign countries, are in their commerce with the other provinces of France subjected to the same duties as other foreign countries. These are Alsace, the three bishopricks of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the three cities of Dunkirk, Bayonne, and Marseilles. Both in the provinces of the five great farms (called so on account of an antient division of the duties of customs into five great branches, each of which was originally the subject of a particular farm, though they are now

all united into one), and in those which are said to be reckoned foreign, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. There are some such even in the provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, particularly in the city of Marseilles. It is unnecessary to observe how much, both the restraints upon the interior commerce of the country, and the number of the revenue officers must be multiplied, in order to guard the frontiers of those different provinces and districts, which are subject to such different systems of taxation.”

And there were numerous attendant errors, such as generally accompany a great protective legislation, but which need not be specified in detail.

In consequence, the people were exceedingly miserable. The system of taxation was often enough by itself to cause great misery. “In the provinces,” says Adam Smith, “where the personal *taille* on the farmer is imposed, the farmer is afraid to have a good team of horses or oxen, but endeavours to cultivate with the meanest and most wretched instruments of husbandry that he can.” The numerous imposts on the land due from the peasantry to the nobles had the same effect even then—most of the country was practically held in a kind of double ownership; the peasant cultivator had usually, by habit if not by law, a fixed hold upon the soil, but he was subject in the cultivation of it to innumerable exactions of varying kinds, which the lord could change pretty much as he chose. “In France,” continues Adam Smith, so oddly contrary to everything which we should say now, “the inferior ranks of the people must suffer patiently the usage which their superiors choose to inflict on them.” The country in Europe where there is now, perhaps, the most of social equality was then the one in which there was, perhaps, the least.

And side by side with this museum of economical errors there was a most vigorous political economy which exposed them. The doctrines of free-trade had been before several times suggested by isolated thinkers, but by far the most powerful combined school of philosophers who incessantly inculcated them were the French *économistes*. They delighted in proving that the whole structure of the French laws upon industry was utterly wrong; that prohibitions ought not to be imposed on the import of foreign manufactures; that bounties ought not to be

given to native ones; that the exportation of corn ought to be free; that the whole country ought to be a fiscal unit; that there should be no duty between any province; and so on in other cases. No one could state the abstract doctrines on which they rested everything more clearly. "*Acheter, c'est vendre*," said Quesnay, the founder of the school, "*vendre, c'est acheter*." You cannot better express the doctrine of modern political economy than "trade is barter." "Do not attempt," Quesnay continues, "to fix the price of your products, goods, or services; they will escape your rules. Competition alone can regulate prices with equity; it alone restricts them to a moderation which varies little; it alone attracts with certainty provisions where they are wanted or labor where it is required." "That which we call dearness is the only remedy of dearness: dearness causes plenty." Any quantity of sensible remarks to this effect might be disinterred from these writers. They were not always equally wise.

As the prime maxim of the ruling policy was to encourage commerce and neglect agriculture, this sect set up a doctrine that agriculture was the only source of wealth, and that trade and commerce contributed nothing to it. The labor of artificers and merchants was sterile; that of agriculturists was alone truly productive. The way in which they arrived at this strange idea was, if I understand it, something like this: they took the whole agricultural produce of a country, worth say £5,000,000 as it stood in the hands of the farmer, and applied it thus:—

First, as we should say, in repayment of capital spent in wages, etc.,	£3,000,000
Secondly, in payment of profit by way of hire of capital say, or as subsistence to himself,	500,000
Total outlay,	£3,500,000

But that outlay of £3,500,000 has produced a value of £5,000,000; there is therefore an overplus over and above the outlay of £1,500,000; and this overplus, or *produit net* as the *économistes* call it, goes to the landlord for rent, as we should call it. But no other employment yields any similar *produit net*. A cotton-spinner only replaces his own capital, and obtains his profit on it; like the farmer (as they said), he pays the outlay, and he gains a profit or subsistence for himself. But he does no more. There is no extra overplus in farming; no balance, after paying wages

and hiring capital; nothing to go to any landlord. In the same way commerce is, according to this system, transfer only—the expense of distribution is paid; the necessary number of capitalists and of laborers are maintained, but that is all; there is nothing beyond the wages, and beyond the profit. In agriculture only is there a third element—a *produit net*.

From this doctrine the *économistes* drew two inferences, one very agreeable to agriculturists, the other very disagreeable; but both exactly opposite to the practice of their government. *First*, they said, as agriculture was the exclusive source of all wealth, it was absurd to depress it or neglect it, or to encourage commerce and manufacture in place of it. They had no toleration for the system of finance and commercial legislation which they saw around them, of which the one object was to make France a trading and manufacturing country, when nature meant it to be an agricultural one. *Secondly*, they inferred that most, if not all, the existing taxes in France were wrong in principle. "If," they argued, "agriculture is the only source of wealth, and if, as we know, wealth only can pay taxes, then all taxes should be imposed on agriculture." They reasoned: "In manufactures there is only a necessary hire of labor, and a similar hire of capital, at a cost which cannot be diminished; there is in them no available surplus for taxation. If you attempt to impose taxes on them, and if in name you make them pay such taxes, they will charge higher for their necessary work. They will in a roundabout way throw the burden of those taxes on agriculture. The *produit net* of the latter is the one real purse of the State; no other pursuit can truly pay anything, for it has no purse. And therefore," they summed up, "all taxes, save a single one on the *produit net*, were absurd. They only attempted to make those pay who could not pay; to extract money from fancied funds, in which there was no money." All the then existing taxes in France, therefore, they proposed to abolish, and to replace them by a single tax on agriculture only.

As this system was so opposed to the practice of the government, one would have expected that it should have been discountenanced, if not persecuted, by the government. But, in fact, it was rather favored by it. Quesnay, the founder of the system, had a place at court, and was under the special protection of the king's mistress, who was then the king's government. M. de Lavergne has

quoted a graphic description of him. "Quesnay," writes Marmontel, "well lodged in a small *appartement* in the *entresol* of Madame de Pompadour, only occupied himself from morning till night with political and agricultural economy. He believed that he had reduced the system to calculation, and to axioms of irresistible evidence; and as he was collecting a school, he gave himself the trouble to explain to me his new doctrine, in order to make me one of his proselytes. I applied all my force of comprehension to understand those truths which he told me were self-evident; but I found in them only vagueness and obscurity. To make him believe that I understood that which I really did not understand, was beyond my power; but I listened with patient docility, and left him the hope that in the end he would enlighten me, and make me believe his doctrine. I did more; I applauded his work, which I really thought very useful, for he tried to recommend agriculture in a country where it was too much disdained, and to turn many excellent understandings towards the study of it. While political storms were forming and dissolving above the *entresol* of Quesnay, he perfected his calculations and his axioms of rural economy, as tranquil and as indifferent to the movements of the court, as if he had been a hundred leagues off. Below, in the *salon* of Madame de Pompadour, they deliberated on peace or war — on the choice of generals — on the recall of ministers; while we in the *entresol* were reasoning on agriculture, calculating the *produit net*, or sometimes were dining gaily with Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Helvetius, Turgot, Buffon; and Madame de Pompadour, not being able to induce this troop of philosophers to come down to her *salon*, came herself to see them at table, and to chat with them." An opposition philosophy has rarely been so petted and well treated. Much as the reign of Louis XVI. differed in most respects from that of Louis XV., it was like it in this patronage of the *économistes*. Turgot was made minister of finance, to reform France by applying their doctrines.

The reason of this favor to the *économistes* from the government was, that on the question in which the government took far the most interest the *économistes* were on its side. The daily want of the French government was more power; though nominally a despotism, it was feeble in reality. But the *économistes* were above all things anxious for a very strong government;

they held to the maxim, everything *for* the people, nothing *by* them; they had a horror of checks and counterpoises and resistances; they wished to do everything by the fiat of the sovereign. They had, in fact, the natural wish of eager speculators, to have an irresistible despotism behind them, and supporting them; and with the simplicity which marks so much of the political speculations of the eighteenth century, but which now seems so child-like, they never seemed to think how they were to get their despot, or how they were to ensure that he should be on their side. The painful experience of a hundred years has taught us that influential despotisms are not easy to make, and that good ones are still less so. But in their own time nothing could be more advantageous to the *économistes* than to have an eager zeal for a perfect despotism; in consequence they were patronized by the greatest existing authority, instead of being discountenanced by it.

This account of the *économistes* may seem to a reader who looks at Adam Smith exclusively by the light of modern political economy to be too long for their relation to him. But he would not have thought so himself. He so well knew how much his mind had been affected by them and by their teaching, that he at one time thought of dedicating the "Wealth of Nations" to Quesnay, their founder; and though he relinquished that intention, he always speaks of him with the gravest respect. If, indeed, we consider what Glasgow is now, still more what it must have been a hundred years ago, we shall comprehend the degree to which this French experience — this sight of a country so managed, and with such a political economy — must have excited the mind of Adam Smith. It was the passage from a world where there was no *spectacle* to one in which there was the best which the world has ever seen, and simultaneously the passage from the most Scotch of ideas to others the most un-Scotch. A feeble head would have been upset in the transit, but Adam Smith kept his.

From France he went home to Scotland, and stayed quietly with his mother at his native town of Kirkcaldy for a whole ten years. He lived on the annuity from the Duke of Buccleugh, and occupied himself in study only. What he was studying, if we considered the "Wealth of Nations" as a book of political economy only, we might be somewhat puzzled to say. But the contents of that book are, as has been said, most miscellaneous, and in its

author's mind it was but a fragment of an immensely larger whole. Much more than ten years' study would have been necessary for the entire book which he contemplated.

At last, in 1776, the "Wealth of Nations" was published, and was, on the whole, well received. Dr. Carlyle, indeed, preserves an impression that, in point of style, it was inferior to the "Theory of Moral Sentiments." But all competent readers were agreed as to the great value of the substance. And almost everybody will probably now think, in spite of Dr. Carlyle, that the style is very much better than that of the "Moral Sentiments." There is about the latter a certain showiness and an "air of the professor trying to be fascinating," which are not very agreeable; and, after all, there is a ponderous weight in the words which seems to bear down the rather flimsy matter. But the style of the "Wealth of Nations" is entirely plain and manly. The author had, in the interval, seen at least a little of the living world and of society, and had learnt that the greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be, and that the surest way to spoil an important book is to try to attract the attention of, to "write down" to, a class of readers too low to take a serious interest in the subject. A really great style, indeed, Adam Smith's certainly is not. Lord Mansfield is said to have told Boswell that he did not feel, in reading either Hume or Adam Smith, that he was reading English at all; and it was very natural that it should be so. English was not the mother tongue of either. Adam Smith had, no doubt, spoken somewhat broad Scotch for the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life; probably he never spoke anything that could quite be called English till he went to Oxford. And nothing so much hampers the free use of the pen in any language as the incessant remembrance of a kindred but different one; you are never sure the idioms nature prompts are those of the tongue you would speak, or of the tongue you would reject. Hume and Adam Smith exemplify the difficulty in opposite ways. Hume is always idiomatic, but his idioms are constantly wrong; many of his best passages are, on that account, curiously grating and puzzling; you feel that they are very like what an Englishman would say, but yet that, after all, somehow or other, they are what he never would say; there is a minute seasoning of imperceptible difference which distracts your attention, and which you

are forever stopping to analyze. Adam Smith's habit was very different. His style is not colloquial in the least. He adheres to the heavy "book" English which he had found in the works of others, and was sure that he could repeat in his own. And in that sort of style he has eminent merit. No one ever has to read twice in him to gather meaning; no one can bring much valid objection to his way of expressing that meaning; there is even a sort of appropriateness, though often a clumsy sort, in his way of saying it. But the style has no intrinsic happiness; no one would read it for its own sake; the words do not cleave to the meaning, so that you cannot think of them without it, or it without them. This is only given to those who write in the speech of their childhood, and only to the very few of those — the five or six in every generation who have from nature the best grace, who think by inborn feeling in words at once charming and accurate.

Of the "Wealth of Nations" as an economical treatise, I have nothing to say now; but it is not useless to say that it is a very amusing book about old times. As it is dropping out of immediate use from change of times, it is well to observe that this very change brings it a new sort of interest of its own. There are few books in which there may be gathered more curious particulars of the old world. I cull at random almost that "a broad wheel waggon, attended by two men, and drawn by eight horses," then "in about six weeks' time carried and brought trade between London and Edinburgh;" — that in Adam Smith's opinion, if there were such an effectual demand for grain as would require a million tons of shipping to import it, the "navy of England," the mercantile navy of course, would not be sufficient for it; — that "Holland was the great emporium of European goods;" that she was, in proportion to the land and the number of inhabitants, by far the richest country in Europe; that she had the greatest share of the ocean-carrying trade; that her citizens possessed £40,000,000 in the French and English funds; — that in Sheffield no master cutler can have more than one apprentice, by the by-law of the corporation, and in Norfolk and Norwich no weaver more than two; — that if Adam Smith's eyes served him right, "the common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are in general neither so strong nor so handsome as the same class of people in England, who are fed with wheaten

bread, and that they do not look or work as well;" that, which is odder still, the porters and coalheavers in London, and those unfortunate women who live by prostitution — the strongest men and the most beautiful women, perhaps, in the British dominions — are from the lowest ranks of people in Ireland, and fed with the potato; and that £1,000 share in India stock "gave a share not in the plunder, but in the appointment of the plunderers of India;" — that "the expense of the establishment of Massachusetts Bay, before the commencement of the late disturbances," that is, the American war, "used to be about £18,000 a year, and that of New York, £4,500;" that all the civil establishments in America did not at the same date cost £67,000 a year; — that, "in consequence of the monopoly of the American colonial market," the commerce of England, "instead of running in a great number of small channels, has been taught to run principally in one great channel;" — that "the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, the undoubted right of the crown," "might be rendered another source of revenue more abundant, perhaps, than all" others from which much addition could be expected; — that Great Britain is, perhaps, since "the world began, the only State which has extended its empire" "without augmenting the area of its resources;" — that, and this is the final sentence of the book, "if any of the provinces of the British empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavour to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances." A strange passage, considering all that has happened since, and all the provinces which we have since taken. No one can justly estimate the "Wealth of Nations" who thinks of it as a book of mere political economy, such as Quesnay had then written, or as Ricardo afterwards wrote; it is really both full of the most various kinds of facts and of thoughts often as curious on the most various kinds of subjects.

The effect of the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" on the fortunes of its author was very remarkable. It gave the Duke of Buccleugh the power of relieving himself of his annuity, by performing the equivalent clause in the bargain;

he obtained for Adam Smith a commissionership of customs for Scotland — an appointment of which we do not know the precise income, but which was clearly, according to the notions of those times, a very good one indeed. A person less fitted to fill it could not indeed easily have been found. Adam Smith had, as we have seen, never been used to pecuniary business of any kind; he had never even taken part in any sort of action out of such business; he was an absent and meditative student. It was indeed during his tenure of this office that, as I have said, he startled a subordinate who asked for his signature, by imitating the signature of the last commissioner instead of giving his own — of course in pure absence of mind. He was no doubt better acquainted with the theory of taxation than any other man of his time; he could have given a minister in the capital better advice than any one else as to what taxes he should or should not impose. But a commissioner of customs, in a provincial city, has nothing to do with the imposition of taxes, or with giving advice about them. His business simply is to see that those which already exist are regularly collected and methodically transmitted, which involves an infinity of transactions requiring a trained man of detail. But a man of detail Adam Smith certainly was not — at least of detail in business. Nature had probably not well fitted him for it, and his mode of life had completed the result, and utterly unfitted him. The appointment that was given him was one in which the great abilities which he possessed were useless, and in which much smaller ones, which he had not, would have been of extreme value.

But in another respect this appointment has been more blamed than I think is just. However small may be the value of Adam Smith's work at the custom-house, the effect of performing it and the time which it occupied prevented him from writing anything more. And it has been thought that posterity has in consequence suffered much. But I own that I doubt this exceedingly. Adam Smith had no doubt made a vast accumulation of miscellaneous materials for his great design. But these materials were probably of very second-rate value. Neither for the history of law, nor of science, nor art, had the preliminary work been finished, which is necessary before such a mind as Adam Smith's can usefully be applied to them. Before the theorizing philosopher must come the accurate historian. To write

the history either of law or science or art is enough for the life of any single man: neither have as yet been written with the least approach to completeness. The best of the fragments on these subjects, which we now have, did not exist in Adam Smith's time. There was, therefore, but little use in his thinking or writing at large about them. If he had set down for us some account of his residence in France, and the society which he saw there, posterity would have been most grateful to him. But this he had no idea of doing; and nobody would now much care for a series of elaborate theories, founded upon facts insufficiently collected.

Adam Smith lived for fourteen years after the publication of the "Wealth of Nations," but he wrote nothing, and scarcely studied anything. The duties of his office, though of an easy and routine character, which would probably have enabled a man bred to business to spend much of his time and almost all his mind on other things, were, we are told, enough "to waste his spirits and dissipate his attention." And not unnaturally, for those who have ever been used to give all their days to literary work rarely seem able to do that work when they are even in a slight degree struck and knocked against the world; only those who have scarcely ever known what it is to have unbroken calm are able to accomplish much without that calm. During these years Adam Smith's life passed easily and pleasantly in the Edinburgh society of that time—a very suitable one, for it was one to which professors and lawyers gave the tone, and of which intellectual exertion was the life and being. Adam Smith was it is true no easy talker—was full neither of ready replies nor of prepared replies. He rather liked to listen, but if he talked—and traps it is said were laid to make him do so—he could expound admirably on the subjects which he knew, and also (which is quite as characteristic of the man as we see him in his works) could run up rapid theories on such data as occurred to him, when, as Dugald Stewart tells us in his dignified dialect, "he gave a loose to his genius upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines."

He died calmly and quietly, leaving directions about his manuscripts and such other literary things, and saying, in a melancholy way, "I meant to have done more." The sort of fame which the "Wealth of Nations" has obtained, and its special influence, did not begin in his

lifetime, and he had no notion of it. Nor would he perhaps have quite appreciated it if he had. His mind was full of his great scheme of the origin and history of all cultivation; as happens to so many men, though scarcely ever on so great a scale, aiming at one sort of reputation, he attained another. To use Lord Bacon's perpetual illustration, like Saul, he "went in search of his father's asses, and he found a kingdom."

Adam Smith has been said to belong to the Macaulay type of Scotchmen, and the saying has been thought a paradox, particularly by those who, having misread Macaulay, think him a showy rhetorician, and not having at all read Adam Smith, think of him as a dry and dull political economist. But the saying is true, nevertheless. Macaulay is anything but a mere rhetorical writer—there is a very hard kernel of business in him; and Adam Smith is not dry at all—the objection to him is that he is not enough so, and that the real truth in several parts of his subject cannot be made so interesting as his mode of treatment implies. And there is this fundamental likeness between Macaulay and Adam Smith, that they can both describe practical matters in such a way as to fasten them on the imagination, and not only get what they say read, but get it remembered and make it part of the substance of the reader's mind ever afterwards. Abstract theorists may say that such a style as that of Adam Smith is not suitable to an abstract science; but then Adam Smith has carried political economy far beyond the bounds of those who care for abstract science or who understand exactly what it means. He has popularized it in the only sense in which it can be popularized without being spoiled; that is, he has put certain broad conclusions into the minds of hard-headed men, which are all which they need know, and all which they for the most part will ever care for, and he has put those conclusions there ineradicably. This, too, is what Macaulay does for us in history, at least what he does best; he engraves indelibly the main outlines and the rough common sense of the matter. Other more refining and perhaps in some respects more delicate minds, may add the nicer details and explain those wavering, flickering, inconstant facts of human nature which are either above common sense or below it. Both these great Scotchmen excelled in the "osteology of their subject," a term invented by Dr. Chalmers, a third great Scotchman who excelled in it

himself; perhaps, indeed, it is an idiosyncrasy of their race.

Like many other great Scotchmen — Macaulay is one of them — Adam Smith was so much repelled by the dominant Calvinism in which he was born that he never voluntarily wrote of religious subjects, or, as far as we know, spoke of them. Nothing, indeed, can repel a man more from such things than what Macaulay called the “bray of Exeter Hall.” What can be worse for people than to hear in their youth arguments, alike clamorous and endless, founded on ignorant interpretations of inconclusive words? As soon as they come to years of discretion all instructed persons cease to take part in such discussions, and often say nothing at all on the great problems of human life and destiny. Sometimes the effect goes farther; those subjected to this training become not only silent but careless. There is nothing like Calvinism for generating indifference. The saying goes that Scotchmen are those who believe most or least; and it is most natural that it should be so, for they have been so hurt and pestered with religious stimulants, that it is natural they should find total abstinence from them both pleasant and healthy. How far this indifference went in Adam Smith’s case we do not exactly know, but there is no reason to think it extended to all religion; on the contrary, there are many traces of the complacent optimism of the eighteenth century — a doctrine the more agreeable to him because, perhaps, it is the exact opposite of Calvinism — and which was very popular in an easy-going age, though the storms and calamities of a later time dispelled it, and have made it seem to us thin and unreal. The only time when Adam Smith ever came near to theological discussion was by a letter on Hume’s death, in which he said that Hume, one of his oldest friends, was the best man he had ever known — perhaps praise which was scarcely meant to be taken too literally, but which naturally caused a great storm. The obvious thing to say about it is that it does not indicate any very lofty moral standard, for there certainly was no sublime excellence in Hume, who as Carlyle long ago said, “all his life through did not so much morally live as critically investigate.” But though the bigots of his time misunderstood him, Adam Smith did not by so saying mean to identify himself with irreligion or even with scepticism.

Adam Smith’s life, however, was not like Macaulay’s — “a life without a lady.”

There are vestiges of an early love-affair, though but vague ones. Dugald Stewart, an estimable man in his way, but one of the most detestable of biographers, for he seems always thinking much more of his own words than of the facts he has to relate, says: “In the early part of Mr. Smith’s life, it is well known to his friends that he was for several years attached to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment.” But he does not tell us who she was, and “has not been able to learn” “how far his addresses were favorably received,” or, in fact, anything about the matter. It seems, however, that the lady died unmarried, and in that case the unsentimental French novelists say that the gentleman is not often continuously in earnest, for that “a lady cannot be *always* saying no!” But whether such was the case with Adam Smith or not we cannot tell. He was a lonely, bookish man, but that may tell both ways. The books may be opposed to the lady, but the solitude will preserve her remembrance.

If Adam Smith did abandon sentiment and devote himself to study, he has at least the excuse of having succeeded. Scarcely any writer’s work has had so much visible fruit. He has, at least, annexed his name to a great practical movement which is still in progress through the world. Free-trade has become in the popular mind almost as much his subject as the war of Troy was Homer’s; only curious inquirers think of teachers before the one any more than of poets before the other. If all the speeches made at our Anti-Corn-Law League were examined, I doubt if any reference could be found to any preceding writer, though the name of Adam Smith was always on men’s lips. And in other countries it is the same. Smith-ism is a name of reproach with all who hold such doctrines, and of respect with those who believe them; no other name is used equally or comparably by either. So long as the doctrines of protection exist — and they seem likely to do so, as human interests are what they are and human nature is what it is — Adam Smith will always be quoted as the great authority of anti-protectionism, as the man who first told the world the truth so that the world could learn and believe it.

And besides this great practical movement Adam Smith started a great theoretical one also. On one side his teaching created Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, on another it rendered possible Ricardo and Mr. Mill. He is the founder of that

analysis of the "great commerce" which in England we now call political economy, and which, dry, imperfect, and unfinished as it is, will be thought by posterity one of the most valuable and peculiar creations of English thought. As far as accuracy goes Ricardo no doubt began this science, but his whole train of thought was suggested by Adam Smith, and he could not have written without him. So much theory and so much practice have rarely, perhaps never, sprang from a single mind.

Fortunate in many things, Adam Smith was above all things fortunate in his age. Commerce had become far larger, far more striking, far more world-wide than it ever was before, and it needed an effectual explainer. A vigorous Scotchman with the hard-headedness and the abstractions of his country, trained in England and familiar with France, was the species of man best fitted to explain it, and such a man was Adam Smith.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS. — THE STRANGER
AT THE BROWN COW.

FROM the day of their engagement till this time, Joel had not vexed or disappointed Pleasance in a single instance.

It was not that she was blind. She was one of the women whose sight love does not blind, but clears. It was not that her love of power was gratified by the degree in which he deferred to her and complied with her every wish, quick to divine it, even when she did not express it in words. Once more, Pleasance belonged to the order of women who do not love power for itself, who even crave to be governed in minor matters, and only come to the front on exceptional occasions, without meaning it or desiring it, simply because it is their call to do it, and they cannot help doing it.

Joel's impulses were good and kind, if rash and wilful, and if his unsuccessful rival could not refrain from making the admission, what ought not his mistress to think of her bridegroom, who, on his few weeks of probation, was the most consid-

erate and tender of bridegrooms? Pleasance, who had known no peculiar cherishing love since she had lost Anne, now cried in secret with sheer blissfulness over this fond and deep love which had come to her. She thanked God for this prince and pearl among men, always reverent, always friendly with and concerned for his fellows, earnest to promote their welfare, relieve their burdens, and comfort their sorrows, Christian-like. He had spent a whole night, after his day's work, helping a poor, rheumatic old couple, who were obliged to change their house, and had not the means to hire assistance, to remove their household goods. He had been caught in the act of reading a chapter of the Bible to Sammy Thwaite, the consumptive lad. And this was the man who had sought her out, and chosen her for his. Pleasance believed she did well to rejoice and give thanks out of a full heart.

Even in the question of the disposal of the first days after their marriage, he had, as was his wont, waived his inclinations when they interfered with her sense of duty and the claims of others.

He had pleaded at first that as marriage came only once to a man, he and Pleasance might spare a few days from their working lives to go away together, though it were no further than to the neighboring coast or to the next village.

But Pleasance had urged the ungenial season, and what was to her the far more potent objection, Mrs. Balls's feeble health. In spite of her childish pleasure in the finishing touches being put to Pleasance's preparations, Mrs. Balls had been compelled to take to bed during those last weeks, and was unfit to be left to paid nursing, or to the good offices of her village friends. It should be as Pleasance liked then, he said; he could not bear that for his gratification her heart should be divided, or that she should be torn from filial services which she yearned to pay while she might.

But at last there came an occasion of Joel's trying Pleasance's faith in him, and even of his causing her acute pain. It was so close upon their marriage that Joel was bound for the house of the parish clerk, to bid him put up the banns on the following Sunday. But first he sought an interview with Pleasance, and had it in the kitchen, where Mrs. Balls's once active foot no longer sounded, and to which Pleasance came from the side of her cousin's bed in an upper room.

Joel stood with his back to the waning

light, leaning against the huge table as she entered. He drew his hands from his pockets and took off his cap, which he was not in the habit of wearing after his entrance into a house, like many men of his class, but which he had retained in his absence of mind this day. Still he did not advance to meet her, and clasp her hands, or put his arms round her to take the privileged kiss, as he was used to do, and he spoke with an accent of embarrassment. "Pleasance, do you remember what I said to you once, of my not being on terms with my people? My mother and sister?"

"Yes, Joel," she said; "do you think of taking this opportunity of making it up with them?"

It struck her that the idea was like him; and she resolved that on his thus coming to ask her to back him in the effort, he should not find her the woman who would stand out on her dignity, and be slow to comply with overtures of peace.

"Oh, no," he said hastily, "it would be worse than useless to attempt it at this moment. But I have something more to tell you about my quitting home and setting out on my adventures in the way I chose to do, without leaving any trace of me behind by which I could be followed, and written to, and generally badgered. I had to change my name. I could not have managed it otherwise."

"Change your name!" repeated Pleasance, startled.

"Yes, dear. Will it surprise you to hear that I am not Joel Wray — nothing so uncouth or quaint? I picked out the two names from the sign-board of a cart in a midland county, and made bold to appropriate them to serve my purpose for a season," he said, trying to speak playfully in order to mask his anxiety for the effect he should produce.

"But I do not quite understand," she said, coloring up, "why you should have had to change your name when you were your own master, and could work how and where you liked, in spite of your mother and sister's unwarrantable objections. It was such — such an awkward" — she paused and corrected herself, and said straight out, looking him piteously in the face to show how it grieved her to say it — "it was such a wrong thing to do, forgive me for saying it, when it might expose you to misconceptions and mistakes."

"Yes, I grant an alias is apt to be a discreditable dodge," he admitted readily, not in the least angry with her for her remonstrance, nay, he proceeded to stroke the

hair under the shadow of her cap, as he liked to do, with what seemed a reassuring touch in this instance, "but I could see no other way, and I thought it was admissible."

She looked up into his frank, penitent eyes, and listened to his clear, confiding voice, which had lost its trouble even while he spoke, and she fully believed that he had only adopted a doubtful resource because he had taken into his head that it was necessary. Still, it disturbed her, that he should do what might well draw on him suspicion and doubt. He was very good, but he was also strangely careless and imprudent, and he did not see his enormities in their proper light. He was proceeding with considerable coolness, and certainly quite happily. The first brush of the announcement which he had required to make, was over, and it had not seriously impaired her great trust in him, or led to grave results for which he was not then equal. He went on to tell her that he could not marry her under an assumed name, that he must marry her under his own name, that she might be assured to him as he to her. And was she not curious to learn what his real name which she was to bear — so soon too — would sound like?

"I shall never like it nearly so well as Joel Wray," said Pleasance, half sadly, half reproachfully, in the natural, but partly amused indignation of her superior discretion at his boyish folly.

"What! Not if it be my name, my real name, and not a bad name as names go! It is of Scotch origin, for my father came of a Scotch stock which had crossed the Borders. You won't hurry me, Pleasance, you won't press for the name which I have a great mind to keep in the dark a little longer, till the clerk reads it out in church, a big mouthful — Archibald Douglas."

"Archibald Douglas!" said Pleasance, faintly, with a trying sense of its strangeness. "I have heard it before — read of it in Sir Walter's novels, and his 'Tales of a Grandfather.' There were great old tyrants of Scotch earls of that name."

"Ah, but I am no tyrant, and the name has come down in the world since then," said he, laughing, "like more earls' names."

"I shall not know how to say it," said Pleasance, bemoaning her peculiar difficulty, half in earnest, half in jest. "It is like having another man — a man I have never known given me for my husband, and I could never consent to that. I

shall always be saying Joel. And what will the folk about think?"

"You can call me Joel till you learn to say Archie. As for the people here, they are used to nicknames, or handles to names, like 'Long Dick,' and 'Host Morse.' They hold me a queer fish, they will judge it is one of my queer ways to have a couple or more names at my disposal, and they will care no more about it."

The villagers did very much as he had said. After the shock of hearing Pleasance Hatton's banns read out to another than Joel Wray, the explanation was a comparative relief. Perhaps they were more accustomed to aliases than Pleasance was, and did not regard them exactly in the same light. Perhaps the men and women who were occupied every day of their lives with intensely practical concerns, did not stop to consider aliases as an abstract question, and viewed one name as being as good as another. There was only a little talk, a few exclamations.

"Lor', he be'nt Joel Wray as 'a been livin' along on us and known as sich! He be one Arch'bald Dooglas, arter all! And Madam she d' be goin' to be Missus Dooglas, and none on Missus Wray! But when it d' come to thatten, she 'ont be Missus anythink, certain sure, on'y Madam, so long as her lives in them parts, and sets herself up to wear glasses."

The sole protest which the natives made against the irregularity of the proceeding was in their continuing obstinately to call the delinquent Joel Wray the same as before.

But Pleasance, from the moment that he told her the truth, strove with a blush rising on her cheek to substitute Archie for Joel, or if Joel slipped out to correct the lapse quickly, and supply Archie instead.

"All right, Pleasance, never mind," he would protest lightly, and declare, "I shall always like Joel from you, because it reminds me of the first time that I heard you say it."

"But it was not your real name all the time, Archie," she reminded him with unconscious severity. She sighed again over the strangeness of that Archie, and over the inclination to vagary which seemed the one spot on her sun—at the same time she consoled herself with the lustrous integrity of that sun in which so small a flaw became conspicuous by its very singularity.

Pleasance's wedding-day was anticipated, by the occurrence at Saxford of an-

other event, in itself quite sufficient to mark a special occasion.

Few travellers took Saxford on their way. Decent working-men on the tramp, as Joel Wray had been, vendors of baskets and crockery of a high enough grade to ply their traffic by means of carts drawn by horses or donkeys, agents for such small retail businesses, drovers and cattle and horse dealers come to inspect the neighboring stock, were the chief visitors. Elections were of exceptional occurrence, and even elections in so limited an agricultural district, with the interest sure for Lawyer Lockwood's master, Sir Frederick, brought little stir to the isolated village.

The east country did not afford attractions for artists and their umbrellas. Yet glorious old English artists who did not know such umbrellas had been born in it, and had remained very faithful to it, never wearying of depicting its broad lights, its slow rivers with their heavy barges, its high bits of heath with their windmills, its old inns and cottages, its green meadows and sandy lanes. But such artists as were brought to the neighborhood by its traditions, confined themselves nowadays to the coast or the broads.

Saxford lying out of the beaten track, did not even draw many professional strollers of the Punch and organ class, for these turned aside to Cheam.

The Brown Cow was mostly self-supporting, that is, it drew its principal receipts from the habitual beer-drinking of the village itself, eked out by the little inn's being the occasional summer resort of the company at bean-feasts and cricket-matches.

The sight of a traveller who belonged to none of the accredited classes, who came alone, so late as on an afternoon in October, driving over in a cab from the Cheam station, and thus giving positive proof that he was a gentleman of independent habits and means, was a rare godsend to Saxford. He had directed that his portmanteau and dressing-case—in themselves elegant appurtenances fit for the vicarage at least—should be carried into a private room, and followed the direction by a hesitating request whether he could get accommodation for more than the night.

It did seem that in Saxford, as elsewhere, it never rained but it poured. Here was an incident which might have supplied the gossips, male and female, with a subject for a week's discussion; yet it must be followed close—before it could be

properly digested — by another equally exciting event, for this was the eve of Joel Wray and Madam up at the manor's wedding-day. At other times nothing would happen, not even a pig-killing, not a hero like Long Dick's going off to seek his fortunes over the hills and far away, for months on end.

Host Morse was naturally considerably impressed by the unexpected grist to his mill, and was prepared to pour forth on the guest all the host's approved qualities of boisterous joviality and jocularly. But after having pulled on his best coat, — a tight fit, — brushed up the hair with both hands from his red, shining face, and rushed up the narrow steep stair with a nimbleness which did credit to his years and stoutness, Host Morse reappeared and descended slowly, in a state of collapse to throw over the distinguished visitor on the missus as her business, and to retire to the bar as his proper sphere, there to brag and swagger about "the swell as the missus were a-servin' hup-stairs."

Mrs. Morse, who had already faithfully flown from the society of her friend Mrs. Blennerhasset, to her post in the kitchen, rose to the occasion. She put on her meekest face, with her meekest cap stuck full of modest little daisies, and entered the alarming presence. She smoothed down her apron and besought the gentleman to please say what he "'ould 'a," and it should be got for him, "if so be it could be 'ad," giving the phrase with an expression as if she anticipated the stranger would ask for a roc's egg, yet felt bound to comply with his request, though she should go to the ends of the earth, and come off with a dead loss as a hostess, to compass it.

The gentleman who had quenched Host Morse stood in the long, low-roofed parlor between its two batteries of gentility — an engraving of her Majesty the queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in a gilt frame, and a flower composed of shells, under a glass shade. Though he was the most loyal of subjects and a lover of art, he gazed from the one object to the other with lack-lustre eyes. "Ah," he said, with a slight defect in his speech amounting to hesitation when he was agitated — "ah! my good woman, get me anything you can, dinner, tea, or supper."

The look of helpless forlornness with which the gentleman contemplated the position, the air of hopeless resignation with which he submitted to circumstances, as if they were too far removed for him ever to dream of their being brought into

harmony with his tastes and inclinations, were almost too much for Mrs. Morse as they had proved for her husband.

The visitor was a tall, lank man, in a travelling-suit of brown tweed. He showed the signs, unmistakable even to such unaccustomed eyes as those of Host Morse and his wife, of super-refinement, with the shyness which sometimes accompanies it, and which becomes distressing in middle age. He was as scared by the Morses as they could be by him; and it was this evident trepidation, along with the equally evident distress and incapacity to cope with the surroundings, that silenced Host Morse's patronizing volubility, and went near to upsetting Mrs. Morse's sly modesty.

But as the gentleman stood with his chin — aristocratic by dint of its shape — in the air, his pale blue eyes blinking with uneasy horror at the shabby engraving of the queen, and the ugly petrification of the shell flower — his aquiline nose sniffing involuntarily in an additional disquieting sense that the windows of the parlor of the Brown Cow could not have been open for a week, Mrs. Morse recovered herself.

"Please, sir, if you will say now more pertickler what you will 'a, it will perwent reflections bum bye," she suggested, with the softest deference.

He had not the most distant intention of reflecting on the people, though he knew that he was horribly uncomfortable. He shrank from giving trouble. He was totally unaware which of the meals he had mentioned would be most in season at this hour in an establishment like that of the Brown Cow, though he could have been depended upon to give an accurate account of the feeding-times of the ancient Romans and Greeks. If he fixed on, say dinner, which came natural to himself at the close of the day, it would be another penalty to him to particularize the dishes without a bill of fare — such a bill of fare as could be conceived of at the Brown Cow. And always to intensify his trouble, his eyes were fascinated by that shameful travesty of her gracious Majesty's lineaments, and that painful parody of the most inoffensive, refreshing thing in nature, even if it came from a cit's lawn or a cottager's garden — a nosegay.

"Ah! anything, anything, my good woman, ma'am" — he did not even know how to address her, without probably hurting her feelings, and he hated to hurt anybody's feelings. "Anything you have. A rasher" (with a bright flash of recollec-

tion out of some novel he had read) — “ah — or bread and cheese.”

“We be rather better perwided than that, sir,” said Mrs. Morse, with gentle reproach, that cut the wretched man to the heart. “We ’a a roast on beef in the larder, likewise a pigeon pie, and we ’a fowls in the yard, in coorse, with heggs for a custard, if required.”

The only effect produced on the stranger by Mrs. Morse’s proudly-humble enumeration was a conviction that somehow it was a reproach to him, which he hastened to get rid of, by saying, —

“That will do. The pigeon pie” (he was dyspeptic, and never ate pies), “or the custard with — ah, a slice of bread and a glass of milk; and the same will serve for my breakfast to-morrow morning,” he added, on a sudden impulse to get over his penance and have done with it at once. “I shall want nothing besides, save a bed and a bath.”

“I shall see to your bed, sir, as how it is haired and warmed with my own ’and,” said Mrs. Morse, like a woman who knows her duties and does them, and who forgives and recompenses with good her worst enemies; “but there ain’t no baths to be ’ad here, ’cept folks goes to the Broad for en. We don’t go in with tubbin’ in the house, not but for chil’ren,” said Mrs. Morse, casting her eyes on the ground, to avoid the contemplation of the impropriety of her generation, and so to repress her just indignation.

“Oh, very well; never mind,” assented the gentleman with the utmost swiftness, seeing that there was yet a deeper slough of despond into which he had to descend. He must not only go without his bath, for the first time within his knowledge, but submit to an inference from a woman that he, the most decorous of men, was guilty of impropriety in his mode of daily ablutation.

Mrs. Morse went down-stairs and allowed herself to say to Mrs. Blennerhasset, who had followed her friend to see if she could render any help, that if ever woman had been tried “with a stuck-up old fool as were goin’ to do nothin’ for the good of the house,” she had been. But she had given him as good as she had got, and she was not going to complain — no one ever heard her complain, or make, or meddle. All that she wished was to live and let live, to keep a quiet house and do her duty by Morse, “as left things” to her, “and sat and hectored and soaked hisself in the bar;” but it was the way of the world and of men. To all which self-

evident propositions and admirable sentiments Mrs. Blennerhasset agreed fervently.

After his dinner, or supper, the stranger strolled out, and picked his steps, as he wandered aimlessly about the village, glancing nervously at the bold starers who met him at every turn, and shook what equanimity was left in him. He came always back to the inn-door, looking wistfully as if he would like to speak to one or other of the men hanging about it and the smithy, but invariably retreating from the encounter when it became imminent. He seemed as miserable out of doors as in.

At last the stranger took courage and made up, as it happened, to Ned, the junior man at the manor farm, standing the image of heavy good humor and reflected importance, to be trotted out by all his acquaintances in turn, on the doings that were to take place at the manor-house next day.

“Ah!” said the gentleman, touching his hat first, to the bewilderment of Ned, who made no movement to return the salutation, “horses and cattle are your staple production here, I suppose?”

“I s’pose they be, zur,” said Ned sheepishly, without the most distant conception what “staple production” meant, but satisfied that he could not be wrong in agreeing with a gentleman. He was occupied, wondering why the dickens he was selected to be spoken to by the stranger, when so many better men — Smith Blennerhasset and others — were close at hand. Ned did not know whether to feel flattered or aggrieved by the distinction.

“And I conclude that you have a resident population — not many changes going on among you, eh?” continued the stranger, taking heart to prosecute his inquiries.

“Cheanges?” said Ned. “No, there be’n’t many cheanges,” he repeated like a clumsy echo.

“Not many strange work-people coming and going?” persisted the gentleman.

“No,” answered Ned; “but there d’ be such a oner at our farm.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the limp questioner, straightening himself up and speaking almost sharply. “What sort of fellow, eh? Excuse my curiosity.”

“Oh, no offense,” said Ned politely. “He were a wery spry chap, though town-bred, were Joel Wray, from the fust; and now he d’ be to be married to-morrer.”

The listener’s interest, kindled the instant before, sank down with the mention of the name, and at the volunteered information of Joel Wray’s immediate pro-

motion to the rank of a benedict, it died out entirely. He abandoned what appeared to him the fruitless subject of Joel Wray, and though he made an effort to resume his quest in a general direction, it was with a return to his previous flurried dispiritedness. "You know of no other odd-man — job-man, come here lately, and taking a turn at work in the neighborhood?"

"I knows on none, zur," said Ned, positive when he was convinced that his knowledge, in its slender amount, could not be mistaken, "and there could not be none, not atween Broad Ends and Cheam, atout me hearin' tell on en."

"I have been at both these places, thanks," said the gentleman with languid laconicness, turning away without vouchsafing any explanation of his questions.

He re-entered the inn, stealing stumbly up-stairs, not to attract attention, or trespass more than he could help against the customs of the natives. He shut himself into the low-roofed dining-parlor, with its coarse drugget carpet, horsehair chairs, the distressingly defective and damaged engraving of her Majesty, and the monstrosity of a shell flower. He was full of the painful impression that, though he were to stay months in this strange region and investigate the minutest detail, he should find in the end that he had come to the wrong place, and had been enduring all this bodily and mental purgatory for worse than nothing, since he should have been losing his time and sowing warning traces of himself and his errand wherever he tarried.

At the very moment when the novel visitor to Saxford revolved these vexatious conclusions, clinging to his one consolation, — the fire which Mrs. Morse had been so good as to light for him, — and standing with his back to the window, hanging over the heat, applying each well-made boot in turn to the bars of the grate, Joel Wray came down the village street, walking slowly and showing himself fully to all who cared to look for him, as a smart and happy bridegroom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE, WITH ITS LAST GUEST.

WHEN Pleasance was dressed on her wedding morning, she went to Mrs. Balls to show herself.

It was all that Mrs. Balls could do to sit up in bed, stroke down Pleasance's dimity gown, and smell her flowers. Joel had kept to his point of getting her such flow-

ers as Cheam could afford. They were not very fine flowers after all, a late rose or two grown in a sheltered corner, and a few carnations for sweetness, with sprigs of geranium and scarlet verbenas for brightness. But they made a fine show in the breast of Pleasance's white gown, and they had been shedding their fragrance since the previous day through the old rooms of the manor-house.

"I thought you were to be none smart, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls's quavering voice; "but you d' be main tasty with them flowern — on'y not a bit like your mother. It were your poor sister as favored my owd Pleasance."

"Did you see my mother go away to be married?" asked Pleasance, humoring the old woman.

"No, I didn't, mor; your father, though he meant her fair, wern't likin' to come among her people as were so different from his'n. It is my mind he wanted to part her from her friens from the fust. You see they were ill-convenient when she had gotten a gen'leman for her man. She had to pay the price, poor mawther. He found a respeck'able place scores on miles from here, where nobry knowed her nor him. She lived there for a time, and were married from there."

"But Joel does not take me from my friends," said Pleasance, as she chose the sweetest, most perfect rose from her flowers, and put it aside for his button-hole, to be ready for him when he came, village-fashion, to walk with her to church. "I have not many friends to spare," said Pleasance, with a quiver in her own voice. "I wish you could have come with me to-day, dear."

"An' I wish it mysen," said Mrs. Balls; "but where's the use on wishin'? if wishes were horsen, beggars 'ould ride. I'm nowt now but an owd, done body, as is fit for nowt but to be in folk's way, even on your weddin'-day, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls with a pathetic consciousness of the contrast between herself lying there, old and feeble, with her dim eyes, scanty white hair, and fallen-in, shrivelled cheeks, and Pleasance standing beside her in her youth, and strength, and bloom, dressed as a bride waiting for her bridegroom. "It ain't that I be a-cryin' out again' the A'mighty," said Mrs. Balls, wiping away the rare tears of old age; "it's what we mun all come to, — 'common lot,' as 'pason he says. I 'a 'ad my day, though I were none on a bride. Yet I 'a besser'n a darter to wait upon me, and not to weary for me goin', and never to leave me, though

she d' be a bride. She be to shut my owd eyes arter she d' be done readin' to me on the risin' again, and the Lord as is risen fust. I be bun' to be thankful sure-ly."

"And I am thankful to be with you," said Pleasance, tenderly. "I love Joel best of all for not thinking of taking me away from you."

"Ah, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls, "you 'a found your master—you may 'a pleased youself in the findin' on him, but it will be please your man from this day forth. This is the last day, gal, that you d' be free to please youself."

"Don't frighten me, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance with a little laugh, so little frightened that she verily believed she should have nothing to speak of to wish for from this day, that she should be like the wonderfully blessed Shunammite woman who had always stood out to Pleasance as one of the wisest and sweetest of the figures in the Bible, because she had told the great prophet that she dwelt among her own people, and had nothing to ask from his supernatural power.

The next moment Mrs. Balls was aluding to what was a great source of gratification to her in the arrangements for the marriage with which she could have so little active concern. "An' bailiff d' be to ack father and the man as gives away this 'oman. I do take it uncommon kind on bailiff, most as if it had been Lawyer Lockwood, no less; you'll mind to say so, and make my duty to en, Pleasance."

There had been a little difficulty as to who should be the substitute for the father and guardian at Pleasance's marriage. She had felt inclined, without meeting any opposition from Joel Wray, to ask old Miles Plum, who had been about the farm since she came to it, in preference to the parish clerk, or to some head of a house in the village, with whom she was not so well acquainted, and for whom she felt less regard. But the bailiff on the farm had stepped in and offered his services. He was far enough above the couple in rank to render his presence in the capacity a little of a condescension, and he was a man of just such a hearty character as to enjoy conferring the condescension.

He had known Pleasance almost as long as Miles Plum had known her. He had a great respect and regard for her as an excellent and, what was more, a handsome young woman, who had not let her head be turned either by her claim to

superior birth, her good looks, or her fortune. She had proved a dutiful young kinswoman to his old ally Mrs. Balls, and a valuable auxiliary to himself—an example of industry to the whole field in many a wheat-hoeing and hay-making. He thought that such a good girl deserved honor done her, and he determined that he should be the man to do it.

Then the bailiff had a liking, as most people had who came in personal contact with him, for that winning vagabond and erratic Jack-of-all-trades, Joel Wray. The bailiff was somehow agreeably tickled by the notion of a marriage between these two, and was quite ready to excuse Madam for throwing herself away on a half-trained laborer, who yet, his master let himself to be persuaded, would do well.

The bailiff came to the manor-house on purpose to walk with Pleasance and her party to the church. In order to grace the occasion he had put on his suit of best broadcloth—the only broadcloth represented at Pleasance's wedding—and assumed the very match to the sprigged waistcoat, bright blue neck-tie, and glossy beaver hat, which Pleasance had deprecated on Joel Wray's account. They called to her mind with a strain of pensiveness Long Dick across the seas. And as if she had been fated to recall Long Dick on this day, Pleasance was to walk first with her champion, the bailiff.

Joel Wray—to the bailiff's surprise, and somewhat to his dismay and disgust—was in his clean working-clothes and straw hat, wearing the rose that Pleasance had chosen for him, and carrying a face like the morning above it. He walked with Dorky Thwaite, a girl of thirteen years, sister of poor Sammy dying of consumption. Dorky, in her schoolgirl frock and tippet, was elected to the post she filled because Pleasance could not bear to have any of the village young women in the place which Lizzie Blennerhasset should have occupied, and because poor Dorky had few treats in the present circumstances of her family. She was giving abundant indication that the present treat was well bestowed by showing herself one proud, gleeful giggle, certainly the happiest person in the company after the bride and bridegroom.

An irregular group of three wound up the procession. These were old Miles Plum, in his clean smock, which he was relieved to see was in the best of company with the bridegroom's working-jacket, only Miles had not the satisfaction of twitting his wife Phillis with the fact, and with the

absence of any necessity for her lamentations over his want of a coat, and her unpalatable suggestion that he should stay at home in consequence. Stay at home from Pleasance's marriage! when he had known her since she was a little lady, and whom he had helped to make at her own request a working-woman, while to his certain knowledge she had never failed to fulfil the proverb that "gentle is as gentle does." But there was Phillis, as deaf as a post, walking "all serene," quite indifferent to what he could cast into his looks of triumphant reminder and mute upbraiding. What did Phillis care for his looks when she wore the new gown and cap which Pleasance had bought her for livery, as she had given him the orange cravat which was tied round his throat, with the ends hanging down above his smock, and the mufflers in his pocket for his hands when the cold weather should come?

Miles had to betake himself for social company—and, after all, no woman, neither his old woman, nor Pleasance, was company for a man—to the "soft young 'un," Ned, who was also off work for the day, leaving the new head man in charge of the farm. Ned was in another smock, but with bunches of old ribands of divers colors, with which some girl had supplied him, in his hat and on his breast—a decoration not unlike the paper trappings of children and amateur sweeps on May-day, and of which Ned, while he wore it, was mortally ashamed.

The little group was very much of a family party, that could take their festival quietly, as be seemed the circumstances. The old mistress of the manor-house lay on what must be, sooner or later, her dying bed, while friends and watchers from the village were appointed to sit with her till Pleasance returned to her side.

The October sun was shining with unusual brightness on the bare, cold landscape in which the yellow gables and olive thatch of the manor-house looked like a golden brown point as Pleasance left it behind her.

Ned and old Miles, with no want of volunteer assistants, had at spare hours, during the previous days, accomplished sundry tokens of rejoicing in green branches—scarce as boughs were in the treeless region—and in flags as rustic in the flag line as were Ned's ribands for favors. But these trophies were, partly out of regard for Mrs. Balls's state of health, partly from natural predilection, confined to the outbuildings and offices, where they waved and fluttered bravely,

disturbing the equanimity of the horses and cattle that had been among Pleasance's chief friends.

The bailiff had no idea of leaving Pleasance to her own meditations, as something sacred that day, or of her being unable to attend and respond to his compliments on her appearance, his ponderous jokes on her change of condition, and his appropriate reminiscences of his own marriage.

And the bailiff was a great man in Pleasance's circle, with something in his power where Joel was concerned. He was also one who was bestowing a signal mark of his favor on the couple, of which Pleasance with her changed standard, as well as Mrs. Balls, was innocently proud. Pleasance had to listen, smile, protest, and acquiesce, though it was all done in a dreamy fashion, and with many thoughts in the background, as the party traversed the familiar road until they entered the village. There every villager—man, woman, and child—within the precincts congregated about their doors and windows, not merely to look and admire, but to call out loud greetings and plain-spoken comments.

"Good-day, and good luck to you both."

"Bailiff, you 'a a strappin' darter as you are soon to get off your hands."

"See t' bridegroom in his working-jacket, and Madam 'a 'ad to put up with it."

"Laws! her own gownd d' be but white-cotton."

"There be Ned Sadler bringin' up t' rear, ready to hee-haw like a donkey."

"And Phillis Plum with gloves on her fingers, I d' confess."

The little church remained uninvaded. There was a village etiquette which forbade any save the real "weddiners" to enter during the ceremony. But the rabble of Saxford, in children and half-grown lads and girls, headed in this instance by Clem Blennerhasset, might congregate outside, and even be guilty of climbing up, by the aid of ivy and honeysuckle buttress, to look in through the windows at the scene.

The little flint-built, thatch-roofed church of Saxford was among the smallest, most primitive parish churches in the kingdom. The approach to it had neither gate nor pillar. It turned off from the main road which ran through the village street, and formed between two hedges a wide and open path to the little house of God, while the graveyard, enclosed by its loose stone wall, had a wicket. Pleasance had often thought that the free road had

the look of a highway where a king was about to pass. As it was only trodden once a week, it was grown green. But it was not so much green in early summer as a mingled mass of pure white, blood red, purple, blue, and yellow, from the luxuriant growth of ox-eyed daisies, poppies, mallows, buglos, vetches, and crows-toes — weeds, as men call them — which grow in fresh country places of their own sweet will and without stint, neither asking special consideration, nor resenting being occasionally trodden under foot. The homely worshippers at Saxford church entered it, walking in the prime of the year, unconcernedly, and, unless in rare and exceptional cases, without giving the slightest attention to what was to them the immaterial fact, that their path lay over a carpet of flowers with which no tessellated marble could be put into comparison. Pleasance was one of the few who noted the circumstance, and recalled what she had read of flowers strewn before the passage of the host in Roman Catholic countries.

But there were no flowers beneath Pleasance's feet on her wedding morning. The honeysuckle on the porch presented shrivelled leaves and dull red berries instead of flowers.

Inside the small building, of which the only merit as a building belonged to a certain ancient simplicity and solidity, there were no galleries, nothing save whitewashed walls, and the plainest of deal pews, pulpits, and reading-desks, relieved by an old carved stone font.

The vicar had followed his own taste, and what he judged to be the requirements of the worshippers, by adorning the bald little church with Sabbath-school-like adornments of texts, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," "The Lord our God is one Lord," "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," painted in scrolls with letters of blue and red, and hung on the white walls. The very commandments were printed in blue and red, and the effect of these patches of vivid color produced by the homeliest means, was something like that of the wild flowers outside in summer, and as if the poppies and cornflowers had been brought within doors, and hung up in sheaves on the walls and at each side of the altar.

The vicar, who was coming in from the vestry in gown and cassock, bore, hardly less than Mrs. Balls, the marks of the years which had passed since he first saw Pleasance. He had grown stiff and un-

wieldy, as well as worn and battered. His memory was beginning to fail him, and, burdened as it was with many a weightier record, he entertained but a dim retrospect of Pleasance as the poor young girl of superior nurture who had been thrown with her dying sister on the good offices of worthy Mrs. Balls of the manor-house, and who had obstinately declined his suggestion that she should go up to the vicarage and see what his wife could do for her. He thought chiefly of Pleasance as the fine-looking, steady young woman who lived with and was a comfort to Mrs. Balls, and who was creditably regular in her attendance on church service. As for Joel Wray, he also had been punctual in coming to church, and although he had shown himself shy of being spoken to, and had not appeared at the vicar's week-day class for young men, still, when his pastor had succeeded in getting speech of Joel, he had struck the clergyman as a youth of intelligence.

It was, therefore, with perfect goodwill and complacency that the vicar proceeded to read the service, uniting in holy matrimony his two "young friends," as he was fond of calling, in all sincerity, the better specimens of his humble parishioners.

All had played those parts, the solemnity and importance of which are liable to be lost sight of in their very simplicity and in the excitement of the moment. The bailiff had given away Pleasance Hatton. Joel had received her with an "I, Archibald, take thee, Pleasance," that vibrated in its earnestness. Pleasance had soberly and tenderly taken on her the obligation to honor and obey. Both of them had vowed to be true husband and wife till death did them part.

Ned Sadler and Dorky Thwaite had officiated — they could hardly tell how, since Joel had the ring ready in his pocket, and Pleasance had wanted no assistance with her gloveless hand — as best man and maid, but they felt clear that they must have been of some use, bearing the time-honored names.

Phillis Plum, as the only responsible woman — Dorky was but a chit of a girl — had contributed what was called for from the sex in the matter of crying, though, like Ned and Dorky in their question of how, she could not well have told why.

Old Miles had stood bolt upright, with his hat between his hands, and felt that if he were good for nothing else, he stood

for company in general, and was another witness in addition to the clerk and the verger.

The ceremony was ended. It was all over, as is apt to be said of many a long-wished-for event, but never said so emphatically as of the two most decisive and individual acts in the great human drama. Joel had kissed his wife, and suffered the bailiff, in the position which he had held towards Pleasance, to press his honest lips to her cheek.

The party were moving with one accord to the vestry, to ratify the marriage which had just been solemnized, when a hurried footstep was heard on the threshold. A more desperate intruder than the children — who only peered in, hoisted on each other's shoulders, through the windows — rushed frantically into the church.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN A STUDIO.

Belton. Do you know where Scott lived when he was in Rome?

Mallett. I believe he lived in the Palazzo Bernini, at the corner of the Via della Propaganda. So at least I have been told.

Belton. It is an admirable custom which has lately been introduced into Italy of inserting a tablet in the outer walls of houses in which distinguished men have been born, or died, or lived for a time, on which the fact is inscribed. It is always interesting to know where great men and women have been born, lived, written, or died. No one could visit Shakespeare's home without feeling nearer to him; no one could pass the old Tabard Inn whence the pilgrims of the "Canterbury Tales" set out, without a certain sense of their reality. The places great spirits have inhabited or visited seem still to retain dim vestiges of them that touch the imagination. I never pass the Nomentan gate, that I do not see Nero issuing thence on that fatal day when he fled so ignominiously to die a coward's death at the villa of Phaon. I always meet Cicero and Horace as I go down the Sacred Way; and whenever I drive by the old Albergo del Orso, the shape and figure of Montaigne, who once lived within its walls, rises before me. Many and many a day have I seemed to see Alfieri looking out of the window of the Villa Strozzi towards the Villa Negroni, where the Countess of Albany was waiting for him. Under the

cypresses of the Villa d'Este Tasso has wandered with me, and leaned beside the spilling fountain, while the nightingales sang in the shade. I never cross the Bridge of St. Angelo that I do not look for the figures of Raphael and his friend Bindo Altovite, under the three-arched balcony that hangs over the Tiber, and I should not be much surprised to see them talking there together. Canova and Thorwaldsen still seem to linger about the studios where they wrought their great works. In the night as I pass the Castel St. Angelo, I see Benvenuto Cellini fighting on the walls, or slipping down from the tower to make his escape from his disgusting dungeon; and I almost hear the groans of Beatrice Cenci.

Mallett. Ah! it is this that makes Rome so profoundly interesting. It is truly a city of the dead, and the spirits of the past haunt it and dwell in it as much as, nay, far more than the busy persons of to-day. You turn no corner without meeting them. Voices are in the air that whisper to you wherever you go — in the street, in the gardens, over the lone sweeps of the silent Campagna — from crumbling tombs, castles, and fortresses — from the arched and ivy-mantled aqueducts that stretch into the distance — from the hollowed caverns of the tufa galleries, where once the Christians hid — from the broken benches of the Colosseum, now so silent — from the giant arches of the ruined baths. Is it the wind that whispers, or the ghosts of the ages past, as you wander over the grassy slopes, where at every step you tread upon some marble fragment of dead magnificence? And who and what are we that tread these streets of death? Only to-day's rear of the great army that has gone before. Here stand the ruined dwellings that they once inhabited, but where are they? Where are those imperial figures whose frown was death? Where the long line of those who charmed the ear and the eye with the magic of art? Where the poets and lawgivers, the sculptors and painters? Where the smiling faces, the graceful steps of beauty that led the world in their train? Over the gardens that their footsteps pressed the shy lizard slips. Grass and weeds grow in the crevices of the marble pavements which once were swept by their rustling robes. Lollia, Poppæa, Messalina, charm no more. The song of Virgil and Horace and Catullus is mute. The fights and frowns of Nero are over. The elaborate hypocrisies of Augustus are finished. The ornate orations of Cicero,

the stinging satire of Tacitus and Juvenal, the lofty stoicism of Aurelius, all are of the past. And yet they still live and haunt the places that knew them on earth, and their forms still rise before us almost without an evocation as we wander through the ruined streets and houses and villas where once they lived and walked.

I was in Florence the other day, and as I was strolling through one of its broad-eaved, narrow streets I came upon a sombre old house, in the walls of which was a marble tablet recording the fact that there Dante was born and spent the first years of his youth. In a moment all else faded from my sight—the tide of time swept back—the little boy Dante was before me, looking out of these windows, playing in these streets—innocent, gay, happy, ignorant of the future; and then in a moment the vision vanished, and I saw the thin wan figure with the hooked nose, that we know so well; and those sad eyes that had gazed into the horrors of the *Inferno* looked into mine. It was like the sudden lifting of the curtain of time, with an instant's glimpse into the past, which profoundly affected me, and then it fell again.

Belton. There is one inscription on the Casa Guidi which I always stop to read, and when I read I sigh. It is a most graceful and tender tribute to one who loved Florence, and who sleeps in its historic earth—as pure and noble a spirit as ever informed this tenement of clay—as rare a genius as ever dwelt within this noble city—I mean Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I quote it from memory, but I think it reads thus: “*Qui scrisse e qui morì Flizabeth Barrett Browning, che in cuor di donna conciliava scienza di dotta e spirito di poeta. Fece con suo verso aureo anello fra Italia ed Inghilterra. Pose questa memoria Firenze grata.*”

Mallett. It is, as you say, a most tender and graceful tribute, and she well deserved it.

Belton. I have often sought for the house of Cagliostro, the famous magician, but I have never been able to identify it. He lived, I know, at one time in the Piazza di Spagna, and at another in a street near the Piazza Farnese, but the number I have never been able to discover. In both these houses he lived with his wife, the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani, after their return from Paris, where they were engaged in the notorious intrigue of the diamond necklace; and it was in the latter of these houses that they

were arrested to be imprisoned in the Castle St. Angelo.

Mallett. *Apropos* of Cagliostro's magic, there is a curious and little-known legend about a gate in Rome just beyond the Church of St. Maria Maggiore. Here, as the story goes, a celebrated alchymist and magician was invited to stay by the owner of the house or villa, who hoped to obtain some advantage to himself from his skill in the magical sciences; but the magician, after long enjoying his hospitality, and making no return for it, suddenly took French leave, leaving behind him a paper on which were written certain cabalistic signs. These were inscribed by the owner over the gate in a half-faith that they might be efficacious in bringing him the good fortune he desired, and there they may still be seen to this day, or rather they were to be seen there when I last passed that way. But so many changes are taking place in that quarter that it is possible they may have been removed. Reumont tells this story, I believe, in his book on Rome—and “*se non è vero, è ben trovato.*”

Belton. Have you ever looked up the subject of magic?

Mallett. Yes, a good deal; and very curious is the literature on this subject. Some of the old writers give you, for instance, complete formulas to raise spirits of various kinds, and seem to have had an absolute belief in their efficacy. It seems to be pretty clear that they did have faith in these invocations; for it is impossible to believe that such men as Cardanus and Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, Johannes Bodinus, Pietro Abana, Hieronymus Fracastorius, Torreblanca, Debris, Pomponatus, and Vairus, and men of that stamp, should have wilfully endeavored to palm off on the world, with such calm seriousness, statements which they knew to be lies. At all events they clearly profess their faith in the power of man, by magical processes, to raise the dead, and wake spirits by incantation; and various receipts are given by them to effect such purposes.

Belton. I suppose that at the present day no one would believe in this. These men flourished in ignorant ages, when science was in its infancy, and when superstition was at its height.

Mallett. You are very much mistaken if you believe that the day of the magicians is entirely past. The magical art is still cultivated, though in secrecy; and there are numbers of persons who still study it, practise it, and have faith in it. So at least

I have been assured by men in whom I cannot but place trust, and who have declared to me that they themselves have attended magical *séances*, and employed the formulas of the magical books with successful results. Certain it is that the Abbé Constant devoted himself to the study of the magical arts and occult sciences, and, under the pseudonym of Elephas Levi, wrote some remarkable books on the subject, and specially one on "*La Haute Magie*," which I recommend to you if you are curious in such matters. There is no doubt, too, that a few persons were and are his disciples and pupils in France, and among them may be mentioned Desbarrolles, the author of "*Les Mystères de la Main*." I must confess, however, that after reading "*La Haute Magie*" I was not very much enlightened on the subject. A great deal was hinted and insinuated and vaguely indicated, but comparatively little directly taught either as to the theory or the practice of magic.* A very accomplished and distinguished writer who lately died assured me that he himself, on one occasion, by following certain prescribed formulas, evoked one of the spirits held by those who believe to be very dangerous — understand me, not by means of any medium, but by his own practice; and that he satisfied himself by this and other experiments that the prescribed processes were not by any means delusions or follies. This same gentleman also told me, when I made a remark similar to yours that I supposed no one in the present day believed in magical arts, that, on the contrary, he knew many who studied it, and believed in it. "*Che volete*," as the Italians say. You may make out of this what you choose; I merely repeat what I have been told.

Belton. Was he not making a fool of you, and trying to see if he could hoax you?

Mallett. By no means. He was very serious; and after giving me book and chapter for what he said, he finished by drawing my own horoscope very cleverly, thus showing that, at all events, he had studied the matter.

Belton. What did he prophesy about you?

Mallett. No matter; I shall not give you the chance of laughing at me.

Belton. You stimulate my curiosity. I think I should like to try some of these evocations and incantations, but I am sure

nothing would come of them. Is there any difficulty in performing them?

Mallett. No; there is no real difficulty; but numerous materials and objects are required which are not to be obtained without trouble and expense, and certain arrangements must be made which are sometimes not easy; and though, if any one were seriously inclined to try the experiments, any little obstacles could be easily overcome, yet it requires a certain patience, seriousness, determination, and trouble that few persons would take in the vague hope of arriving at results in which they have a complete distrust. That is the whole of the matter. I have often thought of trying the experiments myself; but I have to begin with no faith, and therefore I shrank before the little obstacles of trouble, expense, and time. Besides, I don't know precisely what I should do with a demon, or even a spirit, after I had raised it. I am more used to men and women, and I like them better. That is, I like a spirit plus a body more than a spirit minus a body. I talk and act more freely with them. As for the spirits that are said to come up at tables by the late processes of incantation, they are generally so badly educated, and speak such bad grammar, that I don't care for their company. I could stand any amount of bad grammar if they would only tell me something that we all of us do not know, and that we desire to know. To rap out by tedious processes feeble commonplaces of morality and tawdry statements of future existence which correspond solely to the vulgarest notions, or to advise us as to our conduct in copy-book phrases of evil communications corrupting good manners, does not pay. If what they said were really worth saying, I would endure even the tediousness of their methods; but I cannot see that they have added to our literature anything very valuable. Shakespeare has so terribly degenerated at the table that I feel sorry to see that he has lost his mind in losing his body.

Belton. But you have had strange experiences, have you not?

Mallett. Very strange experiences, which I cannot explain, and which nobody has ever been able to explain, to my satisfaction at least. But all that were of any note were physical and material results; and I do not accept any spiritual explanation of them. But don't let us talk about them now. They bore me, and they wouldn't amuse you.

Belton. You seem to consider the fact of the utter triviality of all that is written

* Since writing this, we have seen the death of the Abbé Constant announced in the Paris journals.

and rapped at tables to be sufficient proof that it does not come from spirits. I agree with you in thinking that their utterances are not from the so-called spiritual world; but I do not see why we should expect spirits out of the body to have more intelligence than spirits in the body. We have no reason to think so. We know absolutely nothing in respect to the changes which take place after death. It may be that pure and refined spirits, freed from the body, ascend to higher existence; but in that case it is difficult to imagine that such spirits would return to rap out foolish statements at tables. But, on the other hand, there are many low, mean, contemptible spirits dwelling here in the flesh to whom the body may lend apparent respectability, and, stripped of this garment which conceals their inanity of intellect and baseness of desires, they may fall in the scale of being even below what they seemed here. Such spirits — of the earth earthy — would long for the gratifications of the sense and the flesh, and might be supposed to haunt the earth to which their desires cling, and grasp at any means of communication with it. Their heaven would be the heaven of the senses, and of the life they had lost, and one would naturally expect from them lies, hypocrisies, and deceit of every kind. Freed from the body, the naked spirit would be what it desired — the high and pure of aspiration would therefore ascend to loftier planes of existence, the mean and base might descend even to lower. I only suggest this answer to any argument against spiritual communications founded upon their triviality, feebleness, and absurdity. Let us clear our minds of distinctions between human beings and spirits. We are all spirits; all our communications are spiritual. It is two spirits who talk together — not two bodies — here on earth. We have no warrant for the belief that the instant the spirit is freed from the body it necessarily leaves the earth — whatever be its condition — and becomes at once purified, and beyond its influences. It may be or it may not be; but it is certainly a possible supposition that they whose whole happiness, while here, has been in the joys of the body, and whose desires have been mean and depraved, may only continue to be possessed by the same desires, and long to regain the body through which they obtained their gratification.

Mallett. It never struck me before in this light, but it certainly is an intelligible theory, whether it be correct or not. We

all have faith in gradations of future being, and we believe that the spirit survives the body, and retains its identity; and why not suppose, if its preparation in this life has been for higher spheres, it would naturally ascend to them, while if it had been for lower spheres, it would equally descend to them? If, after death, we retain an individuality, we naturally must remain what we inherently are, with the same desires, the same aspirations, the same tendencies. This would, if we accept it, enable the human being here to shape for himself his future sphere, by the training of his thoughts and aspirations to what is lofty, pure, and refined on the one hand, or, on the other, to what is low, bestial, and degraded. We should thus reap what we ourselves have sown, and not be subject to any judgment and sentence outside of ourselves. Would not this recommend itself to our sense of perfect justice?

Belton. If we choose to take another step, we might suppose that repeated trials might be allotted to every spirit to climb up to higher spheres of existence by the purgation of its desires (since every spirit is what it desires), by its devotion to noble ends, by its constant experience that the low leads only to the low, by its sense of loss in consequence of its base aims.

Mallett. In respect to these so-called spiritual communications by means of table-rappings, and all that, we shall never have the phenomena properly investigated so long as we begin with a theory. To set out with the assumption that all the material phenomena are occasioned by spiritual intervention, is entirely unworthy of science and philosophy. But so strenuously is this theory advanced by believers, that the minds of those who pretend to investigate them are warped at the beginning: on the one side are those who are inclined to the spiritual theory, and on the other, those to whom such a theory is absurd and even worse; and both, for entirely opposite reasons, are averse to strict examination and investigation. The real question is, Do the facts exist or not? If so, how are they to be explained? If the facts clearly exist, it is idle to reject them because a foolish theory is advanced to explain them. Are there any facts outside our common experience of the laws of nature so called? If there be, let us arrange them with calmness and honesty. On both sides, on the contrary, I find precipitation and impatience. Those disposed to the spiritual theory accept

everything at once as spiritual. Those who are sceptical and unbelieving reject every fact as a cheat, without carefully investigating it or explaining it. It suffices the latter class on one or two occasions to detect a charlatan at work, or to encounter an entire failure of the experiment, to come to the conclusion that the whole thing is the result of charlatanism. But repeated failures or repeated cheating prove nothing. No scientific man would investigate any other question in the same spirit as he does this. If the matter were worthy of consideration at all, he would not be stopped in his researches by repeated failures to obtain his end. He would try again and again. He would not insist in the outset, for instance, that galvanism did not exist, unless he could produce its effects in the way he chose. He would not insist on his own conditions, and assert that unless the results were obtained through them, they did not exist at all. But this is what he constantly does in his professed investigation of so-called spiritual phenomena, because it is the term spiritual which annoys and disgusts him. If you recount to him any phenomena, perfectly material and physical, as having occurred in your presence under conditions contrary to his preconceived opinions or experience, he says, "It would not have occurred had I been there;" or he smiles, and says, "Ah, indeed!" and thinks you are a fool. If you press the point, and ask him to explain it, and tell him the details, and show him that his explanation does not accord with the facts, he assumes at once that you were incapable of investigation, that you were humbugged, or that you lie. Humbug is the great word he uses — a very expansive one, which means anything or nothing. If you reply, "How humbugged? where is the humbug? point it out — I desire to know as much as you;" he declines to particularize, and prefers the generalization of — humbug.

Belton. I cannot wonder at his condition of mind, nor fail to sympathize with his disgust at so much absurdity as is put forth by spiritualists in general.

Mallett. Nor I; but, at the same time, he should, I think, preserve a more scientific and philosophic attitude, and not decide until he has thoroughly investigated. There may be nothing in all this; he may be quite right, only he has not examined the question sufficiently to decide upon it. For all he has seen and can explain there may be something. Of all these phenomena some may be real and point to a law

not yet understood. Are there any such? It is not, to my mind, sufficient to try a few casual experiments on absolute conditions, and to reject the whole if failure ensues. In science one does not expect the first tentative experiment to succeed. Suppose the experiment fails a hundred times and succeeds once, the important fact is the one success, not the hundred failures. The truth is that all begin with scepticism — not honest scepticism which neither believes nor disbelieves, which is ready to accept or reject according to the evidence and facts, but scepticism with a loaded bias to unbelief. There is no reason either for or against the existence of any phenomenon *à priori*. The mere fact that it is contrary to our experience is no proof that it does not exist. Suppose a community of blind persons to exist on an island which had never been visited by any person who saw, and suppose by accident, a man with the power of sight should be thrown among them. How could he prove to them that this faculty really existed in him? He would at once be met by the statement that it was contrary to their experience, that no one they had ever heard of possessed such a faculty. Vainly would he reason with them. His exhibition of this faculty would be treated as humbug and charlatanism. He would say, for instance, "Place a person fifty yards from me, and beside him any selected person in whom you have confidence. I will tell you without moving from here every action he makes." He would do this. What would be the answer? Would the blind be convinced? Not at all; they would say, You have a confederate; this knowledge is procured by a secret system of sounds and signs intelligible to the senses we all have, or by some method which we do not know; what we do know is that nobody can see." Or they would say, "Let us lock you up in a room all by yourself, with no doors or windows, and chain you there, and then you must tell us what is done in another house by a person we will lock up there, or what is done in the street outside." If you answer, "Under those conditions I cannot see;" they would cry out, "This proves it is all juggling. If you can't see as well in a box locked up at night as in the open air by day, you cannot see at all. There is no such power that exists; and though we do not detect the trick, it is nevertheless a trick." Don't you see that the seeing man in this case would be in a hopeless position? Suppose that there be any-

thing real—I do not say there is—but suppose there be anything real in the phenomena of tables rising in the air, the person through whose mediumship they are executed is, to the scientific man of to-day, in a position quite analogous to that of the seeing man among the blind or the hearing among the deaf, provided they have had no previous experience of such a faculty as sight or hearing.

Belton. You speak as if you believed in these phenomena. Do you?

Mallett. I was not speaking of my belief, nor did I intend to indicate whether I believed in any of them or not. I merely meant to say that the spirit in which they are investigated is not what I wish it were.

Belton. But do you believe?

Mallett. I believe what I have seen and what I have tested with all my senses. I mean the physical phenomena, for I have every proof of their reality that I have of anything, and I am not yet persuaded that I am an utter fool. But I do not undertake to explain them, much less do I accept the spiritual explanation. In my opinion there is quite as much stupidity in our incredulity as in our credulity. I cannot explain anything. It is an entire mystery how I see, how I hear, how I move my arm. Anatomists and scientific men explain to me the mechanism, and I understand that; but I do not understand how I set the mechanism in movement, nor they either. A man lives, sees, moves, one moment; the next moment he is what we call dead. The mechanism is the same, but the somewhat we cannot trace that moved it is gone. *A priori*, outside our experience one thing is as difficult to believe as another, and it is idle to attempt to set bounds to any operation of life by our experience. It is quite possible that we have subtle powers and faculties which have escaped our observation, and that are exercised at times unconsciously or only in certain abnormal conditions. Change for a moment the normal conditions of ordinary life, and instantly we have new phenomena, as in the case of madness, monomania, or delirium. In high fever the organs are far more susceptible than in health. What are you going to do with second-sight and ghosts, apparitions and premonitions? Will you reject them all? Is there nothing in them? or will you say with Dr. Johnson, "All argument is against it, but all belief is for it"? Are there no such things as sympathies and antipathies which we cannot explain, and yet which to us are real?

What is love? What is hate? No, we do not know anything yet; and there are, in my opinion, penumbral powers and senses surrounding our plain and definite ones, which we do not understand, and which we have not investigated. All I mean by this is, that it seems to me very foolish to cry out humbug at anything which is contrary to our common experience; and that it would be more scientific and honest to investigate calmly, than to ridicule without investigation. And this is all I have to say, and don't let us talk any more about it. I am ready to believe anything if you can prove it properly. I am ready to disbelieve it if you can show that it has absolutely no foundation; but I do not begin by believing or disbelieving before careful examination. If I have not examined into it, I merely say I know nothing, or, as Montaigne did, "*Que sais-je?*"

Belton. I daresay you are perfectly right; but my own persuasion is that ninety-nine one-hundredths of all this spiritualism is utter charlatanry, and I think I am very generous in giving you up the one one-hundredth. Do you remember that medium who, after gathering a considerable number of persons together at one of his *séances*, and finding that several had obtained entrance without paying for their tickets, rose—on a subsequent *séance*—before commencing his operations, and said: "I wish to make one observation—there's nothing riles the spirits so as coming in without paying"?

Mallett. I remember; and he was a very clever fellow, and knew what he was about. I have no doubt that the more money was paid the more his spirits were raised. But I admit that there are many charlatans of this kidney, and numbers of people whom they take in, and to whom the rubbish that is slowly rapped up at the table seems like inspired communications from the other world. My disgust at these fellows is quite equal to yours. I cannot use language too strong to express my abhorrence of those who, by lying arts, pretend to summon from the other world those who were dear as life to us, but who have passed away, and then put into their mouths those miserable lies. Think, for instance, of Charles Sumner's spirit being rapped up the other day, and giving this remarkable advice to his listeners—"You mustn't act selfish!"

Belton. Sometimes the messages rapped up are very amusing. Did you ever hear what the spirit of Dr. Webster, the mur-

derer of Dr. Parkman, once rapped up to an astonished audience?

Mallett. Never; but pray let me hear it.

Belton. Well, Webster as you know, killed Dr. Parkman to avoid paying a debt due to him; and when the spirit of Dr. W. presented itself to the table and was asked, as usual, what he was doing in the spirit-world, his answer was that he was keeping a boarding-house, and that Dr. Parkman was living with him, without paying, until he should work off or eat up the debt.

Mallett. That shows more ingenuity and intellect than one generally gets from the rapping spirits. If they would always be as amusing I should like to attend some *séances*.

Belton. Yes, if they would only be a little amusing, it would be a relief; after all, they might make such fun for us here: what a chance for them! but they are so deadly serious, and so sadly commonplace, that they are not good company. Heavens! only think of such a lot surrounding you in another world, and you without a body to hide away in, or a key to your door, and all of them swarming in upon you, with their futile remarks and sad commonplaces.

Mallett. It would be worse than the mosquitoes in the Western States of America. Why do we always think of spirits as being so serious? Are we to lose all our sense of humor when we lose our bodies? Are we never to amuse ourselves? Is there nothing in the other world to correspond to the enjoyments of this? Are all our art and poetry to be utterly swept away? Are there to be no varieties of character and personality? Shall we never laugh? Worse than this. According to the old superstition, we artists shall be in a pretty mess; for all the graven images we have made, and all the likeness of things in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth, will, it has been said, become endowed with life and pursue us, and haunt us, and torment us—a pleasant thought indeed! But what should I do there without art and poetry, and literature and music, and all these occupations and delights? Will there be no work for us to do? no books to read—no pictures to paint?

Belton. Music is, according to the general belief, admitted. We shall be able to sing. It will always be the same song; but we shall be able to sing it eternally; and we are told that we shall never tire of singing it. But as for painting pictures

and modelling statues, I have never heard we should be allowed to do that.

Mallett. I earnestly hope I shall have a body. I don't at all conceive how I could do without one. But every one tells me, and of course every one knows, that I shall not need a body; and that I shall be perfectly contented with doing nothing but sing. But how shall I sing if I have no body? What sort of preparation then are any of us making for such a world? If we are to be deprived of all means of exercising such faculties as we have spent our lives in training and cultivating here, what is the use of training and cultivating them at all? Why are these passionate desires given us here for what seems to us pure and noble, if, the moment we pass away from earth, they become perfectly useless? If to-morrow you were to deprive me of all these occupations, I should be very unhappy; and how can I be happy there deprived of them—that is, so long as I maintain my own identity and consciousness?

Belton. At all events I hope I shall have some kind of body to inhabit and use. It seems to me dreadful to think of wandering about a mere naked spirit, with no house to cover one. In fact, without a body I should be nobody. The idea of being blown about by the wind, or of being open to invasion by every other spirit, without any power of secrecy of thought and feeling, is abhorrent to my notions. I do not care to keep this body if I can find a better; but this is better than none; and I have lived in it so long, and had so much happiness in it, that I have a sort of fondness for it. If I take a new one, I should like it fresher, better, and handsomer in every way, more quickly responsive to the spirit, and not so easily tired. I should like too to be able to go to sleep in it, and so make excursions from it into other regions; for, of course, I hope there will be upper regions still. And of all things I should hope to be able to be alone sometimes if I chose. I like the odor of flowers. Do spirits smell? Are we to be out of our senses, so to speak? I hope not.

Mallett. Did you ever read "The Gates Ajar," by Miss Elizabeth Phelps? She takes up this question and develops it in a most peculiar way, and with much talent.

Belton. Yes, I have read it; and I hear it is very popular, as of course it would be. The vague notions of a future state of existence which are generally entertained are quite unsatisfactory. And I can easily understand that such a view as hers would

recommend itself to many. Her development of it to me is quite too material.

Mallett. At all events it does, after a peculiar fashion to be sure, recognize that the tastes, feelings, thoughts, and aspirations we cultivate here will not be utterly obliterated hereafter, and will find something hereafter to correspond to them. But come! our conversation has wandered widely enough, and it is time to break off. "Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood." Let us go and see it on the Pincio.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LADY ADELAIDE.

A STUDY.

"DEAR! Did you really? How clever!" "I can put up with everything about her, but that '*How clever!*'" cried Elizabeth, when the lady had departed. "It always comes out in the same tone, and with the same emphasis. Whatever one does, if it be but the veriest trifle, something that even a Lady Adelaide could accomplish herself without too much trouble, it is sure to obtain that all-embracing epithet. I do not believe her vocabulary could supply any other note of admiration. She never rises above it, and never falls below. When she heard that Captain Webb had swum across the Channel, and that I had worked a crochet antimacassar, she said of us both, '*How clever!*'"

Her friend laughed.

"Is it not provoking, Anne?"

"Provoking? Perhaps; if it were worth being provoked about."

"You think it is not? But you don't know till you have been tried. I had rather endure one good sword-cut and have done with it, than be the victim of a thousand lancet-pricks. How often did you hear that little soft ejaculation during the last half-hour? Be on your honor, Anne."

"More than once, I confess."

"And you had noticed it?"

"Yes, I had."

"Well, was it not, as I said, called forth by great and small, somethings and nothings, alike? Was it not a most absurd comment, most promiscuously applied, by a most stupid woman? Come, Anne, join me; it will do you good, or, if not, it will do *me* good to hear it. Say what you think, you prudent Anne; confess, break forth, you fountain of wisdom, and overflow your banks like Jordan! You had noticed it, you had felt it all the time, and

yet you shake your head, you knit your brows? Oh, I fear you not; I shall say my say, and moan my moan, and none shall stop me. See, I am the better for it already! I have not—upon my word, I have not felt so charitably disposed towards the poor dear lady for a long time."

Anne, smiling—"That does you credit, surely. The prick of a pin stirs up this tempest, and the tempest subsides with the same show of reason wherewith it arose. A storm in a teacup, Lizzie. Much ado about——"

"Not nothing—not nothing, you tiresome creature! you will not surely pretend to declare that it is nothing?"

"You will not surely venture to affirm that it is something?"

"I affirm it, and maintain it, Anne."

"Then you are a little—foolish, dear."

"And you are a very great deal—exasperating, darling."

Anne smiles, Elizabeth laughs. The door opens, and a footman, with uncertain, bewildered steps, approaches the upper end of the room.

"My lady's gloves, ma'am. Under the sofa, or on the mantelpiece, or on the floor."

"The locality being so precisely described, he cannot fail to find them immediately," observes his mistress, aside.

"Look on the piano, William."

On the piano the gloves are discovered, and carried off, doubled up on a salver.

"Now it will be, '*How clever!*' to have found them so quickly! and with more grounds for saying so than usual," continued Mrs. Tresham, with curled lip. "Anne, you might have pity upon me. What may be amusing in a friend, is torture from a relation. If Lady Adelaide could only be metamorphosed into an ordinary acquaintance—a neighbor even, though not *too* near at hand—how joyfully would I engage her in conversation, nor dream of attempting to clear a single cobweb off her brains!"

"You would simply despise her more than ever."

"No, no, no; at least I think not."

"You would."

"And have you no compassion? Yet I would grieve from my heart if you should ever have the misfortune to be tacked on to a—Lady Adelaide. What can I say more? Yet, I defy you, even you, my mentor, to twist anything undutiful or disrespectful out of such a tame conclusion, such a paltry climax."

Anne, gravely—"She is a very kind-hearted woman."

"So she is."

"And you have no fault to find with her, save that she calls you clever?"

"*Clevar*, not *clever*. You missed the accent, dear."

"Is that her only fault?" perseveres Anne.

"Hum! I did not say so; I did not go so far as that. Her only great fault, perhaps her only perpetual, ever-recurring fault."

"She has no other that you cannot condone?"

"Is not this enough? I began years ago, by being called a clever child, then I was a clever girl, and now I am a clever woman. I was tired of the word, before I had ever seen Lady Adelaide; now, I am perfectly sick of it."

"After all, Lizzie, what a baby you are!"

"A baby, if you like. I have no objection at all to being called a baby. Nice, little, soft, fluffy things, made to be petted and kissed. But the other is a term of abuse, a positive insult."

"Nonsense!"

"It is; so applied, by such lips. Nay, Anne, sweet Anne, frown not so seriously. It spoils thy dimples, Anne, contorts the brow, and distorts the mouth. I say it again, again, again; I will not be called a 'clever' woman."

Anne — "One might be called a worse thing."

Elizabeth, confidentially — "But, good Anne, one word. Were you ever tired of being called *pretty*?"

.

Lady Adelaide and her new niece were, as may have been gathered by the foregoing dialogue, perhaps as ill suited to each other as it was possible for any two people to be.

Elizabeth, a gay, triumphant bride, in the heyday of her charms, little disposed to tolerate anything contemptible and ridiculous, was seriously disturbed by finding in the relation who of all her newly acquired kindred stood nearest to her, one who was a perpetual source of mortification.

Yet Lady Adelaide was all that a fine lady has any need to be.

She was cheerful, gentle, and indolent; inclined to patronize bazaars and work-parties — her young friends in general, and Elizabeth in particular.

Her nephew's wife was quite charming — so lively, so clever.

It was only a pity they did not see more of each other. John used to be in and out continually — the Priory had been

quite his home; but that could not be expected now. The young people were sure to be so much sought after, they would be such acquisitions in any society, that of course their engagements must be numerous.

And then dear Elizabeth was so accomplished, had so many resources, — not an idle body like her old aunt, who had time to run about and bore all her neighbors.

Behind backs Lady Adelaide was as charitable as her niece was merciless.

"Elizabeth thinks she's a born fool," quoth John.

"John! I never used such an expression in my life!"

"Do you not think so?"

Now Elizabeth did.

John, for his part, was rather fond of his aunt.

She was invariably kind and good-humored, and more he did not expect from her; indeed her foibles were so far from being an annoyance to him, that it may be questioned whether he would not have missed something out of his life if Lady Adelaide had grown sensible.

With Elizabeth, of course, it must be different.

No softening influences of association could deaden her feelings, no early impressions of awe hold her senses still in check. Lady Adelaide broke upon her mature vision with all the shock of a novelty, and unfortunately that vision was only too acute.

Elizabeth could be magnanimous, she could pardon, but she could never fail to see.

"What would you have?" cried John. "She is good-looking and good-tempered, and never said an unkind word of anyone in her life. She is the most popular woman in the neighborhood."

"Then I shall be the most unpopular."

"Very likely."

"You won't ask me why? It is because we are the very antipodes of each other in every respect."

"So you are. I like you best, but you will find that mine is not the general opinion."

"Most people will like Sir Walter a great deal better than you."

"That is a fact, again."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I don't care for the opinion of most people."

"Neither do I."

"And if everybody in the world were to say so, they would never convince me

that you were not worth a hundred Sir Walters, and ——”

“Go on.”

“That I am not worth a thousand Lady Adelaides.”

“Ha! ha! so I think. But, little one, clever as you are, there is one thing you cannot do — and that is, argue.”

How came John always to have the best of it? Chatter as she might, this quick-witted and high-spirited girl was as devotedly subject to her sober-minded husband as any wife ever was in this world before.

It was evident that she was a happy bride.

Contentment beamed in her lively dark eye; and the ring of her quick firm foot-step, the snatches of song which broke forth at intervals through the little house, the pleasure she took in her pretty possessions, the glory in her small achievements, all spoke of the satisfaction of a heart at rest.

Still, the dead fly in the ointment was there, small though it was. That fly — would any one have guessed it? — was Lady Adelaide.

On the day succeeding that which witnessed the little ebullition above narrated, Elizabeth was busy with her hyacinths, when the barouche from the Priory swept up the modest drive, and her aunt in February furs and velvet bonnet alighted.

“My dear, I came early — I know you will excuse it; how sweet, how delicious this room is! All from the hyacinths? Yes? Your uncle and I hope that you and John — so full of the sun too — charming, quite charming! We must have some people you know, my dear, to meet you; and perhaps Thursday week — take care, my love, the new carpet! watering-pot drippings may have paint on them. Oh, there are drops on the velvet table, too! Your handkerchief? Ah, yes, quite dry — no harm done. But, my dear, will that day suit you? No other engagement?”

“We have no engagements at all, thank you.”

“Not yet? no? really?”

Elizabeth brought one of her glasses into the ray of sunlight.

The young couple had not been settled in their new home above a fortnight: it was natural to suppose that their evenings might be still at liberty.

Nor did Lady Adelaide feel the smallest degree of astonishment. It was she who ought to introduce her niece. It was at their house Elizabeth must make her first appearance, and she had been only waiting

for Sir Walter to recover from his last attack of the gout to issue her cards. She calculated that by the day fixed on he would be well enough to receive his guests; and though Elizabeth had been duly waited upon by the principal neighboring families, it was only now that she might begin to expect the inevitable invitations. Thus, although she cried, “Not yet? no? really?” with all due fervor and impressiveness, her unmoved countenance betrayed that she exclaimed by rote.

“May we consider that fixed then, my dear?”

“Oh, certainly, Aunt Adelaide — very happy. John ——”

“You will ask John? Quite right, so right. Always consult your husband’s wishes. And you will let us know? But you will accept nothing else for that evening?”

“I beg your pardon. I am sure — I know I may answer for John; he is always glad to go to the Priory, so would certainly wish me to say yes at once. I was only going to say he is out this morning.”

“So sorry to miss him, but you were the person I chiefly came to see. And you really say yes? That is charming! then I can send Thomas round at once. So thoughtful of you, my love, if you are quite sure John will not mind — for of course it does make a difference to know. One ought to try to get together the right people to meet each other. But how can one if you are unable to fix the day?” reasoned the lady, wisely.

“Yes, certainly, you may depend upon us.”

“Oh, and Miss Chorley, that charming beautiful friend of yours, of course we include her; or must I, ought I not to write a separate invitation? Undoubtedly I ought. You think not? really?”

“She left us this morning, thank you.”

“Dear! this morning! Is it possible?”

Now Anne had arrived on a week’s visit, the week had expired, and she had departed — what more could be said? Anne had herself informed Lady Adelaide of the duration of her stay; and Elizabeth, alive to everything, remembered having heard the same “Is it possible?” on the subject a few days before.

“Then I need not write?”

Plainly not.

“But we should have been so glad, so pleased to have seen her, and of course a special invitation, — and, my dear Elizabeth, your white satin, — you won’t mind,

will you, just this once? Sir Walter does like to be old-fashioned, you know, and a bride out of white satin —”

“Would be a queen without a crown? Very well, Aunt Adelaide, white satin it shall be; wreath and veil too, I suppose?”

“My dear! But you are only in jest. Orange-blossom, you know, is quite inadmissible except upon the day — *quite*. Your maid must take it off the dress even. You know that — yes? And, my love, your music; you will bring your music and your drawings — some of those foreign sketches you took last autumn, so bright and pretty; and — and —”

“Pray, nothing more this time. My music I will bring, but the sketches are on such a very small scale, surely there will be some one among the guests more fitted to exhibit than I?”

“My dear, how can you say so! Every one admires them exceedingly — so spirited, so clever!”

Elizabeth started, the obnoxious epithet settled the question; nothing should induce her to be shown off to her aunt's guests.

But, when the time came, Lady Adelaide was not to be foiled. The portfolio, to be sure, was not at hand, but it existed; and she could still whisper in audible asides, “Sketches, too, charmingly — charmingly. Hall absolutely amazed. Lord Guelder, quite the best amateur last season, came on purpose to see them. I assure you he did. Came all the way to Kensington. So accomplished! So clever!”

Or her niece could catch, “A sweet place the Cottage, is it not? And she has made it so pretty, so fresh and bright. Nice new furniture, birds, flowers, — quite a genius for arranging flowers, — and all the little elegant knickknacks put about. Shows such taste in everything.”

Or, “Are you a worker, my dear? You must get my niece to show you her embroidery — that new kind of work, you know, in wools. All done from nature, I assure you, every stitch in it. What can the name be? Elizabeth, my love, what is the name of that beautiful wool-work you do, all from nature? Miss de Bury is longing to see it.”

Elizabeth could not forgive her.

“I am helpless whatever she chooses to say, John. I cannot contradict, because it is bad manners. I cannot help hearing; and if I attempt to turn it aside, Lady Adelaide is sure to make herself only the more ridiculous; and me too, that is the worst of it. People will suppose that I

am enjoying it! That new kind of wool-work! Why, every creature does it, and Miss de Bury worked some a year and a half ago.”

“What is it?”

“Oh, crewels. You know the thing, though you don't know the name. That honeysuckle I did for the little black chair, that was it. And then about our flowers, she is really very kind, you know, in bringing them, and then she is quite amazed because I put them into water. How people will laugh at us!”

“No, they won't. They know her too well.”

“Why does she fix upon me? You are her relation, yet she never annoys you in the same way.”

“You are mistaken. I heard her exalting my knowledge of horses to Mr. Foster, at the other end of the dinner-table.”

“Your knowledge of horses!”

“And advising him to apply to me for the next hunters he wanted.”

“To Mr. Foster! The master of foxhounds!”

“Even so.”

“John! *Poor John!*”

“Ay, poor John! I don't think any of your experiences will beat that, my little Elizabeth.”

“No, indeed. But how did you bear it? Did you not suffocate?”

“Oh dear, no! I took a mouthful of sherry, and bore up very well.”

“But is it not dreadful?”

John shrugged his shoulders.

“It is her way, Lizzie; everybody has some peculiarity.”

“A peculiarity need not be offensive.”

“Very true. Do not be offended by it.”

“John, I shall take a lesson from you. You are the best John, the most patient John, the most wonderful John that ever was made. If I had heard that said to Mr. Foster, I should have jumped up, and *screamed*. Oh! you know what I mean. Of course you never set up for being a judge, and to a man who does! What do you suppose he thought?”

Elizabeth was so taken up with her husband's wrongs that she almost forgot her own.

So matters went on.

Lady Adelaide, having no children of her own, took a maternal interest in her nephew and all who belonged to him.

At least four days in the week the bay horses trotted through the Cottage gate, and the kind soul, full of smiles and presents, sailed into the drawing-room. The excitement did her all the good in the

world; but, unfortunately, as it raised her spirits, and stirred up her gentle, sluggish nature, it served also more prominently to display its defects.

"My dear, do tell me about your servants. Are they comforts to you? I don't mean in the way of understanding their duties, and keeping things properly,—that, we can all see, is satisfactory; but are they *comforts*? So much depends upon that in a household; indeed it does. So I told John when we set about engaging them. We did our best, to be sure; but it is such a lottery. Old, attached servants are the only ones of any value."

"Very true, Aunt Adelaide," gravely.

"And you really are pretty well off? You will excuse my asking, I know, my dear; for it was such a responsibility. And so little experience as you have had, it would have been cruel to have inflicted bad servants upon you."

"They promise very well, thank you. I know," continued Elizabeth, with a little twinge of conscience, "that you took a great deal of trouble."

"No trouble in the world, my love. I would gladly be of any use. And as to the house—a new house, you know, quite untested; no smoky chimneys? Bells ringing properly? That's well; Sir Walter and I were talking about the chimneys last night. I told him John would be sure to let him know; for of course it would be Sir Walter's place to put them in order. So mind you tell us; no reserves, my dear."

"And then your calls?" proceeded Lady Adelaide, starting afresh. "You keep a book? you are returning them all in order?"

"Not a book. Indeed I can get on without that."

"Ah, you are so thoughtful, so clever. But indeed a book is a great help, an absolute necessity. When I was a bride I could never have got on at all without my visiting-book."

"You lived in London, Aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes, my dear, for many years. Sir Walter was in the Guards, you know. We had an immense circle of acquaintances."

"And we," said Elizabeth, "have half a dozen."

"Half a dozen! More than that, surely. Certainly, we manage to do without a book, somehow, at the Priory. I did not think of that. I only recollected my own experience when I was first married."

By-and-by it was, "Your tradespeople are attentive? Send proper joints? Never

have loins of mutton, my dear,—the most wasteful dish there is. And as for ribs of beef, my housekeeper tells me that there is no under-cut in them. Positively no under-cut. Little hints of that kind are invaluable to receive. I never order ribs of beef now."

This passed. Elizabeth, neither knowing nor caring anything about the merits of under-cuts, was still ruminating mischievously on the droll idea of establishing a visiting-book wherein to detail in order the names of the residents in a small and remarkably quiet neighborhood, when her mistress departed.

"We are to keep a book, John, of all our engagements, and I am to enter in it my visitors as they call, in succession. First of all came Mr. and Mrs. Foster, then the rector and Mrs. Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs. and Miss Page-Gore. I am afraid it will be Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs. and Miss Page-Gore over and over again, unless I am to insert Lady Adelaide herself here and there, by way of variety. And, John, be sure you only engage old and valued servants, it is so important that they should be attached to you —"

"Lizzie!"

Elizabeth hung her head.

The next day she had a cold.

Down came Lady Adelaide kinder than ever. Black-currant tea, lozenges,—the best were the *pâtés-de guimauves*, quite invaluable, had cured Sir Walter repeatedly,—and jelly, a little currant jelly, so soothing and refreshing,—were all by turns prescribed. The jelly should be sent down from the Priory at once, and the lozenges she would order on her way back through the village. Oh, it was a mere nothing, a mile or two round—the drive would do her good. Was Elizabeth's throat blistered? Had she a headache? Feverish?

Yes, all three; and she would have given the world to be let alone besides.

John came to the rescue.

"She is not to talk, and this room is too warm for you, Aunt Adelaide; come and take a turn round the garden."

"And is poor dear Elizabeth to be left by herself?"

Even so. Hard-hearted John kept his visitor out of doors during the whole of her stay, and saw her safely off in the barouche ere he returned to his wife's room for the remainder of the day.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is, this morning?"

Before nine o'clock, Elizabeth's abigail brought this message, as she arranged her mistress's tea-tray by the bedside.

Elizabeth was no better.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is, this afternoon?"

Worse.

A groom rode over in the evening. His master and mistress were going to Brighton on the following day, but would put off their departure if Mrs. Tresham was no better.

By no means. Mr. Tresham would not hear of such a thing. The doctor had just left, and there was nothing to be in the least alarmed about.

Accordingly a dainty note was left at the Cottage on the following day, when the carriage returned from the station.

"My dear, *do* take care of yourself. I feel quite cruel, quite *wicked*, running off in this way. But Sir Walter thinks we must; and dear John, too, so like himself, to insist upon it. A few lines, a post-card, sent to B—— Square will let us know how you are. Pray, my dear Elizabeth, do not think of writing yourself. John or your maid will, I know, kindly take the trouble. — *In haste*, your affectionate

"AUNT ADELAIDE.

"P.S. — So *much* to do.

"P.S. — Have you tried a *Porous Plaster* on the chest?"

Sick as she was, Elizabeth laughed aloud.

"John, your aunt is perfect. She is unique. Where did you get such an aunt? Pray, John, get me a porous plaster to put on my chest, because my throat is sore. And John, go at once to the post-office and get a post-card, or, better still, send a telegram. Oh dear! I am very naughty and very wretched. Even my ears seem to ache, and my head, eyes, everything. When will the doctor come?"

The doctor gave very little comfort when he did come.

It was a sore throat, a very sore throat. It hurt her very much when she swallowed? Humph! Could she gargle? He prescribed a gargle and went away. But at night he came again. He happened to be passing, and thought perhaps they might like him to look in. Could Mrs. Tresham let him have a peep?

John held the candle, and there it was, the dreaded white bar all down one side of the throat.

"That will do," said Dr. Birch, carelessly. "We must get that throat put

right somehow, Mrs. Tresham, and you must have some sleep. It is too sore? Ah! yes, sore throats are very uncomfortable things. There are a great many of them going about just now. I won't trouble you longer at present. Suppose I go down-stairs to write the prescription."

Then he gave John a look, and they left the room together.

"Why, this is brandy!" cried Elizabeth. "Ah! how it burns!"

"Yes, dear, it is thought good for you."

"John! what is the matter with me?"

"The matter!"

"Yes, you look so strange. I can't take any more, indeed I can't. Don't ask me. Only let me lie still. Oh, I don't — want gruel; I — hate gruel." The last sentences broken, and uttered with difficulty.

"Don't go — away, John."

"Only for a few minutes, dear. I am going to sit up with you to-night."

A slip of the tongue this, but it passed unheeded.

"How long Dr. Birch has stayed!" said she, presently.

He was silent.

"Is he only gone now?"

Now at that moment the good doctor was comfortably ensconced in John's own easy-chair by the fireside in the library, with a pair of John's own slippers on his feet. He had expected this in the morning, and made his arrangements accordingly. Mrs. Tresham was dangerously ill.

The fever did not increase rapidly; it rather appeared to gain ground with insidious, unseen footsteps.

She was not exactly worse, she was certainly not better.

The white bar came a little further into the mouth.

Dr. Birch breathed more freely. "If we can but keep it there," he said. "If we can prevent its going down the throat again, we shall do."

Alas! it crept round to the other side.

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"Poor dear John! poor dear fellow! Dear! Dear! *Dear!* DEAR! Oh, how sad, how sad! I must, and will, go to him directly. Snowing? What if it is? I cannot get wet in a railway carriage; and what if I did, either? Dear me, if the line should be blocked! But it only came on an hour ago. Ring the bell, dear, please. Oh, Marshall, poor Mrs. Tresham is so much worse, so alarmingly worse! It is dreadful, quite *dreadful!* and I am going off to her at once."

"What is the use of your going off at

once? Indeed I can't see any good in your going at all. If you must go, wait till to-morrow," pronounced Sir Walter in his sleepy, selfish way, chipping off the shell of his egg as he spoke, and examining it with the eye of a connoisseur. "What good will your going do to anybody? And in such atrocious weather too!"

"My dear! but you do not consider what you are saying. It is true I might be but of little use, but at least I could entertain the doctor, and ——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed her husband. "So you go to entertain the doctor!"

"It would release dear John, would allow him to devote himself entirely to his — oh, I cannot bear to think of it!" cried the kind creature. "Who knows what may be happening, what may have actually taken place by this time? How could I not go? How could I answer it to my own conscience if that poor dear child were to die ——"

"Nonsense! Who talks of dying? You have put yourself into an altogether unnecessary ferment, Adelaide. There is not a word of dying in the letter. Besides, if it were as bad as that, you would be most certainly *de trop*, and would wish yourself back here again."

"I might be a little comfort to him. And John never makes me feel *de trop*."

"Well, well, I daresay not. But don't let us have any more fuss. Drink your tea, my dear, and think it over; there is abundance of time."

The tea was drunk, but scarcely was the last drop tasted, ere she broke forth again.

"Such a perfect marriage! Everything so suitable! A charming creature, so handsome, so lively, so clever! Poor John! poor *dear* John! Who could ever have foreseen an ending like this!"

"Adelaide, do, for pity's sake, not set up that doleful cry again." Sir Walter grew quite testy. "How can I enjoy my chop, or toast, or anything whilst you are making such a din? I like my breakfast to be a pleasant meal; it ought not to be disturbed by disagreeables."

"But, my love" — Lady Adelaide, a pattern wife, was perplexed how to express herself.

The door was opened, and a hot dish was brought to Sir Walter's elbow.

"Muffin? ah! nice and brown too. The sort of day to eat muffins on, as somebody says somewhere. Have some muffin, my dear, while it is hot, and let us hear no more of this, just now. There will be

another letter to-morrow, and a better account, we will hope."

"As if I could wait till to-morrow! It is diphtheria, my dear, *diphtheria*! The most shockingly fatal complaint. Ah! how little we thought ——"

"Well, this is most provoking! I thought we had done with it at last, and now you begin all over again. How can you set yourself to be so unpleasant, Adelaide? One would really think you did it on purpose. Here is everything nice and comfortable, just as it ought to be, and I am not to be allowed to enjoy it. If I cannot have peace and quiet at my meals, I would rather go without food altogether."

"I assure you I am really very sorry, my dear. Pray take another cup, such good tea, and the pot is quite full. And Marshall, be so good as look up Bradshaw at once, and let me know which is the very first train that I can catch to Stoke Ferrington."

"You are really going?" Sir Walter raised his eyebrows.

There was no doubt about her going.

Bells rang, maids hurried hither and thither. Marshall received a summons every five minutes; and my lady, distracted betwixt her duty to her husband, her orders to her housekeeper, the claims of her engagements, the barking of her dogs, and the chattering of her parrot, grew every minute more and more bewildered and incoherent.

"Jeannette goes with me, of course. Did I not say so? And Marshall. No, Marshall must stay to attend on his master. Sir Walter must not be inconvenienced. I had better not take Thomas either, it would disturb Sir Walter to drive out without him. What did you say, good Jeannette? Oh, we shall get on very well, admirably. I am not at all afraid."

"Miladi knows de stairshon?" suggested Jeannette, doubtfully.

"Stoke Ferrington, my good girl. Stoke Ferrington is our own station, you know — our station at home. We have only to get there and the carriage will meet us."

"The carriage, miladi!"

"Oh, well, good Robinson will send us up in his comfortable fly. Or Mr. Tresham will drive down in the dogcart. Poor dear! of course he will be there to meet us — that is, if he knows we are coming."

"Miladi has then sent the message?"

"Have I sent it? Yes — no — I really forget, and it does not signify. I daresay he would never get it if I did, or read it if

he got it. No, Marshall, no; thank you for reminding me, but I prefer not to send one. I would not have them troubled on any account at such a time. Mr. Tresham will have quite enough to think of, and it might be inconvenient to send. No, no—we shall get on very well. Jeannette, there is no need for more. Let us take the least possible luggage we can. Why take any? Would not a carpet-bag be sufficient—a carpet-bag which you could hang on your arm? Well, well, but let there be as little as possible. No evening dresses, no other bonnet. And now, Jeannette, my mantle. What comforts these fur-lined mantles are, to be sure! Ah! if dear Elizabeth had only worn one of these; but it is too late to regret it now. Has Marshall ordered the cab? Run and see, Jeannette—quick! The time is flying, and cabs go so slowly. Yet I could not take our own poor horses out on such a day. What, not come? Marshall must send—it *is* come? Then let us be off, at once, at once.”

In vain Sir Walter murmured his disapproval—less urgently indeed now that his personal comfort was no longer interfered with, but still in uncompromising accents. The front door opened, and out she sallied,—her long dress, although on one side held up high enough to do duty for both, trailing far behind her on the other,—her hands encumbered with muff, purse, and satchel.

“Now, my good man, I will give you double fare if you take us in time for the twelve-o’clock train. The twelve-o’clock train to Stoke Ferrington, mind—not the London twelve-o’clock express train.”

“All right, ma’am, I’ll do it if it can be done,” said the man, resolutely, casting about in his mind for some roundabout streets in which he could spin out the time.

“Is it a block, Jeannette? Look out and see. What shall we do if it is a block?”

The station, in spite of all strategy, was reached so soon, that Lady Adelaide, forgetting that Brighton is not London, could hardly be persuaded to believe otherwise than that a mass of vehicles obstructed her path.

The cabman, however, got his double fare, and she had now the difficulties of the ticket-office to encounter.

But these difficulties had loomed so gigantically before the eyes of the household in B—Square, that Marshall himself—the magnificent Marshall—had run round in the snow, and all to save his

poor, foolish, kind mistress from a hopeless tangle of confusion.

He should have been on the box-seat of the cab, of course, but my lady had actually driven off whilst he was filling for her the flask of her travelling-bag, which she had only produced at the last moment. He was at the station before her, flask in hand. My lady was quite touched; and it never occurred to her to wonder that Marshall should, on his feet, have preceded her indomitable driver with his cab.

She was safely seen into a disengaged carriage, presented with her tickets, which Marshall kept his eye upon, until they were safely stowed away in the satchel; and then, he thought, with Jeannette by her side, she might be brought through; though it was not without a qualm that the worthy major-domo saw the train depart.

Faster and faster fell the snow.

Ridges formed upon the windows of the railway carriages; and between the flakes which settled on the panes, and slowly melting trickled down outside, and the steam arising from the warmer atmosphere within, the country through which the travellers passed was almost invisible to them.

The hot-water pans rapidly cooled. Every time a door was opened, came in a blast of air so chill, so withering, that the passengers wrapped in their thickly-folded rugs shuddered from head to foot. Guards and porters, with snow-tipped hats and shoulders, blue faces, red noses, watery eyes and palsied hands, struggled with their duties. Travellers, either muffled to the ears in Ulster coats and comforters, or equally well shrouded in sealskin and Shetland veils, sought the shelter as a haven of refuge.

How dismal, how cross they looked! There was the burly middle-aged man with snow on his whiskers, the soldier with ice on his moustache, the schoolgirl with thin kid gloves, the schoolboy with no gloves at all—each one more wretched, more unaccommodating than the other.

“Horrible!” escaped from Jeannette; but no syllable of complaint crossed the lips of her mistress.

Strange to tell, yet true, Lady Adelaide and her waiting-woman reached Stoke Ferrington in safety, and the only mistake they made was in going a little beyond it.

“Why, this is Becksley! Becksley is on the other side of Stoke Ferrington! Guard! guard! are we in the right train?”

“Depends on where you are going to, ma’am.”

“Going?—to Stoke Ferrington, to be

sure! I know we have passed it, for this is the way we go to London. What shall we do?"

She had to get out, and wait in the bitter cold at a little side station for nearly an hour. Yet she never faltered.

"This fire might be a little larger, but what there is of it is quite hot. Come nearer, Jeannette—come, my good girl, warm your feet as I do. Oh, there is plenty of room—plenty. You are cold as well as I. Ah! I wonder how poor Mrs. Tresham is now? But we must not expect to hear till we are there."

It was late in the afternoon ere the travellers arrived at the Cottage.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

For once in her life, Lady Adelaide had no words. Mutely she gazed into her nephew's face to read the verdict there; and it was with almost an hysterical gasp of relief that she sank down on a seat afterwards.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

"My dear boy!"

"You have come from Brighton on a day like this?"

"My poor John, to be sure I have. How is she?"

"Better—decidedly better. Quite a change since last night. But, my dear aunt——"

John looked perfectly confounded.

"You shall not be troubled with us, my dear. I have thought it all over. We will go down to that good little inn where I know they will do everything to make us comfortable. Jeannette is to tell the driver—it is all arranged. But I could not help coming, though Sir Walter said it was foolish."

"Foolish!" cried John, seizing both her hands, and choking down a great sob in his throat—"foolish! It was the best, and the kindest, and—and—there isn't one woman in a thousand would have done it. God bless you, aunt! Neither she nor I will ever forget this."

"Oh, my dear!"

She was quite overcome. Two large, warm tears rolled down her cheeks, and settled on the velvet strings of her bonnet.

"To think of your coming here all by yourself, and fighting your way among porters and cabmen!" continued John, aware of the miseries this involved to his helpless relative. "You, who never travelled alone in your life! And the Priory closed! And not a creature to meet you! But go to the inn you shall not. Here

you have come, and here you must stay. I wish it were a palace for your sake."

"Dear, kind boy!" murmured she. "It was nothing, a mere nothing—so glad—so thankful—such a happy ending——"

John had hurried out of the room. "Coals of fire! Yes, indeed, my little wife, a perfect furnace is about to descend on your head now."

It would doubtless have been more prudent if the knowledge of Lady Adelaide's arrival could have been concealed from the sick one.

But independently of the fact that in so small a dwelling it was difficult to conceal any event that took place, John felt that he owed it to his aunt to let her journey and its object be known.

True, had he suggested secrecy, she would not only have acquiesced without a murmur, but would have instantly felt that she had been imprudent in expecting anything else; but it would have been a disappointment which he could not have borne to inflict. More, it would have been an injustice. Elizabeth must know, ought to know, the true worth of one whom she valued so slightly.

Although weak, the invalid was now on the way to recover; and he felt he might venture on the announcement without danger of harming her.

Like his own, her first emotion was one of extreme surprise.

"John! Aunt Adelaide! What for? How did she come? How long has she been here?"

"When I wrote yesterday, dear, you were very ill. Dr. Birch was anxious about you. I could not disguise it in my letter, and it they only received this morning. The better report I sent to-day will not arrive there till to-morrow."

"And you mean that Sir Walter and Lady Adelaide set off on the strength of that letter?"

"Not Sir Walter. He is safe at Brighton."

"John, did she come by herself?"

"By herself; bringing that French girl with her."

"On this dreadful day!"

"Drove up from the station in that old jangling fly with its broken window, and was preparing to sleep to-night at the public-house!"

"You will not let her?"

"No, dear, no. It is all settled. And now, Elizabeth, what do you think of the poor aunt *now*?"

Elizabeth's pale face flushed.

"I should like to see her."

On tiptoe Lady Adelaide came, her long silk dress rustling behind her all the way up-stairs, and getting itself shut into the doorway as she approached the bedside.

None of them once thought of the infection.

Lady Adelaide stooped to kiss her niece, and Elizabeth threw her arms around her neck.

("She may call me *clever* every day of my life from this time henceforth, but I will never think of her as a fool again.")

From Fraser's Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VEGETARIAN.*

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

REPORTED BY C. O. GROOM NAPIER, OF
MERCHISTON, F.G.S.

AFTER the reading of my paper on the vegetarian cure for intemperance, before the Bristol Meeting of the British Association in 1875, I was addressed by an elderly gentleman and his wife, who said my views were strictly in accordance with theirs. After some conversation, we adjourned to his hotel, where he hospitably entertained me and gave me a narrative of his life, with permission to publish it in the interest of the good cause, suppressing his name and abode, as he said he was particularly shy and retired in his habits, and had a great objection to see his name in print.

He was born in the north of England in 1811; but although his hair was grey he otherwise appeared better preserved by fifteen years than most persons of his age. His father was a minister of religion, and he was the eldest of twelve children. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage, but his father never having had more than 300*l.* a year, he was obliged to send his children out early into the world, and so at fourteen he was put into a house of business in a great northern town.

For the first three years he had nothing but his board with one of the senior clerks, but at the end of that time he got as much dry bread and water for his lunch as he could take and ten shillings a week to board and lodge himself. He accidentally obtained some works on vegetarianism, and was resolved to put in prac-

tice what he had read, as otherwise he found he could not support and clothe himself decently. I will give, now, his own words as nearly as I can recollect.

"I was seventeen years of age then, five feet eight inches high, and strongly built. I had but ten shillings a week for everything. How should I best lay it out? The senior clerk took me as a lodger at eighteenpence a week, for one good room. There was a bedstead in it, but no bedding or other furniture. I was resolved to do what best I could, and owe no man anything. Some canvas coverings, which my good mother had put round my packages, served me to make a mattress when filled with hay. For the first eight weeks I slept in my oldest clothes on this mattress. My diet was ample and nourishing, but very cheap. Threepence a day was the cost. About one pound of beans, which did not cost more than a penny, half a pound of bread daily, and two halfpenny cabbages, and three pounds of potatoes in the week. Twopenny worth of seed oil,* one pound of twopenny rice, and about a farthing's worth of tartar† from the wine-casks, constituted my very nourishing diet.

"When my parents sent me a basket of fruit, I indulged in it freely; but I did not care for it unless the carriage was paid, which was not always the case. Thus 1*s.* 9*d.* for my food and 1*s.* 6*d.* for my lodging, and 9*d.* 2*qr.* for my fuel and light, left me 5*s.* 11*d.* 2*qr.* for other purposes. At the end of the eight weeks I have specified, I was in possession of above 2*l.* It took me nearly this sum to purchase a straw paillasse, blankets, sheets, and pillows second-hand. I persevered for another year on this diet, and found myself in possession of about 12*l.* As I had some respectable acquaintances in the town, I resolved on spending this sum in furniture, in order that I might have a decent room into which to ask my visitors. Taking a lesson from the poet Goldsmith, I had 'a bed by night and a chest of drawers by day,' so that my apartment, alternately sitting-room and bedroom, was suitable for lady visitors. I often invited the lady you see sitting opposite to you, to take tea on Sunday with me and then go to church. She was my own age exactly, and was the prey of a cruel stepmother;

* Oil from *rape* seed or *sesamé* seed, which last is a favorite oil in the East for cooking, and is procurable in London at half the price of olive oil; it much resembles almond oil.

† The object of the tartar was to take the place of ripe fruit as a vegetable acid.

* [This Defoe-like sketch of human character will, we believe, be found worth reading, apart from questions of diet. — Ed.]

she was in fact a sort of Cinderella in a large family. Her stepmother aimed at marrying her to a widower of forty-five, with seven children, but this my young girl of eighteen objected to. Her father at first sanctioned our engagement, but when a suitor in a good position came forward for his daughter, he forbade me the house and made her walk daily with the gentleman whom we nicknamed 'number forty-five.' I resolved to marry her as soon as I could furnish two more rooms and had laid in a good stock of clothes.

"My young lady studied my vegetarian books and determined not to eat any meat at home. All the family laughed at her, but she was sufficiently resolute to withstand ridicule.

"She told her father that he having once sanctioned her engagement to me, she must be bound to me and could not accept any one else. Her father remonstrated with her, but it was of no use. At the end of the two years, when I had just passed my twentieth birthday, I called on her father and said, 'I have now three rooms well furnished, and am able to keep your daughter; I want you to fix a day for my marrying her.' He pressed my hand warmly and said, 'Well, I will give you my blessing into the bargain.' He was a good-hearted man at bottom, but too much ruled by his wife. He gave my wife a good large outfit and a purse of 10*l.*, and her stepmother even gave her 2*l.*, and her brothers and sisters bought her a family Bible, and one of them wrote in it, 'At the end of ten days their countenances did appear fairer and fatter of flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. — Daniel i. 15.'"

The old gentleman laughed very much when he told me this, and said that the vegetarianism of Daniel had been the text of many a sermon which he had preached to his children, who, profiting by so good an example, *were all vegetarians.*

But to resume. "I found myself married and very happy, but with ten shillings a week only. We laid out our money as follows: we paid three and sixpence for three rooms, one shilling for fuel and light, three and sixpence for food, and had two shillings for other contingencies. Our food consisted of bean stew three times a week; potato pie twice a week; puddings without eggs twice a week; carrots, turnips, or some green vegetable daily. Our breakfast was porridge, either of corn or oatmeal. We ate bread with it, thus insuring mastication, and rendering but-

ter, milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa unnecessary. We sometimes took tea in the evening, but oftener cold water. We formed the acquaintance of a fruit merchant, who, though laughing at our vegetarianism, often sent us baskets of fruit. I was married in December, and in the following November my wife had a son. In a few days the wife of the head of the firm paid us a visit, and the next day I was informed that my salary was to be raised to eighteen shillings a week. I was before this in great difficulty what to do, as I did not much like my wife being the sole nurse of her child. Before this she had attended to all our wants. I now took an Irish servant girl, who was willing to be a vegetarian and receive sixpence a week in wages for the first year.

"I was in possession at the end of my second year of married life of 10*l.* sterling. I will now tell you how I invested it. 'Our firm' was both speculative and manufacturing, and employed some hundred workmen, who purchased the tools they required at rather high prices in the town. Ascertaining that the tools might be had cheaper at Birmingham and Sheffield, I went myself and laid in a small stock, which I sold within a week to the workmen at eighteen per cent. profit, but still full ten per cent. under what they were in the habit of paying. Being offered a month's credit, I received a consignment of tools from Birmingham and Sheffield. At the end of a year I found myself in possession of 150*l.*, which I had made by the sale of these tools to our own hands. My wife kept my books, and this little business necessitated the hiring of another room. But in other respects this great increase of income did not induce us to enlarge our expenses.

"A foreman lost his hand through an accident, and was incapacitated for work; I made him my traveller, to call at other workshops and sell tools to workmen.

"The firms at Birmingham and Sheffield had confidence in me. I obtained credit more largely. I engaged a warehouse and a clerk. At the end of my fourth year of marriage I was in possession of 1,500*l.* by the sale of these tools. I now thought of a bold project, since I was a capitalist. I went to the head of our firm, and said, 'My wife is carrying on a business which seems likely to produce us 1,500*l.* a year clear profit; I have no wish to leave your service, but I shall certainly do so, unless my salary is raised to 250*l.* a year.' This sum being agreed on, I was contented for the present.

"We now kept two servants, and lived in two floors over our warehouse, and had two children.

"I had been married about six years, and had three children," continued the old vegetarian, "when my warehouse and all my furniture were totally destroyed by fire; fortunately the ywere insured for about 5,000*l.* As this was another crisis in my career, I went to 'the firm,' and said, 'I now know about as much of my business as I can learn, and have a large connection. I am offered credit if I will embark my capital — 8,000*l.* — to open a business in opposition to yours. But I do not want to do this, if you will only give me a liberal salary. I want 450*l.* a year, and I will carry on my business in tools in my leisure hours as before.' My terms were accepted; I was assigned a separate office, and five clerks were at my command. Every letter to me was now addressed esquire; formerly I was only Mr., at least to the firm. I got my family arms engraved on a seal. I began to dress better. I kept three maid-servants and a page, and lived in a house out of the town — a roadside villa, with good vegetable garden — bringing my expenses within the 450*l.* a year; reserving the profits of my business for the increase of my capital.

"The heads of the firm — two brothers — paid a visit to Ireland, and coming back a terrific storm arose; they were washed off the deck of the steamer and drowned, leaving in the firm only the junior, the son of the elder brother, a young man of twenty years of age. As his capacity was moderate, and his habits not very regular, the trustees of the two deceased partners, of their own accord, proposed that I should receive 750*l.* per annum, take the entire charge of the business, and stay an hour longer than hitherto. But after six months, finding that I lost rather than gained by the arrangement, as it encroached on the time I had hitherto devoted to my private business, I plainly told the trustees that I must be taken into partnership, or I would abandon the concern and establish a rival business, which might very seriously damage theirs. They proposed that I should be partner for life, with 1,500*l.* a year as a first charge on the profits of the business, but should have no right to leave any part of it to my family, but should have two-thirds of the profits as surviving partner in case of the death of the present head of the firm without children. A deed was executed to embrace these provisions, and

I bound myself not to enter into any other business which would aim to rival that of the firm. On this I took a superior house, kept a horse and open carriage, two gardeners, and otherwise lived at the rate of about 1200*l.* a year. My wife now retired entirely from business, which she had seen after for about the half of three days in the week.

"About four years after this, to my sorrow, but at the same time pecuniary advantage, the young man, my senior partner, died, after a few days' illness, from pleurisy, brought on by bathing. His constitution was mainly built up on beer, beef, and tobacco. I, a vegetarian, was never ill after bathing. This young man was a martyr to the abuse of stimulants, whom his foolish doctor encouraged in their use. I have made my will, and none of my children shall inherit a penny if they are not at the time of my death vegetarians and total abstainers.

"We had been so absorbed in business since we were married, that we had not for ten years taken a seaside holiday; so in the summer of 1846 we determined on a yacht voyage to last two months, from May 1st to July 1st, round the coast of Ireland. We hired a yacht of fourteen tons, four men and a boy. My wife and three eldest children and self went on board at Liverpool, and we had a most enjoyable sail until we reached the north-west coast of Ireland. We landed and explored many rocky bays, and I collected many beautiful sea-birds' eggs, and shot many of the more uncommon of the sea-fowl, of which I have at present a trophy of stuffed birds, nine feet long, in my hall.

"Wishing to see the wildest part of the Irish coast, we sailed for the Arran Isles, and, landing there, spent some days in examining the curious stones for which these islands are famous. Some fishermen there spoke of an isolated rock in the sea, about a quarter of a mile long, very high, with a cavern in it, as the haunt of myriads of sea-fowl, some of species found nowhere else in the same abundance. With one of these fishermen as our pilot we reached the spot. There was a heavy swell round this island-rock, and we had great difficulty in landing. We determined to anchor the yacht about half a mile off, and proceed to the island in the boat with two of our men. Thinking we might like to spend the day there, we took with us two bags of rice, a basket of oranges, some loaves of bread, some peas and beans for soup, and utensils and wood for cooking. In order to afford a seat for the children, a

tin chest from the cabin, full of a variety of provisions, was put in the boat's stern, and we embarked, my wife expressing a regret that the provisions had not been emptied out lest they should make the boat too heavy. With great difficulty we managed to run the boat into a chasm about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long in the cliff, which was high and very precipitous. This chasm formed a miniature harbor, where the boat could lie without any danger of being swamped, in deep water close to the cliff, against which it was moored to a projecting rock, as to an artificial quay. It was a considerable scramble to get out of the boat and up the cliff; we just managed it, and landing our provisions, one of our men made a fire and acted as cook, while we wandered over the island, and explored the cave. It was, in fact, a sort of twin cavern, two branches having one entrance; that on the right-hand side was about a hundred and fifty feet deep, and was not tenanted, as it had no exit; that on the left hand was a tunnel of even greater length, and about forty feet high; it was the nesting-place of many sea-birds; cormorants, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, several species of sea-gulls, the arctic tern and gannet very abundant, and a few pairs of the shearwater; of some sort we took a good many eggs. We packed baskets with at least one hundred dozen. I did not shoot, as I did not like disturbing the birds, they were so tame, being but little accustomed to the visits of man. There were some goats on the island, which we conjectured had swum ashore from a shipwrecked vessel.

"This plateau, which was the highest part of the island, was reached by a path ascending about two hundred feet. It was a beautiful emerald meadow bounded by almost precipitous cliffs, which my eldest boy and I climbed up, but my wife declined the ascent. At about five we sat down to our dinner of pea soup, boiled cabbage, bread, haricot beans, batter pudding, and fruit.

"We were seated in the entrance of the cave, when suddenly a storm sprang up. The wind was so violent, that though we sadly wished it we did not deem it prudent to get into our boat, to rejoin the yacht. One of the sailors went on a high part of the island to observe, and soon informed us that the yacht had apparently dragged its anchor, and was fast disappearing.

"We were all in a sad dilemma. Leaving my dinner unfinished, I with my eldest son went up the cliff; the yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the wind was so

violent that we were hardly able to keep our feet on the cliff. I came down, and said we should be obliged to pass the night on the island. Accordingly, the sailors brought out of the boat all we had left in it, including some shawls, a large fur rug, and two sails and a quantity of tarpaulin, which we had intended to sit on had the ground been damp. Lighting a small lamp, I made a careful survey of the right-hand cavern; it was not straight, but turned at a sharp angle; the floor was dry, as were also the walls. I collected a heap of loose dry sand eight or ten feet long by as many feet wide, and in this I spread the tarpaulin, and over this some shawls. As it got dark, myself, wife, and three children lay down on this extemporized bed, covering ourselves with the large fur rug. The wind made a great noise. The sailors lay down a short distance from us, wrapped in the sails. The next morning between five and six we were all up, and I made an inventory of our provisions. We had about eight pounds of oatmeal, about the same quantity of haricot beans, about fourteen pounds of lentils, about twelve pounds of maize flour, three pounds of arrowroot, two pounds of potatoes, a cabbage, four loaves of bread, and about a dozen oranges. With economy, we had vegetarian provisions to last a fortnight, if we could get fresh water—as yet we had found none. In the cavern where the sea-birds were, there was a patch of green moss on the wall, nearly obscuring a deep crack, extending for some yards into the rock. On putting my ear to the crack I distinctly heard water dropping. I tied a towel to a walking-stick and poked it into the crack, and pulled out the towel dripping. By dint of probing the rock, I increased the supply, and at last was enabled to get an oar into the crack, which being placed obliquely, acted as a lead to the water, which now trickled down sufficiently fast to fill a tin can of a gallon capacity in about a quarter of an hour. I considered this providential. We were on this island ten days, and slept in the same manner. During the day we kept a sail on an oar attached to the boat's mast, on the highest part of the island, as a signal of distress. We saw several vessels, but they did not come near the island. At last a smack lay to, and sent a boat to the island, and in about an hour we were on board the smack. On the island we adhered strictly to our vegetarian diet, substituting sea-fowls' eggs for hens' eggs.*

* Vegetarians usually admit a diet including milk, cheese, butter, and eggs.

"The sailors killed and roasted two kids.

"The smack put us on shore at Dingle Bay, and after a month's travel in Ireland we returned home, and heard that our sailors, taking advantage of our absence, had drunk too much of the store of rum they had provided at their own expense for the voyage, and that the vessel, becoming unmanageable, had capsized, the two men and pilot being drowned, the boy alone escaping, and, clinging to the keel of the yacht, he was picked up a few hours after. The yacht was righted by some fishermen, and eventually brought to the Isle of Man, where she was claimed by her owners, who had to pay a salvage of 70*l*. As this incident had occurred during my hiring of her, I recouped them of part, and received back my baggage, not so very much injured as I expected. At the bottom of our box of provisions were some seeds from our garden, which we were carrying to distribute amongst the poor Irish at the places where we landed; so, thinking that some future shipwrecked wanderers might be benefited thereby, I cleared a patch of ground and planted carrot, parsnip, and cabbage seed, before I left the little island; hoping, but not expecting, the goats would leave the tender vegetables unmolested.

"I had been married about sixteen years, when I resolved to print a pamphlet on the subject of vegetarianism, giving my experiences and those of my wife and family. I gave away two thousand copies, and with some result, for they were the means of adding over forty to the vegetarian flock. In this pamphlet I propounded a scheme for the renovation of my neighborhood on vegetarian principles. At this time I employed about eight servants, male and female, in the house and garden. I gave the men 14*s*. a week to find themselves, and they were allowed a certain proportion of such common vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions free. Being married men, they had each a distinct cottage, large and comfortable, with an ornamental flower-garden in front and a fruit-garden at the back. They were built in the Gothic style, after my own design. Each of them kept bees and fowls for their own profit. Their style of living was the envy of all their neighbors. I allowed none of them to take lodgers, and insisted on cleanliness; no rooms were papered, but all were whitewashed annually. During the many years that have elapsed since the first cottage was built according to

this plan, I have added to them, until the number has reached fourteen. They are mostly inhabited by Scotchmen. They are all temperance men, anti-tobacco, and mostly vegetarians. I do not give a man a cottage to himself until he is married to a clean, orderly, industrious woman. My laborers' children turn out well.

"One cottage is inhabited by my second gardener and his wife, without children. She teaches the boys and girls of the other cottages, and has done so for twenty years. I pay her 30*l*. a year. She was a trained schoolmistress before she was married. My head gardener is a religious man, and holds divine service in one of my barns, for about a hundred persons connected with the estate. It is like a mothers' meeting, children of all ages being present. I am not sorry for this, for the parson of the neighborhood is a great man for beef and beer, and his influence I dread on my little Arcadia. My head gardener now and then gives a lecture on vegetarianism in school-rooms, and we two have drawn up a table suggestive of expenditure for rich and poor. Out of his wages he keeps his father and mother and two maiden aunts comfortably, at an expenditure of about 7*s*. per week. He is an Aberdeenshire man, and about forty years of age. I hope his eldest son will become an eminent man; and I am paying for his education at one of the universities, on account of his extraordinary ability and fine natural disposition; and also on account of the respect which I feel for his father, who has helped me to carry out my principles on my estate. This man's parents and aunts live in Aberdeenshire, and have never been on the parish. The laird gives them three rooms over an out-house at 6*d*. a week. They spend 2*s*. a week on oatmeal, and 1*s*. a week on milk. They grow vegetables enough to make a stew for dinner; 1*s*. worth of flour gives them a meal of bread in the evening. They eat their bread without butter, but with their vegetable soup made either of peas or beans; 3*d*. buys what condiments or groceries they require. They are always clean and tidy, and gather what fuel they need from the peat on the moor. The blind aunts are very strong, whereas the father is very feeble. They work the garden and collect the wood, he going with them to lead them on their way. My gardener has drawn up a table showing how an adult man may supply himself with wholesome food, lodging, and clothing, at 7*s*. 6*d*. per week on vegetarian

principles. He can get a room unfurnished for 1s. a week; he can get attendance to a certain extent for 1s. a week extra; his bread-bill need not be more than 1s. 6d. per week; 1s. 6d. for green vegetables including potatoes; 6d. for butter or oil; 6d. for cocoa, and 6d. for groceries; 6d. for clothing, 6d. for washing. So the money is spent.

"Some of my gardeners' sons trained on the estate spend no more when they go away from it. In one of them, named Dickenson, I have always taken a great interest, as he was the first born on the estate, and for a humble working-man he has had a glorious career. At sixteen I gave him 16s. a week for attending to my stove plants. At fourteen he had 10s. a week. When he was eighteen a nobleman's steward saw him, and offered him 30s. a week to superintend a great stove house. As I could not give such wages I let him go, but with great reluctance. He wrote to his father that although he got 30s. a week and many perquisites, yet he limited his expenditure to 8s. a week until they offered to feed him and house him, when he cut down his expenditure to 3s. a week. He could have had the best of meat, but he still preferred the vegetarian diet, and he induced two of the other servants, who were much troubled with indigestion, to become vegetarians. This vegetarian movement in the servants' hall attracted the notice of the nobleman, who was much pleased to hear of it. By the greater use of vegetables than had been done formerly, especially by the introduction of potato pie, haricot-bean stew, and macaroni as every-day dishes in the servants' hall, a saving of 500*l.* per annum was effected in the commissariat of the vast establishment; therefore the nobleman was well satisfied, and presented my young Dickenson with a gold watch and chain, value 36*l.*, with an inscription, acknowledging his economy and fidelity. Dickenson's head was not turned by all this, although his wages were soon after raised to 3*l.* per week and all food found. When the nobleman died his successor presented Dickenson with 250*l.*, accompanied by a flattering letter, and retained him in his service at a salary of 200*l.* a year, Dickenson still living as he did before. After eighteen years' service he was pensioned off with 100*l.* per annum, and now has a nursery of his own, and is reputed to be worth between 7,000*l.* and 8,000*l.*, although he is not more than forty years of age. He has married lately a most frugal but accomplished governess,

who has saved 2,000*l.* She was not a vegetarian when he married her, but is so now. I am as proud of Dickenson as if he was my own son. His sister is a most exemplary vegetarian governess; she has induced no less than eight families, with whom she has lived, to become vegetarians, and from her economy in her dress she has saved in the course of twenty years of governing 400*l.* On her showing me her bank-book I added 100*l.* to it, and said if she saved 1,000*l.* during my lifetime I would add 500*l.* to it. She is trying hard, and her brother has given her 110*l.* towards it.

"My eldest unmarried daughter keeps my domestic accounts most beautifully, and audits those of any of the people I employ, with the object of impressing on them the advantages of economy. I have intimated to my children that in proportion as they save they shall inherit. This may be an excess of paternal government in the estimation of many, but it has had a most beneficial effect. My family are so methodical and self-denying that they are said to realize some people's idea of Quakers; but I have had little intercourse with that sect. The success of my own offspring, and the prosperity of my household and establishment, as you remarked to me, seem to be due to an exceptional combination of qualities and circumstances—in my wife and myself in the first instance, and, secondly, in those I employ, who are somewhat like myself. This is true, I will admit, but it does not militate against the great principle as laid down in the Bible, that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' that 'industry has its sure reward,' and that those who honor their parents shall receive blessing. I have done more for my parents than all my brothers and sisters united, and I have received more blessing than all my brothers and sisters united. Pardon my egotism.

"I will give you a few facts of vegetarians in our county. A squire and magistrate, with 2,000*l.* a year, used to spend 1,500*l.* as a flesh-eater; he now spends 1,150*l.*, and is more comfortable, as a vegetarian. A barrister, whose doctor assured him that he should take three meals of meat and a bottle of wine daily for his health's sake, now finds that by a vegetarian and temperance diet his expenses are reduced more than one half, his health is better, and there is a corresponding increase of vigor and power of sustaining labor, such as he never before knew. A struggling clergyman, whom custom in-

duced, he called it "compelled," to take three meals of meat daily, was under this system always in debt, and obliged to send the churchwardens round every Christmas to ask for means to pay his way: now on the vegetarian diet he balances his income and expenditure, and is able to carry forward a few pounds every quarter. I believe, from more than forty years' experience of the vegetarian diet, that were it generally adopted nine-tenths of the pauperism and crime would disappear, that England would be able to supply herself with all the home-grown corn she requires, and that the national debt, if deemed desirable, could be paid off in thirty years.

"I corresponded regularly with my parents, and they, hearing I was getting into comfortable circumstances, would frequently write me complaints of poverty. To these I responded by remittances of money, and at this time wrote to my father saying I would allow him 25*l.* a year and my mother a similar amount. I visited my father about once in two years, but always took a lodging and took my meals apart from him, for he was an inveterate smoker and a great beer-drinker, and filled his snuff-box three times weekly. I once made a random calculation, that he had wasted 1,500*l.* on stimulants in his life. These reflections prevented me from being more liberal to him. If I had given him 100*l.* a year, I only know he would have spent more on cigars. He would have bought wine at 6*s.* a bottle, and, perhaps, have increased his consumption of snuff. On getting a legacy of 75*l.* once, 40*l.* of it went to pay his publican's bill. One day my father wrote asking me to accommodate my youngest brother and two sisters a few weeks that they might see the sights of the town and get change of air. I wrote to my father that my wife and I would be very glad to see them, but they must not expect us to make any change in our vegetarian and temperance diet, but at the same time intimating that our style of living was very comfortable. There was an amount of formality between me and my father; he would sometimes call me, in derision, the Joseph of the family, because I went away from the rest and got rich, and I held his ill-success in life to be owing to his improvidence and self-indulgence, and feared he might want me to keep the whole family in idleness; accordingly I was not very much pleased at his proposal to send my sisters and younger brother to me. However, I assented, and they came. My elder sister, Mary Ann, was one of those sulky, vain, indo-

lent natures, which neither my wife nor I can sympathize with at all. Public opinion was her god, and Mrs. Grundy her godmother. One day she said to my wife, 'I wonder you can endure to live as you do with your means; it strikes me as being very poor and miserable. Most people of your means have three meals of meat a day. Do you never feel tired of the vegetables?' My wife said no, and that she did not think she could preserve the same health and strength on a meat diet. My wife rose at six and went to bed at half past ten, whereas Mary Ann and her sister could not get down to breakfast till ten at home; but when they were with us we took care to have the breakfast cleared away at eight, so that if they came down at ten they had to wait till lunch before they got anything to eat. This strict commissariat roused Mary Ann two hours sooner than usual.

"Mary Ann was fantastic in her dress, and talked a great deal of nonsense to the servants, endeavoring to make them discontented with the vegetarian diet, and one of them gave notice to leave in consequence; so I thought it was time to settle with my sisters, and I placed them in a lodging and gave them 2*l.* a week to feed themselves as they chose, but they were welcome to come to our meals when they liked. To my surprise, although professing abhorrence of a vegetarian diet, they all came to take dinner and tea with us. My sisters were without watches or jewellery of any kind, and begged me to supply them. This I did, at a cost of about 40*l.* My other sisters living at home, as well as those married and away, hearing of these gifts, wrote to me and demanded similar presents almost as a matter of right. I complied, although it cost me 120*l.* more. I began to be weary of my family connections; they were no comfort to me, and my elder daughters began to be impertinent in consequence of the example of their aunts. My wife and I, when they left, resolved to drop all intercourse with them, lest the evil association might impair the discipline of our house.

"After staying six months, instead of a few weeks, my sisters and little brother left, saying they would probably come again about the same time next year. True to their promise they appeared the next year, and asked me to take a lodging for them as before. As they had come without any invitation, I thought that I would now for the first time read them a moral lecture, which, for the sake of the other members of the family, I put in the

form of a letter, which was a good deal to the following effect. I have a copy of it in my letter-book at home. It began:—

Dear Mary Ann, and my Sisters and Brothers,—After some prayer, I consider it my solemn duty to write to you, and warn you of your dangerous position. There is not one of you that fears God: you all are steeped in self-indulgence of one kind or another. I won't mention names, but I put it to your consciences whether any of you has ever denied him or her self to do any good action, whether or not you have not lived lives purely selfish. You wrangled and quarrelled like vultures at your meals, each demanding the largest share. You girls esteemed it degrading to make your own clothes when your milliner's rags were worn out, and adopted a style of dress which to my mind seemed a burlesque. You were at good schools, but you were too indolent to make good use of them; and your brothers have spent a small fortune on stimulants. Your marriages have all been contemptible. Finally, let me say, I have no respect for any of you, but, as I fear God, I will not see you want. Those of you, married and single, who will become vegetarians and renounce stimulants, I will endeavor to assist in life, provided you bring up your children as vegetarians. But I shall renounce all connection with those relatives who do not in six months become vegetarians. I feel impelled to do so by a sense of duty.

"I had this letter printed, and sent a copy to all my brothers and sisters; most of them replied, and said they would consider the proposal. Of my numerous brothers and sisters, none were at this time in prosperous circumstances, and yet they had all had a much better chance than I; more money had been spent on their education, and all of them had some legacies left them by an uncle, who left me nothing, as I was supposed to be separated from the rest.

"After spending about 15,000*l.* on endeavoring to benefit my brothers and sisters and their children, I have determined to spend no more money on them, as they are incorrigibly self-indulgent, reckless, and vainglorious, but keep all my money for my own offspring and those whom I can morally respect. Do you not think I am right, Mr. Napier?

"I will now tell you the state of my family. They are all healthy and well-formed, luxuriant in hair, sound in teeth, and much better proportioned in feature and figure than usual. I confess, sir, that I take no small pleasure in my family. Even my married children do nothing of importance without consulting me. I share my income liberally with them, but

they with commendable prudence live plainly and economically, and save much; some are better at it than others, but I cannot complain of any of them; they are liberal too. My grown-up sons spend a tenth of their incomes on moral and religious purposes. I do not devote much time to business now—not much more than three hours daily; literary, scientific, and other intellectual pursuits fill up the rest of my time."

The vegetarian's wife described their mansion in the country as containing thirty rooms, among which is a fine picture-gallery ninety feet long; about twenty conservatories and thirty gardeners are attached to the house. By the sale of early fruits and vegetables, and the rearing of certain orchids, the great expense of this wholesale gardening is reduced to about 1,000*l.* a year, which her husband does not wish this hobby to exceed. He grows grapes throughout the greater part of the year, and pineapples also, so that the desert fruit on his table is scarcely to be surpassed. His entire living expenses do not exceed 3,000*l.* a year, although his income is something like six times that amount. Sometimes he will spend 3,000*l.* a year in relieving distress, as he did at the time of the cotton famine. His wife said he is so shy and reserved with people in general that he avoids society; but rich people are sought after, and he sometimes receives a thousand begging letters in the year. He thought his life ought to be written, and added as an appendix to Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help;" and so I have sent this sketch of it for publication.

From Fraser's Magazine.
MODERN WARFARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your article on modern warfare contains statements of so great importance to public interests that I do not hesitate to ask you to spare me space for a question or two respecting it, which by answering, your contributor may make the facts he has brought forward more valuable for practical issues.

The statistics given in the second column of page 695, on which "P. S. C." rests his "incontestable" conclusion, that "battles are less sanguinary than they were," are incomplete in this vital respect, that they furnish us only with the proportion, and not with the total number, of

combatants slain. A barricade fight between a mob of rioters a thousand strong, and a battery of artillery, in which fifty reformers get shot, is not "less sanguinary" than a street quarrel between three toppers, of whom one gets knocked on the head with a pewter pot; though no more than the twentieth part of the forces on one side fall in the first case, and a third of the total forces engaged, in the second. Nor could it be proved by the exhibition of these proportions of loss, that the substitution of explosive shells, as offensive weapons, for pewter pots, rendered wounds less painful, or war more humane.

Now, the practical difference between ancient and modern war as carried on by civilized nations, is, broadly, of this kind. Formerly the persons who had quarrelled settled their differences by the strength of their own arms, at the head of their retainers, with comparatively inexpensive weapons, such as they could conveniently wield; weapons which they had paid for out of their own pockets, and with which they struck only the people they meant to strike. While, nowadays, persons who quarrel fight at a distance, with mechanical apparatus, for the manufacture of which they have taxed the public, and which will kill anybody who happens to be in the way; gathering at the same time, to put into the way of them, as large a quantity of senseless and innocent mob as can be beguiled or compelled to the slaughter. So that, in the words of your contributor, "Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent—in fact, are—whole nations in arms." I have only to correct this somewhat vague and rhetorical statement by pointing out that the persons in arms, led out for mutual destruction, are by no means "the whole nation" on either side, but only the individuals of it who are able-bodied, honest, and brave, selected to be shot, from among its invalids, rogues, and cowards.

The deficiencies in your contributor's evidence as to the totality of loss do not, however, invalidate his conclusion that, out of given numbers engaged, the mitrailleuse kills fewer than the musket. It is, nevertheless, a very startling conclusion, and one not to be accepted without closer examination of the statistics on which it is based. I will, therefore, tabulate them in a simpler form, which the eye can catch easily, omitting only one or two instances which add nothing to the force of the evidence.

In the six undernamed battles of by-

gone times, there fell, according to your contributor's estimate, out of the total combatants—

At Austerlitz	1-7
Jena	1-6
Waterloo	1-5
Marengo	1-4
Salamanca	1-3
Eylau	2-5

while in the undernamed five recent battles, the proportion of loss was—

At Königgratz	1-15
Gravelotte	1-12
Solferino	1-11
Worth	1-11
Sedan	1-10

Now, there is a very important difference in the character of the battles named in these two lists. Every one of the first six was decisive, and both sides knew that it must be so when the engagement began, and did their best to win. But Königgratz was only decisive by sudden and appalling demonstration of the power of a new weapon. Solferino was only half fought, and not followed up because the French emperor had exhausted his *corps d'élite* at Magenta, and could not (or, at least, so it is reported) depend on his troops of the line. Worth was an experiment; Sedan a discouraged ruin; Gravelotte was, I believe, well contested, but I do not know on what extent of the line, and we have no real evidence as to the power of modern machines for death, until the proportions are calculated, not from the numbers engaged, but from those under fire for equal times. Now, in all the upper list of battles, probably every man of both armies was under fire, and some of the regiments under fire for half the day; while in the lower list of battles, only fragments of the line were hotly engaged, and the dispute on any point reaching its intensity would be ended in half an hour.

That the close of contest is so rapid may indeed be one of the conditions of improvement in our military system alleged by your correspondent, and the statistics he has brought forward do indeed clearly prove one of two things—either that modern weapons do not kill, or that modern soldiers do not fight, as effectually as in old times. I do not know if this is thought a desirable change in military circles; but I, as a poor civilian, beg to express my strong objections to being taxed six times over what I used to be, either for the equipment of soldiers who rarely fight, or the manufacture of weapons

which rarely kill. It may be perfectly true that our last cruise on the Baltic was "less sanguinary" than that which concluded in Copenhagen. But we shook hands with the Danes after fighting them, and the differences between us were ended: while our expensive contemplation of the defences of Cronstadt leaves us still in daily dread of an inspection by the Russian of those of Calcutta.

It is true that the ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and that in a few years more, we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner and bombard a fleet over the horizon; but I believe the effective result of these crowning scientific successes will only be to confirm the at present partial impression on the minds of military and naval officers, that their duty is rather to take care of their weapons than to use them. "England will expect" of her generals and admirals to maintain a dignified moral position as far as possible out of the enemy's sight: and in a perfectly scientific era of seamanship we shall see two adverse fleets affected by a constant law of mutual repulsion at distances of two or three hundred miles; while, in either squadron, an occasional collision between the leading ships, or inexplicable foundering of the last improved ones, will make these prudential manœuvres on the whole as destructive of the force, and about ten times more costly to the pocket, of the nation than the ancient, and, perhaps, more honorable tactics of poorly armed pugnacity.

There is, however, one point touched upon in "P. S. C.'s" letter, to me the most interesting of all, with respect to which the data for accurate comparison of our former and present systems are especially desirable, though it never seems to have occurred to your correspondent to collect them—the estimates, namely, of the relative destruction of civil property.

Of wilful destruction, I most thankfully acknowledge the cessation in Christian warfare; and in the great change between the day of the sack of Magdeburg, and that of the march into Paris, recognize a true sign of the approach of the reign of national peace. But of inevitable destruction—of loss inflicted on the peasant by the merely imperative requirements and operations of contending armies—it will materially hasten the advent of such peace, if we ascertain the increasing pressure during our nominally mollified and merciful war. The agricultural losses sus-

tained by France in one year are estimated by your correspondent at one hundred and seventy millions of pounds. Let him add to this sum the agricultural loss necessitated in the same year throughout Germany through the withdrawal of capital from productive industry, for the maintenance of her armies; and of labor from it by their composition; and, for third item, add the total cost of weapons, horses, and ammunition on both sides; and let him then inform us whether the cost, thus summed, of a year's actual war between two European States, is supposed by military authorities to be fairly representative of that which the settlement of political dispute between any two such powers, with modern instruments of battle, will on an average, in future, involve. If so, I will only venture further to suggest that the nations minded thus to try their quarrel should at least raise the stakes for their match before they make the ring; instead of drawing bills for them upon futurity. For that the money-lenders whose pockets are filled, while everybody else's are emptied, by recent military finance, should occultly exercise irresistible influence, not only on the development of our—according to your contributor—daily more harmless armaments, but also on the deliberation of cabinets, and passions of the populace, is inevitable under present circumstances; and the exercise of such influence, however advantageous to contractors and projectors, can scarcely be held consistent either with the honor of a senate or the safety of a State.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I wish I could get a broad approximate estimate of the expenditure in money, and loss of men by France and Prussia in the respective years of Jena and Sedan, and by France and Austria in the respective years of Arcole and Solferino.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A LADY'S VISIT TO THE HERZEGOVINIAN INSURGENTS.

RAGUSA.

It is difficult to imagine, when walking down the Corso of Ragusa, that one is on the Dalmatian coast, and in an Austrian town. The old loggia, the market-place,

the fountain, all recall various Italian cities one has seen.

Its position on the Adriatic, surrounded by olive-clad hills, suggests Amalfi; its terraces of red-roofed houses are like Pistoja; while the architectural features of the principal buildings betray the influence of Venice. But, like her sisters across the Adriatic, Ragusa is only the shadow of her former self. Looking at her deserted palaces and grass-grown streets, one can hardly persuade oneself that her merchantmen once carried "argosies" to the farthest parts of the civilized world, and that her citizens were (next to the Venetians) the most arrogant race in Europe.

The hereditary aristocracy still retain exaggerated ideas of their rank; but their means are extremely small, and by intermarrying among themselves they have degenerated mentally and physically.

Ragusa, in the days of her prosperity, thoroughly understood the advantages to be reaped by maintaining communication with the inland provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Servia, and thereby developed her commerce, and infused new Slav blood into her population. Now, however, Austria possesses only the narrow seaboard, and does not attempt any intercourse with the interior, so that Dalmatia is, as the Slavs themselves say, "like a face without a head." Bravely did Ragusa withstand the incursions of Venetian, Turk, and Slav; asserting her independence until nature itself conspired against her, and by the great earthquake of 1667 absolutely destroyed her pre-eminence and power. It is curious to note that, in spite of this catastrophe, the inhabitants should have rebuilt their houses on the very site of the disaster, instead of moving a mile away to the shores of the Bay of Gravosa, which is now the principal port.

The duomo, custom-house, and palazzo, are the only remains of the old city; and truly one can say that Ragusa has gone to sleep. Her lethargy is disturbed just now, however, by the fighting which is carried on so close to her, and by the extra call made on her resources by the refugees and wounded combatants, who seek shelter across the frontier. The Austrian government has given them the *lazzaretto* to herd in, and nothing could be imagined sadder than the spectacle the place presents. Creatures scarcely human in aspect crawl about on the barren, rocky ground in front of the long, low building. They are half-clothed, and scarcely bear

the semblance of humanity; wretched-looking women, crouching down, mending the only rags they have to cover them, whilst little naked children appeal vainly to them for food. Old men, dazed and stunned by misery, look on listlessly, as if indifferent to what fate holds in store for them. Six thousand Herzegovinian refugees are here now. The government has done its best to help them, but the emergency is greater than its powers. An allowance of ten farthings a day has been made per head, but in consequence of the strain put upon the resources of the town, the price of all the necessities of life has doubled; and how, under such circumstances, can ten farthings suffice to keep body and soul together?

Not only are there the refugees to think of, but whenever an engagement occurs between Ragusa and Trebinje, and the wounded have to be brought here (it may be in considerable numbers), they must be accommodated and nursed somehow. In sooth, Ragusa has enough to occupy her, and to stir her to the very heart. One of the best apartments has been taken and fitted up as a temporary hospital, and one would have thought it a haven of refuge for these poor creatures after their privations on the hills. But as well ask a caged eagle to be happy, as one of these wild Herzegovinians to submit to the tedium and restraint of a sick-room. As soon as it is possible for them to move, they invariably beg kind Baroness Lichtenberg to allow them to go back to their homes at Cattaro and elsewhere; they will listen to no persuasion, and many must perish on the road. Next to the sick are some of the dens where the sick among the poorer classes are housed. These consist of one dark, dank room without a window, where, on the stone floor, we saw huddled up in their brown blankets the forms of the wretched invalids. We then scrambled up, through groups of women and girls, who came to gaze on us as a sort of curiosity, to the main building. What we saw there would tax a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. I should think there were about a hundred and fifty people, living, eating, sleeping, and dying, side by side. The atmosphere was so thick and close that we had to stand for several minutes before we could either see or breathe, and then by degrees weird and ghastly figures became visible; the most conspicuous being the women, who rushed towards us, gesticulating, and pointing to holes in the

roof that let in the rain, and at the hard floor they had to lie on, without any bedding or covering.

Harrowing were the sights of suffering that greeted us on every side. Here lay a poor old man of eighty, stone blind, with hardly a stitch to cover him, moaning piteously; whilst close to him, in a wooden cradle lent by some sympathizing mother in the district, lay newly-arrived twins, launched into this world of sorrow and struggle, but as yet conscious only of the pangs of hunger; whilst over them hung their mother, who told us piteously that ten farthings a day were all she could muster for herself and the two helpless beings with whom nature had seen fit to bless her. We thought of the lines of Shakespeare:—

A terrible child-bed hast thou had,
My dear. No fire! No light!
The unfriendly elements
Forget thee utterly.

Heart-sick and weary, we struggled through them into the blessed sunshine.

The feast of St. Blasrus (the patron saint of the town) is a great day at Ragusa, and the spring sun lit up a brilliant scene; all the windows were hung with tapestry and the doors dressed with banners. The streets were crowded with holiday-makers, early as it was, and all were bound in the same direction to the gates of the town, where the *communi* of the different villages around salute before entering. It was indeed a picturesque sight that greeted us, as soon as we had passed the draw-bridge. We were not a moment too soon, for the procession of villagers was winding down the hill in the distance, each municipality carrying the banner of the district. The Austrian band led the way, and as soon as the gate was reached, the standard-bearer of each village knelt down on one knee, and twisting his pennon round his head, he saluted the town, amidst the fring of blunderbusses and the rolling of drums.

The peasants' dresses were one mass of gold embroidery from cap to gaiters. Many of them had, I daresay, descended from father to son for hundreds of years. They cannot be purchased nowadays for less than eighty or ninety guineas, and it is therefore not wonderful if they represent all the savings made by their owners.

After they had shaken hands with the mayor of the town, they proceeded down the principal street to the square, opposite the cathedral, where they again saluted, and then depositing their banners in the

church of St. Blasrus, they trooped out to have a regular day's enjoyment.

There was to be seen the most singular and striking mixture of costumes—Brenesi, Canalesi, and Ragusan—some of the women wearing the becoming white caps of the country; whilst others had simply the home-embroidered muslin handkerchiefs common to all the female population of the Dalmatian and Albanian coast. The girls had tight-fitting serge bodices, and their hair was plaited and decorated with gold coins. To see them laughing and talking together, made it difficult to believe that danger, sadness, and privation were so near at hand.

Even the poor refugees seemed determined to cast their troubles away from them for to-day; and although one saw a tear let fall, and a bitter sob escape now and then, as some poor mother hears the news of a son wounded, or a wife of her husband being called to join the fighting, joy on the whole wins the day.

Here and there were men with earnest, careworn faces, whose dress and appearance showed they had come from the scene of war. They generally stood in groups, discussing the last news. It was curious to see these same rough warriors kneeling down with the greatest fervor to kiss the relics of St. Blasrus, which, enshrined in silver cases, were carried round the town. We were told that these consist of two left arms. The anatomical knowledge of these poor creatures, however, is not great, and they did not appear to question for an instant the genuineness of what was offered to their adoration. After this operation had been gone through, there was a lull in the proceedings, as the inner man must be refreshed in order to be able to go through the business of the day.

After luncheon came the *tombola*.

The Austrian government have given three prizes, and these childlike people have entirely forgotten everything relating to St. Blasrus in their excitement about the lottery. The square was a mass of anxious eager faces, and instead of murmured prayers and benedictions, nothing was audible but groans, hisses, and shrieks.

At last the winners of the principal prize (20%) were declared (for it was a "tie" between the letter-carrier of the camp of Peko, the insurgent chief, and an Austrian soldier). As they stood together, they might be taken as types of the two powers that are striving for empire in the land—one, free, easy in all his

movements, a thoroughly uncivilized Slav; the other, mechanical, with everything that drill can do for him. After the lottery was over, the peasants again went to fetch their flags, and, proceeding down the main street, repeated the salutation of the morning with even more vigor and impetuosity, owing greatly, we imagined, to a certain amount of stimulant imbibed during the day. The festivities were not over yet, however. There was to be a grand national dance in the theatre, where we had taken a box.

As we arrived at eight o'clock, it was just beginning. Upon the stage sat two musicians, each armed with a one-stringed violin, from which they managed to extract a most wonderful amount of sound, aided enormously by their feet; sometimes indeed, when their hands, utterly wearied, refused to play any longer, they kept the dancers going by stamping energetically. They certainly were the most untiring votaries of Terpsichore I have ever seen. Round and round they went, like dervishes, clapping their hands and shouting, sometimes seizing one another round the waist, at others round the neck. It made one perfectly dizzy to look at them, and an hour of the heat and noise was enough. As we came out, we saw the poor refugees clustered round the doorway, for they could not afford the entrance to the theatre on ten soldi a day, and so had to be content with looking on from the outside.

There is a great deal of the old-fashioned ways and manners of their Italian ancestors surviving amongst the Ragusans. It is still the habit for all the politicians and principal men to meet, either at the banker's, barber's, or chemist's, to discuss the political news of the day. It was at first strange to hear a magistrate, or dignitary of the law, talk upon the most solemn subjects while undergoing the operation of shaving; but we soon conquered this feeling, and made a point of turning into the worthy barber's every morning to hear the last news from the seat of war.

From there we usually went to the banker's on the market-place, where, very often, we met some of the insurgent chiefs, who came in to buy food and get money. Sometimes all business was forgotten in the excitement of listening to an account of the battle just fought. It was impossible not to enter into the spirit of the situation, and very often the necessity of such sublunary matters as getting change for our circular notes was ignored whilst we sat listening to the excited babel of tongues.

There are many pretty expeditions to be made in the neighborhood of Ragusa. The first in interest is to the island of La Croma, formerly the home of the ill-fated emperor Maximilian and his wife, which lies about half a mile from the entrance to the harbor. Originally it belonged to a monastery founded by our king, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, being overtaken by storms in the Adriatic on his way home from the Holy Land, took refuge in the island of La Croma, and built this monastery and likewise the cathedral in the town. The monks were gradually scattered, and the place eventually bought by Maximilian, who, by utilizing the old cloister, and building a new wing, succeeded in making a most comfortable country-house. It was very sad to wander through the rooms once tenanted by him and the empress Charlotte.

The whole island and house have just been purchased by a gentleman from Trieste for the small sum of 4,000*l*. He has left everything exactly as it was when Maximilian occupied it. There was the blotting-book on the table in the study, with the ink dry in the bottle; whilst above, on the wall, hung a large map of Mexico. Often, I daresay, did he study it, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited him and his wife amongst the treacherous inhabitants of that western land. The grounds are very prettily laid out, and one can hardly understand his preferring the uncertainties of an imperial crown to the peace and quiet of this lovely spot.

Another object well repaying a visit are the mills at Ombla. Our road towards Gravosa (the bay that forms the entrance to the Ombla) lay through a country bright with almond and orange trees in full blossom. One crop, of which we saw many fields, excited our particular curiosity. It consisted of a yellow flower, creeping thickly and closely over the ground; and we were told that this constituted the principal article of commerce of Ragusa, and was the far-famed "Persian insect-destroying powder" (the botanical name we were never able to ascertain), which we in England imagine comes from the East, but which in reality is principally grown on the shores of Dalmatia. It can be purchased at wholesale prices, and requires to be used in wholesale quantities if you travel in the interior. A boat was waiting at the entrance of the river, and we were soon enjoying the indolent pleasure of being rowed along through the loveliest scenery. The green and fertile

banks sloped down to the water's edge, whilst behind frowned the stony hills of Herzegovina at each new turn of the river; disclosing a pretty glen, with its fishing-village, surmounted either by a convent or a palace. The country about here used to be a favorite summer resort of the rich Ragusan nobles, as the many deserted villas that line the river's bank amply prove; one in particular we noticed whose marble stairs were overgrown with moss, and its loggia covered with frescoes, entirely uninhabited; it made one painfully realize the difference between the former prosperity of the town and its present sunk condition.

What a place the banks of the Ombla would be for an artist! Every house almost has its Byzantine window or carved doorway, making delicious little bits of picturesque background. As we rowed along, one of our party, whilst looking up at the dark blue sky overhead, descried a number of vultures wheeling and turning about. We could not understand it at first, until our boatman said, "Oh yes, they are waiting to see what prey they can pick up on the site of the battle-field of the day before yesterday." This rudely recalled us to the tragic events that were being enacted in our neighborhood, but which the beauty and tranquillity of the scene had made us forget for a time. After two hours' row, we found ourselves at the old mills, the bourne of our journey. The Ombla, like all the other rivers on this coast, gushes clear and bright out of the foot of the hill, with the same impetuosity and volume that it displays during the remainder of its course. The mills are built over its source, where it first breaks over the rocks, and a picturesque and fern-grown place it is, not rendered less so by its groups of Herzegovinian inhabitants. For here we are just over the border and in the insurgent country. All around, the heights are covered with goats and herds of sheep, tended by poor refugee women, who have driven them hither to save them from the rapacity of the Turk.

On our way home we were met by the Russian consul-general, Mr. Jonine, who is said to be the wire-puller of all the diplomatic intrigues carried on by the cabinet of St. Petersburg in these provinces. His position can certainly be no sinecure just now, as his wearied and overworked looks prove. His employers are said to have the highest opinion of his capabilities. Canosa is also well worth seeing, and the eight-mile drive to it lies through some of the finest scenery on the Dalmatian littoral;

the road winding along the face of the cliff that overhangs the Adriatic, which at this point is studded with islands. The principal sight at the village itself consists of two plane-trees, said to be the largest in the world, and not less than three hundred years old.

It was *festa* day when we were there, and the girls in their white aprons and bright-colored dresses formed a charming picture. The priest of the village is a well-known poet, and many is the warlike ode with which he has stirred up the hearts of his countrymen. He was playing bowls as we came up, his priestly cloak over his arm, but as much excited as any of his parishioners. When the game was over, he came and sat down, and held forth before us all. He by no means professed to carry out the Christian doctrine of peace and forgiveness, and wherever the Turks were concerned, was uncompromising in his hatred. "Fancy," he said, "the archbishop having told one of my brother priests that it was not his duty to face the Turk, but that he ought to retire, and leave fighting to soldiers! He came and asked me about it, and I very soon sent him back to defend his country and his faith." We thought, as we listened to him, surrounded by his flock, of the description in "Hermann and Dorothea" of the "*edle verständiger Pfarrerherr*," who knew life and the needs of his audience.

CATTARO AND MONTENEGRO.

Cattaro lies at the foot of the mountain of Montenegro. It is situated at the end of the narrow estuary called the Bocche di Cattaro. These Bocche are fifteen miles long, and about half a mile broad, and look more like a great river winding between mountains to the sea than an arm of the Adriatic. The scenery is striking in the extreme, reminding one often, in its sternness and ruggedness, of a Scotch loch. The hills rise, black and threatening, on either side, clothed half-way up with oak and pine woods, while the summit is generally bare and stony. It is proverbially the worst place on this treacherous coast for sudden storms, and the *bora* comes swooping down through the clefts of the hills with extraordinary force. One moment may be clear and bright as an August day, and the next black as night: your pilot will point you out a little fleecy cloud lying on the hill-side, and will say, "That means a *bora*," and before you have time to shorten sail a

tempest is blowing, accompanied by sheets of rain.

We were delayed here five days by heavy rains, which turned the Scala into a running river, and made it impossible to think of starting on our way to Cetigne.

On Thursday, the 10th of February, the wind changed, and although bitterly cold, brought a cloudless sky and clear atmosphere. Our little horses were ordered, therefore, and awaited us on the quay at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. We trotted across the old bridge, through the market-place, and began the toilsome ascent. The path went zigzag up the mountain-side; sometimes it seemed almost sheer over a precipice, making one dizzy as one looked down at the town of Cataro far beneath.

Clear and piercing did the sound of the church-bells come up through the frosty air, and the voices of the mountaineers talking to one another far above were as audible as though they had been close to us. They were trooping down to sell their potatoes, eggs, and milk, to the people of the Bocche, and to carry back in exchange stuffs and other simple luxuries the town affords.

The sight of poor women staggering along under heavy burdens, whilst the men walked beside them perfectly unencumbered, struck us painfully; but we accepted it, after a time, with the same resignation as the women themselves, and learned to look on the Montenegrin warrior as a fancy article, that ought not to be expected to do anything save fight in time of war, and saunter about in his splendor in time of peace.

The girls have a certain amount of beauty, but it soon fades, for they are married at thirteen or fourteen, and then enter upon a life of wretched drudgery. The wife of the prince and of the president of the senate are the only women who can read and write, and they, even, have to wait at table and do all the household cooking. It is needless to say, therefore, that their education is not advanced enough to have induced them to fight for women's rights.

At about nine o'clock we got on a level with the old Venetian fortress, that protects the wall on the side of Montenegro. At its foot lies a little cluster of houses, for the most part in ruins, showing the lawlessness of their neighbors on the heights; for in times past, when wheat was scarce in Montenegro, its inhabitants made a raid on the adjoining country

— Turk or Christian — to supply the deficiency; and many are the traces, both on this side and round about Ragusa, of their depredations.

As we got higher, the number of people coming down the mountain increased. The women all dressed in the long white Dalmatian jacket; whilst the men wore the round scarlet Montenegrin hat, with the initials of the prince, N. I. (Nicholas I.), embroidered in gold on the crown, and a black silk band round the edge, put on as mourning for the occupation of Servia by the Turks.

In their belts gleamed daggers and silver-mounted pistols, whilst all had on the *opanche*, or sandals made of ox-hide, which we, in our stiff-soled civilized boots, could not help envying when we saw the ease with which they enabled their wearers to climb. The agility displayed by them was astonishing. They quite disdained the winding path we followed, and went straight down the side of the mountain, those at the summit holding long conversation with their friends far below.

After about two hours' ascent, we found ourselves in a region of snow — a white carpet two feet in thickness, that lay over everything. The country began to grow more and more wild, reminding one of Gustave Doré's pictures of Dante's *Inferno*. Not a habitation of any kind was visible until we came to the village of Niègush, our first halting-place. We drew up opposite the inn, a hovel thatched with straw, from which the icicles hung thick. Luckily we had brought provisions with us, for the place produced nothing but black bread, *starkie* (a strong sort of spirit), and coffee. We were surrounded as we ate by a number of insurgent women and children, who, although they did not beg, looked so longingly at our food, that we had to ask them to share it with us. Poor creatures! they had not yet learnt to hold out their hands for alms.

Gazing at the silver buckles and necklaces these Herzegovinian women wore, we wanted to purchase some of them; but it is curious how loth they are to part with their finery. They will go about in rags, and yet keep their caps covered with silver chains and coins. Our old hostess, seeing I had a fancy for these gewgaws, beckoned me to follow her; and, taking me up a ladder into a garret, the dirt and dilapidation of which it would be hazardous to describe, she unlocked a wooden box, in which was stored finery that might have made many a duchess envious. She had one belt, for which,

she said, she had given 20*l*. It was of massive silver, with ever so many chains and ornaments hanging to it. Besides this, she had at least forty or fifty shirts, embroidered in colored silks, for *fiesta* days. I particularly wanted one of these, and offered her a handsome price, but she would not sell. "No," she said, "I am keeping them all for my daughter, when she marries," pointing to the pretty little girl who held the lamp for us to examine the family splendors; "and *she* can read," she added, "so she ought to make a good match."

Niëgush boasts of one building, a kind of khan, which is said to be superior to anything at Cetigne. We could not see much in it in the way of architectural merit, as it is a plain stone house, looking uncommonly like a stable. When we had seen all the public edifices of Cetigne, however, we knew why the inhabitants thought so much of it.

After our frugal meal was eaten, and the horses rested, we again mounted and continued our journey. It now lay over a most fatiguing road, ascending and descending a series of small hills, three or four feet deep in snow, until at last, on our reaching the top of the highest of them, a wonderful panorama burst upon the view. The lake of Scutari lay in the far distance, dark and mysterious, under the Albanian hills; whilst nearer we could descry the beginning of the plain of Cetigne, and even the smoke of the town.

In an hour we entered the principal street. The capital of Montenegro reminds one more of a large village in the Scotch Highlands than anything else. There is one main thoroughfare, intersected by a smaller one, each bordered by rows of, for the most part, straw-thatched cottages, none of which boast a chimney; nor is it till quite lately that it has occurred to a few of the more "advanced thinkers" to insert funnels into the windows in order to admit of the exit of smoke in that primitive fashion.

As we passed down the street, picturesque groups assembled at the doorways, for the arrival of a stranger is not an every-day occurrence in Montenegro. It was curious to see issuing from tenements, which in England would be designated hovels, warriors, gorgeous in green and gold, wearing senatorial badges on their hats. They did not exhibit any obtrusive curiosity, but offered a respectful salute.

Presently an individual, evidently high in office, introduced himself as aide-de-camp of the prince. He told us that

apartments had been prepared for us in the old palace, where we were to be the guests of royalty. "If you wait a moment here," he added, "you will see his Highness pass." We did so, and were rewarded by as romantic a sight as this prosy nineteenth century has to show. It was like a scene out of a medieval romance. The prince and all his *perianikes*, or body-guard, were in their beautiful national dress; the prince being distinguished from his retainers by a light blue mantle thrown over his shoulders. All of them — and they numbered a hundred — were splendid-looking fellows, but none of them surpassed their chief. He was a man of about thirty-five, six feet four in height, and acknowledged as the strongest and most muscular person in his dominions, which is saying a great deal. His face was open and frank, and usually wore a very sweet smile, which conferred on it a look of singular gentleness. "*E bello, il nostro principe? — eh?*" said our guide, in broken Italian, and we certainly agreed with him.

As we passed the prince and his body-guard, they saluted us with distinguished courtesy, and we continued our route to the hospitable quarters prepared for us, right glad to sit by a warm stove and forget the deep snow and bitter cold outside.

After an hour of this luxury, however, we summoned up our courage and determined to sally out and see some of the sights of the place. Close to our quarters, and overshadowing the public fountain, stands the "tree of justice," for Montenegro is a happy country that knows neither parliament nor law court, and where the people address all their appeals and grievances to the ear of the prince himself, who sits underneath the tree, and either decides between the disputants or refers them to the Montenegrin code of laws. During fine and open weather, people come from all the country round to consult their prince, his decision on any point, we were told, never being disputed. Capital punishment, in the form of shooting, is inflicted for murder. It was instituted by Danilo, to put an end to the *vendette* which existed, and which were transmitted from father to son and from family to family.

Imprisonment follows theft and acts of violence; but the longest term is seven years, during which time the condemned are allowed to go about in the daytime, and although marked men, they are trusted to go even as far as Cattaro. They have to pay so much a day for their keep, and are

sometimes employed on public works; the women receive no education, but are nevertheless subject to the same penalty and incarceration as men. Their ideas of morality are extremely strict, and any breach of decorum is visited with the greatest severity.

Next morning we were awakened sometimes by violent storms of rain and wind, for a sou'-wester had set in, bringing with it a thaw. Nothing more dreary could be imagined than the view that greeted us from our bedroom window. A thick mist hung over everything, only allowing glimpses now and then of the wild-looking hills that surround the plain.

On the right rose a round tower, the one whereon Sir Gardiner Wilkinson on his visit to Montenegro had seen the row of Turks' heads hanging, and to which, at his instance, the *vladika* had removed. To the left lay the new palace, the residence of the prince, with its small piece of garden reclaimed from the surrounding waste, but presenting at that moment only the aspect of mud. Just imagine what were our feelings when, under such circumstances, we received an invitation which was equivalent to a command to dine with the prince that evening! How were we possibly to get across the flooded streets *en grande tenue*? For such a thing as a carriage has never been seen in Cetigne.

As we were in Montenegro, however, we felt we must do as the Montenegrins do. So, braving the elements, we mounted the little horses that had taken us up the Scala, and trotted across to our destination in time for seven o'clock dinner.

We were soon in the well-lighted, comfortable hall of the palace, where with great difficulty we disengaged ourselves of waterproofs and Ulsters; thence we were shown up-stairs between rows of servants in the national dress. After crossing a small but prettily furnished ante-room, with Eastern carpets and parquet floor, we were ushered into the prince's presence. Unfortunately the princess was too ill to appear, but he introduced us to a dear little fellow of seven, his son, who looked quite bewitching in his Montenegrin costume. The prince has this one son and six daughters. Prince Nicholas talks French with perfect fluency. He spent two years in France, and "all those two years I sighed to be back in Montenegro," he said; adding, "We Montenegrins suffer dreadfully from homesickness when we are away. There is no pleasure in the world to me like hunting the chamois or

the deer on my native hills, and feeling that I am amongst my own people."

After a very good dinner, followed by a capital talk, we took leave of our kind host, and returned to our own quarters. The next day the weather was so frightful that it was not possible to dream of returning. So we remained indoors, except when hunger forced us out to get our meals at the hotel. Sunday, however, was nice and bright, and although the ground was rather slippery, we decided on retracing our steps; so, accompanied by a number of the inhabitants who came to bid us farewell and godspeed, we set out on our six hours' journey home, highly delighted at having seen Montenegro, with its quaint institutions and half-civilized people, and wondering if it be destined to remain in the condition it now is, or to be the head at some future date of a large and powerful Slav principality in the heart of Europe.

THE INSURGENT CAMP.

CASTEL-NUOVO is situated at the entrance of the Bocche di Cattaro, on the border of the Austrian, and what used to be Turkish, territory; but the latter is now in the hands of the insurgents.

Castel-Nuovo itself is at present the headquarters of the Slav committee, and the whole town is in a state of excitement. The marketplace was full of fighting men, buying for Peko's and Sòcica's camp. The latter was stationed at about two hours' distance, the former two hours farther on. When we asked if we could visit them, "Nothing was easier," we were told; "as the ascent to Lutitz, their headquarters, although steep, was not long." At last, then, our wish to see the insurgent chiefs in their own camp, surrounded by the fighting portion of the Herzegovinians, was to be gratified. One of the poor fellows we had met in the hospital at Ragusa immediately offered his horse, and said "he would act as guide to the place." The only difficulty was how to procure a lady's saddle. Such a thing had never been heard of at Castel-Nuovo. We were not to be defeated in our object, however, and managed, with the help of our kind friend, to whom the horse belonged, to rig out a sort of affair, to which it was, at least, possible to hold on. Luckily, the head of the Slav committee at Castel-Nuovo was going to the camp himself that day, and he offered to accompany us and act as interpreter.

The road lay up a valley, with a mag-

nificent range of hills on either side. Their rugged sides and stony precipices made a sombre contrast to the bright valley we were traversing, with its olive-woods and vineyards, through which ran a little river, babbling over its rocky bed, as though its waters had never been dyed with the blood of the slain, as was the case in 1862, when the standard of revolt was the last time raised in this district. On we went, past the fort of Sutorina. In the distance, in front of us, a hill was pointed out to us, rising sheer out of the plain, on which the camp was situated. We turned our eyes towards it, as mariners do towards the light they have to steer for, until it got nearer and nearer, and at last we reached the foot of the ascent. The stiffest part of our journey then began. Our path lay straight up the side of the hill. It hardly deserved to be dignified by the name of path, for it had originally been the bed of a torrent, the rolling stones of which did not make a particularly comfortable footing for our little horses. Nevertheless, they began bravely to scramble up it, and, by dint of urging and shouting, we were landed in twenty minutes at the picturesque village of Lutitz, in and about which the insurgents were stationed.

All the animals, cows, pigs, horses, etc., which generally occupy the ground-floor of a Dalmatian cottage, had been turned out on to the hillside, and their domiciles were occupied by Socica's followers. He himself had his quarters in the "pope's" or "priest's" house. Here we were welcomed by a vast amount of firing and hurrahing.

Knowing the extreme shortness of ammunition in the camp, we suggested to Socica, after a few rounds, that we had had quite enough. "My men have not heard the sound of a rifle for a few days," he said, "and are quite delighted at the opportunity." What a wild set of fellows they were, as they stood around their chief! We might have imagined ourselves in some robber's fastness of the Middle Ages. They were dressed in all sorts of costumes; some in the blue baggy trousers of the Turk, taken in battle, the cartouch-box ornamented with the crescent; others keeping to the white flannel jerkin of their country. All looked well and healthy, and in first-rate condition, although our friend, the head of the Slav committee, assured us they had not eaten meat for a week.

"Garibaldi offered to send us up some volunteers," he said, "but they were no

good at all. They required meat every second day, whereas our men would march from here to Belgrade on a little maize bread."

There is no doubt about it, this is one of the great secrets of their success, and of the strength of the insurrection. The Turkish troops die right and left of the privations they have to undergo in this wild country, whereas the Herzegovinians and Montenegrins, who think nothing of walking fifteen miles for a drink of water, and back again, seem to thrive better for the hardships they suffer.

No emperor welcoming his guests could have shown higher breeding than Socica, who came forward to receive us, introduced us to all his friends and companions in arms, and then begged us to enter the house. The room we were shown into evidently served as bedroom for about a dozen of his staff, and as a banqueting-hall for every one, for on the table were spread out the principal luxuries the place afforded—black bread, raw mutton, smoked, and goats' cheese. The atmosphere was not sweet, and we begged that one of the windows might be opened: sitting down by it, and looking away over the most beautiful view of mountain and valley as far as Sutorina and the Bocche, we listened to these wild mountaineers, as they told the story of their wrongs, and insisted on the uselessness of Andrassy or any one else trying to patch up the quarrel between them and their oppressors.

Socica is a man of much more refinement and education than his colleagues. He held a leading position at Piva, where he had amassed a certain amount of money, with which he had to fly, to prevent the rapacious Turk from seizing it. When the insurrection broke out, he gave his life and money to the cause. His wife and family are at Montenegro, and he and they will never be able to return to the Herzegovina as long as the Moslem remains in possession. "But," as he told us, "that could make little pecuniary difference, for before his flight he had been obliged to dispose of all his property." He introduced us to a brother chief, Melentia, who was a priest, but, like all the servants of the gospel in this country, was ready to fight as well as preach. Nothing was talked about but the war, and the prospect of the coming campaign in the spring. One of the things that struck us most was the slender resources on which the insurrection existed, and the indomitable energy and courage that must animate the chiefs, to enable them to succeed

in defying the Ottoman power with a handful of men and the miserable supply of provisions at their disposal.

After luncheon we went outside, where, after half an hour, we were joined by Peko, Phillipovich, and Vukalovich, and one or two other heads of the movement. All of them were manly, rough-looking fellows, but it was only Peko who gave us the least idea of intellectual force. His massive head and jaw seemed made to command, and, judging by the way he was listened to, his fellow-countrymen thought the same. His reputation as a warrior would of itself entitle him to respect, for he is a man who is now about sixty, and during the course of his life has fought sixty-two battles. What particularly excited their ire was the Andrassy note. "As if," they said, "Turkey could carry out any promised reforms? As well ask a dead tree to bear fruit." Nothing will induce these people to go back to their homes, unless they have a surer guarantee than Turkey seems inclined to give. Their dream, of course, is to have a Slav principality in the centre of Europe, under a prince of their own choosing; but this, we fear, they will never be allowed to realize. They therefore ask, for the present, to be put on the footing of Servia, only paying a tax to Turkey; and this they might be able to achieve, if not interfered with by one of the greater powers.

The understanding between the chiefs and their followers seems complete, for whatever Peko said in his dry, funny way, was always greeted with a murmur of assent. There is said to be some jealousy between him and Socica; but of this we could discern nothing, as they were extremely cordial to one another in manner.

As the shadows grew longer, and evening came on, we thought it as well to prepare for our return. Peko and Socica insisted on riding back with us as far as the Austrian frontier. It was a procession that would have astonished Rotten Row. In front rode the two chiefs, whilst behind we were escorted by a number of their followers, whose horses plunged and kicked in a most uncomfortable manner for me, stuck as I was on my insecure sidesaddle.

At last we came to the place where we had to part, and with many wishes for the success of the cause on the one hand, and thanks for our visit and hopes for our speedy return on the other, we bade adieu to these brave fellows.

"Tell every one in England," said Peko, "that we are fighting for our homes and

hearths; and beg them not to support the Turk any longer."

From Chambers' Journal.

LIGHTNING-PRINTS.

VERY curious results are sometimes produced by lightning, calculated to incite wonderment in the minds of persons unversed in the phenomena of electricity, and to set scientific men thinking and experimenting on the probable causes of these appearances. Of the destruction of ships and houses by lightning we do not speak, nor of the more lamentable cases in which persons have been struck dead by such visitations. The phenomena more immediately in view are *lightning figures* or pictures, impressions burnt into the surface of the object struck, and presenting resemblances concerning which fancy has been allowed to draw fanciful conclusions.

Marks, remarkably tree-like, have sometimes been found on the bodies of persons struck by lightning. MM. Bossut and Leroy, in 1786, reported to the *Académie des Sciences* a case of this kind, and accounted for it by supposing that the lightning in its passage through the body had forced the blood into the vessels of the skin, and thus all the ramifications of these vessels were visible on the surface. Arago adopted a similar explanation, in regard to a case which occurred in France much more recently: two persons standing near a poplar-tree were struck by lightning, and on the breast of each were found marks closely resembling the branchlets of the poplar.

More strictly belonging to those instances in which the lightning-marks resemble familiar objects is one that occurred in a Somersetshire village in 1812. One version of the story is, that "six sheep reposing in a meadow surrounded by woods were killed by lightning; and when the skins were taken from the animals, a facsimile of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin." The other version is that, about turnip-sowing time, a farmer and his men were engaged in the fields, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on, and three out of four valuable rams, which had taken shelter under a tree, were killed; when the skins reached the fellmonger, on the inside of each was found depicted a very accurate representation of the tree under which the

animals had sought refuge. Although differing in details, these two accounts probably relate to the same occurrence; the latter is perhaps more credible than the former, seeing that we can more readily believe an impression of a *tree* than of a *landscape* being thus produced.

In 1846, at Graham's Town in South Africa, a flash of lightning struck the gable of a powder-mill. The building contained a store of twelve tons of gunpowder, in copper-bound barrels packed in a cluster about four feet from the wall. The lightning ran along the wall of the gable, beneath the floor, and out under the door-sill. The mark of the flash, zigzag in shape, and directed at an angle of about eighty degrees, was plainly visible on the whitewashed wall of the magazine, resembling in color the stain produced by the explosion of a very light train of powder; and a small hole or crack was made in the arch where it entered. There was no tree-mark or mystical mark here; the mark produced was evidently the zigzag path of the lightning itself.

Signor Orioli brought before a scientific congress at Naples four narratives relating to lightning-prints. In the first, lightning struck the foremast of the brigantine "Santo Buon Servo" in the Bay of Arriero; a sailor sitting under the mast was struck dead, and on his back was found an impression of a horseshoe, similar to one fixed at the masthead. In the second, a sailor, in a somewhat similar position, was struck by a lightning-flash on the left breast with an impression of the number 44; an almost exact representative of a number 44 that was at the extremity of one of the masts. In the third, a young man was found struck by lightning; he had on a girdle with some gold coins in it; and images of these were imprinted on his skin in the order they occupied in the girdle. In the fourth, an Italian lady of Lugano was sitting near a window during a thunderstorm, and was struck, though in a way scarcely conscious to herself at the time; a flower which happened to be in the path of the lightning was perfectly reproduced or printed on her leg, where it remained permanently.

Among the thunderstorms described as having occurred in the West Indies, one, in 1852, was rendered remarkable by this phenomenon: a poplar-tree in a coffee-plantation was struck by lightning, and on one of the large dry leaves was found imprinted an exact representation of some pine-trees that stood three or four hun-

dred yards distant. Whether this was really an "exact representation," or the product of an excited imagination not well controlled by accurate judgment, is just the point which we cannot determine; the markings on the leaf may have been only the natural zigzagging of the lightning.

In 1853, a little girl was standing at a window, near which stood a young maple-tree; a flash of lightning struck either the girl or the tree, or both, and an image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. In another instance, a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; a lightning-flash struck the tree; the boy fell to the ground, and "on his breast the image of a tree, with the bird and nest on one of its branches, appeared very conspicuously."

Scientific journals, as well as those of more popular character, contain a rich store of incidents more or less similar to the above. Dr. Franklin stated in 1786, that, about twenty years previously, a man who was standing opposite a tree that had just been struck by lightning (or as he called it, by a thunderbolt), found on his breast an exact representation of that tree. M. Poey, who has treated this subject somewhat fully in the French scientific journals, mentions twenty-four cases of lightning-impressions on the bodies of men and animals. Of those, eight were impressions of trees or parts of trees; one of a bird, and one of a cow; four of crosses; three of circles, or of impressions of coins carried about the person; two of horseshoes; one of a nail; one of a metal comb; one of a number or numeral; one of the words of a sentence; and one of the back of an arm-chair.

There is no mention, so far as we are aware, of any imprinting on the bodies of the two hapless lovers mentioned by Gay; but a very little exercise of the imagination, aided by an element of credulity, would have sufficed to produce imaginary crosses, hearts, or trees. Those who know the story will remember that Pope and Gay were visiting at Stanton-Harcourt in 1718; that Gay described the incident in one of his letters; and that Pope memorialized it in verse. Two rustic lovers, John Hewit and Sarah Drew, about a week before the day fixed for their wedding, were at work with other harvesters in a field. A storm of thunder and lightning came on in the afternoon, and the laborers hastened for shelter to the trees and hedges. Sarah Drew, frightened and dismayed, fell in a swoon on a heap of barley, and John Hewit raked up some

more barley, to shield her from the cruel blast: while thus engaged, an intensely vivid flash appeared; the barley was seen to smoke, and there lay the two lovers, he with one arm around her neck, and the other arm over her, as if to screen her from the lightning. Both were dead: her left eye was injured, and a black spot produced on her breast; while he was blackened nearly all over. Pope's epitaph on the hapless couple is engraved on a stone in the parish church of Stanton-Harcourt.

In all probability, no *one* explanation will apply to these several cases. The descriptions require to be examined closely; and they meet with the most consistent solution by separating them into groups. There is in the first place a love of the marvellous which induces some persons to stretch the truth in order to make up a striking story. Not habitually untruthful, they nevertheless yield to the temptation of so rounding off a narrative as to cause hearers and by-standers to make exclamations of the "Good gracious!" kind. Other persons, repeating what Jack told Dick that Sam had heard Bob say to Bill, do not reflect how much a story gathers as it travels from mouth to mouth, until the final version bears but slight resemblance to the original. In another group of instances, a physiological agency of much importance has to be taken into account. Persons of nervous and excitable temperament, when under the influence of strong mental agitation, have been known to receive marks on some part of the body or limbs, corresponding in shape to the object which they were thinking of at the time; this is known to have occurred in other domains of human feeling; and there is nothing impossible in the occurrence of a similar phenomenon when the mind and the body are alike exposed to the action of a lightning-stroke. This was probably the case in regard to a French peasant-girl—one of the instances noticed by Poey. While tending a cow in a field, a storm came on; she took refuge under a tree; the cow fell dead from a stroke of lightning; the girl loosened her dress, that she might breathe more freely when nearly choked with agitation; and then she saw a picture of the cow imprinted on her breast. We give this story the credit of being truthfully told, and assign as the probable cause of the phenomenon a co-operation between a lightning-stroke and a vivid mental or nervous activity.

Where metal is concerned, the production of images or facsimiles may result more immediately from this rush of electricity which constitutes the passage of lightning. Wherever metal lies in the path, the flash takes that route in preference to one through wood, brick, or stone; but if the metal be discontinuous or interrupted, strange markings are often produced on neighboring substances, similar in shape to the piece of metal just traversed. This *may* have been the case in the accident which befell a young man in Cuba in 1828; after a lightning-flash, he found on his neck an imprint of a horseshoe, similar to one nailed up on the window of a house near him. If the ornaments were of brass or some other metal, we might perhaps place in the same category the narrative (one of those given by Poey) of a lady, at her château of Benattonnière in La Vendée; she was seated in her *salon*, in November 1830, when a storm came on; lightning appeared, and on the back of her dress was imprinted a facsimile of some ornaments on the back of a chair against which she was leaning.

There is every reason to believe, lastly, that many of the markings are nothing more than results of the forked zigzag course of the lightning itself. Mr. Tomlinson, in his interesting volume "The Thunderstorm," has gone somewhat fully into this subject. He had had occasion to observe the manner in which the disruptive discharge of electricity, from an electrical machine, marks out its path over a badly conducting surface, such as glass, and was struck by the tree-like impression produced. He gives a wood-cut representation of a surface struck by the flash or spark of a small Leyden jar; and it is impossible to avoid seeing how strikingly the markings assume the form of a tree. The probability is pointed out, that, in cases where persons struck by lightning have had tree-like marks imprinted on their persons, they have been hastily considered to be real images of actual trees close at hand. It may, moreover, be observed that some persons, when struck by lightning, have received blue marks or bruises; these may put on a ramified appearance, "not only from the irregular mode in which electricity travels about in search of the line of least resistance, but also from the smaller vessels becoming congested, and consequently visible."

A REMARKABLE ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON AT CEYLON.—The Rev. R. Abbay sent a communication on this subject to the Physical Society, May 27. In speaking of several of these phenomena he says that the most striking is witnessed from the summit of Adam's Peak, which is a mountain rising extremely abruptly from the low country to an elevation of seventy-two hundred feet above the sea. The phenomenon referred to is seen at sunrise, and consists *apparently* of an elongated shadow of the mountain, projecting westward to a distance of about seventy miles. As the sun rises higher it rapidly approaches the mountain, and appears at the same time to rise above the observer in the form of a gigantic pyramid of shadow. Distant objects may be seen through it, so that it is not really a shadow on the land, but a veil of darkness between the peak and the low country. It continues to rapidly approach and rise until it seems to fall back upon the observer, like a ladder which has been reared beyond the vertical, and the next instant it is gone. Mr. Abbay suggests the following explanation of the phenomenon:—The average temperature at night in the low country during the dry season is between 70° and 80° F., and that at the summit of the peak is 30° or 40° F.; consequently, the low strata of air are much the less dense, and an almost horizontal ray of light passing over the summit must be refracted upwards and suffer total internal reflection, as in an ordinary mirage. On this supposition the veil must become more and more vertical as the rays fall less horizontally, and this will continue until they reach the critical angle, when total internal reflection ceases, and it suddenly disappears. Its apparent tilting over on the spectator is probably an illusion, produced by the rapid approach and the rising of the dark veil without any gradual disappearance which can be watched and estimated. It will be evident that the illumination of the innumerable particles floating in the atmosphere causes the aerial shadow to be visible by contrast. Another interesting phenomenon visible in the mountain districts admits of an equally simple explanation. At times broad beams apparently of bluish light, may be seen extending from the zenith downwards, converging as they approach the horizon. The spaces between them have the ordinary illumination of the rest of the sky. If we suppose, as is frequently the case, that the lower strata of air are *colder* than the upper, the reflection spoken of in the case of Adam's Peak will be downwards instead of upwards. If several isolated masses of clouds partially obscure the sun, we may have several corresponding inverted veils of darkness, like blue rays in the sky, all apparently converging towards the same point below the horizon. This latter phenomenon is called by the natives "Buddha's rays." Popular Science Review.

PERIODICITY OF HURRICANES.—Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle has published in the two last numbers of the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* a long discussion on the periodicity of cyclones in all parts of the world. The paper seems to have been first read at the Geographical Conference in Paris last autumn. M. de Langle seeks to connect these storms directly with astronomical phenomena, as will be seen from the conclusions which he gives in the following sentences:—

We may deduce from the preceding investigations that when the latitude of the place, the declination of the sun or the moon resume the same values respectively, and these phenomena coincide with an eclipse of the sun or the moon, or with a phase of the moon, on its approach to its apogee or perigee, there is danger of a hurricane. If at these critical periods there is any unsteadiness in the winds, extra caution is required when the apogee or perigee occurs near the time of full or new moon.

Of course, the statements are corroborated by a copious array of diagrams and tables, but after a careful study of the paper we fail to find that much has been added to our knowledge of the subject. There seems to be one radical defect in the reasoning, which influences all discussions of the relation between the moon and the weather. The hour of occurrence of a phenomenon at one station is taken, and the relation of that occurrence to the moon's age and position is investigated; but it is persistently ignored that the hurricane moves over the earth's surface, so that if its occurrence at A coincides with the period of any other phenomenon, it must necessarily fail to coincide with it at B.

IRON, on the authority of the Icelandic paper *Nordlingr*, states that two enterprising Icelanders, named Jow Thorkellsson and Sigindur Kraksson, have explored the volcanic region of the Dygyur Jelden. They started on their hazardous expedition from the Bardadal on Feb. 7, and in the course of their two days' exploration they succeeded, under great difficulties and dangers, in descending into the crater of the volcano Asya; where, at about three thousand feet below the upper margin, they reached the bottom, and found themselves on the brink of a lake of seething hot water, which was apparently of great depth. Near the southern extremity of this lake the ground was broken up by fissures and pools, which prevented further progress in that direction, while the entire space resounded with the noise of loud subterranean thunder. North of the great crater the explorers found an opening about six hundred feet wide, which appeared to be of about equal depth, from which issued dense masses of sulphurous smoke, accompanied by loud and deafening sounds.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
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{ From Beginning,
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TO A CAGED BOB-O-LINK IN THE CITY.

BIRD of the meadow,
 Sunlight and shadow,
 Swaying at ease on the tall blooming math,
 Blissfully swinging,
 Gleefully singing,
 Where the low breezes join in the laugh.
 Once so cheerily,
 Now so drearily,
 Run these sad hours in the long stony street ;
 No dale or mountain,
 Grain-field or fountain,
 Only the clamor, the dust, and the heat.
 Here thou art dozing,
 Sadly reposing,
 Hiding thy head 'neath a poor prisoned wing,
 Dreaming of heaven,
 Whence thou wast riven,
 And all the glad light and the glory of spring.
 Sweet little lover,
 Scenting the clover,
 Brushing the dewdrops in dreams from the
 spray,
 Where are thy loved ones ?
 Where are thy lost ones ?
 Mournful, I ween, is thy poor captive lay.
 Oh, it was needless,
 This act so heedless,
 To prison thee here in a dull city room ;
 Hostage of gladness,
 Given to sadness,
 Born out of sunlight and music and bloom.
 See, he is waking,
 His pinions shaking,
 And out pours a flood-tide of melody bright ;
 Now it is rushing,
 Gurgling and gushing,
 Like the clear stream of the soul's pure delight.
 Oh, the sweet feeling,
 Rippling and reeling,
 Tipsy with glee as it pours from his heart !
 Naught can I summon,
 Divine or human,
 To paint, sweet enchanter, all that thou art.
 Steeped in contentment,
 Naught of resentment
 Lurks in the bliss of thy rollicking strain :
 Spurning thy durance,
 With perfect assurance
 That solely to live is an infinite gain.
 Blessed forerunner
 Of changeless summer,
 Ecstasy's home is thy dear little breast ;
 Tell me thy secret ;
 Canst thou reveal it ?
 Tell me, oh tell me, why thou art blest.
 Then shall these places
 Blossom with graces,
 Where I have sighed so long to be free ;
 Sharing thy spirit,
 All joy to inherit,
 Captive, oh, then shall captivity be.
 N. Y. Evening Post. AUGUSTA LARNED.

LILIES.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE west has lost its golden glow,
 The tall white lilacs stand a-row
 Behind the beds of musk ;
 The woodbine climbs the garden rail,
 And in the copse the nightingale
 Is singing through the dusk.
 We stand beside the cedar-tree,
 We mark, as far as eyes can see,
 Our garden's utmost bound ;
 The level lawn, the beds of bloom,
 The elms beyond the hedge of broom,
 And all is hallowed ground.
 We pace the bordered garden walk,
 Where best she loved to play and talk
 About the bees and flowers ;
 Among the lilies she would flit,
 Or, lily-like, beside them sit
 The long sunshiny hours.
 Full oft we wove them for a crown
 To deck the ringlets, chestnut-brown,
 That on her shoulders strayed.
 Ah, Heaven ! how fond, how blind we were,
 We thought her more than earthly fair,
 And yet were not afraid.
 We might have known a soul so white
 Was God's, was Heaven's, by holy right,
 And never could be ours ;
 We might have known we could not keep
 The child whose thoughts were grave and deep,
 And pure as lily flowers.
 Too good, too fair, too pure for us,
 But when keen anguish pierces thus,
 The bleeding heart will faint ;
 And we must madly wish awhile
 That she could barter for our smile
 The palm-branch of the saint.
 We cannot say we feel it best
 That she was taken from our breast,
 While such hot pulses stir ;
 And thinking of the new-turned sod,
 We cannot, all at once, thank God,
 That he has gathered her.
 We can but look with bitter tears
 Backward and forward o'er the years.
 God's will our life has crossed !
 We can but let that will be done,
 We can but pray that she has won
 Far more than we have lost.
 God may be good to us, and give
 Such comfort as will let us live
 In peace from day to day ;
 But joy will only dawn that hour
 Wherein we see our lily flower
 In regions far away.

All The Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review.

TICKNOR'S MEMOIRS.*

THE broad general impression left by the "Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor" is admiration blended with surprise at the number, variety, and select character of his friends and correspondents as well as the wide range of his attainments: at his exceptionally favorable reception in foreign countries as well as the many excellent qualities of head and heart which caused him to be so highly esteemed and valued in his own. Go where he will, from his first appearance in European society to the last, he is invariably accepted as a welcome guest or associate, and mixes on a perfect footing of equality with the noblest, the most distinguished, the most gifted, the most illustrious of the land. It was his fortunate lot to have known the notabilities of three generations in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Spain; to have lived intimately or conversed familiarly with Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Malthus, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Lewis, and Macaulay; with Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier; with Guizot, Thiers, Tocqueville, and Lamartine; with Goethe, the Schlegels, Tieck, Blumenbach, Savigny, William and Alexander von Humboldt, Niebuhr, and Voss; with Manzoni, Pellico, and Niccolini; with Pozzo di Borgo, Ancillon, Metternich, Antonelli, and Cavour. Princes and fine ladies pay court to him, as well as statesmen and men of letters; he has the *entrée* of the most exclusive houses in the most exclusive capitals; he is made free of the Faubourg St. Germain; and he is taken to Almack's in the height of its absolutism by a patroness.

"When I went into Spanish society [he sets down at Madrid, in his journal for 1818] it was at the houses of the Marquis de St. Iago, the Marquis de Sta. Cruz, at Mr. Pizarro's, the prime minister's, at the Duchess d'Ossuna's, etc. etc. I mention these because they are the best." He

might have made a similar entry at almost every European capital; and the attentions showered upon him were widely different from those which are ordinarily paid to foreigners bringing good letters of introduction. He converts the best of his casual or passing acquaintances into fast friends; and we find him repeatedly domesticated at such country-houses as Bowood, Hatfield, Woburn, Wentworth, Althorp, Chevening, Lagrange (Lafayette's), Val Richer (Guizot's), and Schloss Tetschen, the magnificent seat of the Counts Thun on the Elbe.

Where was the attraction? What was his "open sesame" to all hearts and all houses? There was nothing striking or winning about him in look, air, or manner. He had no wit, humor, or vivacity, and very little of what could fairly be called conversational power. To say the truth, he was voted rather heavy in hand in circles which are caught more by quickness of perception, fertility of fancy, and flow of language, than by extent of knowledge or solidity of thought. "What have you done?" was the startling apostrophe of a Frenchwoman to Mackintosh, "that people should think you so superior?" "I was obliged," he says, "as usual, to refer to my projects." If the same question had been put to Mr. Ticknor in the height of his social successes, he must have been driven to the same reply, for his "History of Spanish Literature," on which his literary reputation rests, was not published till 1849, when he was fifty-eight years of age. There is a French novel, called "*L'Art de Plaire*," in which the hero gains all hearts and suffrages, male and female, and wins his way to every object he is bent upon, by an adroit system of flattery, by leaving people always pleased with themselves and by a natural train of association with him. Mr. Ticknor had too much self-respect, too much dignity of character, too little pliancy or suppleness for this. What was it then?

Wherefore? you ask. I can but guide your guess.

Man has no majesty like earnestness.*

Mr. Ticknor was the personification of

* *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.* 2 vols. Boston. 1876.

* The New Timon.

earnestness. His distinctive merit was a lifelong devotion to high objects. He traversed Europe exclusively bent upon these. He never prized or courted rank, wealth, or fashion for their own sakes; although he wisely used them as means to an end, especially when found in union with learning, cultivation, accomplishment, or worth; thereby practically confirming the author of "Lacon:" "In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest: not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted with them, we can at any time descend; but, if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. *In the grand theatre of human life a box-ticket carries us through the house.*"

Mr. Ticknor was also endowed with an excellent understanding, extraordinary powers of observation and discrimination, a wide range of sympathies controlled by good feeling and good sense, a lofty spirit of independence, and a genuine disinterested admiration for genius and virtue. He seems to have been instinctively drawn towards superior natures without regard to clime; and as this got known or felt, it became a compliment to be sought by him, and a kind of self-flattery to seek him out.

Whether we have hit upon the true solution of the problem will best appear from his life and opinions, of which we propose to give as full an account as our limits will permit, simply premising that this is one of the instances in which the reviewer should rely mainly on selection and quotation; for, independently of the biographical interest, we have rarely met with a richer repository of anecdotes, speculations, reflections, and remarks, moral and critical, than are comprised in the two closely-printed volumes before us. Another reason for being liberal in quotation is that no English edition has yet appeared.

The opening chapter is headed "Birth and Parentage — Autobiographical Sketch." The citizens of the United States, all democrat or republican as they may be, attach rather undue importance to gentle birth. A transatlantic Warren has published a handsome quarto to prove that the Earl de Warrenne of the Plantag-

enet times (who left no issue), was his lineal ancestor; and we have seen a royal octavo, "The Brights of Suffolk," by a Bright of Boston, which tacitly repudiates (by not naming) the chief English illustration of the race. It was a relief, therefore, to find Mr. Ticknor disclaiming at once all pretensions to a pedigree by stating that his grandfather was a farmer, and that his father, after graduating at Dartmouth College and becoming principal of the Franklin Public School in Boston, felt his health unequal to the labor of teaching, and went into business as a grocer, in which he continued for seventeen years, *i.e.* till 1812, when he retired on a property "sufficient for his moderate wants and simple tastes." The occupation of a retail trader seems to have implied no social inequality, for Mr. Elisha Ticknor, the father, lived familiarly with the best of his townspeople, and indeed took the lead amongst them by superior mental training and enlightened zeal for improvement. Thus, he was one of the originators of an excellent system of primary schools, and, with his friend John Savage, the joint founder of the first New England savings-bank. Mr. Ticknor's mother also belonged to a family of farmers, and was employed as a school-teacher till, still in her teens, she married a physician, named Curtis, who died in 1784, leaving her a widow with four children, and no property besides a very good house, in which she immediately set up a school for girls. It filled rapidly, and she grew so fond of her original occupation that she continued it for some time after her marriage with Mr. Elisha Ticknor, which took place in 1790. The subject of this biography was the only son of this marriage.

With such parents, he was more likely to suffer from an excess of teaching than the lack of it. His father, he says, fitted him for college. He never went to a regular school. President Wheelock, Professor Woodward, and others connected with Dartmouth College, who were in the habit of making his father's house their home in the long winter vacations, took much notice of him; and the professor, after examining him in Cicero's "Orations" and the Greek Testament, gave him

a certificate of admission before he was ten years old. "Of course," he adds, "I knew very little, and the whole thing was a form, perhaps a farce. There was no thought of my going to college then, and I did not go till I was fourteen; but I was twice examined at the college (where I went with my father and mother every summer) for advanced standing, and was finally admitted as a junior, and went to reside there from Commencement, August 1805." He learnt very little at college. "The instructors generally were not as good teachers as my father had been, and I knew it." He consequently took no great interest in study, although he liked reading Horace, and had mathematics enough to enjoy calculating the great eclipse of 1806, and make a projection of it which turned out nearly right. To supply the deficiency in classical acquirement with which he left college, he was placed under Dr. John Gardiner, of Trinity Church, who was reputed a good scholar, having been bred in the mother country under Dr. Parr.

I prepared at home what he prescribed, and the rest of the time occupied myself according to my tastes. I read with him parts of Livy, the "Annals" of Tacitus, the whole of Juvenal and Persius, the "Satires" of Horace, and portions of other Latin classics which I do not remember. I wrote Latin prose and verse. In Greek, I read some books of the "Odyssey," I don't remember how many; the "Alcestis," and two or three other plays of Euripides; the "Prometheus Vinctus" of Æschylus; portions of Herodotus, and parts of Thucydides, — of which last I only remember how I was tormented by the account of the plague at Athens. This was the work of between two and three years.

This sinks into insignificance in comparison with the juvenile acquirements of Macaulay or John Stuart Mill, but was a sufficient preparation for the immediate career marked out for him, and formed no bad foundation for the superstructure he was subsequently led on to raise upon it. In 1810, after residing with Dr. Gardiner for three years, he entered the law-office of William Sullivan, son of Governor James Sullivan, and one of the most popular lawyers in Massachusetts.

I read law with some diligence, but not with interest enough to attach me to the profession. I continued to read Greek and Latin, and preferred my old studies to any other. The only law-books which I remember reading with much interest were Plowden's "Reports," Blackstone's "Commentaries," Saunders's "Reports," in William's edition, and Coke in black letter, which I think I never mastered.

It was 1813 when I was admitted to the bar, and I immediately opened an office in Court Square, near where Niles's Block stands now, having for a neighbor in the same building Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who had also studied with me, under Mr. Sullivan's auspices. We neither of us were earnest in the study of our profession, but I did rather more law business than he did, and, at the end of a year, paid the expenses of the office, such as rent, boy, etc.

But I tired of the life, and my father understood it; for I was very frank with him, and told him — what he knew very well — that I was more occupied with Greek and Latin than with law-books, of which he had given me a very good collection.

Nine young men out of ten who give up a regular calling or profession for literary pursuits are actuated by indolence or vanity, or an unlucky combination of both; and a still greater proportion are pretty sure to discover in the long run the truth of Sir Walter Scott's saying, that literature is a good staff but a poor crutch. But Mr. Ticknor, we are quite ready to believe with his biographer, gave up the law, not from a fickle temper or from a restless and dissatisfied spirit, not because he preferred a life of indolence and ease to a life of toil, but because, upon reflection and experiment, he was satisfied that he should be more useful and happy as a man of letters than as a lawyer.

He saw that the country would never be without good lawyers, because the bar presented such powerful attractions to able and ambitious young men; and that it was in urgent need of scholars, teachers, and men of letters, and that this want was much less likely to be supplied.

This change in the plan of life involved a change in the course of study. If he were to be a scholar, and not a mere literary trifler, he must prepare himself for his new calling by

diligent study, and must go where the best instruction was to be had, — to Europe, and first of all to Germany.

It is a curious illustration of the literary or linguistic poverty of Massachusetts fifty years since that, when he resolved to study German, he was obliged to procure a text-book in one place, a dictionary in a second, a grammar in a third. His views were directed to the German universities in general by Madame de Staël's "*De l'Allemagne*," published in 1813; and to the University of Göttingen in particular, by a French pamphlet, describing its courses of study, confirmed by an English friend, who expatiated on the treasures of its library. In July 1814 he wrote to a friend, a young lawyer: —

My plan, so far as I have one, is to employ the next nine months in visiting the different parts of this country, and in reading those books and conversing with those persons from whom I can learn in what particular parts of the countries I mean to visit I can most easily compass my objects. The whole tour in Europe I consider a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement. I value it only in proportion to the great means and inducements it will afford me to study — not men, but books. Wherever I establish myself, it will be only with a view of labor; and wherever I stay, — even if it be but a week, — I shall, I hope, devote myself to some study, many more hours in the day than I do at home.

His father, after taking counsel with Dr. Gardiner, Chief-Justice Parker, and other friends, cordially fell in with his plan, and placed an income at his disposal sufficient to save him from that necessity of hurrying prematurely into print which has compelled so many promising aspirants to fritter away their intellectual resources by anticipation or (as Clare complained) "forestall the blighted harvest of the brain." He could wait till his taste was formed and his mind was full. The Boston of his youth was not deficient in culture, and he was domesticated in its best circles, but he says his first real sight and knowledge of the world was in the winter of 1814-15, when he made a journey through Virginia as far south as Richmond, provided with excellent letters of introduction. Some of these were given him by John Adams, the successor of Washington in the presidency. His parting interview with this distinguished personage is thus described: —

Soon after I was seated in Mr. Adams's parlor, — where was no one but himself and Mrs. Adams, who was knitting, — he began to talk of the condition of the country, with great

earnestness. I said not a word; Mrs. Adams was equally silent; but Mr. Adams, who was a man of strong and prompt passions, went on more and more vehemently. He was dressed in a single-breasted, dark-green coat, buttoned tightly, by very large, white, metal buttons, over his somewhat rotund person. As he grew more and more excited in his discourse, he impatiently endeavored to thrust his hand into the breast of his coat. The buttons did not yield readily: at last he *forced* his hand in, saying, as he did so, in a very loud voice and most excited manner, "Thank God, thank God! George Cabot's close-buttoned ambition has broke out at last: he wants to be president of New England, sir!"

I felt so uncomfortably, that I made my acknowledgments for his kindness in giving me the letters, and escaped as soon as I could.

His impressions of things and people during this home tour are as vivid and (many of them) as well worth preserving as those which he formed and recorded in the course of his European travels. At Philadelphia he dines with a large party at Mr. Daniel Parish's and (he naïvely adds) for the first time in his life saw a full service of silver plate for twenty persons, and a well-trained body of servants in full livery with epaulets. At Washington he dines with the president, Mr. Madison, in a party of about twenty, mostly members of Congress, who seemed little acquainted with each other and were some of them unknown to their host even by name.

Just at dark, dinner was announced. Mr. Madison took in Miss Coles, General Winder followed with Mrs. Madison. The secretary invited me to go next; but I avoided it, and entered with him, the last. Mrs. Madison was of course at the head of the table; but, to my surprise, the president sat at her right hand, with a seat between them vacant. Secretary Coles was at the foot. As I was about to take my place by him, the president desired me to come round to him, and, seeing me hesitate as to the place, spoke again, and fairly seated me between himself and Mrs. M. This was unquestionably the result of President Adams's introduction. I looked very much like a fool, I have no doubt, for I felt very awkwardly.

The awkwardness soon wore off, and he found the president more free and open than he expected, starting subjects of conversation and making remarks that sometimes savored of humor and levity. "He sometimes laughed, and I was glad to hear it, but his face was always grave." His next visit was to Jefferson, the successor of Adams and predecessor of Madison in the presidency, who was then liv-

ing at Monticello, as he had christened a villa or country-seat constructed half-way up a mountain.

We had hardly time to glance at the pictures before Mr. Jefferson entered; and if I was astonished to find Mr. Madison short and somewhat awkward, I was doubly astonished to find Mr. Jefferson, whom I had always supposed to be a small man, more than six feet high, with dignity in his appearance, and ease and graciousness in his manners. . . . He rang, and sent to Charlottesville for our baggage, and, as dinner approached, took us to the dining-room, — a large and rather elegant room, twenty or thirty feet high, — which, with the hall I have described, composed the whole centre of the house from top to bottom. The floor of this room is tessellated. It is formed of alternate diamonds of cherry and beach, and kept polished as highly as if it were of fine mahogany.

The pictures were mostly portraits, including those of Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Magellan, Lafayette, and Franklin. The library, consisting of about seven thousand volumes, was arranged in the catalogue and on the shelves according to the divisions and subdivisions of human learning by Lord Bacon.

Perhaps the most curious single specimen — or, at least, the most characteristic of the man and expressive of his hatred of royalty — was a collection which he had bound up in six volumes, and lettered "The Book of Kings," consisting of the "*Mémoires de la Princesse de Baireuth*," two volumes; "*Les Mémoires de la Comtesse de la Motte*," two volumes; the "Trial of the Duke of York," one volume; and "*The Book*," one volume. These documents of regal scandal seemed to be favorites with the philosopher, who pointed them out to me with a satisfaction somewhat inconsistent with the measured gravity he claims in relation to such subjects generally.

The night before he left, a guest brought the "astounding" news of the defeat of the English before New Orleans. Mr. Jefferson had made up his mind that the city would fall, and told Mr. Ticknor that the English would hold it permanently, or for some time, by a force of sepoys from the East Indies. The general impression of the great man is hardly in keeping with the part played by him in American history, unless large allowance be made for eccentricities.

At Georgetown Mr. Ticknor is present at the hearing of a case before the Supreme Court, in which Dexter, Pinkney, and Emmet (the son-in-law of Curran) were engaged; advocates, all three, whose memory is still cherished in the traditions of the transatlantic bar. His spirited

sketches of them afford ample proof that he had already acquired the art of drawing scenes and characters with a firm and discriminating touch. Equally good is his portrait (February 1814) of Jeffrey, who had just crossed the Atlantic to bring home a bride.

' You are to imagine, then, before you, a short, stout, little gentleman, about five and a half feet high, with a very red face, black hair, and black eyes. You are to suppose him to possess a very gay and animated countenance, and you are to see in him all the restlessness of a will-o'-wisp, and all that fitful irregularity in his movements which you have heretofore appropriated to the pasteboard merry-andrews whose limbs are jerked about with a wire. These you are to interpret as the natural indications of the impetuous and impatient character which a further acquaintance develops.

The qualities, real or supposed, of "the Abraham of the *Edinburgh Review*," as he is termed, are delineated, refined upon, shaded off, and contrasted through more than three pages, which conclude thus: —

You will gather from these desultory and diffuse remarks, that I was very much delighted with Mr. Jeffrey. . . . All that he knew — and, as far as I could judge, his learning is more extensive than that of any man I ever met — seemed completely incorporated and identified with his own mind; and I cannot, perhaps, give you a better idea of the readiness with which he commanded it, and of the consequent facility and fluency of his conversation, than by saying, with Mr. Ames, that "he poured it out like water."

Mr. Ticknor set sail for Europe on the 16th of April, 1815. When he left Boston, Buonaparte was in Elba. In May 1815, the first thing he heard on entering the Mersey was that Buonaparte was in Paris, and all Europe again in arms.

Even in this age of tremendous revolutions, we have had none so appalling as this. We cannot measure or comprehend it. . . . When Napoleon was rejected from France, every man in Christendom, of honest principles and feelings, felt as if a weight of danger had been lifted from his prospects, — as if he had a surer hope of going down to his grave in peace, and leaving an inheritance to his children. But now the whole complexion of the world is changed again. . . . God only can foresee the consequences, and he too can control them. Terrible as the convulsion may be, it may be necessary for the purification of the corrupt governments of Europe, and for the final repose of the world.

These reflections are in every way creditable to him as a high-minded man of deep feeling and comprehensive views.

Strange to say, there were many distinguished Englishmen, more or less warped by party prejudices, who differed from him. He found Mr. Roscoe opposed to the war, and, much to his surprise, urging the usual Whig arguments against it. Mr. Roscoe, however, was mild and philosophical. Not so Dr. Parr, whom Mr. Ticknor saw at Hatton on the way to London. "Sir," said he, in his solemn, dogmatical tone, with his peculiar lisp, which always had something droll about it—"thir, I should not think I had done my duty if I went to bed any night without praying for the success of Napoleon Buonaparte." Mr. Ticknor's first evening in London was spent at the theatre, where he saw Miss O'Neil in "The Gamester," and cried like a schoolboy, "to the great amusement of the John Bulls who were around me in the pit." As his stay in London little exceeded a month, he must have made good use of his time, for we find him on a footing of easy familiarity with most of the leading notabilities before he left.

June 19. — Among other persons, I brought letters to Gifford, the satirist, but never saw him until yesterday. Never was I so mistaken in my anticipations. Instead of a tall and handsome man, as I had supposed him from his picture,—a man of severe and bitter remarks in conversation, such as I had good reason to believe him from his books,—I found him a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but, withal, one of the best-natured, most open, and well-bred gentlemen I have met. He is editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

He carried me to a handsome room over Murray's bookstore, which he has fitted up as a sort of literary lounge, where authors resort to read newspapers and talk literary gossip. I found there Elmsley, Hallam,—Lord Byron's "classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek," now as famous for being one of his lordship's friends,—Boswell, a son of Johnson's biographer, etc., so that I finished a long forenoon very pleasantly.

This is from his journal. In the next entry, June 20th (the date is important), he called on Lord Byron with an introduction from Mr. Gifford; and here again his anticipations proved mistaken, as he found the noble poet "remarkably well built, with the exception of his feet, with a round, open, and smiling face instead of a sharp and anxious one, eyes light instead of black, and easy and careless instead of forward and striking." The conversation wandered over many subjects, but noth-

ing new or original is reported as said on either side, till Sir James Bland Burgess came suddenly into the room and said abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Buonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron,— "is it true?" "Yes, my lord, it is certainly true; an aide-de-camp arrived in town last night; he has been in Downing Street this morning, and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Buonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, "I am d—d sorry for it;" and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I shan't, now." And this (adds Mr. Ticknor) was the first impression produced on his impetuous nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo.

According to the entry for the next day, June 21st, he went to the "literary exchange" in Albemarle Street, where he met Gifford, Sir James Bland Burgess, and Lord Byron, who stayed out the whole party.

I was glad to meet him there; for there I saw him among his fellows and friends,—men with whom he felt intimate, and who felt themselves equal to him. The conversation turned upon the great victory at Waterloo, for which Lord Byron received the satirical congratulations of his ministerial friends with a good nature which surprised me. He did not, however, disguise his feelings or opinions at all, and maintained stoutly, to the last, that Buonaparte's case was not yet desperate.

Lord Byron was not in the habit of disguising his feelings or opinions on this subject. His journals and letters abound with instances. In November 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, he writes: "I don't like these same flights—leaving of armies, etc. I am sure, when I fought for his bust at Harrow, I did not think he would run away from himself. But I should not wonder if he banged them yet. To be beat by men would be something; but by these stupid legitimate-old-dynasty boobies of regular-bred sovereigns—O-hone-a-rie! O-hone-a-rie! It must be, as Cobbett says, his marriage with the thick-lipped and thick-headed *Autrichienne* brood. He had better have kept to her who was kept by Barras. I never knew any good come of your young wife and your legal espousals." Again, in a letter to Moore, March 17th, 1815, after the re-

turn from Elba: "You must have seen the account of his driving into the midst of the royal army, and the immediate effect of his pretty speeches. And now, if he don't drub the Allies, there is 'no purchase in money.' If he can take France by himself, the devil's in it if he don't repulse the invaders, when backed by those celebrated swordsmen — those boys of the blade, the Imperial Guard, and the old and new army."

We have no doubt, therefore, that Lord Byron is correctly reported by Mr. Ticknor, but there is something wrong about the dates, for the news of the victory, won on Sunday the 18th of June, did not reach London till late in the evening of Wednesday, the 21st, and could not have been announced to Lord Byron during a morning visit by Sir James Bland Burgess till Thursday, the 22nd, after it had appeared in the newspapers.* This inaccuracy must be remembered in estimating the probability of an anecdote materially at variance with the best-authenticated accounts of the great captain's demeanor at Waterloo.

June 22. — An anecdote was told me to-day of the great captain, which, as it is so characteristic, and, besides, — coming to me only at second hand, from his aide who brought the despatches, — so surely authentic, that I cannot choose but record it. "During the first and second days," said Major Percy, "we had the worst of the battle, and thought we should lose it. On the third and great day, from the time when the attack commenced in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, we attempted nothing but to repel the French. During all this time we suffered most terribly, and three times during the course of the day we thought nothing remained to us but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Under every charge the Duke of Wellington remained nearly in the same spot; gave his orders, but gave no opinion, — expressed no anxiety, — showed, indeed, no signs of feeling. They brought him word that *his favorite regiment* was destroyed, and that his friends had fallen, — nay, he saw almost every one about his person killed or wounded, — but yet he never spoke a word or moved a muscle, looking unchanged upon all the destruction about him. At last, at five o'clock, the fire of the French began to slacken. He ordered a charge to be made along the whole line, — a desperate measure, which, perhaps, was never before ventured under such circumstances; and when he saw the alacrity with which his men advanced towards the enemy, then, for the first time, laying his hand with a sort of convulsive movement on the pistols at his saddle-bow, he

spoke, as it were in soliloquy, and all he said was 'That will do!' In ten minutes the rout of the French was complete.

"And yet this great man, twice in India and once in Spain, had almost lost his reputation, and even his rank, by being unable to control the impetuosity of his disposition. In the night one of his aides passed the window of the house where he had his quarters, and found him sitting there. He told the duke he hoped he was well. 'Don't talk to me of myself, major,' he said; 'I can think of nothing, and see nothing, but the Guards. My God! all destroyed! It seems as if I should never sleep again!' This was his favorite regiment; and when they were mustered, after the battle, out of above a thousand men, less than three hundred answered."

We can hardly believe that Major Percy spoke of our having had the worst of *the* battle on the 16th and 17th, as the British held their ground at Quatre Bras on the 16th, and repelled every attempt of the French cavalry to annoy or check them as they fell back on the chosen position of Waterloo on the 17th. Nor was there any time during the course of the great day when the troops lost confidence in their commander or despaired of the result. There are three regiments of Guards: Cooke's division comprised battalions from each; and Hougoumont was held by the Guards. They suffered less than several other regiments, the heavy cavalry, for example; and the duke's despair at their supposed destruction is incredible. Whether the famous "Up, Guards, and at them," was ever uttered, has been disputed, but that they were there to answer to the call, and that they did "up and at them" is beyond a doubt. The final advance along the whole line did not take place till about eight o'clock, when the last really desperate effort of the French had been repulsed, and the Prussians were beginning to operate in force upon their flank. The English charge was then admirably well-timed and in no sense desperate; so much the contrary, that a Prussian writer of authority declares it to have been a superfluous movement dictated by political considerations, the day having been already decided by his countrymen.*

It was not at all like the duke to be sitting at the window in the night. "He retired to bed, worn out with fatigue and exertion. He slept till an hour which was late for him, that is to say, at seven next morning, when Dr. Hume arrived to make his report, and found that his chief was not yet stirring."†

* *Diaries of a Lady of Quality.* Second edition, p. 166, note.

* M. de Bernardi, "*Staaten Geschichte*," vol. vii. † "Life," by the Rev. Dr. Gleig, p. 273.

Major Percy spoke in a very different tone to members of his family by whom notes of his conversation were taken at the time; and we suspect either that Mr. Ticknor's "only second-hand" information underwent material changes on its way to him, or that he occasionally completed his journal from memory some days subsequently to that on which any given entry professes to have been made. Whether this was or was not his habit, his reflections and views are equally valuable; and we place full reliance on his reminiscences when they relate to literary and other subjects with which he is too familiar to be easily misled. Thus we have no doubt he has accurately reported what Southey told him at Keswick in 1819, touching the events of 1815.

He said that in the spring of 1815 he was employed in writing an article for the *Quarterly Review* upon the life and achievements of Lord Wellington. He wrote in haste the remarkable paper which has since been published more than once, and the number of the review containing it was urged through the press, so as to influence public opinion as much as possible, and to encourage the hearts of men throughout the country for the great contest.

At the same time a number of the *Edinburgh* was due. Sir James Mackintosh had written an able and elaborate article, to show that the war ought to have been avoided, and that its consequences to England could only be unfortunate and inglorious. The number was actually printed, stitched, and ready for distribution; but it was thought better to wait a little for fear of accidents, and especially for the purpose of using it instantly after the first reverse should occur, and to give it the force of prophecy.

The battle of Waterloo came like a thunder-clap. The article was suppressed, and one on "Gall and his Craniology" was substituted for it. There it may still be found. I think Mr. Southey said he had seen the repudiated article.

What is termed the Byron mystery is no longer a mystery to those who have read the correspondence, published and unpublished; especially the letters from both husband and wife to the sister, Mrs. Leigh. It was merely, what Moore calls it, a strong case of incompatibility. Lady Byron left a troubled home, where she was under constant apprehension from alternate fits of passion and depression, for a quiet one (her father's), where she was sure of being petted and indulged. It was Lord Byron's temper and state of mind, when half-maddened by the presence of bailiffs in his house, not any specified

act or cause, that justified her in her own eyes in consulting her comfort at the expense of his reputation. But he spoke the melancholy truth when he said that the real explanation lay too much upon the surface to be accepted; and the general voice will still have it that some appalling secret died with Dr. Lushington.* Mr. Ticknor's impressions of the pair, and the footing on which they stood a few months previous to the quarrel, are therefore well worth hearing. In reference to his first visit (June 20th) to Lord Byron, he says:—

While I was there, Lady Byron came in. She is pretty, not beautiful,—for the prevalent expression of her countenance is that of ingenuousness. "Report speaks goldenly of her." She is a baroness in her own right, has a large fortune,† is rich in intellectual endowments, is a mathematician, possesses common accomplishments in an uncommon degree, and adds to all this a sweet temper. She was dressed to go and drive, and, after stopping a few moments, went to her carriage. Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month. . . .

June 26. — I passed the greater part of this morning with Lord Byron. When I first went in, I again met Lady Byron, and had a very pleasant conversation with her until her carriage came, when her husband bade her the same affectionate farewell that struck me the other day.

On going by invitation to Lord Byron's private box at Drury Lane to see Kean, he finds nobody but Lord and Lady Byron, and her father and mother. "Lord Byron was pleasant, and Lady Byron more interesting than I have yet seen her." Lord Byron evidently took to him, and laid himself out to be agreeable to him.

After all, it is difficult for me to leave him, thinking either of his early follies or his present eccentricities; for his manners are so gentle, and his whole character so natural and unaffected, that I have come from him with nothing but an indistinct though lively impression of the goodness and vivacity of his disposition.

Mr. Ticknor saw a good deal of Sir

* Lady Byron's letter to Mrs. Villiers (printed in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1869, p. 232), stating that not one of the current reports had been sanctioned or encouraged by her family or her friends, is a decisive proof that she had not made the supposed communication to Dr. Lushington. A disclaimer to the same effect, signed by her, was subsequently placed in the hands of Mr. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) by Mr. Wilmot Horton.

† We need hardly say that Mr. Ticknor was misinformed as to Lady Byron's inherited peerage and large fortune in possession in 1815.

Humphry Davy, whom he describes as one of the handsomest men he had seen in England, delighting to talk about Italy, Rome, and the fine arts.

It seemed singular that his taste in this should be so acute, when his professional eminence is in a province so different and remote : but I was much more surprised when I found that the first chemist of his time was a professed angler ; and that he thinks, if he were obliged to renounce fishing or philosophy, that he should find the struggle of his choice pretty severe.

Lady Davy was unwell, and when I was there before she was out, so I have not yet seen the lady of whom Madame de Staël said, that she has all Corinne's talents without her faults or extravagances.

Madame de Staël may have said this, which was quite in her manner, but it was notoriously contrary to the fact ; for Lady Davy had none of the talents or genius of Corinne (whom Madame de Staël intended for herself), and was remarkable for singularities of the ridiculous kind, which Corinne's never were. His description, when he has seen her, is sufficiently flattering.

She is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But, then, it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant ; and, though I should not think of comparing her to Corinne, yet I think she has uncommon powers.

Sir Humphry Davy stated that, when he was at Coppet, Madame de Staël showed him part of a work on England similar in plan to her "*De l'Allemagne*," but to be only two-thirds as long. Mr. Murray said that she had offered it to him, and had the conscience to ask four thousand guineas for it. Lord Byron states in his journal that she also spoke of it to him.

Amongst the men of mark who contributed to Mr. Ticknor's store of anecdotes was West.

June 23. — We spent half the forenoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he has arranged all the pictures that he still owns. . . . He told us a singular anecdote of Nelson, while we were looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton

his regret, that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a print-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window, without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects." "D—n it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene ; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's, — "will you, Mr. West ? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us.

Mr. Ticknor left England in June and reached Göttingen, *via* Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, and Amsterdam, on the 15th August, 1815. Göttingen was then the leading university of Germany : it was the goal of his wishes when he left home, and on arriving there he felt, we are told, like the pilgrim who had reached the shrine of his faith. His genuine love of knowledge and zeal for improvement are proved by the unshrinking assiduity with which he devoted himself to study, after what would have been to most men of his age the enervating influence of society. He rose regularly at five and went to bed at ten ; parcelling out more than twelve of his working hours between Greek, German, theology, natural history, and general literature. As to acquaintance and visiting, he says, "If a man who means to have any reputation as a scholar sees his best friend once a week, it is thought quite often enough." He rarely met his friend and countryman, Everett, except at the fencing-lessons which they took for exercise, and on Sunday evenings, which they commonly spent at Blumenbach's, Heeren's, or Eichhorn's. At the end of the first six weeks they took a five days' holiday to visit Hanover, where they made the acquaintance of Count Münster, minister of state or premier, and Madame Kestner, the original of Goethe's Charlotte. Of Count Münster (the father of the German ambassador now accredited at St. James's) he speaks in complimentary terms, adding, "I shall not soon forget the praise which Blumenbach gave him, that he is a minister who never made a promise which he did not fulfil." The most amusing of his personal reminiscences of the Göttingen professors relate to Blumenbach, whose

fund of animal spirits was inexhaustible, and found vent in jokes or mystifications at the expense of the young American.

Every day he has something new and strange to tell; and as he takes a particular delight in teasing me, he commonly relates something out of the way respecting our North-American Indians, which by a dexterous turn he contrives to make those present think is equally true of the citizens of the United States, and ends by citing some of the strange opinions of Buffon or Raynal to support himself and put me out of countenance.

Porson used to say that, familiar as he was with Greek, he never read a Greek play with the same facility as a newspaper. If there was a better contemporary Grecian in the world than Porson, it was Wolf, and he made tacitly a similar admission.

When I was in Göttingen, in 1816, I saw Wolf, the most distinguished Greek scholar of the time. He could also lecture extemporaneously in Latin. He was curious about this country, and questioned me about our scholars and the amount of our scholarship. I told him what I could, — amongst other things, of a fashionable, dashing preacher of New York having told me that he took great pleasure in reading the choruses of *Æschylus*, and that he read them without a dictionary! I was walking with Wolf at the time, and, on hearing this, he stopped, squared round, and said, "He told you that, did he?" "Yes," I answered. "Very well: the next time you hear him say it, do you tell him he lies, and that I say so."

In October 1816 Mr. Ticknor was at Weimar, and had a long conversation with Goethe, mostly about Wolf and Byron, whose recent separation from Lady Byron he (Goethe) mentioned as so poetical in the circumstances, "that, if Lord Byron had invented it, he could hardly have had a more fortunate subject for his genius." Professor Riemer, who had lived nine years in Goethe's house, declared him to be a greater man than the world will ever know, because he needed excitement and collision to rouse him to exertion, and could be no longer induced to put forth the powers which he displayed when Herder, Wieland, and Schiller were alive.

I asked what had been his relations with those extraordinary men. He replied that, from holding similar views in philosophy, Goethe and Schiller were nearest to each other, and Herder and Wieland; but that, after the deaths of Schiller and Herder, Goethe became intimate with Wieland. Schiller, he said, had profited much by his connection with Goethe, and borrowed much from his genius — among other pieces, in his "*William Tell*," which Goethe had earlier thought

to have made the subject of an epic poem; but now they are all dead, and since 1813 Goethe has been alone in the world.

A letter from Göttingen, November 16, 1816, contains an animated defence of German literature, which we recommend to all who have formed a low estimate of it in comparison with that of France.

After all, however, you will come round upon me with the old question, "And what *are* your Germans, after all?" They are a people who, in forty years, have created to themselves a literature such as no other nation ever created in two centuries; and they are a people who, at this moment, have more mental activity than any other existing.

The Germans have recently displayed another sort of activity which has materially varied the popular estimate of their national character. Referring to their turn for metaphysics, it used to be said that the empire of the sea belonged to England, of the land to France, of the air to Germany. But Germany has already appropriated the allotted domain of France, and makes no secret of her intention to share that of England if she can.

At Göttingen, November 1816, he received a letter announcing his nomination to the professorship of belles-lettres at Harvard College, which led to a long correspondence touching terms and duties. His final acceptance was delayed a year, and was despatched from Rome in November, 1817. One condition for which he stipulated was that he should be allowed to complete his contemplated tour, with an important extension to Spain.

If I am to be a professor in this literature, I must go to Spain; and this I cannot think of doing, without your full and free consent. This winter I must remain here, of course; the next summer I must be in France, and the next winter in Italy. I willingly give up Greece, but still I find no room for Spain. If I go there as soon as the spring will make it proper, in 1818, and establish myself at the University of Salamanca, and stay there six months, which is the shortest time in which I could possibly get a suitable knowledge of Spanish literature, my whole time will be absorbed, and England and Scotland will be sacrificed. This last I ought not to do; and yet, the thought of staying six months longer from home is absolutely intolerable to me. If it comes to my mind when I sit down to dinner, my appetite is gone; or when I am going to bed, I get no sleep. Yet, if I take this place I must do it, and I do not question I could carry it properly through; for, after the last six months here, I do not fear anything in this way; or at least ought not to; but are

you willing? Without your consent, I will not for an instant think of it.

The external appearance of people known to us only by their exploits or their books, rarely, if ever, corresponds with our preconceived notions. Mr. Ticknor says he was never more disappointed in his life when, instead of finding in Frederick von Schlegel (whom he saw at Frankfort) one grown spare and dry with deep and wearisome study, he found a short, thick, little gentleman with the ruddy, vulgar health of a full-fed father of the Church.

On sitting with him an hour, however, I became reconciled to this strange discrepancy, or rather entirely forgot it, for so fine a flow of rich talk I have rarely heard in Germany. Luden of Jena and Schlegel are the only men who have reminded me of the genuine, hearty flow of English conversation.

On April 6, 1817, he left Strasburg, and, crossing the frontier, came for the first time into genuine French territory, which suggests the remark that nothing can be more mistaken than Madame de Staël's theory that the national character of the two people is sharply defined and accurately distinguished at the Rhine.

From Frankfort to Strasburg I found it gradually changing, the population growing more gay and open, more accustomed to live in the open air, more given to dress, and in general more light. At Strasburg, German traits still prevail, and I did not lose the language entirely until two posts before I came to Luneville. There I found all completely French,—people, houses, wooden shoes, impositions, etc., etc.

Madame de Staël's theory does more credit to her patriotism than to her powers of observation. It was obviously prompted by the same spirit of nationality, which inspired the cries of "To the Rhine!" "To Berlin!" at the breaking-out of the Franco-German war of 1870.

One of his first Parisian dinners was at Madame de Staël's. She herself was too ill to appear, and her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, did the honors. The company consisted of Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Baron (Alexander) Humboldt, the Duke de Laval, Augustus Schlegel, Auguste de Staël, and the Duke and Duchess de Broglie. "It was the first time," he says, "that I had felt anything of the spirit and charm of French society, which has been so much talked of since the time of Louis XIV." It was the first time that he had seen anything at all of that society, and large allowances are to be made for the

cosmopolitan character of the party, which was half composed of foreigners. At a subsequent dinner at the same house he says that no one was so brilliant as the Russian minister, Pozzo di Borgo, by birth a Corsican.

The little Duchess de Broglie was evidently delighted to an extraordinary degree with his wit, and two or three times, with her enthusiasm and *naïveté*, could not avoid going to her mother's room, to tell her some of the fine things he said. I do not know how a foreigner has acquired the French genius so completely, . . . but certainly I have seen nobody yet, who has the genuine French wit, with its peculiar grace and fluency, so completely in his power as M. Pozzo di Borgo; and on my saying this to M. Schlegel, he told me there was nobody equal to him but Benjamin Constant.

At the most brilliant period of the eighteenth century foreigners were equally conspicuous amongst the social celebrities of Paris. The success of the Prince de Ligne, Grimm, Hume, Selwyn, and Horace Walpole, is well known; and it may be plausibly argued that the reputation of French conversation, rich with the stores of every clime, is in no slight measure owing to the same causes which have made Paris, in point of prodigal expenditure and all the appliances and means of luxury, the capital of the world.

Mr. Ticknor says that what was particularly admired in Pozzo di Borgo was "his facility and grace in making epigrammatic remarks, which in French society is valued above all other talent." Madame de Staël was largely gifted with it, and her ruling passion, strong in death, was its display. She was so ill when Mr. Ticknor was a frequent visitor at her house, that her physicians forbade her seeing above three or four persons a day, and these such of her familiar friends as would amuse without exciting her. On May 10, 1815, however, her son brought him a message that if he would come and dine with them the next day alone she would see him, whether her physicians gave her leave or not.

I went, therefore, early, and was immediately carried to her room. She was in bed, pale, feeble, and evidently depressed in spirits; and the mere stretching out her hand to me, or rather making a slight movement, as if she desired to do it, cost an effort it was painful to witness.

Observing, with that intuition for which she has been always so famous, the effect her situation produced on me, she said: "*Il ne faut pas me juger de ce que vous voyez ici. Ce n'est pas moi,—ce n'est que l'ombre de ce que j'étais il y a quatre mois, et une ombre qui peut-être*

disparaîtra bientôt." I told her that M. Portal and her other physicians did not think so. "*Oui,*" said she, while her eye kindled in the consciousness that she was about to say one of those brilliant things with which she had so often electrified a drawing-room, — "*oui, je le sais, mais ils y mettent toujours tant de vanité d'auteur, que je ne m'y fie pas du tout. Je ne me relèverai jamais de cette maladie. J'en suis sûre.*"* She saw at this moment that the Duchess de Broglie had entered the apartment, and was so much affected by the last remark, that she had gone to the window to hide her feelings. She therefore began to talk about America. Everything she said was marked with that imagination which gives such a peculiar energy to her works, and which has made her so long the idol of French society; but whenever she seemed to be aware that she was about to utter any phrase of force and aptness, her languid features were kindled with an animation which made a strong contrast with her feeble condition. Especially when she said of America, "*Vous êtes l'avant-garde du genre humain, vous êtes l'avenir du monde,*" there came a slight tinge of feeling into her face, which spoke plainly enough of the pride of genius.

The worst of this eternal aiming at effect is that truth is often sacrificed to point, and glitter mistaken for profundity. With what semblance of reason can America be termed the vanguard of the human race, unless the great lawgivers and discoverers, the illustrious writers and thinkers, ancient and modern, whom we have been wont to regard as the pioneers and founders of civilization, are to be entirely laid out of the account? Or, again, did Madame de Staël intend or wish to be taken at her word when she said of Madame Necker de Saussure, "*Ma cousine Necker a tous les talents qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertus que je n'ai pas.*" Her antithetical compliment to Lady Davy (*ante*, p. 459) is another instance. Moreover, conversation loses in flow and continuity more than it gains in sparkle when *bons-mots* are going off like minute-guns; and nothing is more wearisome in the long run than epigram or sententiousness. Lord Byron could not endure Corinne; and Henri Beyle (Stendhal), an excellent talker, insisted on anecdotes, facts, and incidents, in contradiction to that trick of phrase-making which he detected and detested in her. Madame Pasta happening to say one evening of love, "*C'est une tuile qui vous tombe sur la tête,*" — "Add," said Beyle, "*comme vous passez dans la vie,* and then you will speak like

Madame de Staël, and people will pay attention to your remark."

Chateaubriand, whom Mr. Ticknor met at Madame de Staël's, probably agreed with Beyle when, instead of laughing, he looked grave.

Chateaubriand is a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. It needs no skill in physiognomy, to say at once that he is a man of firmness and decision of character, for every feature and every movement of his person announce it. He is too grave and serious, and gives a grave and serious turn to the conversation in which he engages; and even when the whole table laughed at Barante's wit, Chateaubriand did not even smile; not, perhaps, because he did not enjoy the wit as much as the rest, but because laughing is too light for the enthusiasm which forms the basis of his character, and would certainly offend against the consistency we always require.

He calls on Chateaubriand and is invited to an evening reception, in the course of which the distinguished host suddenly broke forth: "*Je ne crois pas dans la société européenne;*" and forthwith proceeded to declaim in support of the startling proposition he had laid down: —

"In fifty years," said he, "there will not be a legitimate sovereign in Europe; from Russia to Sicily, I foresee nothing but military despotisms; and in a hundred, — in a *hundred!* the cloud is too dark for human vision; too dark, it may almost be said, to be penetrated by prophecy. *There* perhaps is the misery of our situation; *perhaps* we live, not only in the decrepitude of Europe, *but in the decrepitude of the world;*" and he pronounced it in such a tone, and with such a look, that a dead silence followed it, and every person felt, I doubt not, with me, as if the future had become uncertain to him.

After a short pause, the question arose what an individual should do under such circumstances, and everybody looked to Chateaubriand: —

"If I were without a family, I would travel, not because I love travelling, for I abhor it, but because I long to see Spain, to know what effect eight years of civil war have produced there; and I long to see Russia, that I may better estimate the power that threatens to overwhelm the world. When I had seen these, I should know the destinies of Europe, I think; and then I would go and fix my last home at Rome. There I would build my tabernacle, there I would build my tomb, and there, amid the ruins of three empires and three thousand years, I would give myself wholly to my God."

Here again we have a specimen of

* She did not die till the 14th July, 1817, more than two years afterwards.

phrase-making, and of the most magniloquent kind; but where is the underlying reflection or thought? The notion of travelling to see Russia and Spain, by way of relief or compensation for the decrepitude of the world, recalls Walpole's story of the Duchess of Kingston, who, on being told that the end of the world was close at hand, declared she would start for China without delay. Fifty years (wanting one) have elapsed since Chateaubriand gave utterance to these gloomy forebodings; but we see no signs of legitimate sovereigns being superseded by military despotisms: Spain has undergone little change, and Russia (with united Germany for a neighbor) can hardly be regarded any longer as a standing menace to the world.

Political prophets resemble fortune-tellers. It is only by a happy accident that they sometimes prove right. Tocqueville has left on record his deliberate opinion that, if the Southern States were to resolve on separating from the Northern, the Northern would not oppose the separation, and would fail if they did.* Alexander Humboldt demonstrated to Mr. Ticknor, in 1817, how utterly idle were all the expectations then entertained of the immediate and forcible emancipation of South America:—

Without knowing it, he answered every argument Madame de Staël had used, this morning, to persuade me that the fate of the south was as much decided as the fate of our independence was at the capture of Yorktown; and I note the fact at this moment, to wait the event that will decide which of these two personages is right.

At Geneva, which he takes on his way to Italy, he makes the acquaintance of the leading men of letters and science, whom he found forming there the first caste in society: "A man who is either of these needs nothing else to procure him estimation and deference. I do not believe there is another city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants in Europe or America of which this could be said." He passes an evening at Madame Rilliet's (a friend of Madame de Staël's), of whom Benjamin Constant said, "*Madame Rilliet a toutes les vertus qu'elle affecte*;" and he dines at Baron Bonstetten's, where he is struck with the exhibition of talent, and particularly with De Candolle, professor of botany, "who has great powers of conversation, without that attempt at brilliancy and epigram which I find in Paris society,

and which I have found here only in Dumont."

His speculations on the Campagna, and his description of St. Peter's by moonlight, prove him to be possessed of imagination and sensibility; but his main interest at Rome, as at other places, is the society. This he finds mostly composed of strangers.

Society in Rome is certainly a remarkable thing, different from society in every other part of the world. Among the Romans themselves the elegant and cultivated class is really so small, the genuine character, civilization, and refinement of the country are so worn out and degraded, that even in their own capital, they are not able and do not pretend to give a tone to society and intercourse.

England and Germany were then represented by the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Douglas, Madame de Humboldt, Niebuhr, Bunsen, and the crown prince of Bavaria. Count Funchal, the Portuguese ambassador, entertained with state and magnificence; and the Russian ambassador gave little dinners to a select and cultivated circle, of which Mr. Ticknor formed one.

Of Frenchmen there are very few here now, and really the solemn grandeur of Roman greatness does not well suit them. Winckelmann says, in one of his curious letters to Berendis, "A Frenchman is not to be improved here. Antiquity and he contradict one another;" and since I have been here I have seen and felt a thousand proofs of the justness of the remark. . . . Simond himself, though I think him in general a cool, impartial man, stands up a mere Frenchman as soon as you get him upon the subject of antiquities, of which he seems to have about as just notions as divines have of the world before the flood. . . .

Of the Russians there are a good many that circulate in general society, and talk French and English fluently; but, really, wherever I have seen this people, I have found them so abdicating their nationality and taking the hue of the society they are among, that I have lost much of my respect for them.

In May, 1818, we find him at Madrid, congratulating himself on his prospects, having letters to nearly every one of the foreign ministers, to the pope's nuncio from Consalvi, to the secretaries of the three royal academies, etc. The originality and poetry of the national character elicit his admiration and surprise.

Would you believe it?—I speak not at all of the highest class,—what seems mere fiction and romance in other countries is matter of observation here, and, in all that relates to

* *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 354.

manners, Cervantes and Le Sage are historians.

Another consideration forced upon him is how the Spaniards contrived to get on without a regular or efficient administration of any kind.

Yet, with all these gross and portentous defects, — without a police and with an Inquisition, without an administration of justice and with legalized, systematic corruption in all its branches, — the Spanish government (if it deserve the name) still seems to fulfil the great object a government should always propose to itself; for a more quiet, orderly people, a people more obedient and loyal, I have not seen in Europe.

This is still true of the provinces which have not been reached by the contagion of republicanism. The rural population of Spain require simply to be let alone, and think it a positive hardship to be obliged to play their part in representative institutions by a vote. What especially struck him in the bull-fights was the Saturnalian license permitted at them.

Of an uncommonly brave and persevering bull, several young men in my neighborhood cried out repeatedly that he was fit to be the president of the Cortes, and of another, who shrunk from the contest after receiving only two blows from the *picador*, apparently the same persons kept shouting, . . . that he was as cowardly as a king. . . . The bull-fights are, indeed, a warrant and apology for all sorts of licentiousness in language, in the same way the Roman shows were; and, like the amphitheatre of Flavius, that of Madrid would furnish a little anthology of popular wit, which, though it might strongly savor of vulgarity, could hardly fail to be very characteristic and amusing.

Speaking of a grand court festival, he says that it was there he saw for the first time Palafox, the Marquis of St. Simond, the Duke of Infantado, and "the Maid of Zaragoza, dressed as a captain of dragoons, and with a character as impudent as her uniform implies." If this were so, she must have been spoiled by glory. Lord Byron says that, when he was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,

Oh, had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,

Heard her light lively tones in lady's bower —

Her lover sinks — she sheds no ill-timed tear:
Her chief is slain — she fills his fatal post.

In a note to this stanza it is stated that "when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty."* But this description is more applicable to another heroine of the siege, the Countess Burita, who, "young, delicate, and beautiful," was constantly in the thickest of the fire. According to Southey, Augustina, the maid, was a handsome woman of the lower class, who snatched a match from a dead artilleryman, fired off a twenty-six pounder, and vowed never to quit the gun with life. That he was her lover, sounds like a poetic fiction.†

The Archbishop of Granada, to whom Mr. Ticknor carried a letter from the nuncio, was a type of character as well worth studying as the patron of Gil Blas.

With strong masculine sense, and even a bold, original style of thought and talk, he is one of the most grossly superstitious and ignorant men I ever met. . . . I recollect that in giving me an account of an irreligious man, he said, "He believes neither in God, Christ, nor *even* the Virgin;" and in describing a library he had at Xerez, he said, that among the MSS. there were autographs of *every one* of the apostles and prophets, most of which had wrought and still work miracles.

At the archbishop's he made the acquaintance of a Count Polentinos, of Madrid, who had come to Granada for a lawsuit which had been pending two hundred and eleven years. He confidently believed that it had been at last terminated in his favor, although one more appeal was still open to his adversary. He described his case as by no means an exceptional one.

The Bishop of Malaga was an epicure of the first water — Mr. Ticknor calls him a glutton — besides being the orator and politician who had been the principal author of the free constitution of Spain.

As I brought an especial letter to him from the nuncio, he made a great dinner for me, to which he invited the governor, the captain of the port, Count Teba, and all the persons he was aware I knew, several of the nobility of the city, etc., in all about forty persons. His cook made good the boast it is said he ventured, when the bishop received him, "that the king should not dine so well as the bishop of Malaga," for such a luxurious dinner I have rarely beheld, and never one so elaborate. The bread, as he told me himself, came from

* Byron's Works, Murray's one-volume edition. "Childe Harold," cantos 55 and 56, and note.

† Southey's "Peninsular War," vol. ii. p. 14.

five-and-twenty miles off, because the baker is better; all the water is brought on mules fifty miles, from a fountain that has the reputation of stimulating the appetite and promoting digestion; he had meats on the table from every part of Spain, pastry from Holland, and wines from all over Europe. In short, taking his eloquence, his culture, and his dinner together, he is as near the original of Gil Blas' Bishop of Granada as a priest of the nineteenth century need be; and if he should ever come to the archbishopric, which is probable, nothing will be wanting but the shrewd, practical secretary to complete the group which Le Sage has so admirably drawn.

Mr. Ticknor keeps steadily in view the main object of his journey to the Peninsula — the collection of materials for his meditated lectures and works; but after his return to Paris December 22, 1818, he sets down that, after having been four months at Madrid and one at Lisbon, besides journeys to the great cities of Andalusia, he was obliged to come back to Paris to find books and means neither Spain nor Portugal could supply. At Paris he is welcomed as before at all the best houses, and remarks, with a touch of self-complacency, that men of letters are everywhere in request.

I was never anywhere that I did not meet them, and under circumstances where nothing but their literary merit could have given them a place. . . . All, however, is not on the bright side. . . . Almost everybody who comes to these *salons* comes to say a few brilliant things, get a reputation for *esprit*, — the god who serves for Penates in French houses, — and then hasten away to another coterie to produce the same effect. This is certainly the general tone of these societies; it is brilliant, graceful, superficial, and hollow.

In January we find him again in London, spending much of his time at Holland House, or in the Holland House society, and noting down his impressions of those who shone or figured in it. After a two days' visit to Hatfield, he proceeds to Woburn. The day after his arrival happened to be the last day of the shooting-season, and preparations were made for a grand *battue* that should maintain the reputation of the Abbey as the first sporting-ground in England.

Mr. Adair, Lord John, and myself declined, as no sportsmen, and so the number was reduced to eleven, of whom seven were excellent shots. The first gun was fired a little before twelve, the last at half past five; and when, after the dinner-cloth was removed in the evening, the gamekeeper appeared, dressed in all his paraphernalia, and rendered in his account, it was found that four hundred and four

hares, partridges, and pheasants had been killed, of which more than half were pheasants. The person who killed the most was Lord Spencer, though the oldest man there. This success, of course, gave great spirits to the party at dinner; a good deal of wine was consumed, — though nobody showed any disposition to drink to excess, — and the evening passed off very pleasantly. It was certainly as splendid a specimen as I could have hoped to see, of what is to be considered peculiarly English in the life of a British nobleman of the first class at his country-seat. I enjoyed it highly.

The present race of game-preservers will smile with contempt at such a bag.

Writing from Edinburgh (March 1, 1819) to his father, he remarks that when a number of persons are met together, as at a dinner, the conversation is rarely general: "One person makes a speech, and then another, and finally it stops, nobody knows why." In illustration of this peculiarity of Scotch conversation, and its metaphysical turn, Lord Jeffrey used to relate that once, when one of these unexpected "flashes of silence" occurred, a young lady, unconscious that she was the sole speaker, went on, "As to what you were saying, sir, about the abstract nature of love."

Walpole has made us familiar with the surpassing charms of the Gunnings, when crowds collected in Piccadilly to see them pass. The Brandlings and Sheridans of our time were the observed of all observers; and it would be difficult to exceed the impression produced by the Countess Castiglione on her first appearance at Holland House. But we were not aware that there was a Scotch beauty in 1819 who worked similar wonders in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Northern Athens.

There was a young lady staying there (Count Flahaut's), too, who drew a great deal of company to the house, Miss McLane, the most beautiful lady in Scotland, and one, indeed, whose beauty has wrought more wonders than almost anybody's since the time of Helen; for she has actually been followed by the mob in the street, until she was obliged to take refuge in a shop from their mere admiration, and gave up going to the theatre because the pit twice rose up, and, taking off their hats to show it was done in respect, called upon her to come to the front of the box where she sat, and stand up, that they might see her.

He himself was not particularly struck by her, although her conversation was pleasant and unaffected, and her consciousness of her beauty was mingled with no conceit. "It was like an historical fact to her. She

had half the titles in Scotland at her feet." She made a respectable not a brilliant marriage, lost her beauty by a painful malady, and died a melancholy wreck.

At Edinburgh he lived intimately with Scott, and mentions how lightly the author of "Waverley" treated the imputed authorship in 1819. Lady Hume asked his daughter Sophia, afterwards Mrs. Lockhart, to sing "Rob Roy," an old ballad. The request visibly embarrassed her, and running across the room to her father and blushing deeply, she whispered something to him. "Yes, my dear," was his reply, loud enough to be heard; "sing it, to be sure, if you are asked, and 'Waverley' and 'The Antiquary,' too, if there be any such ballads." One afternoon he was invited by Scott to dine with him, and go to the theatre and see "Rob Roy." Scott did not attempt to conceal his delight during the performance, and, when it was over, exclaimed, "That's fine, sir; I think that is very fine;" and then looking up with one of his most comical Scotch expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humor, he added: "All I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it."

Among other anecdotes, Mr. Scott told me that he once travelled with Tom Campbell in a stagecoach alone, and that, to beguile the time, they talked of poetry, and began to repeat some. At last Scott asked Campbell for something of his own, and he said there was one thing he had written but never printed, that was full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," and he didn't know if there was anything good in it. And then he repeated "Hohenlinden." Scott listened with the greatest interest, and, when he had finished, broke out, "But, do you know, that's devilish fine; why, it's the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed!"

He takes the Lake country on his way southward, and is cordially received by Southey and Wordsworth. At Birmingham, he is the guest of Dr. Parr; and a renewed intimacy with Mackintosh at Holland House leads to an invitation to Haileybury, where he meets Lord John (now Earl) Russell, Sismondi, and Malthus.

Malthus is, what anybody might anticipate, a plain man, with plain manners, apparently troubled by few prejudices, and not much of the irritability of authorship, but still talking occasionally with earnestness. In general, however, I thought he needed opposition, but he rose to the occasion, whatever it might be.

He found Hazlitt living in Milton's house (the house where he dictated "Paradise Lost"), and occupying the room

where, according to tradition, he kept the organ on which he loved to play. "I should rather say Hazlitt sat in it; for excepting his table, three chairs, and an old picture, this enormous room was empty and *unoccupied*." It was whitewashed, and he had scribbled in pencil scraps of brilliant thoughts and phrases on the walls.

His conversation was much of the same kind, generally in short sentences, quick and pointed, dealing much in allusions, and relying a good deal on them for success; as when he said, with apparent satisfaction, that Curran was the Homer of blackguards, and afterwards, when the political state of the world came up, said of the emperor Alexander, that "he is the Sir Charles Grandison of Europe."

What most struck him in Godwin was his cool, dogged manner, exactly opposite to everything he had imagined of the author of "St. Leon" and "Caleb Williams."

The true way, however, to see these people was to meet them all together, as I did once at dinner at Godwin's, and once at a convocation, or "Saturday Night Club," at Hunt's, where they felt themselves bound to show off and produce an effect; for then Lamb's gentle humor, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla podrida* I ever met.

One of the incidents that confirmed the supremacy of Almack's was the exclusion of the hero of Waterloo for coming after the specified hour. Mr. Ticknor witnessed this incident. After dining at Lord Downshire's, he accompanied the ladies to Almack's. They called on Lady Mornington on their way, where they met the duke. On his remarking that he thought he should look in at Almack's by-and-by, his mother exclaimed, "Ah, Arthur, you had better go in time, for you know Lady Jersey will make no allowance for you." He neglected the warning; and a short time after the Downshire party had entered the room, Mr. Ticknor, who was standing near Lady Jersey, heard one of the attendants say to her, "Lady Jersey, the Duke of Wellington is at the door and desires to be admitted." "What o'clock is it?" she asked. "Seven minutes after eleven, your ladyship." She paused a moment, and then said, with emphasis and distinctness, "Give my compliments—give Lady Jersey's com-

pliments to the Duke of Wellington, and say she is very glad that the first enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such that hereafter no one can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted." This was in 1819. Another traditional story is that, about the same time, the Duchess of Northumberland was refused a ticket on the ground that, although a woman of rank, she was not a woman of fashion. The fact is, she was refused for not submitting to the preliminary of an introduction to the patronesses; their rule being that no one could be admitted who was not on the visiting-list of one of them.

Mr. Ticknor reached home, after four years' absence, on the 6th of June, 1819. Boston then abounded in men of genius or learning,—Webster, the Everetts, Prescott, Bowditch, Channing, etc.,—who left him no reason to regret the brilliant European society to which he had just bidden a long farewell. That his cosmopolitan pursuits had not crushed or refined away his nationality is shown by the burst of enthusiasm to which he gives vent at the sight of the rock at New Plymouth, on which the first boat-load of pilgrims from the "Mayflower" landed on Monday, December 22, 1620.

I have seldom had more lively feelings from the associations of place than I had when I stood on this blessed rock; and I doubt whether there be a place in the world where a New England man should feel more gratitude, pride, and veneration than when he stands where the first man stood who began the population and glory of his country. The Colosseum, the Alps, and Westminster Abbey have nothing more truly classical, to one who feels as he ought to feel, than this rude and bare rock.

His formal induction to the professorship of the French and Spanish languages, and that of the belles-letters, took place on the 10th of August, 1819; when he delivered an inaugural discourse, in which the range and variety of his attainments were no less remarkable than the freshness and lucidity of his style. Occasionally rising to eloquence, he blends feeling and fancy with the condensed recapitulation of interesting facts; as in tracing the tone and spirit of Spanish poetry:—

It breaks upon us with the dawn of their modern history, in their unrivalled ballads; the earliest breathings at once of poetical and popular feeling among them, whose echoes, like the sweet voice of Ariel amidst the tumults of the tempest, come to us in the pauses of that tremendous warfare which seems, alternately, one merciless and interminable battle,

wasting generation after generation, and a single wild adventure running through whole centuries of romance and glory.

And finally we see it in the individual lives of their authors, which have been, to an unparalleled degree, lives of adventure and hazard,—in Garcilasso, whose exquisite pastorals hardly prepare us for the heroic death he died, before the face of his emperor; in Ercilla, who wrote the best of Spanish epics at the feet of the Andes, amidst the perils of war, and in the wastes of the wilderness; in Lope de Vega on board the Armada, and in Cervantes, wounded at Lepanto, and a slave in Barbary; in Quintana's prison, and Moratin's exile.

In September 1821 he married Miss Anna Eliot, the daughter of a successful merchant, receiving with her a fortune which, combined with that inherited from his father, "enabled him to live at ease, with unpretending elegance." An imposing description of his house is given by Hawthorne in his "American Notes;" and Miss Edgeworth had heard so much of the library, which Hawthorne calls a stately and beautiful room, that she requested Mrs. Ticknor to send her a sketch of it, concerning which she writes:—

But, my dear madam, ten thousand books, about ten thousand books, do you say this library contains? My dear Mrs. Ticknor! Then I am afraid you must have double rows, and that is a plague. . . . Your library is thirty-four by twenty-two, you say. But, to be sure, you have not given me the height, and that height may make out room enough. Pray have it measured for me, that I may drive this odious notion of *double rows* out of my head.

Circumstances (including domestic afflictions) on which it is unnecessary to dwell, led him, in the spring of 1835, to throw up his professorship and pay a second visit to Europe, taking the whole of his family (a wife and two daughters) along with him. On arriving in London, he is received on the same footing at nearly the same houses as before; and the changes that had taken place in the course of sixteen years are carefully noted. The decline of Almack's was one.

It struck me, however, that there were fewer of the leading nobility and fashion there than formerly, and that the general cast of the company was younger. I talked with Lady Cowper, Lady Minto, and Lord Falmouth, for I hardly knew any one else, and was very well pleased when, at two o'clock, the ladies declared themselves ready to come home.

Dining with a distinguished party at

Holland House, he remarks that the conversation was "a little louder and more *bruyant* than when I was in England before, in similar company."

On the 25th of July, 1835, they set out on a tour through England and Wales, travelling in a roomy carriage with four horses, and cross from Holyhead to Dublin on the 9th of August, to be present at the fifth meeting of the British Association. Here, of course, they are brought in contact with a host of celebrities, including Lady Morgan and Moore. On the 21st they go by invitation to Edgeworthstown, where they spend three days, during which Mr. Ticknor managed to elicit much curious literary information from Miss Edgeworth, who immediately afterwards wrote to a friend that, after having seen and heard the persons most distinguished for conversational talents in Great Britain, France, and Switzerland — Talleyrand, Dumont, Mackintosh, Scott, Sydney Smith, etc., etc. — she could with strict truth declare that Mr. Ticknor appeared to her fully on an equality with the most admired; "in happy apposite readiness of recollection and application of knowledge, stores of anecdote, ease in producing them, and depth of reflection." Yet two literary men, with whom (besides other meetings) he records a "jolly" dinner — the party being limited to five — in 1857, have not the smallest recollection of his person, manner, or tone. The only solution is that he was a capital listener, who was content to let others *faire le frais*, reserving himself for the quieter interchange of mind; and it is to this habit that we are indebted for the stores of anecdote and observation he has hived up.

Before returning to London he visits Southey and Wordsworth, both of whom he finds as frank and communicative as ever. "Wordsworth, as usual, talked the whole time;" and it would seem, as usual, about himself. Southey was more discursive, although he, too, spoke of his own works and projects. "He says he has written no *Quarterly Reviews* for two years, and means to write no more; that reviews have done more harm than good," etc. He attends the York Musical Festival, spends two days at Mulgrave Castle, three at Mr. Gaskell's and two at Wentworth House, to which, on the pressing invitation of Lord Fitzwilliam, he returns for a second visit on October 3rd. He is here presented to Lord Spencer, the Lord Althorpe of the Grey administration, who, "in talking a little politics," happened to speak of Lord Lyndhurst, to whom he

gave all praise for temper and ability, but declared to be entirely unprincipled. In illustration he cited the history of his own Bill for the Recovery of Small Debts, which, he said, Lord Lyndhurst (then solicitor-general), on its being first mentioned to him, entirely approved.

He (Lord Althorpe) introduced the bill, and was surprised beyond measure to have Mr. Solicitor Copley oppose it in a very able and acute argument. He went over instantly and spoke to him on the subject, and reminded him of what he had previously said in its favor, in private, to which "Copley made no sort of reply but by a hearty laugh." Lord Eldon, however, on whom Copley's promotion then depended, it was found afterwards, was opposed to the bill, and this explained it. Later the government changed its opinion on the measure; Lord Althorpe introduced it again, received the most efficient, good-tempered, and sagacious support for it, both in committee and in the House, and carried it, with Copley's aid, in every stage, and in every way, except debate.

As already intimated, Mr. Ticknor's anecdotes must be taken with some grains of allowance when they relate to subjects remote from his own studies and associations. He was clearly wrong about the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and he must have carried off a confused and mistaken impression of what Lord Spencer told him about his bill; the detailed history of which is given in the recently published memoir of that nobleman. The government did not change its opinion of the measure: he did not carry it; he gave it up in disgust, because he received no efficient support. "Even Lord Brougham, with his great eloquence and capacity for legal reform, long struggled in vain in the same course; nor was it until a quarter of a century had passed away that such an act as Lord Althorpe had contemplated became the law of the land."* As to its being carried "with Copley's aid," one of the most memorable episodes in Lord Lyndhurst's career was his opposition to the measure when brought forward by Lord Brougham in 1833. This, again, has been grossly misrepresented. In reference to the majority for the second reading, Mr. Charles Greville sets down: "Lyndhurst is in such a rage at his defeat in the House of Lords on the Local Courts Bill, that he swore at first he would never come there again."† The exact contrary was the fact. Before leaving the House after the division he sent

* Memoir, p. 195.

† Greville's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 384.

for a barrister who had been engaged to collect materials for him, and begged him to prepare for a renewal of the contest, frankly attributing the failure to his own negligence. On the third reading, he made a masterly reply to Lord Brougham, and the bill was thrown out.

Mr. Ticknor left London with his family on the 23rd of October, 1835, with the intention of passing the winter at Dresden. From Brussels he devotes a day to Waterloo, and it is to be regretted that he did not devote an hour or two to a preliminary study of the battle; for, not knowing that the duke on the night of the 15th of June had decided on fighting Napoleon at Waterloo if not able to stop him at Quatre Bras, Mr. Ticknor says that "the English, retreating from Ligny and Quatre Bras after the battles of the 16th, had no choice but to fight here. They could fall back no farther." Why could they not have fallen back on Brussels by the same road through which they had advanced?

It was [he thinks], all plain: the battle, the positions, the movements, everything; and all intelligible at a single glance. . . . On looking it all over, and considering the state of the battle at four o'clock, which had begun at eleven, I came somewhat unexpectedly to the conclusion that, if the Prussians had not come up, the English would have been beaten. This, in fact, I understand is now the general opinion, but it certainly was not so held in England soon after the battle, and it was not my own impression till I had been over the field.

The aspect of the field proves nothing as to the controverted point. It is entirely a question of time. According to the duke's memorandum, the first intimation of the approach of Prussians was a vague report brought from the left of the English army at about six in the evening. The state of the battle, therefore, could not have been what Mr. Ticknor supposes it at four; and, to the best of our belief, it has never been the general opinion out of France that the English would have been beaten if the Prussians had not come up. The battle might have been a drawn battle, which the arrival of the Prussians the day following must equally have converted into a rout. Such, certainly, was the deliberate conviction of the duke.

At Dresden, and on his way there by Bonn and Weimar, he sees Von Raumer, Schlegel, and Tieck; and strikes up a friendship, leading to a sustained correspondence during their joint lives, with Prince John of Saxony, the translator of

the "*Inferno*." At Berlin, the most remarkable of the personages with whom he mixes and talks are Ancillon the prime minister, Alexander von Humboldt, Lord William Russell, Savigny, and Varnhagen von Ense. From Ancillon he learns the true version of Madame de Staël's asking Fichte to give her "*un petit quart d'heure*" to explain his system. At Savigny's he meets the Baroness von Arnheim, and (with a want of gallantry which would make Lord Macaulay turn in his grave) notes down that, when she wrote the famous Bettina letters, she was forty instead of fifteen as people were led to believe, and Goethe past seventy.

Comparing Prince Metternich with Cardinal Mazarin, Talleyrand (as reported by Lord Macaulay) said: "*J'y trouve beaucoup à redire. Le cardinal trompait mais il ne mentait pas. Or, M. de Metternich ment toujours et ne trompe jamais!*" It would seem from some passages in the long and (as regards form) confidential conversation to which Mr. Ticknor was admitted with him at Vienna, that the prince had heard of this sarcasm, and was eager to neutralize it. Speaking of democracy, he said: "*En Europe c'est un mensonge, et je hais le mensonge.*" Again, in asserting his own consistency:—

But since I have been here I have always been the same, — *j'ai été toujours le même. Je n'ai trompé personne, et c'est par cette raison que je n'ai pas un ennemi personnel au monde.* I have had many colleagues, I have been obliged to remove many of them, — *j'ai été obligé d'en frapper beaucoup*, — but I never deceived them, and not one of them is now my personal enemy, *pas un seul*. I have been consulted at different times by many heads of parties in other countries, who wanted to make great changes or revolutions. I have always talked with them, as I now talk with you, directly, frankly, truly, — *directement, franchement, avec vérité*; very often afterwards I have crushed them, — *je les ai écrasés*, — but I have never deceived them, and they are not now my personal enemies.

It is difficult to understand how any extent of self-complacency or self-delusion could induce an experienced statesman to run on in this fashion. The conversation (or monologue) lasted above an hour and a half, and was throughout in the same tone. In the following September, Humboldt wrote to Mr. Ticknor:—

Le prince Metternich, que j'ai vu à Teplitz, a été ravi des entretiens qu'il a eus avec vous. Né dans une république, vous aurez, pourtant, paru plus raisonnable à ses yeux, que ce qu'il appelle mon libéralisme.

His second tour in Italy is even more productive of amusement and instruction than the first; but we can only find time for a general reflection or two. He writes to his friend, Dana, from Rome, February 22, 1837:—

... You ask me if I cannot tell you something to comfort an old Tory. I cannot. What Prince Metternich, the Phoenix of Tories, said to me over and over again, in a curious conversation I had with him last summer, is eminently true to my feelings, and would be, perhaps, still more so to yours, if you were travelling about as I am, — "*L'état actuel de l'Europe m'est dégoûtant.*"

The state of the New World fortunately consoles him for the corruption and decrepitude of the Old.

In the United States we have the opposite defects; but I greatly prefer them. We have the great basis of purity in our domestic life and relations, which is so broadly wanting here. We have men in the less-favored portions of society, who have so much more intellect, will, and knowledge, that, compared with similar classes here, those I am among seem of an inferior order in creation. Indeed, taken as a general remark, a man is much more truly a *man* with us than he is elsewhere; and, notwithstanding the faults that freedom brings out in him, it is much more gratifying and satisfying to the mind, the affections, the soul, to live in our state of society, than in any I know of on this side of the Atlantic.

If Mr. Ticknor had lived to watch the working of the institutions of the United States under emergencies like the War of Secession, he would not have been so eager to challenge this comparison. Commercial probity has become a byword at New York; corruption has invaded every department of the government; and domestic life no longer rests on that great basis of purity which he supposes to be a myth on this side of the Atlantic. A recent writer, who has made a conscientious study of the subject in all its branches, after mentioning the female agitation for women's rights, remarks:—

The disorder of morals follows that of the understanding, and we must make a material deduction from our estimate of American morality, formerly so justly vaunted. . . . Prostitution abounds in the great towns. Domestic dramas, assassinations, elopements are multiplied to a startling extent; the watering-places are for the richer classes fixed places of resort, open to the most shameful licentiousness. . . . Moreover, the notions of marriage, of conjugal faith, and adultery, will soon lose

all practical signification, so commonly practised is divorce.*

In a letter of the preceding year (1836) to Prescott, he remarks that, taking all things together, it is still very comfortable to be an American, and is on the whole an extremely good passport to general kindness and good-will.

At any rate, I would not change my passport—signed by some little scamp of an under-secretary at Washington, whose name I have forgotten—for any one of the fifteen hundred that are lying with it at the Police in Dresden, from Russia, France, and England.

From Paris, February 20, 1838, after stating that he had been to from twenty to five-and-twenty of the principal *salons*, he writes:—

One thing strikes me in all these places. I find no English. Though there are thirty thousand now in Paris, they can hardly get any foothold in French society, and it is only when you are at a great ball—at court or elsewhere—that you meet them.

Not many years later, the American Colonel Thorne, of ball-giving notoriety, meeting the late Lord Cantilupe at a *salon* in the Faubourg St. Germain, said to him, with a patronizing air, "I am happy to meet your lordship in this society." We are afraid, therefore, that there is no denying the fact that a high-born and accomplished Englishman may then have thought himself fortunate to be admitted to the same circles as an average American of the travelling class. Why was this? A very clever woman, who has had ample opportunities of observing both English and American travellers, states that "the merits of both have been amiably summed up by our epigrammatic friends: '*Otez du gentilhomme tout ce qui le rend aimable, vous avez l'Anglais; ôtez de l'Anglais tout ce qui le rend supportable, vous avez l'Américain.*'"†

Without going quite to this extent, we may assume that an American has no superiority over an Englishman of the same class of life in polish, refinement, or agreeability; yet it would be impossible for an Englishman without birth, fortune, fame, or social distinction as a starting-

* Les Etats-Unis contemporains, ou les mœurs, les institutions, et les idées depuis la Guerre de la Sécession. Par Claudio Jannet, ouvrage précédé d'une lettre de M. le Play. Paris, 1876.

† The *Atlantic Monthly*. ("An Old Woman's Gossip." By Mrs. Fanny Kemble. Under this title Mrs. Fanny Kemble is now publishing a series of impressions and reminiscences which, when completed, will form a curious and highly interesting autobiography.)

point, to attain the position which Mr. Ticknor reached without either at a bound. The entire absence of jealousy or rivalry on the part of the French has a good deal to do with American success; but this is not the sole advantage which our transatlantic cousins derive from their nationality. They come from a country where there is no nobility, no privileged order, no recognized aristocracy of any kind. They are not expected to supply proofs of having been born in the purple; their want of rank or title implies no inferiority: they have the benefit of the doubt. They are able to rely exclusively on their personal qualities; and there is one, perhaps the most essential to social success, to which one of their master spirits, Walt Whitman, confidently lays claim for them, "the air they have of persons who never knew how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors."

Two of the last men in England whom we should have suspected of the contrasted weakness, of an undue consciousness of social inequality, were Hallam and Sydney Smith; yet, if we may believe Mr. Ticknor, they were both painfully oppressed by it. He is describing (April 2, 1838) a breakfast at Sydney Smith's, when the conversation turned on the influence of the aristocracy on the social relations and especially on the characters of men of letters:—

To my considerable surprise, both Hallam and Smith, who have been to a singular degree petted and sought by the aristocracy, pronounced its influence noxious. They even spoke with great force and almost bitterness on the point. Smith declared that he had found the influence of the aristocracy, in his own case, "oppressive," but added, "However, I never failed, I think, to speak my mind before any of them; I hardened myself early." Hallam agreed with him, and both talked with a concentrated force that showed how deeply they felt about it. In some respects, the conversation was one of the most remarkable I have ever heard; and, as a testimony against aristocracy, on the point where aristocracy might be expected to work the most favorably, surprised me very much.

This was forty years since; and it will be remembered that, when Hallam and Sydney Smith entered literary life, it was a moot point whether it was consistent with the position of a gentleman to be paid for his articles. In a letter dated May 1803, referring to his editorship, Jeffrey speaks of being "articled to a trade that is not perhaps the most respectable." The very day of the breakfast, Mr. Tick-

nor dined with Sydney Smith at Lansdowne House, and "seeing his free good humor, and the delight with which everybody listened to him, thought there were but small traces of the aristocratic oppression of which he had so much complained in the morning."

Another entry relating to this breakfast runs thus:—

Speaking of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Smith said that it was begun by Jeffrey, Horner, and himself; that he was the first editor of it, and that they were originally unwilling to give Brougham any direct influence over it, because he was so violent and unmanageable. After he—Smith—left Edinburgh, Jeffrey became the editor; "but," said Smith, "I never would be a contributor on the common business footing. When I wrote an article, I used to send it to Jeffrey, and waited until it came out; immediately after which I enclosed to him a bill, in these words, or words like them: 'Francis Jeffrey, Esq., to Rev. Sydney Smith,—To a very wise and witty article, on such a subject, so many sheets, at forty-five guineas a sheet.' And the money always came. I never worked for less."

According to Jeffrey, there was no editor till he himself was named, *i.e.* till after the first three numbers; and Sydney Smith's account of enclosing bills must have been a joke:—

To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet;
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.

This (as Jeffrey states) was frequently much exceeded; but Sydney Smith's mode of charging per article must have been difficult, if not impracticable, in his case, since it would often have taken several of his early articles to make a sheet. He contributed seven to the first number, one of which occupies less than a page. In 1819, when he was at the height of his reputation, he was driven to defend and apologize for some of his articles instead of being able to set his own price upon them.*

Mr. Ticknor returned to Boston in the summer of 1838, and during the next ten years was almost exclusively occupied with the preparation of his "History of Spanish Literature," the first edition of which appeared towards the end of 1849. Pointing to the presentation copy on his table, Rogers remarked to Sir Charles Lyell: "I am told that it has been the work of his life. How these Bostonians do work!" It was reviewed (favorably, as it well mer-

* Letter to Jeffrey. ("M memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith." By his Daughter, Lady Holland, vol. ii. pp. 181, 182.) The early history of the *Edinburgh Review* is given in "Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey," vol. i. pp. 131-136.

ited) in this journal by the learned and witty author of the "Spanish Handbook," and still keeps its place as the standard work upon the subject.* A fourth edition, carefully revised by him, appeared the year after his death. Congratulatory letters poured in on all sides; and Mr. Abbott Lawrence, then United States minister, wrote to a friend: "I was present, a few evenings since, when the queen asked Mr. Macaulay what new book he could recommend for her reading. He replied that he would recommend her Majesty to send for the 'History of Spanish Literature,' by an American, Mr. Ticknor, of Boston."†

It was in the interests of the Free Library of Boston that, in the fulness of his fame, he undertook his third and last visit to Europe, where much of his time was consequently spent in the congenial labor of selecting books. The changes he remarked in London society were for the worse.

London life seems to me to have become more oppressive than it ever was. The breakfasts, that used to be modest reunions of half a dozen, with a dish or two of cold meat, are now dinners in disguise, for fourteen to sixteen persons, with three or four courses of hot meats. Once we had wine. The lunches are much the same, with puddings, etc., added, and several sorts of wine; and the dinners begin at a quarter to half past eight, and last till near eleven. Twice, spiced wines were handed round with the meats, which I never saw before, and did not find nearly so savory as my neighbors did. Everything, in short, announced—even in the same houses—an advance of luxury, which can bode no good to any people. But the tide cannot be resisted.

From Rome, January 25, 1851, he writes:—

Society has grown more luxurious, more elaborate, and less gay. The ladies' dresses, by their size, really embarrass it somewhat, and Queen Christina, with the ceremonies attending such a personage everywhere, embarrasses it still more this year. Above all, it costs too much.

The manners of the higher clergy, and probably of all classes of the clergy, are become more staid; perhaps their characters are

* It has been translated, with additions, into Spanish under the title of "*Historia de la Literatura Española trad. al Castellano, con Adiciones y Notas Críticas.*" Por P. de Gayangos y E. Vedia. 4 vols., royal 8vo., Madrid, 1851-57. Don Pascual de Gayangos, one of the most distinguished men of letters that the Spain of his generation has produced, was in constant correspondence with the author during the composition of the work, and afforded valuable aid.

† See "Life of Lord Macaulay," vol. ii. p. 301.

improved, for I hear of fewer stories to their discredit. The first time I was invited to the Borgheses' in 1836, was on a Sunday evening, and the first thing I saw when I entered was seven cardinals, four at one table, three at another, with their red skull-caps and *piéds de perdrix*, playing at cards (whist). Similar exhibitions I witnessed all the season through, there and elsewhere. But this year I have not seen a single cardinal at a card-table.

The higher clergy of the Established Church of England have similarly abandoned whist. The last prelate who was in the habit of playing, and played the old game well, was the learned and eminently orthodox Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts.

Paris, the Paris of the Second Empire, was no longer, in 1851, what monarchical Paris had appeared in 1838.

It was another atmosphere. Old times were forgotten; the old manners gone. And what is to come in their place? Paris is externally the most magnificent capital in Europe, and is becoming daily more brilliant and attractive. But where are the old *salons*,—their grace, their charming and peculiar wit, their conversation that impressed its character upon the language itself, and made it, in many respects, what it is?

His journal and letters during his last visit to England abound, as usual, with proofs of his insight into character. He struck up a close intimacy with Sir Edmund Head, and it is to him that he is most communicative of his impressions of their common friends, which are almost uniformly just. Thus, what struck him at once in Sir George Lewis was his instinctive fairness.

He was singularly able and willing to change his opinion when new facts came to unsettle his old one. He seemed to do it too without regret. . . . I remember I used to think he had the greatest respect for facts of any man I ever saw, and an extraordinary power of determining from internal evidence what were such.

How striking it is that two such scholars as he (Lewis) and Gladstone should have made such capital chancellors of the exchequer.

To a letter of his after his return home, describing the excellent effects of the prince's visit to the United States in 1860, Sir E. Head replies:—

The views which you express with reference to the effect of the prince's visit are, I believe, quite correct. I have taken measures for letting the queen see such portions of your letter as bear directly on the benefits likely to accrue to both countries, and I hope you will not think me indiscreet in doing so.

He is as plain-spoken as could be wished about his own country.

Our politics are in a state of great confusion. As the elder Adams said to me, when he was eighty-nine years old, about the politics of the state of New York for seventy years previous, "They are the devil's incomprehensibles."

This was in 1858, before the commencement of the civil war, which he declared at once must be fought out. In April 1863, he writes :—

Whatever awaits us in the dark future depends, I believe, neither on elections nor speeches nor wise discussions, but on fighting. I have thought so ever since the affair of Fort Sumter, and fire cannot burn it out of me.

The death of Prescott, January 27, 1858, although neither sudden nor unexpected, was a severe shock. Two months after the event he writes to his wife's niece, Mrs. Twisleton: "I do not get accustomed to the loss. Indeed, something or other seems to make it fall afresh and heavier almost every day." At the request of the family he immediately set about the "Life of Prescott," the publication of which, from circumstances connected with public affairs, was delayed till 1863. He was then seventy-two, an age at which he thought it prudent to give up authorship; but his mental powers were unimpaired, and till within a few days of his death, at seventy-nine, his principal enjoyments were derived from literary conversation or from books. His favorite reading in the decline of life was biography. He died on the 26th of January, 1871. On the preceding New Year's Day he was found reading the "Life of Scott" for (as he said) the fourth time; and on being asked to recommend a subject for reading, "Take Boswell," he said, "then Southey's 'Cowper,' the lives of Mackintosh, Scott, Southey, and so on; the memoirs are so rich." If the same request were made to us, we should say, Take Ticknor: the memoir is so rich, the tone and spirit are so good. No matter what your peculiar taste in this style of composition; no matter what your range of acquirement; rest assured that you will rise from the careful perusal of his journals and correspondence with a lively sense of self-satisfaction—amused, instructed and (we will venture to add) improved.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHN'S HERO.

I.

THE book, in which you take so warm an interest, is a mere work of fiction; and yet, as you judiciously observe, it is one without which no gentleman's library is complete. You ask who wrote it. You will be surprised to hear that it was produced by two authors. One of these is a man of world-wide reputation. The Japanese student has adopted him with the graceful costume of English civilization, and his name is misspelt by the Parisian journalist. The other author is comparatively unknown: he is my friend, and his Christian name is John.

Tom, Dick, Harry, John, and I were some few years ago a set at an Oxford college. Widely different in character, we had each his friends outside the little circle; but we five were bound most closely together by the memory of bright days of boyhood and of comical scrapes enjoyed by all together. But enough of this. We have left Oxford, and the old ties are loosened. Each has found for himself an absorbing occupation, and our intimacy has in some cases dwindled to a mere grunt in the street. The sagacious Tom is already a rising lawyer, and has lost his color. The graceful Dick offers incense at the shrine of art, draws daily longer limbs of sadder women, and has already painted ten thousand sunflowers. Harry, our golden youth, whose Pactolus flows foaming from the paternal vats, walks with stiff legs in the park, and dances with bent knees in the ball-room. When in London he has his flowers from the country; when in the country, from Covent Garden. He plays his hockey on horseback, and does his skating on wheels; keeps a yacht in the harbor, and a stud in the stable; pays for one theatre, and goes every night to another,—in short, sees life, and is as bored by the sight as if he were not the grandson of a jovial tapster. Henry, Richard, and Thomas, friends of my youth, you have gone from me! Indeed I have no time to cultivate you farther, for I have an engrossing occupation too. My whole time and my whole attention are given to the study and to the encouragement of John. John is the most remarkable young man of the age. Indeed he is too great for an age in which the division of labor is carried to excess. Tom delights in law; but how could John, with extended vision and impatient genius, limit himself to the composition of jargon for a conveyancer?

Dick revels gracefully in art; but how should John be content with a reputation for painting the sunny side of sheep? And indeed it seems likely that, as the great banker yields to the joint-stock company, so will the great artist be superseded by a union of the small, and a single canvas will display Mr. Hobson's unrivalled cows reclining beneath the world-renowned elms of Mr. Thompson, while the stream duly patented by Mr. Jackson runs through the inimitable meadow of Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Robinson's famous young lady in short-waisted white muslin treads the unpretending daisy of the modest Mr. Dixon. So is it with other professions. If it has been once admitted that an actor can play an old Frenchman, the world will have none of his young Frenchman, nor of his old Englishman. He may play the Dutchman all his life and make a fortune thereby, but people won't be bothered by his German, however near the border. Finally, the man of letters, if he have a reputation for the knowledge of butter, will have his essay on cream returned to him with a civil note from his publisher. In such a world what place is there for John? He cannot be content to invent a machine for fixing the wire on corks. To make wire, cork, bottle, and explosive liquor, would scarce be work enough for him. He is a giant in an age of clever pigmies, and should have stood by the great Leonardo wielding the chisel, the brush, and the pen, or played a whole orchestra of instruments while he planned a fort or a cathedral. To the sound of music the slender arches spring to the high point of meeting; the marble floor spreads wide and white below; and the great church, broad for all men and yearning up to God, stands a meet symbol for my friend. Is it strange that I should find the work of my life in watching, encouraging, and hoping for him? But I grow tedious, as I always do when I embark on this subject. I must to my story.

One evening I received a note from John, who begged me to come to him the next morning before breakfast. I am not an early riser; but I refuse my friend nothing. I found him alone, in the simply-furnished den which opens out of his bedroom on the third floor of a street, which you must forgive me for not naming. It was a cold, bright morning, and yet I found my friend leaning on his elbows at the open window. A pang of fear shot through me: all, even the most perfect characters, have one weak point:

I was certain that John loved. The worst sign was that he remained unconscious of my presence. With a sensation of sickness I foresaw the future, and myself without an occupation. I saw him in a suburban villa and the odor of respectability, owner of a dining-room with a side-board, a wife with a milliner, a coach-house with a perambulator. Could I find interest in watching him, as he bent all his great powers to the acquisition of a Victoria instead of the chariot of fame? I sighed; and John, at last conscious of my presence, seized me by the arm, and, drawing me hastily to the window, bade me look. I was dizzy, and could scarcely see. I drew my hand across my eyes, expectant of the picture of a young girl watering her mignonette. I have read of such things in books, and I looked for that air of innocent unconsciousness of male observation, which is dear to the sentimental novelist, and characteristic of the more charming sex. How different a sight met my eyes when they had recovered their wonted powers!

On the second floor of the opposite house was a window, of which the lower part was covered by a muslin blind; above this blind appeared a broad fat shoulder; and the shoulder was undoubtedly masculine. Across its ample surface a rough towel was passing and repassing with wonderful celerity.

"That shoulder," said John, solemnly, "supports the best head in England, the head of Mr. Damon."

"But what is he doing?" I asked.

"He is promoting his circulation."

"After his bath, I suppose?"

"I can't say," answered John; "but every morning at or about this hour, I observe the rub."

"And yet he is a hero in your eyes!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, and his fine eyes flashed; "if I were to see his statue in an aquarium, he would still be my hero. He is the man for whom I have been waiting—a man of the most varied talents, of balanced conduct, of perfect culture. I am going to sit at his feet."

"Then I can't go on sitting at yours," cried I, in some perturbation.

"I can teach nothing," said he; "but," he added, in a tone of deep feeling, "I am going to learn."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"No; but I shall in less than two hours. I am going to him, as one can to a truly great man, to tell him that I have need of him. I will do anything for him,

from blacking his boots to correcting his proofs."

"Or rubbing his back?" I ventured to suggest.

"I cannot aspire to so much honor," said John.

We breakfasted almost in silence. My friend was evidently nervous; and I was wondering if there would be much change in him, if he would be improved out of my reach, beyond my power of appreciation. At 10.30, he swallowed a powerful dose of sal-volatile, wrung my hand in silence, and left me. I saw him cross the road. From the opposite doorstep he waved his hand, like a young and stainless knight bound on some great quest, and disappeared.

II.

IF you wish to hear my account of my friend's intercourse with Mr. Damon, I must first warn you that some of the details, in which I delight, are inferred from others which John has given me, and from my knowledge of my friend's character, which I have studied so long. But you care nothing for this. And so let me to my story.

John explained to the maid-servant who admitted him that he would introduce himself. As he walked slowly but firmly up-stairs he thought of Boswell's first interview with Johnson, and of that happy day when Eckermann first saw the great Goethe "dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes." "What a sublime form!" was the comment of the German youth; but the more taciturn Englishman made no such observation on entering the room of Mr. Damon. Opposite to him, as he entered, was a large back still slouching over the breakfast-table. "Some more toast," said the sage.

"I beg your pardon," said John.

"Hollo! oh! eh!" and Mr. Damon turned slowly in his chair.

My friend found himself much embarrassed. "I took the liberty," he began.

"Oh! ah! precisely! but I am afraid I must ask you to call again. The fact is, that I don't happen to have it by me."

"I beg your pardon," said John.

"You can leave the bill, you know."

It was an unlucky beginning. As the two men looked at each other it became gradually clear to the elder that the gallant young fellow before him was neither his slavey nor an unreasonable shop-boy. John did not know what to say, confounded partly by the difficulty of explaining his purpose, partly by the confusion which was plainly apparent on the large

face before him. Mr. Damon rolled his big head, and then had nothing better to say than, "Would not you like—in fact—to take a chair?"

John took a chair, and a pause ensued. But he felt that he could not sit silent. He was just on the point of speaking of the weather, when he was moved to make a bold plunge, and said abruptly, "I want to thank you for all the good which I have got from your writings." The great man looked at him suspiciously: he thought that he was going to be asked for an autograph.

His guest went on earnestly,—

"I hope that I have not been wrong in coming to you; but won't you tell me what to do?"

"What to do!" repeated the other, on whose open countenance was a strange mixture of embarrassment and dawning gratification.

"I mean, what to do with my life."

"Live it," said Mr. Damon, on the spur of the moment, and with a happy reminiscence of one of his early sayings. It sounded well, and he repeated in a deeper tone, "Live it." Nor did it fail to make an impression on my friend. He thought it over. Then, as he saw his host grow calm after his inspired utterance, and settle himself in his chair, he felt that he had established his footing, and prepared to enlarge on his difficulties. As he warmed with the subject, he grew almost eloquent. He spoke of his strong desire to do something which should add in some way to the public good; and said how hard it was to find the right thing to do. Philanthropy, even when harmless, could but cleanse one house in a city of corruption. Statesmanship seemed little more than the science of getting place. Business was a mere race for comforts, or a substitute for the gaming-house. The mission of art was to tickle the fat ribs of the stall-fed financier; that of literature, to charm away those idle hours of the hectic matron which were not devoted to millinery or flirtation. Such, briefly, was the talk of John, who, I confess, was at times no wiser than other clever youths, who are apt to be intoxicated by the sudden consciousness of their own cleverness, and by the nimbleness of their tongues. Only he is unlike them all. He is so truly enthusiastic and warm-hearted. He is such a really fine fellow.

As Mr. Damon listened to his guest's speech, his attention became by degrees more and more closely fixed. He had heard a good deal which was very like it.

Indeed, as he listened, there dawned again for him a day in his own youth when, with a crust of bread and an apple in his pocket, he had roamed from morning till nightfall among the Westmoreland hills, sometimes raving in verse, and sometimes wondering why nobody had come to set the clumsy world to rights before.

Yet he felt a stir about his heart which he had not experienced since he tried his first electric bath ten years before. The tones of the brave young voice were like wine to him. Gradually one thought became predominant in his mind. He forgot that the boy was asking for help, as he wondered whether he could get help from the boy. Was it possible that his old faith, which he had never abandoned, but which had so long been a dead heap on which criticisms might be founded — was it possible that the mass could glow again? If he could but get regular doses of this fresh enthusiasm, what might he not accomplish even now? The solemn criticisms, with which he occupied himself daily, seemed to him in his unwonted mood heavy as dough. He remembered the works of his youth, and of his prime; and heard the echo of old praises. He remembered plans long since abandoned, for compressing all life into a work of fiction, or living in the lives of the many divers characters of that great drama which had never been written. Suddenly he remembered a great trunk full of papers which had stood untouched for many years. As he was thinking of this trunk, John finished his confession, and leaned forward in his chair waiting for advice. Mr. Damon looked at the flushed cheeks and bright eyes before him, and felt that he had found a tonic. He pulled himself together, and sat up in his chair.

"It is very interesting," he said.

"But what shall I do?" asked John.

"Ah, that is the question," remarked the other, solemnly; and then added, as if suddenly inspired, "Come and see me again. Come any day — every day — in fact to-morrow. I should like to talk to you."

"And you will give me something to do?" cried the young man, much elated.

"Ah, yes, to be sure. Something to do, eh? Come again — yes, come again to-morrow at eleven. We must see more of each other. Good morning."

"Good morning," said John, starting up, as he found himself dismissed. "And you will tell me to-morrow what I am to do?" he asked.

"Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow. Come to-morrow, come — in fact, at eleven."

III.

AFTER his first interview with the great Mr. Damon, my friend was in a state of excitement and exaltation. Again and again he burst forth into praises of his master's silent influence. He was so great and calm. About him was an atmosphere of culture, and to breathe it was education. In such an air, and under such royal eyes, John felt that he too would become wise and good. He aspired to be a channel, through which the sweet waters of culture, springing in the bosom of Mr. Damon, might be carried abroad into the thirsty land. His plan of educating himself, that he might benefit others, seemed already accomplished; and for one evening he enjoyed a future at once sure and noble.

The next morning, exactly at eleven, he walked across the dusty road as one who trod the air, and entered the opposite house. His host was ready to receive him, and stepped forward as he entered. "This is well; this is friendly," he said, and he continued to shake his visitor's hand slowly, as he added, "I have been thinking how we can get on best. We must not be too wide, eh? There must be some central point; something — in fact, something to come back to."

"Something for me to work at?" suggested John, making a slight and respectful effort to become master of his own hand. Mr. Damon opened his large fingers and allowed the imprisoned hand to fall. "I have had that trunk brought down here," he said: "it contains some papers written by me at various times on various subjects. You might look over them if you like."

"Of course I should like it," cried the disciple. "Shall I put them in order?"

"Perhaps that would be best."

"And tell you what is in them?"

"I don't see why not. And then we might talk them over, eh?"

"And then you can make up your mind what to finish, and what to publish. May I begin at once?"

"I don't see why not," said the sage; and added after a pause, "there are some sketches, I think, and studies of character made when I was planning a work of fiction some time ago. I was — in fact, I was a younger man then."

"Oh, why did not you finish it?" asked my friend in a tone of regret. "It would

be such a great thing for us to see the world as you saw it when you were young."

Mr. Damon slowly shook his head. "My critical labors," he began, and then stopped, as his eye wandered absently to the old trunk. John regarded him in silence, afraid to break his train of thought. Presently the great man sank into an easy-chair and took up a book. John glanced at him, and then at the trunk. Its lid was open, and close beside it was a table on which paper, pens, and ink were placed. Concluding that the preparations were for him, and that he need not disturb his master, he stepped lightly across the room, seated himself at the table, and lifted a handful of loose papers from the trunk. For an hour he worked steadily, reading, considering, and classifying. Suddenly it occurred to him that he felt a slight oppression. He raised his head and looked about him. He perceived that the great man had not stirred. He glanced at the windows, and saw that they were both shut. He would have liked to open one of them; but he felt that it was not for him, who had been admitted to the enjoyment of a privilege, to suggest an alteration in his benefactor's habits. He gave himself a shake to clear his head and turned again to his work. He was on the track of his friend's great novel, and had already found two sketches of the plot, which differed in many particulars. Now he came upon a complete chapter kept together by an old boot-lace, and now upon a coverless book full of witty or pretty sayings and fragments of dialogue. A plan of the heroine's character was disinterred from under a massive essay on evolution, and some suggestions for a comic man were found among the crumpled pages of an analysis of Mill's "Logic." The interest of the searcher was kept alive partly by the excitement of the chase, and partly by some of the passages which he read. Nevertheless he found it unusually hard to keep his attention fixed, and was annoyed with himself for allowing his thoughts to wander to trivial matters. He found himself waiting for his friend's periodical cough, and wondering why so great a man had acquired the habit of clearing his throat at such regular intervals. At the same time he became more and more conscious of a faint furry smell. Presently, as he stooped for another bundle of papers, he connected that strange odor with the trunk, which was of a hairy species now happily rare. He observed that the hair was generally

loose, and had left several bald places. His nostril twitched, but he steadied himself and picked out a bundle. He opened a large sheet of foolscap, and saw that it contained, not only the outline of Part III. of the novel, but also a large oblong grease-spot—a shiny and transparent place. He looked at the windows and then at Mr. Damon, who was still reading and did not meet his eye. Then he said to himself that it was weakness to be disturbed by trifles; and then he laid down his pencil, leaned back in his chair, and pressed his hands to his forehead, which was beginning to ache. He languidly thought of last night's enthusiasm, and his lips began to murmur a phrase which he had used so glibly, "the atmosphere of culture." He looked with a dull eye at the hair trunk. Presently he started at the sound of his master's cough, shook himself impatiently, and leaning forward again, spread out his papers with an air of stern determination.

Two hours had passed since John entered the room, when his friend laid down his book, rose slowly, and stood beside him. He supported himself by the back of the young man's chair, and, as he bent forward to look at his work, he pressed so heavily on his shoulders, that the active youth had much ado to save himself from being flattened on to the table. The man of culture was certainly too big for the room; and John caught himself thinking that this hero, whom he had praised as so great and calm, might be called by a scoffer only fat and lymphatic. He dismissed the idea. To him this man, even though he leaned so heavily on his shoulders, was really great and calm. He would believe in his greatness. What better proof could there be than indifference to the petty details of life, to the perfume of an old hair trunk, to the oiliness of a bit of paper, to an unbrushed coat? For it could not be maintained that the coat, which was pressed against the back of John's head, had been brushed that morning. Short, perhaps too short for a stout wearer, in color a faded purple, it belonged to that class of garments which are worn by sedentary men only in their studies. John is fond of simplicity, and he wished that that coat had never been adorned with silk facings and a velvet collar. There was a more recent decoration. When the man of culture moved round to the side of the table, his friend's attention was caught for the second time by a spot of grease, and he began with some ear-

nestness to compare the one on the coat with the other which shone on the foolscap before him.

"Well, well! we shall make something of it, eh?" said Mr. Damon.

John was almost too languid to answer, but he tried to nod cheerfully.

"Shall we talk it over to-morrow?" continued his friend. "I have promised — well, I have promised to go out to luncheon with somebody — in fact, with my publisher."

The young man started up briskly, and instantly felt ashamed of his alacrity.

"At the same time to-morrow, eh? We will have a nice long morning," said the man of culture; and taking the other's hand in his, he began to shake it slowly.

"Thanks," said John, and was vexed at the dreary tone of his voice. He looked apologetically at his friend, vaguely wondering if he would forget to drop his hand and so keep him there forever. Presently his arm fell heavily by his side; then he stretched it out for his hat; then gasping out some incoherent expressions of gratitude he got himself out of the room, stumbled down the stairs, fumbled at the door, and presently stood in the street drawing a long breath.

Mr. Damon brushed his hair with unwonted vigor, and as he went to luncheon, caught himself buzzing, and thought that he was humming a tune.

IV.

As the days went by, I saw that my friend became thinner in body and more restless in mind. His face had a harassed look, and in the morning his eyes wandered every moment to the clock. At length I could no longer bear to watch the change, and I spoke. At first he scarcely attended to my words; but gradually he listened more and more, and at last, after a hurried glance over his shoulder, he turned suddenly towards me, and seizing both my hands with nervous energy, began to speak.

"How can I get out of it?" he cried, passionately.

"It is a failure, then?" I asked.

Then he poured out all his troubles. He spoke of the atmosphere of culture; of the trunk that was growing balder every day; of the papers which their owner disarranged every evening, and which every morning were less pleasant to handle. As he spoke in an awestruck voice, it seemed like the story of an evil dream, in which some cumbrous Penelope unwove another's web with clumsy fingers.

"But the papers themselves?" I asked; "surely their contents are some compensation?"

He shook his head sadly. "There are fine things," he said; "bits of character, scenes like life, great thoughts put tersely; but —"

"But what?" I asked.

He looked at me sadly, and said, "I would not say this to anybody but you. Those good things are buried — buried under heaps, monstrous heaps, of loose sentences, loose thoughts, great masses of undigested commonplace. They must have been done at all times, in all moods — some, I feel sure, in sleep. The roses and cabbages are all loose in one cart, the roses under the cabbages — great, shapeless, overgrown, sodden cabbages." Here his face sank into utter gloom.

"But you are collecting the roses," I cried, eagerly.

His voice was low as he answered, "He likes the cabbages quite as well; he can't bear to give up a single cabbage."

"Then what can you do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered.

"And you are wasting all your talent in doing —"

"Nothing," he said again.

"And this man wishes you to —" I paused astounded at my friend's infatuation.

"He cannot bear me to be a moment behind my time!" he said, and he glanced for the hundredth time at the clock.

"For heaven's sake cut him!" I cried; "the man is a vampire."

"I have taken up my burden," said he.

"You have crept under a feather-bed," said I. "Come out before you are smothered."

He smiled faintly, and I was encouraged to speak more earnestly. At last I thought that I had convinced him. I saw the light of hope come back into his eyes, and I heard a brighter tone in his voice. But my time was short. He suddenly caught sight of the clock, and sprang to his feet. It was past eleven. As he dashed down-stairs, I called from the landing, "Give him up! give him up!" He made no answer. Then I flew to the window and shouted as he rushed across the street. An answer came back from the opposite doorstep, which sounded like, "I will try." I sat down with my eyes fixed upon Mr. Damon's lodgings.

John found his master staring listlessly at the clock, and in despair at his secretary's desertion. He heaved a great sigh of relief when the young man entered;

but his face looked pale and loose, and his body very limp in his wide chair. John had determined as he ran up-stairs to make a rush for freedom.

"I am afraid that I can't be of any more use to you," he cried, with a gasp.

"What?" asked the other, in a tone of blank dismay.

"I think I must leave you."

"Leave me!"

"I am doing no good. I must find something to do. I always told you that I must do something."

"Do something!" muttered the great man. "You mean—you mean that you are doing no good in helping me?" He spoke with a muffled voice; then suddenly, in an acute tone he cried, "Is it all bad?"

John stepped hurriedly backward, and looked at his friend in amazement. Was the great man appealing to him?

"Bad!" he cried; "there are splendid things in it. I shall always be grateful to you for letting me see them. There are bits which you wrote——"

"Which I wrote twenty years ago."

"There are splendid things," cried John again, alarmed by the other's hollow tone. "Anybody could carve a fine book from those papers. It only wants a few links added and—and form."

"Form!" muttered Mr. Damon, sinking lower in his chair. By this time his guest was only anxious to cheer the sage by any means. He had forgotten his own melancholy, as he cried with warmth, "It would be a fine work, and the public——"

"They don't care for me now."

"And what does it matter if they don't?" asked the young man, who was once more the eager partisan: "you have done them good—you have done them good; and what does their ingratitude matter?"

Mr. Damon swayed forward towards the table, and laid his large head upon his arms. With his face thus hidden he said in a gloomy voice, "I can't do without it."

"Without what?"

"Popularity," said the sage, and he sniffed ominously. Perhaps his gloom was partly caused by a heavy cold in the head. John started, and looked at the slouching figure before him with a certain degree of horror, which presently struck him as comical. He smiled, and the smile grew pitiful. Then the great man, with his face still buried, unburdened his mind. His confession dropped from him as heavy

drops of rain-water gather at the end of a choked pipe, and so fall one by one. Many times he paused to gasp or to blow his nose, but he always began again as if impelled by some slow force. He said that for years he had felt himself each day more neglected, more lonely: old friends had died or gone away; no new ones had come: people went after fresh idols: publishers instead of eager inquiries gave him cold respect. The young man listening to him found his eyes grow moist, as he thought of some old crumbling statue left motionless in the desert, when the vivid procession bearing ivory, gold, and peacocks, sweet-scented wood, and many-folded garments steeped in dyes, had passed away forever. Presently Mr. Damon went on to tell how he had felt new life thrill through him at the coming of a new disciple; how he had hoped again for sympathy, first of this one bright young nature, and then of others won by him. He said that he was utterly weary of criticism; that he had hoped to produce something which some young hearts might welcome; that he had not the energy now to do it alone. John listened full of strange thoughts. He felt some contempt and much pity for this hero, at whose feet he had hoped to sit, and whom he now saw palpitating like a great jelly before his own. There crossed his mind a whimsical fancy that here was that great critic who had devoured all other critics, who had devoured all literature, until the wide field of culture was a desert, and on it one monster with a chronic indigestion. But his face was animated and his eyes bright once more, as he laid his hand upon the monster's pulpy shoulder. He felt that he could do something after all. "Look here," he said; "let me take away those papers which I have collected, and form out of them a complete book. Let me take what I like and reject what I like." Here his host heaved under his hand, and John inferred a sigh; but as no objection was made he went on: "It will all be yours, you know—all the matter and value. I shall only put it in order and add a few necessary links. Then, if you like it, you shall give it to the world." He paused, and there came a doubtful sniff in answer.

"I tell you," said John, impatiently, "that there are great things in it. We all want them, we young men. We shall buzz about you like bees." He gave the great shoulder a slight shove. A large limp hand was pushed out sideways, and began moving round blindly. The young

man grasped it with his nervous fingers. Then at last the man of culture looked up, and there was in his eyes a look of dumb entreaty and trust, as of an old dog who can follow his master no farther.

"We will carry it through," cried John, who felt a strange sensation in his throat.

Thus it came to pass that the disciple sat no more at the feet of his master, but rose to take him on his shoulders; and hence came the book, without which, as you judiciously remark, no gentleman's library is complete.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ITALIAN ART AND LITERATURE BEFORE GIOTTO AND DANTE.

II.

ART AND LITERATURE IN RELATION TO THE CLOISTER AND ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE.

TO-DAY we intend to review the art and literature of Italy in relation to the cloister and ecclesiastical life from the year 1000 to 1300.

It has been so often said that the Middle Ages were the ages of faith and religious enthusiasm, that we need not say much on the reasons which caused the predominance of religious idea and ecclesiastical laws over the civil authority. This is a fact, and this fact was the necessary consequence of the abuses which the brute force of the invaders had brought into their political sway. The ecclesiastical body, the clerical society, had monopolized all power, even that of the administration of justice, at a time when authority was milder and justice was safer in their hands than in the hands of civilians.

The impartial historian cannot look upon this prevalence of religious power over body and mind as dangerous to society in the times we are treating of. Religious power was, in the course of many centuries of change and devastation, the only element of stability and durability. Its foundation lay on a basis of truth and sublime teaching, which, whatever may have been the abuses of its ministers, had often disarmed oppressors and suspended the course of their barbarous executions and spoliations, arresting them on the threshold of churches and cathedrals. Those innumerable hordes, speaking unintelligible languages, respecting nothing, carrying away everything, came and remained till others not very dissimilar took their

place, doing the same deeds; while the Church remained always the least changeable among the continued changes of powers and of people, and the most human of all rulers. Its domination then was natural, and was also popular.

But was this authority without censure? Certainly not. The monk Wala, writing in the ninth century to a king of France, Louis the Débonnaire, says that the reasons of that disordered state of society which disposed people's minds to believe in the approaching end of the world were twofold: the clergy taking too great a part in political affairs, while the laity equally meddled in ecclesiastical concerns. The immense wealth which the clergy, the monasteries, the convents, the popes, had accumulated, had already corrupted and distracted them from their divine mission. If we open the "*Divina Commedia*," which is as the handbook of the Middle Ages, we shall find the greed and avarice of the clergy and Rome stigmatized with that vigor which, in unmistakable manner, belongs to Dante. One of the three wild beasts the poet meets in the dark forest of life, where he has lost the path, is the wolf, the symbol of Rome, of papal Rome, that greedy animal, —

Which has a nature so depraved and bad,
That she can never sate her craving will,
But after feeding hungereth the more.

Then there is the infernal whirlpool of the fifth canto, in which the souls stained with the vices of prodigality and avarice find their punishment. They are divided into two bands continually whirling round in two opposite directions, one band of sinners half way round the circle meeting the other band, who have been guilty of the opposite vice; clashing and striking against each other with huge weights, which they push with their breasts; then, breaking like the waves of Charybdis, they separate to meet again at the end of the other half-circle, striking and howling at each meeting, "Why didst thou squander?" To which the others answer, "Why didst thou withhold?" Among the avaricious Dante sees nearly all the sinners with shaven crowns; wherefore he asks Virgil whether they are all priests. "They are all," Virgil replies, —

All priests and cardinals and popes,
In whom did avarice its power work.

There is no doubt about the way in which people judged the love of the ecclesiastics for worldly goods, and Dante does but reflect the opinion of his time in judg-

ing them severely. We have quoted Dante only to invoke the authority of a man who cannot be suspected of irreligion, and to give an example of the bitterness of his sarcasm; but the whole history of Italy in those three centuries, the long struggle between Guelphs and Ghibellines, the contempt of papal bulls and excommunications, the schism of Arnold of Brescia in the twelfth century, and many other facts to which, by the nature of our subject, we shall be brought to point in the course of these lectures, show how early in Italy this power was already contested, and how society and intelligence felt it could at last emancipate itself from the guardianship of ecclesiastical power.

But we must not compare this baneful influence of the clergy with the real power which religious ideas had on the minds of men. Priestly power and religious idea were, and still are, two distinct and separate things. Priestly power was, and is still, hated and stigmatized; religious ideas were, and are still, felt in Italy as elsewhere. And if, making a fair distinction between them, we take, thus to speak, a bird's-eye view of the period, we shall see that among the three principal currents of intellectual life which we have noticed in the preceding lecture—one emanating from the *new religion*, another from *foreign influence*, and a third from *national traditions*—the first is the most important, and exercises the most powerful and healthy influence upon the art and literature of the time. Individuals may be hypocritical in all ages, but a whole people and a whole age cannot be so. Hence we must infer that there was something in the state of society, something peculiar, which disposed the mind to religion and monastic life—a life which often gave birth to the noblest achievements of man, by converting and educating the people, and cultivating and promoting the study of art and literature. What was, then, this “something peculiar” required to explain the age? It is the contrast which is noticed in society, and which reflects itself in art and literature; the contrast between might and right, between brute force and civilization. On one side you see castles and fortresses, the works of barons and kings to frighten and oppress the people; on the other, churches, asylums, monasteries, and convents, to receive the pilgrim, the sufferer, and the weary, seeking silence and separation from the struggles of the world. “In our day,” says a contemporary writer, “rich and noble men give their time to oppress and torment the

poor who have the misfortune to be dependent on them. When, by their ferocious deeds, they have awakened hatred among their subjects and fear their revenge, they build a castle, they surround it with a ditch, they separate the gate from the road, so that nobody may enter except by lowering the bridge, they raise a lofty tower in the centre of the castle so that they may look afar into the surrounding country and see who is approaching; and then they are perfect masters, and their castles are a refuge to themselves, a prison and a place of torture to their victims.” This is typical of feudalism in the Middle Ages.

But by the side of the evil there is the remedy. The spirit of devotion and charity, contemplation and study, takes refuge in abbeys, monasteries, and convents, which, as though in defiance of the proud castles of the oppressors, also chose the tops of lofty mountains and the most enchanting spots of land, thus showing their admiration for the beauty of nature, and their sagacity in preferring situations where the contemplation of that beauty brings man more closely to his Maker. This taste in the choice of a spot for a religious edifice has been always remarkable in Italy. Where there is beautiful scenery, if there be an elevated place whence you can see from afar the turmoil of the world as at your feet; if a friendly hand may be needed, when danger threatens the traveller and the pilgrim—there is a church, or a sanctuary, or a monastery, or it may be only a cross, at the foot of which the wayfarer can sit, and rest, and pray. The Alps and the Apennines, from the St. Bernard to the Hermitage on the slope of Mount Etna, all the mountains and peaks of Italy testify by those glorious signs to the religious fervor of the Middle Ages. If you would have one proof of it among thousands, go twenty miles from Florence to the romantic valley of Upper Arno. There among the most magnificent fir-trees, which carry your mind to the stern grandeur of a Norwegian forest, you see the church and convent of Vallombrosa, the site and name of which are remembered by Milton. Higher up is the *Eremo del Paradisino* (the Hermitage of the Little Paradise), from which the view enlarges on the clear horizon until it is lost in the azure waves of the Mediterranean. Ascending to the sources of the Arno, through the fertile Cosentino, you arrive at the Camaldoli, another convent, and the cradle of another monastic order. Proceeding on to the

ridge of the Apennines, you reach the *Sacro Eremo*, a spot which truly seems to invite man to the contemplation of God in the wonders and beauties lavished on the land. Thence you can see the slopes descending to the Mediterranean. Further on, on the summit of another steep and solitary mount, you will find the Alvernia, the secluded place selected by St. Francis, which would enchant the traveller had he not first seen the others. In these most pleasant sojourns retired those hermits, cenobites, and anchorites, and there assembled those legions of monks, which constitute one of the most prominent features of the Middle Ages. Cloister life was a refuge from the world for all those who, having made a sad experience of life, or satisfied their ambitious desires, wished to end their days peacefully. But there was also another class who took shelter in those tranquil and retired places, these were the men who, abhorring the struggles of the world, wished for leisure that they might devote it to noble and intellectual pursuits. Hence monachism exercised a great influence upon the learning and the art of Italy and Europe.

The influence of monastic bodies upon literature and art has, however, been much disputed by some modern writers, and strongly supported by others. The first, though allowing something to the social influence of monachism, over the ferocious conquerors of Italy, assert that the monks were the destroyers more than the keepers of the Greek and Latin classics; that their ignorance was equal only to their cupidity; that the cost of parchment and the want of paper induced them to obliterate valuable classical works, that they might write parchment prayers and psalms, which they sold for a small sum. Some chroniclers confirm this assertion, and besides this, the fact of classical works having been discovered by chemical means concealed under indifferent and barbarous writing belonging to this age, would be a further proof that this was sometimes the case.

But we must not take exceptions for the fact. Learning, literature, and art cannot be historically reviewed at this period without inquiring into the monastic institutions of the time. When we find the names of Lanfranc, St. Anselm, Peter the Lombard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, Roger Bacon, Desiderio, abbot of Montecassino, and Arnold of Brescia, all monks; when we know that the first treatise on painting was written by the monk Theophilus; that

Beato Angelico was also a monk, that Guido d'Arezzo was a monk, that St. Francis was one of the first poets in the Italian language—we cannot say that monastic life has proved unfavorable to art and literature in Italy and Europe. On the contrary, we think that by having kept public schools continually open, by patronizing art and artists, by promoting the erection of churches, convents, and monasteries, by copying and illuminating manuscripts, by controversial and philosophical discussions, by composing popular religious songs and teaching music, by emancipating themselves occasionally, as in the case of Arnold of Brescia, from the meek tenor of their lives to raise a cry against the corruption of religious authority and in favor of the ancient national greatness, and by taking sometimes the lead in the manufactures and industry afterwards introduced among the people—the monk, I repeat, prepared the way for that noble activity of the Italians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries which is the bright dawn of modern Italian art and literature.

Nor was this influence of monastic bodies extended only to Italy. I have no fear of being accused of national vanity if I allude to the influence which Italians, such as Lanfranc and St. Anselm, exercised on the revival of letters, first in France, and then in England.

The learning of these two celebrated men is a proof of the accomplishments possible in Italy even as early as the eleventh century; for we are told (more particularly of Lanfranc) that “he was instructed in his youth in the school of liberal arts and secular laws according to the system then general in his country.” And these words are quoted from Milo Crispin, a monk of the monastery of Bec, in Normandy, of which Lanfranc had been prior. But in assigning to these two men their proper place in the spread of Italian learning to foreign countries, I will rather quote the authors of the “*Histoire littéraire de la France*,” certainly never friendly to Italy, than use my own words. “Lanfranc and Anselm,” these say, “besides cultivating the higher sciences, displayed in their pure Latinity a refined taste unknown since the decline of literature and science. This they communicated to their pupils, and these again transmitted it to others. The happy influence of this revolution, having spread from Normandy to the whole of France, gradually extended to England and Germany, and reacted even on Italy. The monastery of Bec

has the glory of having been the cradle of this revival, wherefore the historians of Lanfranc's life were justified in saying that the western world, especially France, England, and Germany, felt the influence of his brightening mind. Before Lanfranc, and Anselm his pupil, had erected schools in France, the Latin which the French wrote was coarse and barbarous, their theology was crude and lacked precision, their philosophy merely dialectic, and of metaphysics they scarcely knew the name. But after those two great men had established public schools, all those faculties reached a degree of perfection which even the more enlightened succeeding ages have not disdained to take as a model. Lanfranc ingeniously and triumphantly employed theology in defence of faith. Anselm solved theological questions abstruse in his days; and by always showing the authority of the Scripture to be in accordance with his doctrines, taught divines how to reconcile reason with revelation. He rose above the conventionalities of the schools, and left proof of the power of his mind in books which show him deserving the title of the greatest metaphysician since the time of St. Augustine." I will add to this testimony of writers not over partial to Italy the fact that this title is confirmed to Anselm of Arti by no less a man than Leibnitz.

These were not the only men who brought out of Italy the learning of their century. Peter the Lombard, Ludolf of Novara, Bernard of Pisa, were at the same time, or shortly after, famous in Paris as professors of theology and philosophy. Thus Paris soon became a great centre of intellectual activity, to which even many Italians actually went to complete their philosophical studies. Thus began that influence and reaction of the mind of one country over another, which I think is characteristic of modern civilization.

To the school of Abelard, which sprang from the mental activity brought by Italians to bear in France, Italy owes that Arnold of Brescia, memorable in the twelfth century for his opposition to the temporal power of the popes. The philosophical and eloquent demonstrations of Arnold with regard to the relations between Church and State expressed the tendency of the Italian mind to emancipate itself from the dominant ecclesiastical power, and mark the period when the popes began to lose ground morally in Italy. This desire of mental and religious emancipation preceded Protestant-

ism by more than three centuries; and Arnold would have been as successful in Italy at a much earlier date as Luther was afterwards in Germany, if the German emperor, who made him prisoner, had not consigned him to an English pope, who caused him to be burnt before the break of day, that the people might not prevent it, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber, that the people might not adore him as a saint. Thus when we are told that it was only when Protestantism prevailed in Germany and England that the human mind began to think freely, we must remind the historians who assert it that it was a German emperor and an English pope, and not the Italian people, who crushed in Arnold of Brescia, the initiator of that emancipation.

Obliged, however, as we are to limit our review, and to condense into a short compass the facts, already numerous, of our subject, we will note among the hundreds of monastic orders then living in Italy three which have rendered singular services to Italian literature and art. These are the Benedictines, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans. Classical literature is principally indebted to the first; popular, or Italian literature, to the second; and fine arts to the third: not so much, however, that they do not contribute sometimes to other departments as is especially the case with the Benedictines.

Monachism, as is well known, existed in the East before Christianity. It is also well known that from the East it passed first to Italy, whence it extended to the West; with this difference, that the East consigned the monks to idle contemplation, while in the West they had to work. St. Benedict, who in the fifth century founded the celebrated monastery of Montecassino on a hill of the Abruzzi (where there was a temple dedicated to Jupiter), in his "Rule of Monastic Life," which became the most general in Europe, declares openly against idleness in the following words: "Idleness is the enemy of the soul: the brothers in consequence must at certain hours be engaged in material work; at others in religious reading." Monachism, then, passing from the East to the West, has altered its character; it was no longer a state of ascetic exaltation, but a state of moral austerity, which did not disdain society and the duties which it imposes, but only submitted them to rule and stricter obligations. This difference took place in Italy principally through St. Benedict. To prescribe activity, however, was not

enough, it was necessary to enforce it. Passive obedience and abnegation of individual will were the means to the end. The result of this institution was extraordinary. In the absence of all civil institutions tending to education, episcopal and monastic schools flourished under the protection of bishops and abbots. Nor was their instruction limited to what referred more especially to the Church. They cultivated astronomy and mathematics; they studied the ancient philosophers; they copied manuscripts, illuminated some, destroyed others, and when their artists were insufficient, they called others from Greece, from Constantinople, where art and learning had lived more peacefully, because not subjected to the vicissitudes of foreign invasions as in the West, though not more prosperously.

Desiderio, one of the most celebrated abbots of Montecassino, who was afterwards Pope Victor III., had assembled in that convent artists of all kinds, and enriched that library with works of profane as well as sacred erudition, which have been thus preserved to us. The works of Cornelius Nepos, Homer, Virgil, Terence, Horace, Ovid, Theocritus, Seneca, and Cicero, and many others form part of this rich collection. It was through the monks of Montecassino that the connection with the Arabians was actively kept up, and there was one of them, called Constantine, who in the eleventh century went to Bagdad, frequented the schools of the Arabians, learned the languages of the East, travelled, and studied the institutions of the Persians, Indians, and Egyptians, and returned with his treasures of knowledge and of books, to Montecassino, teaching what he had learned to a very advanced age.

If I could enter into details about the monasteries of Bobbio and Forfa, the first of which did in the north of Italy what Montecassino did in the south, I should be able to cite many facts to show what immense attention was given to the noblest studies, and how many archæological treasures have been here preserved, and how many of the literary discoveries of modern times belong to the cloisters of the Middle Ages.

But we are more immediately impelled by the desire of finding the threads which will lead us to the days of Dante and to the "*Divina Commedia*." Now there is in the literary studies of those times, more especially in those cultivated by the monks, a double current, which I will call the one of *restoration*, and the other of

renovation. The first included all that belongs to classical literature, the second all that goes to form the new literature. The one looks to the past; the other to the future. The first has been sufficiently inquired into by many, and we have said enough to state the importance of the monastic orders in the literary history of Italy, especially in transmitting to us the intellectual treasures of antiquity. It is the second, the element of the new literature, its spread among the people, the adoption of the Italian language, with which Italian literature really begins, that more especially calls our attention; and to this we will look for more vital sources of new ideas.

In the Middle Ages the literature more current among the people assumed two forms, the songs of troubadours and the legends of saints. The first was more especially the poetry of the barons and feudal lords, living within their castles, and among their counts, though in time they became little popular. The second was the real poetry of the people, as it was the oldest and the most in accordance with the feelings of the multitude. The legend was poetry and history, combined a tale of faith and morality, of justice and right, clothed in the enthusiastic language most accepted by the people. To relate the life of a saint it was not necessary to know the art of writing; it was enough that the tale taught love, sacrifice, and pardon, and exalted the imagination with visions of another world, in which the finger of Providence and the omnipresence of the Eternal were visible in every human action, more especially in favor of the weak and innocent against violence and corruption. The legend has been called the epic poetry of the conquered. It opened a source of consolation to their imagination, as the cloister opened an asylum and a place of security to their lives. When the people, who were the only judges of the merit of these compositions, found in one a true expression of their own feelings, they called it the "Golden Legend," and under that name many acquired wonderful popularity.

The more startling and extraordinary the narrative, the more it dealt with the invisible world, with demons and angels, with torments and recompenses, the more strongly it seized upon the popular imagination. This cycle of visions extends among nearly all Christian nations from the third century of the Christian era — from the tales of martyrdom and the mysteries of the catacombs — to the fourteenth

century. The most ancient recorded in Italy belongs to St. Augustine; that nearest to the time of Dante is "The Vision of the Young Alberic," monk of Montecassino.

The tale of Alberic was thus:—

The young Alberic, seized with a severe illness, remains nine days in the stillness of death. His soul, however, under the guidance of St. Peter, has visited the region of punishment. He has seen men wandering in a valley of ice; women trailed through a forest of thorns and boiling bronze; the sacrilegious swimming in a lake of fire; simoniacs plunged in a bottomless well; and so on. The abyss hid in its lowest depths a snake of infinite length, whose devouring gorge swallowed and rejected, in the shape of sparkles, swarms of damned souls. On the river which was a boundary to this gloomy empire there was a bridge which enlarged or narrowed to admit the souls whose trial was over, or to exclude those who were yet stained with sin. The young Alberic is abandoned for a short time to the fury of the demons, passes through the flame, where, received again by his guide, he finds himself in the presence of the divine tribunal. A sinner is waiting for his judgment. His crimes are traced in a book which the Angel of Vengeance holds open in his hands. But a tear of repentance, fallen from the sinner's eyes in the last hour of his life, has been gathered by the Angel of Mercy, and this tear has power to efface the condemning page. Then on a plain, covered with flowers, inundated with light, rises the mountain of the terrestrial paradise, with the tree of forbidden fruit on its top, and a happy multitude surrounding its base. Meanwhile the soul of young Alberic, seized by a demon, had ascended still higher. He has traversed the planetary spheres, visited the heavens and the stars, and hence contemplated the wonders of the empyræum. Finally St. Peter gives him leave to depart, and orders him to relate what he had seen. This is in short the vision of the young Alberic, written under his dictation at the beginning of the twelfth century, and which became so popular that it was reproduced in the fresco of an ancient church near Jossa in the Abbruzzi.

I have condensed it merely to show the style of this new mythology, as it has been justly called, the effect of which must have been wonderfully healthy in an ignorant and superstitious age. All these visions and legends have, so to say, a family likeness. Hence in the vision of the

abbot Joachim there is a narrow bridge on a river of fire. Just and guilty souls crowd upon it: the just pass rapidly, like eagles; the guilty fall down into the burning current. In a legend enshrined in the Malospini Chronicles, the Marquis of Brondelburgh is lost in a forest, where he sees a forge, in which he thought they were working iron; but instead of the smiths they were demons torturing guilty souls. The marquis is told he would incur the same fate; wherefore he changes his life, sells all his property, and builds seven convents in Italy. In the vision of the anchorite Barantus two bishops appear tormented in a strange way, and hell itself paved with no less than the skulls of priests. Dante, in his "*Divina Commedia*," gathered all these traditions, and marked the culminating point of the legendary period, or rather visionary cycle, embodying the beliefs of his time in a vision of his own, and making it serve social, religious, and political purposes. The popularity of this literature served wonderfully in the hands of monks to inspire the multitude with religious awe, though it may have served them *sometimes* for more worldly purposes.

The popular influence of monastic bodies, however, is in no case so evident as in the Franciscan order. Since the period of history we are reviewing has been inquired into with less contempt than it used to be, the fine eulogy of St. Francis, which Dante puts into the mouth of St. Thomas, in the eleventh canto of the "*Paradiso*," has excited more attention than formerly. The readers of Dante will remember the marriage of St. Francis to Poverty, whom he loved so much in this world. Now this alliance between a monastic order and poverty must have looked very novel at the time when monasteries competed in splendor and pomp. But it was a sign of the time; it was the triumph of the democratic Italian republics even over the religious spirit of the age. The Franciscans were the sacred militia of the Middle Ages in the free Italian communes. Friends to the weak, foes to the oppressors, they lived on the charity of the people; they despised the rich, courageous because they sided with right, fearless because they numbered legion, free because they did not possess anything, and so had nothing to lose. There is a whole series of poets belonging to this order, the first of whom is St. Francis himself. Fond as he was of the poor, he does not care to sing in any other language than that of the people. His first song is a hymn to the

sun; but the characteristic feature of this sacred troubadour, is that his marriage with poverty is but an imitation of the chivalric usages of the time. He was handsome and young; he had distributed his money in alms, he had learned the habits of the troubadours, the art of the courtier, the traditions of the Knights of the Round Table. He was a gay companion, the lord of banquets, the minstrel of society; he dreamt of wrongs to redress, of the innocent to save, of the weak to raise by his courage—he loved, in short, all the enterprises and adventures of knights-errant. He accompanies one of the Crusades; he bravely fights before Damietta; he conceives the formation of a new chivalry, the chivalry of Christ, and he returns to Italy to found his order. But could there be a good chevalier without his dame? Certainly not. He had but just returned; his friends visit him, and find him thoughtful. “What is it?” they ask; “do you think of choosing a wife?” “You have guessed,” he says. “I am thinking of marrying one that is to me the noblest, the richest, and most beautiful dame. My lady is Poverty.” He then sings a hymn to Poverty, which he personifies, according to the symbolism of the time, seeing in her eyes the power of matching souls touched with her love from all terrestrial thoughts and inclinations, and raising them to the contemplation of the angels. On the 26th of May, 1219, in the smiling valley below the city of Assisi, the saint’s native place, the first general review of his militia took place. They mustered five thousand men, encamped under the shade of the beautiful foliage: their clothes were sackcloth, the earth their bed, a stone their pillow, and their recreation was prayer and the singing of hymns and psalms. People assembled from all parts; poor and rich asked each other what it meant. “It is the camp of God—it is the holy chivalry.” They were the followers of St. Francis, who had taken the oath of poverty, and were going to receive the watchword from their chief, which was: “Love of God, nature, and mankind; poverty and humility.” They separate, they scatter themselves to all parts of the world, they consider themselves the chevaliers of faith. In the East they take the place of the Knights Templars; in the West they preach to the Moors; in Italy they assist the lepers, and teach the people poetry—popular poetry—so that they may understand and sing the praises of God.

In the sublime songs of St. Francis

there breathes a spirit of faith and enthusiasm, which, in spite of a language still rude and imperfect, gives them a harmony quite in accordance with the subject. His poems have a graceful and touching simplicity for one who reads them with a view to the life of their author. In reading them one must remember that he wrote them when, absorbed in contemplation after a life of labor, he gave a positive farewell to the world, to look upon it from a lofty sphere, where he felt but love to God. This love he continually sang and taught in his works, which form one of the most interesting monuments of primitive Italian life, faith, poetry, and literature. Among the pupils of St. Francis, the Beato Jacopone da Lodi deserves notice.* His life is little known, but he deserves as high a place as his master does in the literary history before Dante. Of a noble family and well educated, he became an advocate, and married one in whom beauty, riches, nobility, and virtue were united. A short time after his marriage public games were performed in the city of Lodi. He was invited with his wife. All the ladies took their places on a stand erected for the occasion. In the midst of the games the scaffolding gave way, and all the assembled ladies fell with it. Jacopone runs to the spot; his wife is severely wounded; he reaches her, he takes her aside to a sheltered spot, removes her dress, and finds that under her rich attire she wears a cord to torment herself as a penance for her sins. After a few moments she expires. Jacopone, struck by the case, is as mad. People call him mad; but the frenzy has its effect. He sells all he has; he devotes himself to poverty. The frivolity of human pomp, the vice of his countrymen, now moves his indignation. Rough or blunt, he rebuked all; he allowed himself to be called mad so that he might speak out unpleasant truths. Master of the Holy Scriptures, he assumed their prophetic style and assembled a crowd; he preached to them in the streets, and instilled humility and poverty. One day a relative returning from the market with two fowls he had bought, asked him to carry them home. Jacopone went straight to the Church of St. Fortunato, where they had their family vault, and placed his birds on the table stone. After a few hours the purchaser became angry that the fowls had not arrived in time for dinner. “Did you not tell me to take

* See “How the *Stabat Mater* was Written,” by A. Schwartz, in *Macmillan* for August, 1873.

them to your home? And which is your home but that which you must inhabit forever?"

Ten years he lived this life, and when, having knocked at the gate of the Franciscans, they rejected him, he wrote two songs, one in Latin the other in Italian, and sent them to the monastery.

Here are some passages from the Italian song:—

Listen to a new folly, which comes to my fancy. I have a wish to be dead, since I have lived so bad. I leave worldly comforts to take a straiter path. I wish to show that I am a man. I wish to retrace my steps and bring my cross, and leave a memory of my folly. My folly is this. I wish to throw myself among rude men, who do not reason, because they are seized with a holy frenzy.

Now, men, hear what I am about to do. I have resolved to be thought a stupid, ignorant, senseless man, a man full of strange fancies.

I leave to you syllogisms, artful words, sophisms and insoluble questions, and aphorisms, and the subtle art of logic. I leave you to side as you like—one for Socrates, another for Plato, losing your breath to argue now on one side, now on the other, and plunge you deeper in the mire. I leave that wonderful art, of which Aristotle wrote the secret, and the Platonic doctrines, which often are but heresy. I leave all that. A simple and pure mind can raise itself alone, without the aid of their philosophy, and stand before God. I leave you my old books I loved so much, and the works of Cicero, whose harmony was so sweet! I leave you the sounding of instruments, and the singing of songs, and the beautiful women and damsels, and their artfulness and their subtleties, and their arrows, which cause death! I leave you florins and ducats, and wealth, and all merchandise!

I wish to prove myself by a hard and powerful religion if I am of brass or tin. That is what the trial will soon show. I go to a great battle, to a great strife, to a great work. O Christ, let thy strength help me, that I may be victorious. I will adore the cross, which already embraces me in its fervor. I ask that it may communicate to me its folly. Henceforth I will become a contemplative soul, triumphing over the world; henceforth I will seek peace and joy in the ecstasy; henceforth I wish to try if I can enter paradise by the path which I deem the best, there to enjoy the songs and the happiness of an immortal company. Lord, give me the power to know and to do thy will here below; then I will be resigned, if it is thy pleasure that my soul be lost or saved.

Such a strain of poetry shows the religious enthusiasm which animated the age of the "*Divina Commedia*." The gates of the monastery were at once opened to Jacopone. In the passage I have just

translated you can recognize the man who rejects philosophy, rejects the science of Plato, of Socrates, and Aristotle, rejects the scholastic philosophy of his times, and with it the pride and vanity which accompany it, to have his mind free, that it may raise itself more easily to religious faith. When he had taken leave of science, to bury himself in faith and poverty, one would expect to hear no more of the poet; but it is not so. The activity of his mind finds vent in different subjects. Hence this spiritual poetry is not the only style in which Jacopone tries his power. His poems are divided into three classes—theological, satirical, and popular.

The theological have a mysticism, the result of an ideal world the poet has created for himself, inhabited by angels and virtues, and bright with eternal truth. The connection of the human soul with this world is human activity in the right cause, and pleases God. He gives two wings to the soul, which alone carry it to heaven; they are chastity of heart and purity of mind.

The satires bring the poet to the realities of life. It has been said of the Beato Angelico that he was so accustomed to paint the joys of paradise, and express every variety of celestial happiness on human faces, that when he had to paint the devils of hell he could not help giving the same innocence and purity to demons and condemned souls. Such is not the case with Jacopone. His strain of invective against the vices of his countrymen is most cutting; so are also his satires against the popes of his time, to whom he did not shrink from saying hard truths in hard words; wherefore he was excommunicated and thrown into prison by Boniface VIII., the same terrible pope whom Dante places in the "*Inferno*." Finally, his popular poems, among many things which a more polished society would not accept, have all those qualities which the imperfect state of the language could admit. Jacopone is also the author of the "*Stabat Mater*," which is so well known and so dear both to Catholics and Protestants.

I am sorry I cannot do full justice to this poet. As a general remark I will note that all his poems have the same three sources of inspiration, theological, satirical, and popular, which have also a pre-eminent part in the "*Divina Commedia*." His theology may not be so transcendent and deep as that of the "*Paradiso*;" his satire so sharp, noble, and elevated as that in the celebrated allusion to Florence and the passing events of the time, nor his

popular language so choice, powerful, and original; in fact in nothing can he bear the smallest comparison with Dante; yet there is enough to assign to him a place among the poets preceding Dante.

To the Franciscan monks, who exercised a popular influence on Italian literature before Dante, we must also give the glory of having, in the basilica of Assisi (dedicated to the founder of their order), begun the first and most important change of Italian art, that of its emancipation from the conventionalities of Greek or Byzantine artists in church-painting. Byzantine church-painting had its day; excellent specimens of its merits are numerous all over Italy, more especially at Rome, Ravenna, and Venice. But its types were no longer suited to an age whose appreciation of beauty increased with wealth, luxury, and intercourse with other countries—an age, in fact, which marked the first manhood of the Italian people and the Italian mind. The Byzantine figures breathe vigor and simplicity, and sometimes a certain majesty of design; but the disposition of the groups is extravagant, the details are incorrect, the outline dry, and no knowledge of perspective is evinced. Profusion of gold everywhere, especially in the ground on which stand forth the figures of the Redeemer or of the Creator. On some crucifixes you would suppose mummies had been suspended with feet disjointed, while wounds pour out large rivulets of greenish blood; black, stern *madonne*, with long, stiff fingers, round eyes, and rough child; in general long figures, vulgar heads, and want of expression are the characteristics of Byzantine art. It has imagination without grace; richness, but no purity of design; rigidity, but no power; talent, but no genius. It is in fact a style of transition, which soon became one of decline, when, having adopted certain immutable laws, art was reduced to a mere mechanism, which any monk could copy and reproduce with little trouble or expense.

It is in the basilica of Assisi that Guido da Siena and Giunta da Pisa emancipated themselves by degrees from their Greek masters. The golden ground we see first substituted by azure besprinkled with golden stars. The figures become more animated, the expression more ideal, the dryness of the outline and grouping is softened, the immobility of the attitudes gives place to a more natural disposition; in fact art makes the first steps in its new life. Guido da Siena and Giunta da Pisa are followed by Bonamico, Parabuvi,

Diotisalvi, and by that Duccio who is placed by some above Cimabue, and finally by Cimabue and Giotto, who completed the revolution.

Among the many paintings inspired for the new style of art by the founder of the Franciscan order, every one who has been in Assisi must have seen Giotto's fresco representing the wedding of St. Francis with Poverty, in her ragged clothes, with a slender figure and thin face, but still preserving the features of a most beautiful woman. A dog barks at her, two children throw stones at her and place thorns in her path; she, calm, happy, and radiant stretches out her hand to St. Francis. While Christ himself joins their hands, the Eternal Father, accompanied by angels, appears in the midst of clouds, as if heaven and the universe assisted at the happy wedding. There is nothing here which has the slightest association with the Greek manner. All is new, and free from school conventionality. And if you read the hymn of Dante to St. Francis, and the songs of St. Francis himself, and of Jacopone in praise of poverty, and then look at the fresco of Assisi, you will see in the Franciscan order the same source of inspiration, the same sign of popularity.

The revolution we have noticed in painting is also evident in architecture; nay, architecture, as usual, preceded in point of time even painting. The Byzantine style in fact was modified by the Italian at a much earlier period than painting. The first and most magnificent monument of architecture we find in Italy in the tenth century is St. Mark's at Venice. St. Mark's was begun the second time, after a fire had destroyed the first building, in the year 977, and was finished with great magnificence in the year 1051, that is to say, after a lapse of seventy-four years. A decree of the republic ordered that no vessel should return from the East without bringing statues, columns, bassi-relievi, marbles, and precious materials of every kind for the edifice. Thus it was completed. The continuation, having occupied nearly a century, was the work of many architects. St. Sophia's at Constantinople was regarded at this time as the most splendid Christian temple in the world. The intercourse between Venice and the East, and the reported magnificence of that temple made the Venetians adopt the same form in their construction. Through the desire of making St. Mark's still richer than St. Sophia's, the Venetian architects introduced changes and

added many ornaments from the already famous architecture of the Arabs. Wherefore St. Mark's was justly called a Greek-Arabian edifice.

This marks a step in the way of originality in Italian architecture. Still it was not a step likely to bring architecture to its greatest purity and magnificence; on the contrary, it contributed to establish that style which is the combination of many styles in one, though one prevails over the others. In Venice it is the Byzantine element that prevails; in Pisa, the style of the Roman basilica. The cathedral of Pisa comes next to St. Mark's. Pisa was also on the way of founding its prosperity by its trade with the East; wherefore columns, capitals, cornices, stones of all styles and form were brought from the East and accumulated for the erection and decoration of the cathedral. Roman monuments were also at hand, and their ruins served for the building. In putting together columns of different orders, in employing without harmony ruins of ancient edifices, in placing statues of different sizes, in distributing stones and marbles of different colors in strange confusion, the architect shows that the age was still corrupted; yet the conception is much richer than it was before his time, and the sentiment of art is expressed with sufficient efficacy to give to the style a special character. This style, which prevailed principally during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is called Romance, or Romanesque. We shall return to it in the next lecture.

The prodigious activity of the Italians in building churches and cathedrals at this time surpasses imagination. The simple enumeration of spots, and saints to whom they are dedicated, and the dates of their erection, would fill several pages. In fact, if all that the age in question produced in architecture, painting, and sculpture were to be ascribed to one general influence, the influence would be that of religion, allotting in proportion very little to civil and military architecture. In this general religious enthusiasm of the Middle Ages, in this harmony of the songs of the poets with the creed of the people, of the feelings of men with the works of the painter and architect, music, a sister art, could not be neglected. The revolution in musical art arose from the same cause as that of the other arts, and had therefore the same result. Music assumed very early a character fit for the new religion in Italy. The celebrated Ambrosian hymns date from the ninth century. The empress Justina

persecuted St. Ambrose. The Milanese people watched him day and night to save him from the imperial wrath. St. Ambrose, moved by their affection, and wishing to make their vigils less tiresome, thought of assembling them in churches, and teaching them to sing hymns and psalms. "O Lord," said St. Augustine when he heard them, "how sweet is the melody of thy songs! how they move me, and make truth and religion penetrate into my heart!"

In the reform which St. Ambrose introduced in sacred music, into the technicalities of which I shall not enter, another reform was added by Gregory the Great in the beginning of the ninth century; and finally, Guido d'Arezzo, or Michele Guido, a monk of the Pomposa, invented musical notes, and completed the revolution which marks the transition of music from its profane to its more spiritual uses.

The power of religious ideas, however, nowhere shows itself in a stronger light than in the fact of the Crusades. The first Crusade proclaimed to Christianity had been preceded by a successful Italian expedition—that of the Pisans against the Moors of Sardinia and the Arabs of Sicily. In an incursion of the Moorish corsairs on the territory of Pisa, when the town was unguarded by troops, Cinzira de' Simondi, a Pisan girl of noble family, the Joan of Arc of the Middle Ages, called the people to arms, and defended the town bravely, obliging them to withdraw. A few years afterwards a Moorish king (Mugheid-el-Ameri, whom the Italians called *Mosetto*) died a prisoner at Pisa. The Italians, therefore, long before the Crusades took place, knew the way to the East—commercial and military.

The material effects of the Crusades on the prosperity of Italy were perhaps greater than any artistic or literary conquest. Italy was then industrious and commercial, and it is but natural that she should reap great material advantages from the rush of the West to the East through the Mediterranean.

But we have already seen architecture greatly modified in Italy by the contact with the East before the Crusades. The East, in fact, not being so new to the Italians as it was to other Western people, through their habit of visiting Oriental countries, I am disposed to think that they were not so much struck with the difference as the people who lived farther west would be.

The question, then, is still open whether what is styled Gothic architecture came

from the East to the West, or is altogether an original German style. If the first admission be adopted, you can see how much the new art owes to the Crusades. But the controversy is too hot even in our days to admit a solution, as a good deal of national vanity and so-called superiority of race is mixed with it. Much contested also is the origin of chivalry, which some pretend to be German, others Eastern or Arabian, and which played a great part in the Italian literature of posterior ages. We received, however, from the East, long before the Crusades, as far as Italy is concerned, a new mythology—I think at best that this is not disputed also between Germans and Arabians—the mythology of magic art, of necromancy, and other mysterious sciences and popular superstitions, which in the Middle Ages we see working upon some singular features of the Italian mind, producing its effects even on Dante, though not to so great an extent as on Pulci, Ariosto, Tasso, and many others.

In their poems the East and the West, the Saracens and the Franks, the Arabs, the Italians, and the Persians are mixed with Italians, Spaniards, and English. They form the real poetry of the Crusades and chivalry, in which Italian literature has as yet no rival.

EDOARDO FUSCO.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

HOW I WENT TO THE LEVEE.

"THE Prince of Wales has returned," said my wife's mother. "George, go to the levee and congratulate him on his safe arrival."

"But I have never been to a levee," I remonstrated.

"Only the greater reason why you should lose no more time," said my wife's mother, looking sternly at me over her spectacles; and let me tell you when my wife's mother looks in that way at any one there is no gainsaying her. She has made up her mind and nothing can unmake it.

Let me further take you into my confidence, and say that I am a thriving, middle-aged man, in the Russia trade. In a knowledge of linseed, hemp, tallow, and grain I can hold my own against any man, except my senior partner. I go to the city by the underground every morning, Sundays excepted, and I live in Gloucester Place. My wife's mother lives with us, and adds materially to our income, and

I feel sure to our happiness. She must have her way, for she has been threatened with a heart-disease for more than forty years. She always had her way in the late Mr. Jones's time, and she has it now; for the doctors say it would be as much as her life is worth to thwart her.

"If mamma wishes it, my dear, you must go," said my wife, whose subjection to her mother is such that if I were ordered to jump over the moon, like the cow of our infancy, by that imperious woman, my wife would only say, "My dear, you must do it."

"But I must get some one to present me," I said, despairingly.

"Of course you must," said my wife's mother, "and I have thought of some one."

It is wonderful how fast my wife's mother thinks when she sets her mind to it.

"Our member for Swillington," she went on; and she said this with such an air you would have thought it was like one of those boroughs of which Dod says, "The family of Hopkins has great influence in this borough," when, in fact, my wife's mother's brother is a local attorney in that town, and may possibly command two or three votes.

"But will he present me?" I rejoined.

"Let him refuse if he dares," said my wife's mother. "We will use all the family influence against him at the next election;" and then she threw herself back in her arm-chair and glared into space.

"If you go on so, George, provoking mamma, she will have an attack of spasms, and then you must take the consequences."

"But what can I do?"

"Write at once to our member, and ask him to present you," gasped my wife's mother, reviving a little.

So, to make a long story short, I wrote, and, to my surprise, received a polite note from the Hon. Percy Daft, the member for Swillington, saying that it would give him the greatest pleasure to present me at the levee on the 15th of May.

Great was the joy over our breakfast-table when this answer arrived. My wife's mother clapped her hands, and my wife poured out my tea by mistake into the slop-basin. I had to drink it, lest, as my wife's mother said, "it should be wasted," though the hot water with which the basin had been half filled before made my tea very weak.

"That's the first step gained," said my wife's mother. "Now, what dress will you go in?"

"I am sure I can't tell. I suppose there's no uniform for a Russia merchant?"

"Russia fiddlesticks!" said my wife's mother. "What a pity now you had not joined the volunteer movement when we so much wished it."

Here let me say that neither my wife nor my wife's mother had ever wished any such thing. I had wished it when we were first married, but my wife's mother would not hear of it.

"No, no!" she said, "no soldiering for me. First this volunteering will take you away from business in time of peace, and when the French or the Germans come to cut all our throats, you'll have yours cut, and then who, I should like to know, is to support the family?"

Then my wife and my wife's mother had an anxious discussion, in which very vain regrets were expressed that I had not been in the Guards, or the Excise, or the queen's household, and so been spared the expense of buying a court suit; but the end was that I had to go to my tailor, who, like an honest man, confessed that he had never made a court suit in his life, and least of all expected to "build" one for me.

"It can't be helped, Tape," I said, "the ladies wish me to go, and I am going."

"Oh, if the ladies wish it, of course we must yield," said the polite Mr. Tape. "I'll just step down to my friend, Mr. Measure, the West-end tailor, and look at his book of court dresses, and see that you have the correct thing; but," he added, gravely, "I think you will find it very expensive."

"I must have it, whatever it costs," I said, conjuring up my wife's mother in a fit of *angina pectoris*; but I own in these hard times I went home rather crestfallen and very pale.

"What's the matter, George?" cried my wife, and "What's the matter?" echoed my wife's mother.

"Tape says it will be very expensive."

"Tape be ——" said my wife's mother with a blank which the reader may fill up with any form of words he pleases.

"As if we could not afford to go to court just for once in our lives," said my wife.

"Yes, my dear," said my wife's mother; "and think of the meanness of the man who stops to count the cost, when his going to court may form an era in his life, and when the lord chamberlain will prob-

ably say when he sees the gallant bearing of George when he is presented, 'A man of such noble manners must have a beautiful wife,' and then we shall receive a gilt-edged card, commanding the presence of Mr. and Mrs. George Hopkins at a court ball at Buckingham Palace. Think, I say, of the meanness of a man with this splendid prospect before him stopping to count the cost of a paltry uniform."

"I told Tape I must have it, whatever it cost."

"Quite right; quite right," said my wife's mother. "George, when I talked of meanness, you know I meant Tape, and no one else."

In a few days Tape came early before breakfast with my uniform, as he called it, and he brought it in two boxes and a long oilskin cover, which my eldest son, a boy of great forwardness, thought must contain a fishing-rod.

"Look 'ere, sir," said Tape, tapping one of the tin boxes of a triangular shape, "what do you think is inside this?"

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"This is your cocked 'at. This you must wear on your 'ed."

"I did not think a cocked hat necessary."

"So necessary," said Tape, "that Mr. Measure says, 'You'd be turned out of the levee by one of the beefeaters before you'd gone a yard, if you did not have your cocked hat in your 'and.' Just look at it, isn't it a beauty?"

I did look at it, and it certainly looked very fine. It was of black beaver, frizzled up with a crest of white feathers, and it was all guarded with gold lace.

"And this is what you must wear at your side, sir," said Tape, unstrapping the oilskin case and producing a sword, the pommel and hilt and scabbard of which were richly, if not chastely, gilt.

"Shall I draw it, sir?" said Tape.

But before I could answer, a voice behind me cried, —

"No, no, let that sword never be unsheathed save against the enemies of our country." Both Tape and I turned round, and beheld my wife's mother in her dressing-gown, who, hearing of the tailor's arrival, could not contain her feelings and her curiosity to see the new uniform which was to bring such honor on the family.

"Now for the uniform," said Tape, as he unlocked the other tin box of an oblong shape.

"This," he went on, as he held up the coat, "is a real work of art, and do you

know, sir, it was all the easier to make because Mr. Measure found out you was in the royal service?"

"The royal service!" I exclaimed. "I never was in the royal service."

"Ah! but you are, sir, though without knowing it. Don't you belong to the firm of Blogg, Hopkins and Dipps, wholesale and retail Russia merchants in the city?"

"I do," I said.

"Well then, sir, that firm is one of the queen's tallow-merchants, and you are one of her Majesty's servants, and this is your proper uniform. None of your miserable court dresses, but a real Civil Service uniform."

"I always knew that this would be a proud day," said my wife's mother; "I should not be surprised if you had a right to the private *entrée* in your official capacity."

"But just look at the beauty," said Tape, holding up the coat, and, saving my wife's mother's presence, the unmentionables also. "'Ere's a nap, and 'ere's gold lace, and 'ere's oak leaves, and 'ere's a broad gold stripe down each leg!"

What could we do, my wife's mother and myself, to whom was now added my wife, but admire the uniform and the sword; my own admiration I admit being somewhat dashed by the consciousness that this uniform of the royal household would cost me a pretty penny.

Strange to say my wife's mother never asked a word as to the cost of the uniform, but, turning sharply on Tape, demanded sternly, —

"And what's the good of those tin boxes, I should like to know?"

"Them," said Tape, with great presence of mind — he had not seen enough of my wife's mother to know all the real terror of her presence — "them is to protect the uniform and the cocked 'at against the hinclemancy of the hair. Suppose Mr. H. 'ere was ordered off by the queen to Russia to buy bristles for the brooms and brushes of the 'ousehold, why, it stands to reason he'd take his uniform with him. If he didn't put it in a tin box, the hair in Russia — I mean the hair of the hatmosphere, not the 'air of the 'ed — is so cold, it would shrivel up all this gold lace like young tatars in a frost. Likewise if he were ordered to Hafrica to buy palm oil, there the hair is so damp that his uniform would be spoilt. That's why tin boxes is necessary, leastwise that's what Mr. Measure says."

That evening I tried on my uniform, and my sword and my cocked hat, and not

only my wife — dear easy thing — but my wife's mother also, declared they never saw anything half so noble in their life; and, "To think," they added, "of your having a uniform all this time, and we knowing nothing about it."

I must confess, however, that the children were not so complimentary, for I overheard our eldest girl say to her brother as they went up to bed after the exhibition, "Papa is very like one of the lord mayor's footmen whom we saw at the show last lord mayor's day."

And now the awful day was approaching. Having the uniform made was passive. The time for action had almost come. Every day my wife's mother looked anxiously at the extracts from the *Gazette* in the paper, and at last she read out, —

"Any nobleman or gentleman who proposes to be presented must leave at the lord chamberlain's office, St. James's Palace, *before twelve o'clock*, two clear days before the levee, a card with his name written thereon and with the name of the nobleman or gentleman by whom he is to be presented. In order to carry out the existing regulations, that no presentation can be made at a levee excepting by a person actually attending that levee, it is also necessary that an intimation from the nobleman or gentleman who is to make the presentation of his intention to be present should accompany the presentation card above referred to, which will be submitted to the queen for her Majesty's approbation. It is her Majesty's command that no presentations shall be made at the levee except in accordance with the above regulations. It is particularly requested that in every case the names be very distinctly written upon the cards to be delivered to the lord chamberlain, in order that there may be no difficulty in announcing them to his Royal Highness."

"There, George," she said, "now you know what you have got to do."

All I can say is, whether she read so fast that I was dazed, or whether I was paralyzed with fear, that I could only gasp out, "What have I got to do?" convulsively turning as it were by instinct to my wife's mother.

"Do, why to go to the lord chamberlain's office, at St. James's Palace, and obey his instructions like a man."

To the lord chamberlain's office accordingly I went, though to tell the truth I would much rather have gone to the family dentist.

I am not very good at finding places and offices, and besides I knew little of

St. James's Palace. Though my firm has the honor of being one of the queen's tallow-chandlers, I personally know little of the palace which we help to light. To me, therefore, the lord chamberlain's office was hard to find, but the sentries and the police were kind, and at last I made my way to the dreaded portal, in what, I am told, is called the Stable Yard.

Though our firm is rich I am but a junior partner, and not rolling in wealth, but I would willingly have given £20 sooner than beard the lord chamberlain in his den. Still there I was, and the step must be made, or what would my wife's mother say? I entered therefore, the door was wide open, and a very kind official told me to turn into a room on the right, where I saw two or three young men not unlike our clerks in the City, and to my surprise, not in uniform. At first I said nothing, till one of them blandly asked me what I wanted.

"I wish to be presented at the next levee," said I, covered with confusion.

"Then," said the official very kindly to reassure me, for I am sure he saw that I was ready to faint, "you must produce the assent in writing of the person who is to present you."

Fortunately I had both my presentation card and Mr. Daft's letter ready, so I produced them and handed them to the official.

"Is this an official presentation?" said the functionary.

"Oh, no!" I said; for it occurred to me that if I said I was one of her Majesty's servants they would tell me that the lord steward must present me.

"Oh, no," I replied, "the Hon. Mr. Daft is a friend of our family."

"Very well," said the official. "Leave your card and Mr. Daft's letter of assent. Your name will then be submitted to her Majesty, and when you come to the levee be sure you bring two cards with you on which your name and the words 'Presented by the Hon. Percy Daft' are legibly written; one of these cards must be given up on entering the palace, the other you must retain to be handed to the lord chamberlain who reads it out when you are presented to his Royal Highness."

"Is that all that I shall have to do?"

"That is all," said the bland official, and accordingly I departed full of gratitude to him for not refusing my name on the spot, and feeling very much like a boy quitting the dentist's house without having so much as had one tooth stopped.

I suppose I looked very radiant when I

got home, for both my wife and my wife's mother said they never saw me look so happy in my life.

At last there was only one day left before the levee, or rather one day and a *dies non*, a Saturday and a Sunday, for that levee, as all the world knows, was held on a Monday. Up to this time my respected senior partner, Mr. Blogg, knew nothing of my intention to be presented, though he must have suspected that there was something in the wind from my occasional absences from business.

He is a man, I grieve to say it, wholly given up to tallow and bristles. If he dreams of anything it is of huge vats of "yellow candle," bought at 48s. and retailed at 54s.; or of measles in the Ukraine which makes the hogs' bristles fall off. Of all the chapters in the Bible the one in which he takes the most interest is that ninth chapter of Exodus, which begins by narrating the plagues of Egypt—how the flax and the barley were smitten, while the wheat and rye were spared; and when he hears it read in church he chuckles to think that with the grain safe it might be possible to show a good balance at the year's end, even though the flax and the hemp failed. As for bristles, he can never quite forgive the Jews for eschewing pork, and banishing his favorite commodity from Holy Writ. Though loath to run him down, I am constrained to say that he has a dull, unimaginative soul, and that his intellectual horizon is narrow and confined.

This is the man who is virtually my master, and of whom I stand almost as much in awe as I do of my mother-in-law.

"I am thinking, sir"—I began, but before I could finish my sentence he looked up from the ledger in which he was just then checking some long account, and regarded me so ferociously that I faltered and stopped short.

"Thinking of what, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Of going to court and being presented."

"Of going to court! and why should you go to court, Mr. Hopkins?" just as sternly as my wife's mother had maintained the strict contradictory, that I must go to court.

"It is the wish of Mrs. Hopkins and of Mrs. Jones, my wife's mother, sir; and I may mention I am going on Monday."

"And that's the day on which we expect to hear that the navigation of the Neva is opened, and we hope to buy by telegram cargoes of bristles and tallow free on board."

Here my senior partner heaved a deep sigh, and continued, —

“And when do you expect to be back here, Mr. Hopkins?”

“That, sir, depends on the Prince of Wales and the lord chamberlain. I thought that as the royal tallow-chandlers we could not omit to congratulate his Royal Highness on his safe return, and Mrs. Jones thinks so too.”

I only wish my wife's mother had been in our counting-house to hear the whistle which my respected senior partner gave when he heard her name. He said nothing personal, however, to her; he only whistled her down, and then went on, “Pray, Mr. Hopkins, if it is the duty of the firm to congratulate the Prince of Wales, why is it that I have not undertaken that duty?”

“I am sure I cannot tell, sir.”

“But I can, Mr. Hopkins. It is because I am not a fool, and” — he added fiercely — “because I have no mother-in-law to lord it over me in my own house.”

Having said this he returned to his ledger and spoke no more, only muttering every now and then something to himself. Seeing he was in no placable mood I left him to himself; but I can truly say that I was very thankful when the office closed for the night, and I was free to go home.

The next day was Sunday, that blessed day when the senior partner betook himself to his abode at Hornsey, and when my mother-in-law sometimes went three times to church. As I sat in my pew I seemed to see myself side by side with our member, the Hon. Percy Daft, proceeding in all the glory of our uniforms — he is a deputy lieutenant — and both falling on our knees before the prince, kissing his hand, graciously extended to us, and even bedewing it with our tears of love and loyalty. In this feeling I had even — again at the instigation of my wife's mother — written our member a friendly note, begging him to inform me at what hour I should meet him at the gate of the palace, so that he might present me to the Prince of Wales.

“It is the duty as well as the pleasure of members of Parliament,” said my wife's mother, “to show these little attentions to their constituents, else why do we return them to Parliament?”

Dear me, what a time Parliament will have of it if my wife's mother ever gets her rights and has a vote for the borough of Swillington!

I am sorry to say that after church, where my devotions were much disturbed

by these visions, my excitement rather got worse than better. In the afternoon the ladies went again, but I stayed at home, and, I regret to add, desecrated the Sabbath by trying on my uniform, and rehearsing the act of presentation, in which my eldest girl with my cocked hat on her head played the part of the Prince of Wales, and my eldest boy that of the lord chamberlain, holding my walking-stick in his hand as a wand of office.

All that day I had little appetite. Dinner and tea were alike wasted on me, and at night I had fitful dreams, starting bolt upright in bed and sadly disturbing the rest of Mrs. Hopkins.

In the morning I awoke early, and was up and dressed before the post came, and then and there received my first blow.

Into the letter-box a letter was dropped, and I knew at a glance it was in the handwriting of our member. Tearing it open I read as follows: —

“Mr. Percy Daft presents his compliments to Mr. Hopkins, and is unable to make any engagement as to meeting him at the levee. It is not usual for those who present gentlemen to be personally present when those gentlemen are presented. It is enough if they attend the same levee.”

I stood staring blankly at this dry note with all its “presents and presentations” for some time, till I was brought to myself by my wife's mother, who had again descended the stairs in her dressing-gown to intercept the letters, but on this occasion I had been the early worm.

To see the letter and to snatch it out of my hand and to read it were simultaneous acts on the part of that determined woman.

“George,” she said, “we shall have to vote yellow instead of blue at the next election,” and as she said this she snapped her fingers at an imaginary Mr. Daft.

“How am I ever to make my way through the levee by myself?” I said, and tears began to fill my eyes.

“George,” said my wife's mother, “you must show yourself a man on this as on other occasions. It is very mean of our member to refuse you his company, but what of that? Eat your breakfast, and then we will dress you and you shall go to the levee in a cab.”

Well, I ate my breakfast and smoked a pipe in our yard at the back of the house, and then having completed my toilet alone till the bounds of propriety were reached, my wife and my wife's mother came in,

and at once a great contest arose as to how my sword was to be worn. I am, I am ashamed to say, left-handed; with that hand I do everything, and with my right little or nothing. The question now arose whether I was to wear my sword on my left or my right side. It was in vain that my wife's mother quoted the verse in the Psalms: "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh;" for that left the question still open, and besides, swords are not now girded on the thigh, or if they are, are very likely to trip the sword-bearer up.

On the whole my wife was for doing what the rest of the world did. "He will never want to use it," she said; "let us gird it on his left side."

"Ah, but," said my mother-in-law, "if something happened—if he met a mad bull, for instance, and had to use it, and it turned out that he couldn't draw it on that side, and so was gored to death—how silly we should look."

This and my unfortunate natural left-handedness settled the matter, and my sword was girded on my right side so that I might be able to draw it; but I am afraid from the look the cabman gave me that I looked a sad guy.

The sword being girt and my white neckcloth tied, at the ends of which and on the cuffs of my coat my wife's mother insisted on stitching lappets of lace which she produced from the family treasures, it only remained to put on my uniform, stiff with gold lace, and that act accomplished—if ever there was a human hog-in-armor, there stood one before my wife's cheval-glass.

"Now, dear George," said my wife, "nothing remains but to put on your cocked hat and then you will be perfect."

"How noble he looks!" murmured my wife's mother. "I do hope the Blackadders over the way will see him as he steps into the cab. How astonished they will be!"

But now there was no more time left for admiration. Up rattled a four-wheeler to the door, called by our faithful parlormaid. Down-stairs I tripped as fast as I could, but that odious sword would get between my legs.

"Have you got your cards?" shrieked my wife's mother from the first floor.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, and in another moment I stood on our doorstep, paused to gather up my sword, stuff my cocked-hat firmly on my head, and then dashed into the cab.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To St. James's Palace," I cried; "to the levee."

"Oh, I see," said the cabby, "one of her Majesty's servants going to wait at court?"

"Just so: drive fast, my man."

Away we rumbled; but to me the cab seemed to fly like an express train till we got into a file of carriages in St. James's Street. To tell the relief which my feelings underwent when I saw a general, as I thought by the splendor of his uniform, in a hansom close to me, no tongue can tell.

At last we got to the entrance of the palace nearly opposite to the German Chapel. How my heart sunk within me as I alighted, and stood before two superior beings all in crimson and gold, who calmly surveyed me as I paid my fare.

"Move on, move on," they said to the cabman, while they motioned to me to walk in and mount the staircase. Inside were exons and gentlemen-at-arms, and a whole host of men in every uniform under the sun, all resolutely bent on pressing onward, and forcing their way up-stairs. All this time I had kept my cocked hat on my head as the safest place for it in that throng, till at last one of those gentlemen in crimson and gold whispered,—

"It is not etiquette to be covered in the palace," and I had at once to take the hint and doff my cocked hat.

I was now wedged into a crowd much denser than I was ever in at the Crystal Palace, and much worse behaved. I was always saying to myself, "If these are gentlemen, why don't they behave as such?" Now a big burly man tore on and took the skin off my ear on his epaulet. Then a heavy dragoon, with spurs like an old gamecock, struck them into my calf. As for squeezes and pushes and buffets they were endless, and my ribs were black and blue. So we slowly made our way step by step till we reached the level of the first floor, and saw behind a barrier a stern official ready to receive our first cards. Those who, like the foolish virgins, of whom my wife's mother is so fond of speaking, had not got their cards ready written, had here to stop and write them while we passed on into a waiting-room with triumph. When I say with triumph, let me add not all of us, and least of all myself.

As I proceeded along the corridor rejoicing in comparative freedom from spurs and epaulets, I was aware of a serious-looking official—I think he wore a blue

and gold coat something like my own — who scanned me narrowly, and then making straight at me, said very politely, but very resolutely, —

"Sir, your dress is not according to regulation. Lace lappets and ruffles are not allowed to be worn at levees or court balls, and if I did my duty I should not allow you to proceed till you had taken them off."

And here let me say how hampered I was in this part of the proceedings by the iniquity of Tape. The wretch had never so much as put one pocket into my coat. I only discovered this at the last moment when I was rushing out of the house, and what I was to do with my wife's mother's lace if that ruthless official tore it off I could not tell.

"Oh, sir," I said in accents which would have melted a heart of stone, "do suffer me to proceed. It is the first time that I have ever been here; pray forgive a first fault."

"You may proceed and take the consequences. What the lord chamberlain or the deputy chamberlain or any of the other authorities may say when you get farther on, I am sure I cannot tell. All I say is, proceed under protest. I see, too, you have got your sword on the wrong side," and then he laughed.

This was the last kick that roused the lion that lurks in the soul of all the Hopkineses. I replied, therefore, with great severity, but I hope with equal dignity, —

"I wear my sword on that side because I am left-handed, and cannot draw it with my right."

"No one requires you to draw it in her Majesty's palace," said the official, with an air that would have done honor to the lord-chamberlain himself. "But pass on, sir, pray pass on," he added, as though I and not he had been stopping the way, and keeping a host of presentations back.

From this point, I must confess it, my position became very painful. At every turn I fancied that I should come upon the lord chamberlain or some of his myrmidons who would not be so lenient to me as his subordinate. How my heart heaved when at the end of the corridor I beheld an aged, portly man, bearing a halberd in his hand, and clad in gorgeous attire.

"Pray tell me," I said to my next fellow-sufferer, a portly man in a green and gold uniform, which some one afterwards told me was that of a Scottish Archer, "Pray tell me is that the lord chamberlain, that I see yonder?"

"No, sir, it is not; but just one of the beefeaters."

Beefeater or not, that beefeater or yeoman of the guard was very good to me, and when in the crush through the doorway my cocked hat fell, and was just about to be trodden under foot, that veteran beefeater stooped and picked it up for me.

"Tell me," I said to him, "how far off is the lord chamberlain?"

"Oh! a good way yet, sir. It may be three rooms, for this is a crowded levee."

About this time, even though in sore dread of the eye of the lord chamberlain, I began to wish the end were come. Nay, how I wished I had never put my foot into such a throng, and I even abused my wife's mother mentally.

But had I wished to retreat, there was no going back. Before and behind me alike, was a huge crowd, all bent on reaching the prince as soon as possible at whatever cost. It would make any one but a hatter or a tailor weep to think how many cocked hats perished, or were lost to their owners on that day; how many uniforms torn and tattered; and what added to our misery was that in each room or pen through which we passed was a side strip railed off and guarded by watchful beefeaters; along which, while we were being suffocated and crushed to death, some few privileged persons passed and discoursed gaily at their ease. If my wife's mother had been there she would have thought of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, but for myself I could only think of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Nor did it increase my comfort to see in this side paradise our member the Hon. Percy Daft, who, as I afterwards learnt, was "about the household" of some one of our princes, and so had the private *entrée*. There he was as cool as a cucumber, while I was hot as pepper.

Now as I have confessed so much, I may as well say that I never heard of an *entrée* before, except as a made dish; but it was easy to see that this kind of *entrée* was just as nice as, if not nicer than, the other.

Of course I tried to catch the eye of our member, but somehow or other he always looked the wrong way, and there I stood, made still more hot by the feeling that within a few feet of me was the very man who was to present me, and yet I could not get him to recognize me.

But all things have an end, and even a levee, and the end was now coming. After rushing and crushing in and out of several

pens, at last we came to a room in which the pen ended in something like an eel-trap, in a narrow space railed off, into which not more than two and two could pass at a time side by side. This went on through another doorway, and beyond that doorway we saw a welcome signal. These were those happy souls who, having been presented and done their duty to the prince, had received his gracious bow, and then passed on into the room from which our eeltrap was railed off.

But we had no time to envy their good fortune. Our time was now coming, our second cards were drawn from pockets by those who were lucky enough to have them, and from cocked hats by those who had not. We are now on the very threshold of royalty, and we can hear the voices of the chamberlains as they pass the cards on to the lord-chamberlain. With a great flutter I produced my card which had got sadly battered in the *mêlée* through which I and my cocked hat had passed.

I had scarce time to look about me, but still I saw just before me one or two Indian gentlemen, whose attire seemed to consist, besides their turbans, of two dressing-gowns of different patterns, worn one before and one behind. Among them was a most decided Red Indian, all feathers and doeskin robes and beads, and it occurred to me even in the agony of my fright, that the lord chamberlain would find Hopkins an easier name to read than those of these red and yellow gentlemen. What befell the yellow sort I know not, but it so happened that the red variety was just before me. I now saw the way in which presentations were made; a deputy's deputy takes your card, who passes it on to another deputy, and that deputy hands it to the lord chamberlain, who calls out the name.

Now there was only one between me and the prince.

"Pa-ha-ba-bo-Peep, the great sheep-shearer, presented by the secretary of state for the colonies," called out the lord chamberlain, and with that the untutored savage bowed gracefully to the prince and passed on.

My turn came next, and I was prepared to follow his example as the lord chamberlain called out, —

"Mr. George Hopkins, presented by the Hon. Percy Daft," but, as ill luck would have it, that unhappy wrong-sided sword got between my legs and tripped me up, and I fell flat or rather on all fours at the feet of the Prince of Wales. If I had had presence of mind I should have recov-

ered myself and kissed his feet, but I had no presence of mind, and so I lay there and grovelled till the lord chamberlain's deputy's deputy picked me up, and passed me on, while the prince and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge were convulsed with laughter. As for the lord chamberlain, he would have laughed too if he could, but lord chamberlains never laugh; their office is far too serious to admit of any such levity.

Passing on I encountered all the queen's ministers and all the foreign ambassadors standing bolt upright with their backs against the wall, and they all laughed — no! not all, Mr. Disraeli preserved his usual sphynx face, and did not even smile; but some of the others roared and held their sides. I ought of course to have been very glad that one of the house of Hopkins had afforded so much amusement to the royal family and the great officers of state, but it did not strike me so at the time. On one thing I did congratulate myself, and that was that the lord chamberlain had not made any remark on my dress, and that he had allowed me to pass and be presented unchallenged.

I was making my exit from my place of torment with some little satisfaction on this score, and rejoicing at the thought of seeing my name in the paper next morning, when in the last corridor I met the same stern official who had already warned me, and who seemed on the watch for me.

"Your name is Hopkins, sir, I think?"

"It is," I faltered.

"Then, sir, it is my duty to inform you, by command of the lord chamberlain, that your irregularity in attire has attracted public attention, and that your case will be considered."

With these words he made me a low bow and left me.

Really I was so angry that I could have defied the lord chamberlain himself. "Let him consider it, if he pleases," I said to myself. In this mood I emerged from the palace, walked to the cab-stand and got home about four o'clock.

As I rattled up to the door, I saw my wife and my wife's mother with anxious faces looking over the blind in the drawing-room.

"Is it all right, and were you presented?" they both cried.

"All is right," I said; "and I was presented; but for heaven's sake let me have some Apollinaris and brandy."

That refreshing draught over, I told

them all, omitting of course any part of the proceedings which told against myself.

"How grand it will be to see your name in the paper to-morrow morning! won't that astonish the Blackadders?" said my wife's mother.

I was tired as a dog and went early to bed. I was late for breakfast next morning, the paper had just come, and my wife's mother was reading the presentations. In a little while she had read them over, and throwing the *Times* down she shrieked.

"Why, George, your name is not in the paper at all!"

I seized the paper frantically and looked, but it was no good, there was no "George Hopkins" amongst the presentations.

"It is all an oversight of course," said my wife's mother, recovering herself; "but we will set it straight; and you shall have a paragraph all to yourself, stating, 'The name of Mr. George Hopkins was accidentally omitted among those presented to his Royal Highness at the levee on Monday last.'"

So we wrote the paragraph and sent it to the editor; but next morning what we read in the *Times*, in large print, under the court circular was this: "The presentation of Mr. George Hopkins at the last levee is cancelled, because he appeared improperly attired on that occasion."

Let me draw a veil over the uproar in the family which followed this cruel announcement. When I got to the city I saw at once that my senior partner and all the clerks knew it by their malicious smiles. As for the Blackadders over the way, we fortunately do not know what they thought because we do not visit them.

Whether Mr. Tape's bill for my uniform, which came to over £200, was any alleviation to the family grief, I leave the reader to guess; but if this touching and truthful story should deter any tallow or other monger from being presented at court, it will have done good service to the public.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

MEMOIR OF NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.*

THIS is a really good book, and, even in its present shape, a popular book; which does honor to its subject, and to its au-

* *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* By his Brother, the Rev. DONALD MACLEOD, M.A. Two volumes. London: 1876.

thor, in their several degrees. It is, however, so good, that we wish it were made better; and this might be accomplished by a process of excision. Biography, and among other descriptions of it, ecclesiastical biography, is in danger of losing its joint titles to durability and permanent interest through the vice of over-length. To record the life of a man in less than two portly volumes is already an invidious exception, and may soon be an insult. But posterity will be, as we are, under limitations of time and strength, and many works may perish in two volumes, which might have lived in one; or, again, in three or four, which might have lived in two.

In the present instance, it is not difficult to point to the heads, under which retrenchments might be rather largely effected. The wit and humor of Dr. Norman Macleod, on which his brother dwells with a natural fondness, appear to us to belong to the category of what is with more strict propriety called fun; and of this it is the characteristic property that it serves to refresh a wearied spirit, and enliven the passing hour, but that it will hardly bear repetition, and is hardly among the candidates for literary immortality. One or two specimens might fairly be given, as illustrative of the man. In any other view, this class of material is like the froth of an effervescent liquor; it dies in the moment of its birth; it brightens an occasion, it deadens a book. The same is to be said of the multitude of caricature sketches, with which the doctor playfully adorned his letters to his friends. Some of them may have merit as comic drawings, but nine-tenths of them at least ought certainly to be dismissed from a biography. The tracts, again, which appear as reprints in the appendices, belong to his works, not to his life; and we can well believe that there must or may be others of his productions which deserve to be reprinted, for his oratorical power appears to have been peculiar in its freshness and its sympathetic energy. Besides all this, we should desire a great contraction, for a reason presently to be stated, of those parts of the work which belong to the region of religious experience. All the suggestions now made are offered in the hope that a biography of Macleod, rendered more compact by a free application of the pruning-knife, might hold a permanent place in the ecclesiastical literature of Scotland.

For this is, according to our mind, a really valuable biography, even in its pres-

ent form. The Anglican position is marked off by various lines of doctrine, discipline, and spirit from that of the Scottish Established Church. But there is much in these volumes with which we ought to cherish an entire and cordial sympathy; and even when differences of opinion and position intervene, there is still material from which we ought to draw some valuable lessons.

The outline of Dr. Macleod's personal career is simple. The son of a Highlander and Scottish minister, whose venerable and noble appearance did not belie his high character, he grew up, with a directness of purpose as complete as if it had been covered by a vow or a special dedication, for and into the ministry of the Scottish Church. She laid on him, in the phrase of Wordsworth, "the strong hand of her purity." He did not receive much of the education which is to be had from books, and from the discipline of schools and universities; and the lack or loss of it he frequently and ingenuously laments. He was, however, always gathering the education of society and the world; and in this sense, visiting Germany in early life, he obtained, shall we say he picked up, a varied and rather extensive training. It is plain that, besides other and higher gifts, he was an extremely clever, ready, perceptive and receptive man. None of his experience passed by him idly like the wind; all had fruit for him; all left a mark upon his mind and character. He was first placed in the south-western parish of Loudoun, where he found himself among a population made up of archaic Covenanting Puritans and modern questioning weavers, under the shadow of the residence of the noble family of Hastings. Here (for a time) he lived in loving and active pastoral relations with both high and low. Indeed, the low for him were high; for in the very spirit of Saint Augustine, who saw Christ in the poor, Macleod desired (i. 329) "to see kings and queens shining through their poor raiment." It was on this arena that, when he commenced his energetic visitations, dispensing freely words of comfort and instruction, he entered the cottage of a veritable Mause Headrigg, who happened to be stone-deaf. The old lady, however, was fully prepared for his onslaught, and proceeded, not to receive, but to administer catechetical discipline. She motioned to him to sit down by her, planted her trumpet in her ear, and concisely gave him her charge in the words, "Gang ower the fundamentals." Here and elsewhere he stood the test;

and he so endeared himself to the parish that it bore, at least at the moment, the shock of the great disruption of 1843, almost without seeming to feel it. But the sudden avoidance, at that crisis, of almost all the prominent posts in the Kirk, created an irresistible necessity for the advancement of the most promising among the residuary ministers. Mr. Macleod was accordingly transferred to Dalkeith; and again, after no long period, to the great parish of the Barony in Glasgow. He immediately developed, upon this broader stage, the same powers of activity and devoted benevolence and zeal, which had marked his career from the first; and there seems to have been no department of ministerial duty, private or public, ecclesiastical or social, which escaped his vigilance, or exhausted his powers.

In the later portion of his life, the whole of which did but number sixty years, from 1812 to 1872, calls of a kind wholly extraneous to his parochial work were made upon him, to an extent perhaps without parallel in the history of his Church. He became a leader in the business of the Church. He undertook a missionary tour to America, and afterwards to India. The whole of this subject had a great attraction for his mind, and occupied much of his time. His constant habit of travelling for needful relaxation perhaps promoted his tendency to take a wider *conspectus* of religious interests than is usual in Scotland. Resorting to London, he warmly promoted the scheme of the Evangelical Alliance; until, after some time, he was repelled by what he thought narrowness. He freely lent his aid in the pulpits of the Nonconformists. On account probably of his genial and popular qualities, he was sought out by Mr. Strahan, the publisher, and became the editor of *Good Words*, as well as a frequent contributor to its pages. Amidst all these calls, freely and largely answered, he became, some years before the death of the prince-consort, a court preacher and court favorite. It would appear that to no person in the profession of a clergyman or pastor has her Majesty accorded so large a share, not only of friendship, but of intimate personal confidence, as to Doctor Macleod. Nor does it appear that this favor was purchased by any manner of undue subserviency. His varied employments, avocations in the strictest sense of the word, called him much, and for long periods, away from his vast parish, which must have been left somewhat largely to the care of substitutes. Yet a large part of

his heart always remained there, and he probably exercised much active care even from a distance. He was a man who would not have neglected his flock, even if he had dared to do so; but in Scotland he would be a bold as well as bad man who, especially in the case of such a flock, should hazard the experiment. It seems plain that Dr. Macleod returned the confidence and affection of the people in its fulness to the last. His unwearied labors led, in course of time, to great derangement of health, with much acute pain. Against all this he struggled with an heroic spirit. But on June 16, 1872, he succumbed to a peaceful and happy death; and he lies buried under a marble cross in the churchyard of Campsie, where his father had once been minister, and around which clustered many of his own happiest memories.

So much for the form of his biography, and for the shell or outer facts of his life. Let us now endeavor to obtain a nearer view both of his personality, and of his relation, in thought and action, to the great movements of the time. For such men are not born every day: and though Scotland has been remarkable for its abundance of zealous and able ministers, Dr. Macleod, who was this, was also much more. He stands out, we think, as having supplied, after Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished names in the history of Presbyterianism.

In some respects, much after Dr. Chalmers; in others probably before him. He had not, so far as we see, the philosophical faculty of Chalmers, nor his intensity, nor his gorgeous gift of eloquence, nor his commanding passion, nor his absolute simplicity, nor his profound, and, to others, sometimes embarrassing humility. Chalmers, whose memory, at a period more than forty years back, is still fresh in the mind of the writer of these pages, was, indeed, a man greatly lifted out of the region of mere flesh and blood. He may be compared with those figures who, in Church history or legend, are represented as risen into the air under the influence of religious emotion. Macleod, on the other hand, had more shrewdness, more knowledge of the world, and far greater elasticity and variety of mind. Chalmers was rather a man of one idea, at least one idea at a time; Macleod receptive on all hands and in all ways. Chalmers had a certain clumsiness, as of physical, so of mental gait; Macleod was brisk, ready, mobile. Both were men devoted to God; eminently able, earnest, energetic; with great gifts

of oratory, and large organizing power. A Church that had them not may well envy them to a Church that had them. Nor do they stand alone. The Presbyterianism of Scotland, which has done but little for literature or for theology, has, notwithstanding, been adorned, during the last fifty years, by the names of many remarkable persons, men of high and pure character: with great gifts of government and construction, like Candlish; of winning and moving oratory like Guthrie; and only a notable fertility in the production of such men could have enabled the national establishment of that small country to endure the fearful drain, which has been brought upon it, since its establishment at the Revolution, by repeated catastrophes within its borders.

And it is with reference to these particular departments of excellence that we would venture earnestly to commend the life of Macleod to the consideration of the English clergy; who, trained and fed under a more catholic system, should never be content to allow any gift either to escape them, or to remain with them only in an imperfect development. As respects government, the Presbyterian communions have derived very great benefit, in some important respects, from their regular and elaborate internal organization. It has given them the advantages which in the civil order belong to local self-government and representative institutions: orderly habits of mind, respect for adversaries, and some of the elements of a judicial temper; the development of a genuine individuality, together with the discouragement of mere arbitrary will and of all eccentric tendency; the sense of a common life; the disposition energetically to defend it; the love of law combined with the love of freedom; and, last not least, the habit of using the faculty of speech with a direct and immediate view to persuasion. We do not doubt but that similar advantages of mental and practical habit will be derived by our own clergy from that revival of ecclesiastical organization, in which this generation of bishops, clergy, and Churchmen has made laudable and considerable progress. But we have yet much ground to cover: these things are not done in a day. Yet more, perhaps, have we to learn from that more practical habit of preaching, which prevails in the higher Scottish pulpits. We do not mean practical in the sense in which it is distinguished from the devotional, but in this broader sense, that the sermon is delivered with the living intention and determi-

nation to act upon the mind of the hearer, and to carry him along with the movement of the preacher's mind. Many an English clergyman will think that, if he has embodied in his sermon a piece of good divinity, the deed is done, the end of preaching is attained. But the business of a sermon is to move as well as teach, and if he teaches only without moving, may it not almost be said that he sows by the wayside? It is often said, censoriously, to be a great advantage possessed by the clergy, that no one can answer them. To a bad clergyman this may be an advantage, in respect that it allows him to remain bad, and to grow worse with impunity. But to the true preacher or speaker it is surely far otherwise. It relaxes that healthy tension, that bracing sense of responsibility, under which we must habituate ourselves to act, if we are ever to do anything that is worth the doing. It is no advantage, but rather a temptation and a snare.

The hint conveyed in these remarks does not principally touch the question that may be raised as to the relative merits of written and unwritten sermons. The sermons of Dr. Macleod were, it appears, to a great extent, written but not read. The sermons of Dr. Chalmers were certainly in some cases, if not in all, both written and read. But all Scotch ministers of any note who read their sermons take, or used to take, good care to read as if reading not. To a great extent, Scotch sermons were delivered without books, having been committed to memory. When notes were used, they were sometimes, as much as might be, concealed on a small shelf within the pulpit, for the people had a prejudice, almost a superstition, against "the papers," and could not reconcile them with the action of the Holy Ghost in the preaching of the gospel. Reading, pure and simple, was very rare. Apart from the question of the merit of this or that form in the abstract, there was a traditional and almost universal idea of preaching as a kind of spiritual wrestling with a congregation; and the better professors of the art entered into it as athletes, and strove habitually and throughout to get a good "grip" of the hearer, as truly and as much as a Cumbrian wrestler struggles, with persistent and varied movement, to get a good grip of his antagonist. To give effect to this idea in preaching or in other speaking, the hearers must be regarded in some sense as one. All fear of the individual must be discarded. Respect for the body may be maintained, and may be exhibited

by pleading, by expostulating, by beseeching; but always with a reserve and underthought of authority, of a title to exhort, rebuke, convince. It is really the constitution of a direct and intimate personal relation for the moment, between preacher and hearers, which lies at the root of the matter; such a relation as establishes itself spontaneously between two persons, who are engaged in an earnest practical conversation to decide whether some given thing shall or shall not be done; and for this reason it is that we suggest that the mass of living humanity gathered in a congregation should perhaps be dealt with as one, and that, unless in exceptional junctures, the preacher might find a pathway of power, as the singer, the instrumentalist, or the actor does, in treating a crowd as an unity. What has been said is said tentatively, and so to speak provocatively, not to offer the solution of a great problem, but at any rate to set others upon solving it. For a great problem it is: and a solution is required. The problem is how, in the face of the press, the tribune, the exchange, the club, the multiplied solicitations of modern life, to awaken in full the dormant powers of the pulpit, which, though it has lost its exclusive privileges, is as able as it ever was manfully to compete for, and to share in, the command of the human spirit, and of the life it rules. The Church cannot, indeed, do what she will, make her twenty thousand ministers produce good sermons at the rate of two millions a year. She knows very well that to be good preachers without book, they must be good theologians; and that with all the holy and watchful care they are bound to exercise in all the parts of divine service, it is far more difficult for them, than for those who have no liturgy, to collect and concentrate themselves with full power upon the act of preaching. If the priests have the highest office to discharge, they must be content and glad to face the greatest difficulties; and some aid in the task, we are confident, they may obtain from a careful study of the methods pursued in the Italian and in other foreign pulpits; or more generally, and for all who have not the Continent within reach, by noticing and digesting the practice in our own country of non-Anglican, and certainly not least of Scottish Presbyterian pulpits.

On the faculty and habit of government, as they are cherished in the same quarter, we have already said as much as our limited space permits: and the volumes before us, though they do not elaborately

treat the points we have been considering, are full of passages which illustrate them; the spontaneous, inartificial thoughts of the earnest actor when he was off the stage.

We pass to what is yet more closely personal to Dr. Macleod. Scottish Presbyterianism, as a whole, has been, in history, singularly isolated from the thought and movement of the rest of the Christian world. It was, at any rate until lately, a system eminently stark; and the framework of theological thought, even down to forty years ago, had undergone little or no perceptible change since the days of Andrew Melvill. "Calvinism" in Scotland did not mean the profession of a school or party; it meant Christianity, meant it without doubt or question; and this too at a time when, to say nothing of Germany, the Calvinists of Switzerland, of Holland, and of France had for the most part passed into rationalism or something more. In the youth of Dr. Macleod himself (vol. ii. 71), we find one of the latest indications of this state of things, where he reckons on the need and advantage of "a sound Calvinistic theology." But he lived on; and he did not shut his ears to the strokes of the battering-ram on the walls of the house; they quivered all around him; and in his riper life, this man, in no small degree a typical man for intelligent Scotland, honestly admits that he is out of harmony with the Confession of Faith concocted by the Westminster Assembly. So early, indeed, as in 1842, he writes to a dear friend (i. 166): "There are many points in theology, upon which I somehow think you are destined like myself to undergo a change." Indeed he was sorely put about; and perhaps it was only the elasticity and buoyancy of his cheerful spirit, which kept the conflicting elements in his mind from coming to some sharp crisis. The disruption occurred when he was not yet thirty-one. He refused to join the high-hearted band who, in May of that year, marching out of the hall of the General Assembly, marched by that act out of kirk and school, glebe and teind, house and home; and without doubt, in remaining where he was, he acted solely as they did, on a sense of duty. But the iron necessity of the position compelled him to strain to its topmost bent the argument in favor of fixed confessions of faith. For he was an "establishmentarian" from top to toe. He did not indeed stoop to Erastianism. The Church and the State, independent societies, had, in his view, made a treaty upon terms, and these terms were expressed in

confessions. According to him, the capital offence of the Free Kirk lay in its declining to observe that, as its confession had become law, it must be interpreted like other laws, and by the same authority. So in his view the Veto Act of 1834, and the claim of spiritual independence, were capital offences, for they were breaches of faith, repudiations of a solemn treaty with the State. Of this theory he was a leading champion; and he defended it, as his manner was, with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Yet on the very question of "subscription," it soon appears that he came into undeniable conflict with himself. In ii. 291, he desires to get free from it; but in ii. 300, he does not see how the Church, or any section of it, "can exist without a creed, expressed or administered in some form or other." There could not be a more cruel irony of fate than that the man, who had quite conscientiously assailed the Free Kirk for dissolving the alliance, should himself enthusiastically maintain it to the end along with the whole doctrine of State interpretation, and yet should take to interpreting the Confession of Faith for himself; and this is not in points few and doubtful, but with a latitude and boldness which amounts to a "root-and-branch" reformation of his "sound Calvinistic theology." The Confession taught most unequivocally, and perhaps crudely, the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the lost: he seems to have sapped its foundation (ii. 345, 382). The Confession taught the redemption of a few; he extended it to all, and he held (ii. 117-8) that Christ's sufferings were not penal. The Confession disposed of men by irrespective decrees; he judged them by their works. The Confession set up the strictest Sabbatarianism; he demolished it. A tenth part of the deviations and divergences of Dr. Macleod, not from Christianity, but from Calvinism, would have sufficed to convict an unfortunate "ritualist" or "Puseyite" of treason and dishonesty; but he died minister of the Barony, honored by the court, popular in society, respected by every class (for we have the testimony of a working-man, "A' body likes the doctor") (vol. ii. 58), and what is more, in possession, by unequivocal and official marks, of the full confidence of his Church.

He had indeed, at particular times, been in bad odor; and perhaps had narrow escapes from his alarmed co-religionists. At one period, during the Sabbath controversy, he writes (ii. 190): "I felt at first so utterly cut off from every Christian

brother, that had a chimney sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled upon me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salute, and blessed him." But partly they loved him, partly they could not afford to part with him. Partly too, perhaps, he atoned for his many and bold offences by an outspoken hatred of "Puseyism." He had a kindly feeling towards the English Church; but Puseyism, it seems, he could not abide. Such a hatred as this covers, and that in many quarters, a multitude of sins. His sympathetic nature led him (ii. 267) to communicate in the Free Church, but he shows much displeasure, and even some irritation, against it as "Presbyterian Puseyism" (i. 260); and again (ii. 53), "Laud and the Covenanters were just the same men on different sides, except that what one called Church the other called Kirk."

A good deal, not of the man, but of what is of lower quality in the man, comes out in 1839 (i. 136): "I have a horror for Puseyism. I fear it is of more danger to religion than voluntarism."

He had but an imperfect appreciation, says Principal Shairp (i. 144), of Newman's sermons. Again, it seems that the venom of the system penetrated even within the precinct of the Evangelical Alliance. Attending its conference in Paris (ii. 46), he had to make this entry: "Heard a Puseyite sermon; horrid trash."

But, all this notwithstanding, we find passages uttered or written by him which appear to convict him of nothing less than flat Puseyism. Many a man has been (morally) hanged, drawn, and quartered for less of it. He quotes in favor of an education beyond the grave the interpretation placed by "the early Church" on the preaching "to the spirits that are in prison" (ii. 343). He thought it right and not wrong to utter to God a devout aspiration for the peace and rest of a departed spirit (ii. 113). Nay, he even wrote (i. 286), "The living Church is more than the dead Bible, for it is the Bible and something more." And he complained (ii. 128), "We ignore sixteen centuries almost."

Apart from cavil, and even from careful scrutiny of expressions, the truth seems to be that the mind of Dr. Macleod was in a high and true sense catholic. But he had not the foundation of a solid training on which to rear his theology; and consequently he had not full possession of the grounds of dogma; while the particular scheme of it, which had been taught him in his youth, wholly failed to give satisfac-

tion to his mind. Accordingly he lay open, within certain limits, to the attacks and wiles of the rationalizing spirit, and to a certain extent tampered with its commonplaces. But he could reject them upon occasion; he never was in his heart a rationalist, either as to the practical development of religion, or even as to the dogmatic principle. In proof of this proposition, let us take the following emphatic passage from his journal in 1870 (ii. 371):—

I have been astounded by a most influential member of the Church saying to me: "What is it to me whether Christ worked miracles, or rose from the dead? We have got the right idea of God through Him. It is enough; *that* can never perish!" And this truth is like a flower, which has grown from a dung-hill of lies and myths! Good Lord, deliver me from such conclusions! If the battle has come, let it: but before God I will fight it with those only, be they few or many, who believe in a risen, living Saviour. This revelation of the influence of surface criticism has thrown me back immensely upon all who hold fast by an objective revelation.

Independently of the general direction of his mind, there was in him a certain fluctuation, not of piety, but of opinion, which was immediately due to his lively, emotional nature, and his large and energetic sympathies. With every form of thought capable of wearing (for him) a favorable aspect he closed according to that aspect. Hence an intellectual, not a moral, inconstancy: and estimates almost contradictory, within brief periods, of the state and prospects of his Church, and of its rivals. Even voluntarism, which once stood next to Puseyism in the scale of deadly sins, must have worn off some of its hateful features in his view; for in 1871 he says (ii. 350), "I do not fear disestablishment."

The consequence of all this is that we are to seek in the life and words of Macleod rather for moral, religious, and practical, than for intellectual and scientific lessons. Though his bark was driven out to sea over the abysses of speculation, he wanted either the powers, or the apparatus, to sound them. His intellect availed to raise questions, not to answer them; and his large heart and fine character neutralized the dangers which to a man of lower turn, and less of true heavenward bent, might have been very formidable.

He carried on from first to last, in his journals, the work of religious introspection. Repeated so often, it almost offers to readers the appearance of routine; and

on this account perhaps many of the passages might have been spared, for they are in general elementary as to their character and range. They do not resemble the systematic work of those who go on digging, deeper and deeper, by a continuous process, into the profound mysteries of the human heart. The imperious and violent demands of external duty prevented him from achieving what, in a more tranquil sphere, he might probably have accomplished with a more exercised and collected spirit. He was well aware, too, of his own difficulties of temperament in this respect, and has recorded them (ii. 76): "The outer world of persons and things I always relished so intensely, that I required an extra effort to keep to quiet reading and prayer." But they did not preclude him from recording with great force and freshness abundant manifestations of an ingenuous mind, and a devoted, self-renouncing heart. For example (ii. 317), in 1870:—

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my feelings and my weaknesses, what I can do and not do. So I desire to be led, and not to lead; to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He has thus enabled me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste of life, in advancing His kingdom, than I could have done in any other way: I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak. In scholarship nothing. In a thousand things a baby. He knows this: and so he has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate, art thou, O God!

Oh, my Father, keep me humble. Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men, to recognize their several gifts as from thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents: and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if thou art glorified. Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing thee as all in all.

Again, he was too good and true a man to test religion by abundance of words. One of the fond and almost idolizing attachments of his life (and it was distinguished for affectionate friendships) was to Campbell of Row, who was deposed, under the stern prescriptions of the Westminster Confession, for teaching what is termed universal redemption. Macleod preached his funeral sermon; and thus

finely comments on his death-bed: "He spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was, like his life, an Amen to God's will."

In most points, Macleod's deviations from the Westminster Confession were approximations to the belief of the Church of England. Most men will regard with an indiscriminating satisfaction the relinquishment of grim and dreary tenets, which, when taken in their rigor, seem to impair the grand moral base of the divine character. The rather judaical Sabbatarianism of Scotland, like the Calvinistic formulæ, was simply a form of Protestant tradition, founded neither in the word of God nor in the general consent of Christendom. Still, we must plead guilty to regarding with very mixed emotions the crumbling-away of these conventional theologies. It was plain that such an end must come; but the question is, are they ready for it, and then, what is to come next? When a great void was made in the religious system of Scotland by utterly sweeping away the divine office of the Church, the gap was filled up by broader as well as more rigid conceptions of the corporeal perfection (so to speak) and absolute authority of the Scriptures of the Old as well as the New Testament. The judaizing tendency, but too evident in the Covenanters and Puritans, had at least this advantage, that they fell back upon a code; and that they were enabled to give to their religious system a completeness and detail, which had in other days been sought in the historical developments of the Christian society. We have some fear lest it should be found that when the wood, hay, straw, and stubble are swept away, they may be found to have departed without leaving any firmer or other substitute behind them. For any system, civil or religious, to come to a breach with its traditions is a great, even though not always the greatest calamity; and, remembering what in other countries has become of Calvinism after once it has put to sea, we feel some anxiety to know what will be its fate in Scotland, and who will be its eventual heirs.

Be this as it may, Dr. Macleod had always the courage of his opinions; and he was prepared to face the contingencies of the future by frankly casting the Church establishment of Scotland upon the tide of popular sentiment. But without making the smallest deduction from the respect and admiration due to his memory, we doubt whether the course upon which he helped to embark that body was a safe one.

On this subject he was without doubt eminently consistent. In 1843 he foretold that patronage must be given up to save the Church; and in 1871 he gave his weighty countenance to the movement, which terminated in the act of 1874 for its abolition. But perhaps he was more consistent than wise. The Established Church of Scotland is in a decided minority of the population. It claims 42 per cent., a little over two-fifths of the whole; it is allowed to have 36 per cent., somewhat beyond one-third. Let us take it nearly at its own estimate, and suppose it has a full two-fifths. Is it, then, so easy to justify in argument the position of an establishment of religion for a minority of the population, as to make it prudent for such a body to assume against a clear nonconforming majority what has to them the aspect of an aggressive attitude? In the view of that majority, the Patronage Act of 1874, which gave the appointment of established ministers to the people of their communion, was an attempt to bid and buy back piecemeal within the walls those who had been ejected wholesale. It was resented accordingly; and, by means of that act, the controversy of disestablishment, which had been almost wholly asleep beyond the Tweed, has been roused to an activity, and forced into a prominence, which may make it the leading Scottish question at the next general election, and which is not without possible moment or meaning, to a limited extent, even for England. Of Scottish Episcopalianism we shall here say nothing, except that it is, in nearly every diocese, harmonious and moderately progressive; and that Dr. Macleod regarded it (ii. 84) as a somewhat formidable antagonist. He even thought (i. 153) that "an episcopal era is near for Scotland's ecclesiastical history;" and reckoned the adoption of several among its principles and usages as a main part (ii. 322) of the apparatus necessary in order to enable the Kirk to grapple successfully with its future. In ecclesiastical policy we cannot resist the impression that he was, without knowing it, somewhat of a Rupert. But in estimating a life and character, the question rarely turns on the correctness of this or that opinion held. Least of all could it so turn in the case of Macleod. For there are few men in whom emotion more conspicuously towered above mere opinion, and conduct above both. Brave and tender, manful and simple, profoundly susceptible of enjoyment, but never preferring it to duty; overflowing with

love, yet always chivalrous for truth; full of power, full of labor, full of honor, he has died, and has bequeathed to us for a study, which we hope will reach far beyond the bounds of his communion and denomination, the portrait of a great orator and pastor, and a true and noble-hearted man.

From The Spectator July 22.

LONDON UNDER AN INDIAN CLIMATE.

EVERYBODY you meet says, in a despairing tone, "This must be as hot as India!" and for once everybody is nearly in the right. The heat in London since July 14, though not exactly "tropical" — for when men talk of "tropical heat" they mean 96° in the shade — has been as great as it ordinarily is within an Indian house, carefully regulated to be as cool as possible. The thermometer has ranged up to 89 in the shade, up to 80 in a rather hot business-room, and up to 76 in a well-ventilated and lofty bedroom at 11 P.M.; and in India, except in a few places, like Chunar or Scinde, and for a few days in the year, the thermometer seldom marks higher figures. It is not the heat that kills you, but the continuance of the heat. It feels hotter because the wind is so hot, and because the body has been heated for months or years, but in a well-built house it is rarely hotter than it was in London last Sunday afternoon. "Then," remarks somebody of the lankier type, brown skin, and protuberant neck-bones — that is, somebody with a latent capacity for being acclimatized in the tropics, derived probably from some remote tinge of Oriental blood, such as most Welshmen have — "Indian heat is not so terrible, after all." Unfortunately, it is very terrible indeed. The hottest month, during which the thermometer in an office runs up among the nineties, exhausts the constitution; a rise of even three degrees, after 80° is once passed, lowers the resisting-power to an inexplicable degree, and continued heat has a very different effect from heat continued for a few days. The blood becomes resentful of it, and the skin more tender, till in some Europeans there exists a permanent liability to an annoying rash, popularly known as "prickly heat." If the heat of the past week were to last six months, Londoners would find their metropolis nearly unendurable, would make most painful sacrifices to escape it, and unless guaranteed against a repetition of such seasons, would

insist on serious modifications in architecture, dress, the arrangements of society, and domestic habits. Most of the points of difference between Londoners and Englishmen in India, or Cairenes, or Sicilians, which so attract travellers as peculiarities, are mere modifications of northern custom which have arisen under compulsion of the heat. Englishmen, for instance, think it rather silly, even in summer, to rise at four and go to bed at ten, and fancy that old Indians who boast of those feats are talking prosy exaggerations. If this heat lasted, however, for six months, Londoners would feel that exercise could only be taken comfortably before dawn, would insensibly fall into a custom of rising at four, and walking or riding till six A.M., and would at ten P.M. feel themselves intolerably tired. They would wish, as they were about, to see their friends, and gradually the morning drive would supersede afternoon visiting, and it would be etiquette for everybody to be about and visible before breakfast, instead of before dinner, — which, again, being taken in oppressive heat, would become a much less popular ceremonial. In England, indeed, where custom settles itself, uninfluenced, as custom in India is, by "home" tradition, dinner, as a ceremonial, would probably either be performed, as in ancient Italy, much earlier, or, as among the natives of India, would be pushed deep into the night, beginning probably at eleven. Business would be divided by a three hours' interval, from noon till three, and the ideal of shopmen would be not to shut early, but to open in the evening, and work on through the entire twilight and the first hour of night. All tradition of fitting times and seasons would give way to the heat, and so even more rapidly would all present modes of dress. Broadcloth would become unknown, and would be replaced by some improvement on alpaca — the substance worn in India — which is thin and will take any color, but owing to a peculiar shininess, like that of worn-out cloth, is extraordinarily ugly; and the laundress's bill would rise to impossible dimensions. Indeed, washing would become one of the most real difficulties of the poor but refined, — a difficulty which would have to be met by some new device as to the shape of linen clothes, making washing a simpler process. The Londoner who has lived through the past week will confess that if the heat lasted, he should long for two baths and three shirts a day more than for his dinner, and if a poor man,

would soon be driven to think starch a nuisance and plaited fronts an expensive absurdity. The change in dress would not, in all probability, take the form of reduced covering, for it has not taken it among the English in India, or Florida, or Jamaica, or among the Spaniards in Peru, but would involve a great reduction in the weight of clothes, a total alteration in the shape of the hat, and the extinction of any covering for the foot more serious than the thinnest of Oxford shoes. Clad in silk socks, white linen trousers — color and material being determined by the absence of drawers and consequent necessity for daily changes — thin waistcoat, and thinner but black alpaca tunic, an apology for a necktie, and the broadest hat that can be lifted easily from the head, the Londoner would be dressed just as the European always is in the tropics, and would understand at once that the changes were neither affected nor unreasonable.

He would change his diet, too, as rapidly as his dress. He would find, as his perception of heat became permanent, that he disliked joints of meat, which would, being so perishable, become excessively expensive; that he could not eat bread made and baked as in England; that he wanted messes and very light preparations of farinaceous articles, plain boiled rice being best; and that he liked his messes hot, so hot as to tempt a jaded appetite and a palate become intolerant of slight but definite flavors. He would understand without being told why the European in the tropics likes curry, mulligatawny (pepper-water), and pimento soup, and all the things which Anglo-Indians are still supposed to eat, but which, under pressure of ridicule, they have abandoned, for the last quarter of a century, to the West-Indians. He would discover that ice was a necessary of life, that English wines heated him unendurably, and that alcohol would only attract him when it added a seductive flavor and a most dangerous piquancy to the iciest drinks. Milk would gain a new credit in his eyes as a food, instead of a mere addition to soften tea and coffee; and above all, he would wake to the charm of cold drinking-water, and to the perception, quite disappearing in cold countries, that no two specimens of drinking-water are exactly alike, — that they have peculiarities, subtleties of flavor, of quality, and especially of after-taste, as various as wine. Clad in thin garments, abroad at earliest dawn, eating hot messes, craving for iced drinks, and careless of alcohol, except,

perhaps, in its worst form—as a nip to cure the “sinking” produced by heat—the Londoner would be, in external ways, indistinguishable from the East-Indian, Floridan, West-Indian, or Mexican, of whom he reads as he would of some savage whom he cannot quite comprehend.

It is, however, in architecture that the change would be most striking. If the Londoner who has survived this week will bethink himself, he will find that the three things he has longed for most have been water to throw over himself, air to breathe, and shade from a glare which he perceives, with dull surprise, affects not only his eyes, but his temper and his brain. He will have recognized the permanent instinct of the tropics, the active hatred for unsubdued light as a malignant enemy, which in the tropics has affected all architecture, all art dependent on color, and all the agriculture of luxury. He will have felt that he would give anything to let the wind blow through his rooms, which means the substitution of columns for walls; to have an open space to walk in without going out,—which means either the broad balconies of India, stretching across the pavement, or the flat roofs of Turkey and Persia; and for cover when compelled to go abroad,—which means either streets so narrow as to shade out the light, as in Genoa, old Florence, or Benares, or arcades, as in Bologna, and one or two of the older Hindoo cities. He would feel that the light must be shut out jealously, either by the wood shutters of Spain and South America, or the venetians of India and Italy; and he would plan for space in his bath-room, room to splash, and floors which would not give or open under a daily cataract. None of those things would be unprocurable in London, and some of them, such as arcaded streets, broad balconies, flat roofs, columns instead of walls, and screened window-spaces, would be attainable without unendurable trouble or expense; but when they were attained, London would resemble the East much more closely than most Englishmen fancy. Plant Regent Street with trees for shade, widen the balconies up to the lamp-posts in the gutter, cut down and widen the window-spaces, leaving them fitted with venetians instead of glass, and substitute columns and curtains for the inner walls, and Regent Street would be better prepared for a semi-tropical climate than European Calcutta is,—nearly as well prepared, in fact, as Granada, and very much handsomer to look at. The European architecture of the tropics in

fact is only European architecture as much adapted to climate as English or Spanish minds will bear, and entirely deficient in originality,—which, indeed, has never been much sought. There is no greater discredit to English and Spanish originality than the perfect failure to be original under novel circumstances. The best house in India is a barn, compared with a suite of reception-rooms in Oojein; the Burmese has beaten his swamps, his snakes, and his climate with infinitely more skill than the Floridan, who does not know to this hour that the best defence against the exhalations of a humid soil in a hot swamp is eight feet of clean, wind-swept air *under* the floor on which you live; and the Spanish-Mexican has never learnt, what the native Mexican and the old Egyptian knew instinctively, that if you want cool seclusion instead of cool publicity, every foot of thickness in your walls is so much gain. And yet why should we blame the Englishman, or the Yankee, or the Spaniard? If ever there was an original man, it was the Greek; and the Greek built Pompeii, and Pompeii for half the year and half the day must have been as hot as the lower regions. There was shade, no doubt, deep shade, even if *velaria* were not stretched across the streets, as we half suspect they were; but neither for air nor water did the Pompeian provide, any more than the Genoese, who builds a mighty promenade by the sea, and retires from it to a room which only wetted door-hangings would keep cool, and builds out the air, without which even that device is useless. That is the last experience of the tropics, and possibly the only one of much use to the poorer Londoner, sick with the heat, the confined air, and the diet so unsuited to the weather of the week. Let him hang a wet horse-rug or blanket over the window facing the wind, and in ten minutes he and his room will be reasonably and surprisingly cool.

From Nature.

THE TASMANIANS.

THE *historical* period of this singular race of mankind has lasted no longer than a century, for up to one hundred years ago they had unimpeded sway in the island of Van Diemen. Once invaded by Europeans, they had inevitably to succumb, and they gradually but speedily dwindled away, the last of them having died about two

years ago, so that now they are completely extinct.

The island when discovered by Tasman contained about seven thousand inhabitants. In the year 1803 it was annexed by Britain for a penal settlement. Hatred, amounting to display of violence, broke out between the aborigines and the criminal occupiers of the soil. The scattered remnants of the native tribes were subsequently gathered together, and provided for by the government at various retreats, until the last of the race in course of time passed away. Dr. Barnard Davis, F.R.S., the well-known ethnologist, in a recent paper,* endeavors to prove by the comparison of a skeleton, and some skulls of an Australian and a Tasmanian, that these two people belonged to two distinct races of man, having been previously erroneously confounded together.

Almost the only relics which the Tasmanians have left behind them are their bones. Fortunately before the entire extinction of the race, men of science had begun to see the importance of the study of craniology, so that a few skulls, but still only a few, have been collected and preserved. One chief reason of the scarcity of crania is the manner of the disposal of the dead — by fire. These were often placed in a hollow tree, surrounded by spears, so that on the occurrence of any bush fire the bones even were certain to be consumed. Two out of the twelve skulls in Dr. Davis' collection have been rescued from fire. Up to the last three years there was not a single Tasmanian skeleton in any European collection. At the present time there are four in England — two, one a male and the other a female, being in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Two skeletons, also of opposite sexes, are in the museum of the Royal Society of Tasmania, Hobart Town.

The chief works of art, of which, unfortunately, but few are preserved, consist of beautiful necklaces made by stringing the iridescent shells of *Purpura elenchus* upon thin sinews, also of very rude implements, chippings of a dark-colored chert, exactly like that used by the Kanakas of the Sandwich Islands, and, lastly, fishing-nets. The natives on the south and west coasts make a kind of "catamaran" from

rushes. The spears, about ten feet long, are made of the heavy, hard wood of the "tea tree" pointed and hardened in the fire, and straightened by being passed from end to end between the teeth.

For long the Tasmanians and Australians were confounded together, and Europeans who visited the country did not improve matters by calling both races, without distinction, "black," though the color of their skin was removed from a negroid blackness, being of a "dull dark" color in the Tasmanian, and "chocolate, coffee-colored, or nutmeg-colored" in the Australian.* There was, moreover, a striking difference between the two people, the Tasmanian being stout and broad-shouldered, while there was such a degree of lankness in the Australian as to cause the former to appear stout. Prof. Huxley, who visited both countries, says of the former people that they "are totally different from the Australians."

The Tasmanians were rather short, being below the average of Europeans in stature. The mean height of twenty-three men was found to be 5 ft. 3 1-4 in., or 1,618 mm.; that of twenty-nine women was only 4 ft. 11 1-4 in., or 1,503 mm. There are, however, instances, as in other races, of tall stature among the Tasmanians, for several have been found to be 6 ft. in height by measurement. The Australians are a taller people. Out of thirteen Shark's Bay natives who were measured twelve were 5 ft. 10 in. in height, but "there seems," observes Mr. Oldfield, "as much variation among these savages as there is among civilized nations, the mean height being no greater than it is in England." The Tasmanians differed strikingly from the Australians in being robust; and that this is no superficial character, but one of race, can be proved by reference to their bones. A question, now unfortunately too late to solve, is, What was the amount of difference between the different tribes of Tasmania? For it is known that there were tribes in the island differing to the extent of the possession of dialects mutually unintelligible. With regard to the Australians, some ethnologists maintain that they have physical characters so distinct as to admit of being divided into a woolly-haired and a flowing-haired race.

There is, moreover, a striking difference in the structure of the hair in the two

* "On the Osteology and Peculiarities of the Tasmanians, a Race of Man Recently become Extinct." Reprint 4to from the "*Natuurkundige Verhandelingen der Hollandsche Maatschappij der Wetenschappen*," 3rd Verz. Deel II., No. 4. Illustrated by four splendid lithographic plates.

* It is to be hoped that in future, in order to avoid such vagueness of terminology, travellers will adopt M. Broca's useful color-types. *Vide* the British Association's "Anthropological Notes and Queries."

races respectively; that of the Australians growing in flowing ringlets, while the hair of the Tasmanian, being excentrically elliptical on section, has a tendency to twist, and thus comes to grow in small corkscrew locks. This peculiarity allowed them to load their hair with red ochre, so that it hung down in separate ringlets. In color it is of a very dark brown, popularly called black, approaching in tint to No. 41* of Prof. Broca's "color-types." It was difficult to investigate the hair of the women, as, from an idea that it added to their charms, they shaved their heads either with a sharp stone or with broken bottles, on the advent of civilization! The women among the Mincopies of the Andaman Islands have the same custom. It is a curious coincidence also that the latter race, as did the Tasmanians, were in the habit of carrying fragments of the bones of their relations, as a mark of affection, suspended necklacewise round their necks. The peculiar growth of hair in spiral tufts is *natural* to these races, which have peculiar crisp excentrically elliptical hair, and is no work of art, being of spontaneous growth, contrary to the assertions of those whose ideas of race are founded on missionary models. The hair on all the other parts of the body, of which there was no deficiency, was of the same character, there being even on the borders of the whiskers little pellets of hair on the cheeks, "like pepper-corns." The nose of the Tasmanian was not elevated, but very broad across the alæ. The upper lip was long, and the mouth wide, but of a pleasant, calm expression. In the strength of the jaws, moreover, the size of the teeth, and the large area of the grinding surface of the molars, the Tasmanians agree with the Australians, and contrast strikingly with European races.

There is a peculiarity in the physiognomy of the Tasmanians which is difficult to describe to others, but which is obvious to those, who, like Dr. Davis, have long studied their crania. It consists in "a particular roundness, or spherical form, which manifests itself in all the features." Dr. Paul Topinard, too, states ("*Etude sur les Tasmaniens*," *Mém de la Soc. d'Anthrop. de Paris*, iii. 309) that there are certain marks in the cranium which would "enable him to recognize it anywhere."

The thickness and density of the bones of the skull, even in women, is very striking, and "constitutes a decided peculiarity

of the race." The frontal and parietal bones, for instance, of a small woman's skull, from which the calvarium had been sawn off, was 0.4 inch, or 6 millimetres, in thickness. The orbits in the Tasmanian skull are, according to Dr. Topinard, small. He says, moreover, that the skull has a sinister expression, while, on the other hand, Dr. Davis regards the countenance of the Tasmanian as a "benevolent, if not mild," one.

With regard to prognathism, both in superior alveolar and in inferior alveolar, or *mental* prognathism, the Australian cranium much exceeds that of the Tasmanian.* This is well seen in Dr. Davis's plates. (Tab. II. III.)

Touching cranial capacities, Dr. Topinard concludes that "the anterior lobes of the brain have *nearly the same* relative development in the two series of skulls, *i.e.*, the Tasmanians and others" [that is, Parisian and Breton skulls taken for comparison]. "The anterior part of the posterior cerebral lobes is a *little less* developed in the Tasmanians. The posterior part is *much less* developed. The cerebellum is more voluminous in the Tasmanians, by a quantity approximately equal to the loss which the posterior cerebral lobes undergo."

On examining the skeleton of a Tasmanian it will be observed that the bones have the usual robustness seen in European skeletons, differing thus quite from those of the Australian, which are slender. In two skeletons each belonging to one of these races, the last rib was in both three inches long, while in those of an Australian woman described by Prof. Owen this rib was but little more than one inch in length. The ilia are decidedly more everted in the Tasmanian than in the Australian. The patellæ are also larger in the former. There is no olecranon foramen in the humerus of either skeleton. The tibiæ are, moreover, straight in both, and not of sabre form.

In twenty-four Australian skulls of both sexes, there was a mean weight of brain of 41.38 ounces, or a mean internal capacity of 81.1 cubic inches, while in eleven Tasmanian skulls of both sexes the mean cerebral weight was 42.25 ounces, or a corresponding cranial capacity of 82.8 cubic inches. From this it may be deduced that the Tasmanian excels the

* In a skull, however, of a male Tasmanian about thirty years of age, belonging to Dr. Davis, the prognathism, both mental and supra-alveolar, is greater than in that of an Australian youth about twenty years old.

* The darkest.

Australian in having a brain .87 oz., or twenty-four grammes heavier, or an internal capacity of skull superior to the extent of 1.7 cubic inch. This squares with Dr. Topinard's observations.

This being the case, we should suppose that the inventive powers of the Tasmanians would exceed those of the Australians; but this, possibly owing to some extra stimulus to the invention of the latter race, is not the case. It seems, indeed, probable that it was the abundance of food in Tasmania which was the cause of the non-invention of two of the implements so necessary to the Australian when engaged in the chase, to wit, the "boomerang" and the "wommera" or throwing-stick, by which spurs were hurled, both of which are indigenous to Australia, not being known elsewhere. The Tasmanian had, indeed, the "waddy," a short stick of hard wood, which they threw with a rotatory motion so as to kill a bird on a tree, but this was a far less elegant weapon than its Australian representative, the boomerang. As evidence that the invention of implements is not commensurate, wholly and simply, with cerebral development, we must bear in mind that the bow and arrow, so useful to the Asiatics, Pacific Islanders, and American Indians, was never discovered either by the Tasmanian or Australian.

A surprising deficiency among the Australian and Tasmanian tribes is a total absence of pottery, and this among many races that had no substitute in the pericarp of fruits. This is a hard fact for those who would fain believe in the derivation of Australian and Tasmanian from other races. In some parts of Australia where long drought has been suffered the natives have actually used the dried calvarium of a deceased person, cementing the sutures with a vegetable gum, upon which they stick the shell of an oyster to protect the resin from being rubbed off. The Tasmanians were further quite unacquainted with the shield. Nothing is so demonstrative of the complete isolation of the Tasmanians as the fact that, though separated from Australia by a strait but little more than three hundred miles wide, there had been no intercommunication from either side between the two countries until the advent of Europeans. This fact tells strongly against those who believe in the almost universal spontaneous diffusion of races. The Tasmanians further had no native dogs, nor was the practice of circumcision known among them, facts tending further to prove the isolation of the

two races. Neither this race, moreover, nor the Australians of the south, were in possession of boats, so that even the intermediate islands in the straits were quite uninhabited. There is reason, however, to believe that, like the Australians, some tribes of the Tasmanians were accustomed to punch out the front teeth. This rests only on osteological evidence, as no account has ever been given of the prevalence of the custom among this race.

Finally, "All that can be said with truth is that the Tasmanians are not Australians, they are not Papuans, and they are not Polynesians. Although they may present resemblances to some of these, they differ from them substantially and essentially." From this it may be concluded that the Tasmanians were one of the most isolated races of mankind which ever existed. They have been one of the earliest races to perish totally by coming in contact with Europeans, and "their record now belongs wholly to the past." J. C. G.

From The Spectator.

THE AMERICAN CENTENARY.

THE rhymed hymns to the American Centenary are all bad — Mr. Bayard Taylor's included, though it has some fine lines — and the prose hymns published in England are none of them very good. It is natural, however, that they should be written, for the fact that a republic on the great scale should have lasted a hundred years, should have grown into a first-class power, should have remained free in every sense of the word, should have attracted and absorbed millions of exiles from every country in the world, and should have so contented her population that after waging a terrible and successful war in its defence, they should still regard her constitution as semi-divine, is a most momentous one, and one to excite an enthusiasm which, however absurdly expressed, has in it a touch of reality and grace. We cannot feel the enthusiasm deeply ourselves, heartily friendly as we are to the Union, and we shall not, therefore, try to deepen a volume of sound already too loud; but we may endeavor to point out what seems to us the great value of the history of the United States, its extraordinary worth as a concrete argument against illusions on both sides. One of these illusions has long been recognized, whether in anger or in pleasure, but there are others which remain to be dispersed.

It is perfectly clear, from the example of America, that the men who hold a special order of political society to be divinely decreed, who think that the government of a community by an individual is as "natural" as the government of little bees by a big bee, who imagine that the only strong form of architecture is the pyramid—forgetting that the plains are as unchangeable as the mountains—and who believe that society to be safe must be graduated by law, or customs having the force of law, are hopelessly in error. An immense community, not homogeneous in race, creed, or even language—though the latter difference tends always to disappear, and has had no practical importance—can organize itself on the plan known as universal suffrage, can make a strong yet not oppressive government, and can establish fundamental laws upon a foundation as strong as any founder has been able hitherto to lay. It is possible for a community without a king, or an aristocracy, or a priesthood to create a system under which ever-increasing masses shall live secure of order, of the means of happiness, and of perfect freedom of thought and speech. Power is as completely in the hands of the American masses now as it was a century ago, and they still contrive to secure social safety for all citizens without the direct use of force, without cruelty, and without an army large enough to have appreciable weight in national affairs. This is a very wonderful disillusion. It does not appear one to us now, because we are accustomed to it, but to our great-grandfathers, whose governing idea, in its mildest and most reasonable form, may be found dominating Alison's long volumes, it would have seemed like a revelation, newly explaining the whole course of human history. Man, then, could be free, yet not anarchical,—then man was left to choose for himself the order which best suited him; that was the teaching which, to entire generations of men and whole schools of political philosophers, seemed impossible or monstrous.

This disillusion is a pleasant one, for it widens the area of man's capacities, and gives variety to his political speculations, whether they take the form of pamphlets or of working constitutions, but there are other disillusiones to be obtained from American history which are not so agreeable. The political Utopians, for example, when judged by this great example, are all wrong. Many great minds formerly believed that the severest checks of

man's progress were the ancient social formulas, that released from kings and priests and aristocracies, man would rise to unknown heights of happiness, of virtue, and of willingness to organize mutual help. He has not done so in America. The average American does not differ from the average Englishman in happiness, in virtue, or in individualism; or if he does, the difference is not to be carried wholly to the credit side of the account. He is perhaps a shade more kindly, a shade more tolerant, a shade more free in using what powers he may possess; but he is not more upright, not more self-sacrificing, and decidedly less cheerful and more anxious. He is quite as likely to be criminal, quite as fond of money, and quite as disposed to consider himself as the proper centre of the general system, the pivot, or "hub," as Boston says, round which a merciful universe ought to turn. As to a new and grander or happier society, there is as yet in the Union no trace of its development. As far as we can see, a New England State, republican for a hundred years, socially differs little from an English county, life being quite as hard—though there is less poverty of an extreme kind—quite as much marked by selfishness, and a trifle more sordid and impermeable to ideas. Of original experiments in life, or even of efforts towards them, only one, Mormonism, has succeeded on any large scale, and even that appears about either to fall, or to seek refuge in territory distant from the republic. Two or three States have shown a disposition to relax the ancient law of marriage, and a doctrine not widely different from that once known in Europe as the doctrine of affinities seriously affects the opinion of many classes throughout the Union; but nothing approaching to a new philosophy of life has, as yet, been developed. Social organization, in particular, has not achieved new successes. No State has tried any form of Christian or un-Christian socialism. No great brotherhood has shown us what "mutuality" on a great scale could achieve. No society can be said to have developed new force, or to have done more than, for instance, several monastic orders achieved, or to have enabled both sexes laboring in common to obtain either a nobler, a more intellectual, or even a happier life. Individualism has proved as strong under a republic as under a monarchy, and the dreams of the Utopians are dissipated by the facts. Nothing stops any race holding any ideas from trying

any social experiment in America, but though all white races have been free to try them, and three at least have tried them over and over again, none of them have been successful on such a scale as to afford a model or even a great experience to the world. So far as America shows, civilized men set down on an island in the Pacific, or in a valley of the Far West, and left free to work their will, would organize a society in all essentials wonderfully like that of Essex or Suabia, obeying the same impulses, and on great questions quite as strictly controlled.

With this illusion disappears another, which, we confess, is to ourselves a pleasant one. Freedom in America produces less intellectual progress than it ought to produce. It yields fair order, tolerable security, and much edible corn, but it does not yield any new growth of intellect. The philosophers who hold that progress is a result of the free conflict of minds, that if all men are allowed to think and express their thoughts, new ideas must speedily be developed, find a puzzle in the American Union. Nowhere can there be more liberty of thought or speech. There is no man of any race, or any creed, or any culture who, having in America thought out something, is not at liberty to say it as strongly as he can. The conflict of thoughts is endless. The roar of speeches is deafening. The activity of the press rises to tumult, and is by no means limited, as some Englishmen fancy, to political subjects. We have read wilder things in American religious papers than anybody ever saw in the European papers of the same kind, and every philosophy, no matter what its apparent consequences, has absolute liberty to convert all the men and women it can. Yet the total result of all this movement is very little. One new creed has attained, under exceptional circumstances, a certain development which hereafter may make it worth while to study with as little of prejudice as may be the industrial effects of Mormonism, but no new faith, or doctrine, or philosophy has risen to obtain a strong hold upon large masses. A sort of religion of good behavior, apart from all dogmas, is, we believe, professed among the German colonies of Ohio; but precisely the same religion, held in the same way, is professed in Hesse, and the masses of the American

community, after a hundred years of free discussion, are in religion as like English Dissenters as ever they can be. Nowhere is piety displayed under more *borné* limitations, and nowhere is the usual more often confounded with the divine. So far from freedom proving favorable to originality of thought, there is more of it under the German military routine, or the English Phœstine order, or the Russian despotic interference with utterance, than in the American republic. No individual philosopher has risen to any visible height above European rivals. No community has in thoughtfulness or originality exceeded the thoughtful circle of a European capital. No book has seriously affected the judgment of mankind. There has been no intellectual produce anywhere in the Union equal to the mass of brain set free to produce, the very best that can be said being that in the New England States, the average intelligence of the people is a little higher than average intelligence has ever been elsewhere, and even that would be denied by Scotchmen; while historians, who know what the Athenian freemen were in the intellectual domain during one century at least, would smile in pitying derision of the statement. Is it not just possible that the human intellect benefits a little by compression; that compulsion to think deeply is not bad for thought; that liberty of premature egress produces on thought the result it produces on water, namely, a prerogative of waste which creates not fertility, but morass? We do not say it is so, for we recognize that the proposition pushed to its extreme becomes absurd—that, for example, no dumb Luther can create belief in the right of private judgment—but the history of America certainly suggests that thought is none the worse because oppression compels it to carry weight, that is, to go into training. The time is as yet too short, but if in another century America has not added some great kingdom to the intellectual domain, another illusion will have been dispelled as potent as that which once bound all Europe to the belief that society could only be safely organized by ascending grades, that it was happiness enough for the broad, low layers to know how high was the topmost story which they had the painful privilege of supporting.

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{ From Beginning,
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A SUMMER'S GHOST.

IN that old summer can you still recall
 The pomp with which the strong sun rose
 and set,
 How bright the moon shone on the shining
 fields,
 What wild, sweet blossoms with the dew
 were wet?

Can you still hear the merry robins sing,
 And see the brave red lilies gleam and glow,
 The waiting wealth of bloom, the reckless
 bees,
 That woo their wild-flower loves, and sting,
 and go?

Canst hear the waves that round the happy
 shore
 Broke in soft joy, and told delusive tales—
 We go, but we return; love comes and goes;
 And eyes that watch see homeward-faring
 sails.

"'Twas thus in other seasons?" Ah, may be!
 But I forgot them, and remembered this—
 A brief, warm season, and a fond, brief love,
 And cold, white winter after bloom and
 bliss.

Victoria Magazine.

A WATER-LILY AT EVENING.

SLEEP, lily on the lake,
 Without one troubled dream
 Thy hushed repose to break,
 Until the morning beam
 Shall open thy glad heart again;
 To live its life apart from pain.

So still is thy repose,
 So pure thy petals seem,
 As heaven would here disclose
 Its peace, and we might deem
 A soul in each white lily lay,
 Passionless, from the lands of day.

Yet but a flower thou art,
 For angel ne'er or saint,
 Though kept on earth apart
 From every earthly taint,
 A life so passionless could know,
 Amid a world of human woe.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SHE lifts to-day her fairy bells
 For balmy winds to sway,
 And round her cells the brown bee tells
 The music of the May.
 She treasures in her snowy cup
 The sunbeam's golden light,
 And brims the dainty chalice up
 With starry pearls of night.

She calls my heart as in a trance
 To years long passed away;
 I feel once more the gentle glance
 That lit my life's young day.
 O blooms so sweet, the blooms she wore—
 And she as fair as they!—
 Your spell can give my heart no more
 The lily of its May!

N. Y. Evening Post. HATTIE A. FEULING.

MY TREASURES.

I COUNT my treasures o'er and o'er
 Gifts of the past, a golden store,
 And time can give me nothing more.

The little ring she used to wear,
 A shadow picture, sweet and fair,
 Dead violets, and a tress of hair.

Frail keys, that ope to bygone time,
 I wander on and reach a clime
 Where bells of morning ever chime.

There all my fair possessions lie,
 My castles that no wealth can buy
 Their golden summits in the sky.

O youth, to feel death's breath of frost!
 O little hands too early crossed!
 Nor love nor faith can count you lost.
 Good Samaritan. H. A. FEULING.

TO KATE.

WHY does this feeling of unrest
 Deep rooted live within my breast?
 I have no reason to complain
 Of fickle fortune, and no stain
 Or memory of evil haunts me.
 What have I sown that I should reap
 The whirlwind,—that I cannot—sleep
 Or waking—ever be at ease?
 I look among my treasures rare,
 My treasures rich beyond compare,
 I search them idly through and through,
 And 'though I have but few, but few,
 The one of all to me most dear,
 Alas! I do not find it here.

You ask what jewel have I lost,
 Of such immensity and cost,
 And who the culprit bold can be
 Who stole my peace of mind from me.
 A woman is the criminal.
 She has such eyes of heav'nly blue,
 That speak of heart and soul so true,
 I fear I cannot prove her guilt;
 For judge and jury will refuse
 To hear the pleading of my muse,
 To listen to a charge of theft
 From one of reason almost 'reft,—
 They'll not believe the story, mine,
 'Gainst honest face and eyes as thine.

Transcript.

T.

From The Quarterly Review.
LORD MACAULAY.*

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

A PECULIAR faculty, and one approaching to the dramatic order, belongs to the successful painter of historical portraits, and belongs also to the true biographer. It is that of representing personality. In the picture, what we want is not merely a collection of unexceptionable lines and colors so presented as readily to identify their original. Such a work is not the man, but a duly attested certificate of the man. What we require, however, is the man and not merely the certificate. In the same way, what we want in a biography, and what, despite the etymology of the title, we very seldom find, is *life*. The very best transcript is a failure, if it be a transcript only. To fulfil its idea, it must have in it the essential quality of movement; must realize the lofty fiction of the divine shield of Achilles, where the upturning earth, though wrought in metal, darkened as the plough went on, and the figures of the battle-piece dealt their strokes and parried them, and dragged out from the turmoil the bodies of their dead.

To write the biography of Lord Macaulay was a most arduous task. Such seems to have been the conception, with which it was approached; nor is it belied by the happy faculty with which it has been accomplished. Mr. Trevelyan had already achieved a reputation for conspicuous ability; and the honor of near relationship was in this case at least a guarantee for reverent and devoted love. But neither love, which is indeed a danger as well as an ally, nor intelligence, nor assiduity, nor forgetfulness of self, will make a thoroughly good biography, without this subtle gift of imparting life. By this it was that Boswell established himself as the prince of all biographers; by this Mr. Trevelyan has, we believe, earned for himself a place on what is still a somewhat scanty roll.

Beyond doubt his subject has supplied him with great, and, to the general reader,

unexpected advantages. The world was familiar in a high degree with the name of Lord Macaulay, and thought it knew the man, as one transcendent in much, and greatly eminent in all, that he undertook. With the essayist, the orator, the historian, the poet, the great social star, and even the legist, we were all prepared, in our anticipations of this biography, to renew an admiring acquaintance. But there lay behind all these what was in truth richer and better than them all—a marked and noble human character; and it has not been the well-known aspects, and the better-known works, of the man which Mr. Trevelyan has set himself to exhibit. He has executed a more congenial and delightful office in exhibiting *ad vivum* this personality, of which the world knew little, and of which its estimate, though never low, was, as has now been shown, very far beneath the mark of truth. This is the pledge which he gives to his readers at the outset (vol. i. p. 3):—

For every one who sat with him in private company, or at the transactions of public business, for every ten who have listened to his oratory in Parliament, or on the hustings, there must be tens of thousands whose interest in history and literature he has awakened and informed by his pen, and who would gladly know what *manner of man it was* that has done them so great a service. To gratify that most legitimate wish is the duty of those who have the means at their command. . . . His own letters will supply the deficiencies of the biographer.

And the promise thus conveyed he redeems in some nine hundred and fifty pages, which are too few rather than too many. In the greater part of the work, he causes Lord Macaulay to speak for himself. In the rest he is, probably for the reason that it was Lord Macaulay's custom to destroy the letters of his correspondents, nearly the sole interlocutor; and the setting will not disappoint those who admired, and are jealous for, the stones.

Lord Macaulay lived a life of no more than sixty years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life of sustained exertion—a high table-land without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*. By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. In Two Volumes. London, 1876.

anything wearisome, it is only the wearisomeness of reiterated splendor, and of success so uniform as to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain-power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoiled child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new golden age he imparted to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his first and most important, if not best, Parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction. For a century and more, perhaps no man in this country, with the exception of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Byron, had attained at thirty-two the fame of Macaulay. His Parliamentary success and his literary eminence were each of them enough, as they stood at this date, to intoxicate any brain and heart of a meaner order. But to these was added in his case an amount and quality of social attentions such as invariably partake of adulation and idolatry, and as perhaps the high circles of London never before or since have lavished on a man whose claims lay only in himself, and not in his descent, his rank, or his possessions. Perhaps it was good for his mental and moral health that the enervating action of this process was suspended for four years. Although after his return from India in 1839 it could not but revive, he was of an age to bear it with less peril to his manhood. He seems at all times to have held his head high above the stir and the fascination, which excite and enslave the weak. His masculine intelligence, and his ardent and single-minded devotion to literature, probably derived in this respect essential aid from that depth and warmth of domestic affections, which lay nearer yet to the centre of his being.

Mr. Trevelyan has further promised us (i. 4) that he "will suppress no trait in his

disposition, or incident in his career, which might provoke blame or question. . . . Those who best love him do not fear the consequences of freely submitting his character and his actions to the public verdict." The pledge is one which it was safe to give. It is with Macaulay the man that the biographer undertakes to deal, and not with Macaulay the author. Upon the structure of his mind, upon its extraordinary endowments and its besetting dangers, there is much that must or may be said, in tones of question and of warning, as well as of admiration and applause. But as regards the character and life of the man, small indeed is the space for animadversion; and the world must be more censorious than we take it to be if, after reading these volumes, it does not conclude with thankfulness and pleasure that the writer who had so long ranked among its marvels has also earned a high place among its worthies.

He was, indeed, prosperous and brilliant; a prodigy, a meteor, almost a portent, in literary history. But his course was laborious, truthful, simple, independent, noble; and all these in an eminent degree. Of the inward battle of life he seems to know nothing; his experience of the outward battle, which had reference to money, was not inconsiderable, but it was confined to his earlier manhood. The general outline of his career has long been familiar, and offers neither need nor scope for detail. After four years of high Parliamentary distinction, and his first assumption of office, he accepted a lucrative appointment in India, with a wise view to his own pecuniary independence, and a generous regard to what might be, as they had been, the demands of his nearest relations upon his affectionate bounty. Another term of four years brought him back, the least Indian, despite of his active labors upon the legislative code, of all the civilians who had ever served the Company. He soon re-entered Parliament; but his zest for the political arena seems never to have regained the temperature of his virgin love at the time of the Reform Bill. He had offered his resignation of office during the debates on the Emancipation Act, at

a time when salary was of the utmost importance to him, and for a cause which was far more his father's than his own. This he did with a promptitude, and a manly unconsciousness of effect or merit in the act, which were truly noble. Similar was his dignified attitude, when his constituents of Edinburgh committed their first fault in rejecting him on account of his vote for Maynooth. This was in 1847. At the general election in 1852, they were again at his feet; as though the final cause of the indignity had been only to enhance the triumph of his re-election. Twice at least in the House of Commons he arrested the successful progress of legislative measures, and slew them at a moment's notice and by his single arm. The first was the Copyright Bill of Sergeant Talfourd in 1841; the second, the bill of 1853 for excluding the master of the rolls from the House of Commons. But whenever he rose to speak, it was a summons to fill the benches. He retired from the House of Commons in 1856. At length, when in 1857 he was elevated by Lord Palmerston to the peerage, all the world of letters felt honored in his person. The claims of that which he felt to be indeed his profession acquired an increasing command on him, as the interests of political life grew less and less. Neither was social life allowed greatly to interfere with literary work, although here, too, his triumphs were almost unrivalled. Only one other attraction had power over him, and it was a lifelong power — the love of his sisters, which about the mid-point of life came to mean of his sister, Lady Trevelyan. As there is nothing equally touching, so there is really nothing more wonderful in the memoirs, than the large, the immeasurable abundance of this gushing stream. It is not surprising that the full reservoir overflowed upon her children. Indeed he seems to have had a store of this love that could not be exhausted (ii. 209) for little children generally; his simplicity and tenderness vying all along in graceful rivalry with the manly qualities, which in no one were more pronounced. After some forewarnings, a period of palpable decline, which was brief as well as

tranquil, brought him to his end on the 28th of December, 1859.

With these few words we part from the general account of Macaulay's life. It is not the intention of this article to serve for lazy readers, instead of the book which it reviews. In the pages of Mr. Trevelyan they will find that which ought to be studied, and can hardly be abridged. They will find too, let us say in passing, at no small number of points, the nearest approach within our knowledge, not to the imitation but to the reproduction of an inimitable style. What remains for critics and observers is to interpret the picture which the biography presents. For it offers to us much matter of wide human interest, even beyond and apart from the numerous questions which Macaulay's works would of themselves suggest.

One of the very first things that must strike the observer of this man is, that he was very unlike to any other man. And yet this unlikeness, this monopoly of the model in which he was made, did not spring from violent or eccentric features of originality, for eccentricity he had none whatever, but from the peculiar mode in which the ingredients were put together to make up the composition. In one sense, beyond doubt, such powers as his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, separated him broadly from others; but gifts like these do not make the man; and we now for the first time know that he possessed, in a far larger sense, the stamp of a real and strong individuality. The most splendid and complete assemblage of intellectual endowments does not of itself suffice to create an interest of the kind that is, and will be, now felt in Macaulay. It is from ethical gifts alone that such an interest can spring. They existed in him not only in abundance, but in forms distinct from, and even contrasted with, the fashion of his intellectual faculties, and in conjunctions which come near to paradox. Behind the mask of splendor lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance, an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental, a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening

to sap his manhood. He, who as speaker and writer seemed above all others to represent the age and the world, had the real centre of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys. He, for whom the mysteries of human life, thought, and destiny appear to have neither charm nor terror, and whose writings seem audibly to boast in every page of being bounded by the visible horizon of the practical and work-day sphere, in his virtues and in the combination of them, in his freshness, bounty, bravery, in his unshrinking devotion both to causes and to persons, and most of all, perhaps, in the thoroughly in-born and spontaneous character of all these gifts, really recalls the age of chivalry and the lineaments of the ideal. The peculiarity, the *differentia* (so to speak), of Macaulay seems to us to lie in this, that while, as we frankly think, there is much to question — nay, much to regret or even censure in his writings — the excess or defect, or whatever it may be, is never really ethical, but is in all cases due to something in the structure and habits of his intellect. And again it is pretty plain that the faults of that intellect were immediately associated with its excellencies: it was in some sense, to use the language of his own Milton, “dark with excessive bright.” *

Macaulay was singularly free of vices, and not in the sense in which, according to Swift's note on Burnet, William III. held such a freedom; that is to say, “as a man is free of a corporation.” One point only we reserve; a certain tinge of occasional vindictiveness. Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list he stands the trial; and though in his “History” he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life, or his remembered character, that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

The most disputable of the negatives we have pronounced is that which relates to vanity; a defect rather than a vice; never admitted into the septenary catalogue of the mortal sins of Dante and the Church; often lodged by the side of high and strict virtue, often allied with an amiable and playful innocence; a token of imperfec-

tion, a deduction from greatness; and no more. For this imputation on Macaulay there are apparent, but, as we think, only apparent, grounds.

His moderation in luxuries and pleasures is the more notable and praiseworthy because he was a man who, with extreme healthiness of faculty, enjoyed keenly what he enjoyed at all. Take in proof the following hearty notice of a dinner *a quattr'occhi* to his friend: “Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster-curry, woodcock, and macaroni.* I think that I will note dinners, as honest Pepys did” (ii. 243; compare ii. 281).

His love of books was intense, and was curiously developed. In a walk he would devour a play or a volume (ii. 287, 299, 282): and once his performance embraced no less than fourteen books of the “Odyssey” (vol. ii. 295). “His way of life,” says Mr. Trevelyan, “would have been deemed solitary by others; but it was not solitary to him” (ii. 465). This development blossomed into a peculiar specialism (ii. 466). Henderson's “Iceland” was “a favorite breakfast-book” with him. “Some books, which I would never dream of opening at dinner, please me at breakfast, and *vice versâ*!” There is more subtlety in this distinction than could easily be found in any passage of his writings. But how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master propensity! This devotion, however, was not without its drawbacks. Thought, apart from books and from composition, perhaps he disliked, certainly he eschewed. Crossing that evil-minded sea, the Irish Channel, at night in rough weather, he is disabled from reading: he wraps himself in a pea-jacket and sits upon the deck. What is his employment? He cannot sleep, or does not. What an opportunity for moving onwards in the processes of thought, which ought to weigh on the historian. The wild yet soothing music of the waves would have helped him to watch the verging this way or that of the judicial scales, or to dive into the problems of human life and action which history continually casts upon the surface. No, he cared for none of this. He set about the marvellous feat of going over “Paradise Lost” from memory; when he found he could still repeat half of it (ii. 263). In a word, he was always conversing, or recollecting, or reading, or composing; but reflecting, never.

The laboriousness of Macaulay as an

* Paradise Lost, iii. 380.

* On this word *vide* note, p. 519.

author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, well-nigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find, that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. - The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson. Great is the praise due to the poet: still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet's diligence is, all along, a honeyed work. He is ever travelling in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust, and heat, and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal to the poet; but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rare exceptions. The tests of excellence in prose are as much less palpable, as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downwards in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to our slipshod generation.

It was naturally consequent upon this habit of treating composition in the spirit of art, that he should extend to the body of his books much of the regard and care which he so profusely bestowed upon their soul. We have accordingly had in him, at the time when the need was greatest, a most vigilant guardian of the language. We seem to detect rare and slight evidences of carelessness in his journal: of which we can only say that, in a production of the moment, written for himself alone, we are surprised that they are not more numerous and considerable. In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly

difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear. But in his published works his grammar,* his orthography, nay, his punctuation (too often surrendered to the printer), are faultless. On these questions, and on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a word, he may even be called an authority without appeal; and we cannot doubt that we owe it to his works, and to their boundless circulation, that we have not witnessed a more rapid corruption and degeneration of the language.

To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this, and probably for all future, centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men: and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favorites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age — in point of public favor, and of emolument following upon it — comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay fresh from college, in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed, after

* In an unpublished paper on "Appointment by Competition," we find (at ii. 342) the following sentence: "*Instead of purity resulting from that arrangement to India, England itself would soon be tainted.*" Can the construction, of which the words we have italicized are an example, be found anywhere in the published works of Macaulay? Or in any writer of fair repute before the present century? Or even before the present day? Let any one, who desires to test its accuracy, try to translate it into a foreign language. Fonblanque, who was laudably jealous for our noble mother tongue, protested against this usage. His editor records the protest; and in the next page himself commits the crime. We find another example in Macaulay's letter to his father at p. 150 of vol. i. "All minds seem to be perfectly made up as to the certainty of *Catholic Emancipation having come at last.*" This very slovenly form of speech is now coming in upon us like a flood, through the influence of newspapers, official correspondence, and we know not what beside. As to errors of printing not obviously due to the operative department, during our searches in preparation for this article we have only chanced to stumble upon one; in the essay on Bacon, the word *ὑποπροηγμένα* is twice printed with the accent on the *ante-penultima*. Mr. Trevelyan records the rigor with which Macaulay proscribed "Bosphorus" instead of Bosphorus, and Syren instead of Siren. In the interests of extreme accuracy, we raise the question whether Macaulay himself is correct in writing *macaroni* (ii. 243) instead of *macaroni*. *Macaroni* is according to the French usage, and is referred by Webster to *μάκαρ*, a derivation which we utterly reject. But the original word is Italian, and is derived from *macca*, signifying abundance or heap (see the admirable "Trameter" Dictionary, Naples, 1831).

thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendor, he sank beneath it. His literary gains were extraordinary. The cheque for 20,000*l.* is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still, had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which, however, he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind, that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances; though in the blaze of literary and political success; and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which, by a less congenial and more compulsory use, would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forebore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal, estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a minister, until 1851 (ii. 291, 292), when he had already lived fifty of his sixty years, did this favorite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

It has been observed, that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism, which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis. His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently *φορτικός*, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his reader along by violence, as the river Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself, that a criticism like that of Lessing in his "Laocoon," or of Goethe on Hamlet, filled him with wonder and despair. His intense devotion to the great work of Dante (ii. 22) is not in keeping with his tastes and attachments generally, but is in itself a circumstance of much interest.

We remember, however, at least one observation of Macaulay's, in regard to art, which is worth preserving. He observed that the mixture of gold with ivory in great works of ancient art—for example, in the Jupiter of Phidias—was probably a condescension to the tastes of

the people who were to be the worshippers of the statue; and he noticed that in Christian times it has most rarely happened that productions great in art have also been the objects of warm popular veneration.

Neither again had he patience for the accurate collection of minute particulars of evidence, to disentangle an intricate controversy, and by the recovery of the thread to bring out the truth. He neither could, nor would have done, for example, what Mr. Elwin has done in that masterly preface to the letters of Pope, which throws so much light upon the character.* All such questions he either passed by unnoticed, or else carried by storm. He left them to the Germans, of whose labors he possessed little knowledge, and formed a very insufficient estimate. His collection of particulars was indeed most minute, but he was the master, not the servant, of his subject-matter. When once his rapid eye was struck with some powerful effect, he could not wait to ascertain whether his idea, formed at a first view, really agreed with the ultimate presentation of the facts. If, however, he wrote many a line that was untrue, never did he write one that he did not believe to be true. He very rarely submitted to correct or to retract; and yet not because he disliked it, but simply because, from the habits of his mind, he could not see the need of it. Nothing can be more ingenuous, for example, than the following passage, written when he was at the very zenith of his fame (ii. 442), in 1858:—

To-day I got a letter from —, pointing out what I must admit to be a gross impropriety of language in my book; an impropriety of a sort rare, I hope, with me. It shall be corrected, and I am obliged to the fellow, little as I like him.

If then Macaulay failed beyond many men inferior to himself in the faculty (as to his works) of self-correction, what was the cause of this defect? It certainly did not lie in any coarse, outward, vulgar view of his calling.

It was not in such a spirit that Macaulay wooed the Muses. In whatever garb he wooed them, it was always in the noble worship of the Georgics, as the divinities,—

Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore.

Though, relatively to the common standard of literary production, his very worst would have been good, his taste and his

* The Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

principle alike forbade him to be satisfied with less than his best. His conception of the vocation was lofty to the uttermost; his execution was in the like degree scrupulous and careful. Nowhere, perhaps, can we find a more true description of the motive which impels a great writer, than in the fine thought of Filicaja, —

Fama non cerco o mercenaria lode;

that poet was content to sing for love of singing, —

Purch' io cantando del bell' Arno in riva
Sfoghi l' alto desio che 'l cor mi rode.

He could not, indeed, have accepted that portion of the Italian minstrel's "self-denying ordinance" which dispensed with fame. With the entire and peculiar force of his fancy, he projected in his mental vision the renown which the future was to bring him; and, having thus given body to his abstraction, allowed himself to dwell on it with rich enjoyment, as on some fair and boundless landscape. On the publication of his "History," he felt as in all its fulness, so in all its forms,

La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d' un gran disegno.*

The sale has surpassed expectation; but that proves only that people have formed a high idea of what they are to have. The disappointment, if there is a disappointment, will be great. All that I hear is laudatory. But who can trust to praise that is poured into his own ear? At all events, I have aimed high. I have tried to do something that may be remembered. I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind. I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style; and, if I fail, my failure will be more honorable than nine-tenths of the successes that I have witnessed (ii. 246).

Yet we infer from the general strain of his journals and letters, that even had there been no such thing as fame in his view, he still would have written for the sake of writing; that for him reputation was to work, what pleasure properly is to virtue — the normal sequel, the grace and complement of the full-formed figure, but not its centre nor its heart.

We have spoken of some contrast between Macaulay himself and his works. It cannot be more fairly illustrated than in an instance which Mr. Trevelyan, true to his pledge, has not shrunk from exhibiting. Macaulay used the lash with merciless severity against the poems of Robert Montgomery; and it entered deeply into the flesh of the man. Like "poor Yorick,"

there are those who remember Montgomery, and who can say of him this, that if he was not, as he was not, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," he was a man of pure and high character, and of natural gifts much above the common. If his style was affected, his life was humble. He committed the fault of publishing, as hundreds do, indifferent verses; and the popular press of the day, with the public at its back, offered an absurd worship before the idol. But he was an idol; and Macaulay, as the minister of justice for the welfare of the republic of letters, hurled him from the pedestal into an abyss. It was, we have not a doubt, without a shadow of ill-feeling towards the culprit that the judge, in this instance, put on the black-cap of doom. We very much regret, that when Montgomery subsequently appealed for mercy, although it seems he had the folly to intermix some kind of menace with his prayer, Macaulay (ii. 276) refused to withdraw his article, which had more than served its purpose, from the published collection of his essays; so that this bad poet, but respectable and respected man, is not allowed the sad privilege of oblivion, and the public are still invited to look on and see the immortal terrier worrying the mortal mouse. We have here an example of the inability of Macaulay to judge according to measure. But this is not the point we seek to illustrate. What was the fault of Robert Montgomery? It certainly did not lie in the adulation he received; that was the fault of those who paid it. It lay simply and wholly in the publication of bad poems. And chiefly of the first bad poem; for when public praise told him his lines were good, and enabled him to go to Oxford for education with the proceeds, it was surely a most venial act on his part to give way to the soft illusion, and again and again to repeat the operation. His sin, then, was in giving a bad poem to the world. For this sin he was, as Scott says, "sair mashackered and misguggled" by the reviewer. But the very offence, so mercilessly punished by Macaulay the author, was habitually favored and promoted by Macaulay the man. See his journal (in or about 1856, ii. 413): —

I sent some money to Miss —, a middling writer, whom I relieved some time ago . . . Mrs. — again. I will send her five pounds more. This will make fifty pounds in a few months to a bad writer whom I never saw . . . If the author of — is really in distress I would gladly assist him, though I am no admirer of his poetry.

* Manzoni's "*Cinque Maggio*."

There is no way of promoting the publication of bad books so effectual as that of giving subsidies to those who mistake their vocation in becoming and continuing bad authors.

There is, indeed, one patent, and we might almost say lamentable void in the generally engaging picture which the "Life of Macaulay" has presented to us. We see his many virtues, his deep affections, his sound principles of civil, social, and domestic action in full play; nor is there anywhere found, or even suggested, a negation of those great principles of belief, which establish a direct personal relation between the human soul and its Creator, and an harmonious continuity between our present stage of destiny and that which is to succeed it in the world to come. Mr. Trevelyan has noticed his habitual reserve on subjects of religion; a habit perhaps first contracted in self-defence against the rather worrying methods of his excellent, but not sympathetic, nor always judicious father. He speaks of Bacon's belief of revelation, in words which appear to imply that the want of it would have been a reproach or a calamity; and, when challenged as to his own convictions before the constituency of Leeds, he went as far, in simply declaring himself to be a Christian, as the self-respect and delicacy of an honorable and independent mind could on such an occasion permit. He nowhere retracts what is thus stated or suggested. Much may be set down to the reserve which he commonly maintained on this class of subjects; but there are passages which suggest a doubt whether he had completely wrought the Christian dogma, with all its consolations and its lessons, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and of delight which so many have found, and will ever find, in it. At the same time, with a sigh for what we have not, we must be thankful for what we have, and leave to One, wiser than ourselves, the deeper problems of the human soul and of its discipline.

We are free, however, to challenge outright the declaration of Mr. Trevelyan, that his uncle had a decided and strong taste for theology. "He had a strong and enduring predilection for religious speculation and controversy, and was widely and profoundly read in ecclesiastical history" (ii. 462). For all controversy, and for all speculation which partook of controversy, he manifestly had not a sour or querulous, but a genial and hearty love. And again, as respects ecclesiastical history; in many

of its phases it constitutes a part, and a leading part, of the history of the world. What records the origin of the wars of the Investitures, the League, and the Thirty Years, could not be foreign to the mind and eyes of Macaulay. But very large tracts of Church history lie outside the currents of contemporary events, though they involve profoundly the thoughts and feelings, the training and the destiny of individual men. Of all these it would be hard to show that he had taken any serious account at all. It must be admitted, indeed, that no department of human records has on the whole profited so little as Church history by the charms, perhaps even by the methods, of literary art; but Macaulay, if he had desired to get at the kernel, was not the man to be repelled by the uncouth rudeness of the shell. As respects theology, the ten volumes of his published works do nothing to bear out the assertion of Mr. Trevelyan. We have ourselves heard him assert a paradox which common sense and established opinion alike reject, that the theology of the Seventeenth Article was the same as that of the portentous code framed at Lambeth about the close of the sixteenth century. A proof yet more conclusive of a mind, in which the theological sense had never been trained or developed, is supplied by his own contemptuous language respecting a treatise which has ever been regarded as among the gems of Christian literature. "I have read Augustine's 'Confessions.' The book is not without interest. But he expresses himself in the style of a field preacher" (i. 465).

And again, he rather contemptuously classes the great Father with the common herd of those who record their confessions, or, in the cant phrase, their experience. He had indeed no admiration, and but little indulgence, for any of these introspective productions. They lay in a region which he did not frequent; and yet they are among not only the realities, but the deepest and most determining realities, of our nature. We reckon his low estimate of this inward work as betokening the insufficient development of his own powerful mind in that direction.

It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay, as a writer, was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As, fifty years ago, the inscription "Bath" used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word "English" is as it were in the water-mark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United

Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain, though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through the signal virtues, the victorious labors, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary. His country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship, which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age. The higher energies of his life were as completely summed up in the present, as those of Walter Scott were projected upon the past. He would not have filled an Abbotsford with armor and relics of the Middle Ages. He judges the men and institutions and events of other times by the instruments and measures of the present. The characters whom he admires are those who would have conformed to the type that was before his eyes, who would have moved with effect in the court, the camp, the senate, the drawing-room of to-day. He contemplates the past with no *desiderium*, no regretful longing, no sense of things admirable, which are also lost and irrecoverable. Upon this limitation of his retrospects it follows in natural sequence that of the future he has no glowing anticipations, and even the present he is not apt to contemplate in its mysterious and ideal side. As in respect to his personal capacity of loving, so in regard to the corresponding literary power. The faculty was singularly intense, and yet it was spent within a narrow circle. There is a marked sign of this narrowness in his disinclination even to look at the works of contemporaries whose tone or manner he disliked. It appears that this dislike, and the ignorance consequent upon it, applied to the works of Carlyle. Now we may have little faith in Carlyle as a philosopher or as an historian. Half-lights and half-truths may be the utmost which in these departments his works will be found to yield. But the total want of sympathy is the more noteworthy, because the resemblances, though partial, are both numerous and substantial between these two remarkable men and powerful writers, as well in their strength as in their weakness. Both are honest, and both, notwithstanding honesty, are partisans. Each is vastly, though diversely, powerful in expression; and each is more powerful in expression than in thought. Both are, though variously, poets in prose. Both have the power of portraiture, extraordinary for vividness

and strength. For comprehensive disquisition, for balanced and impartial judgments, the world will probably resort to neither; and if Carlyle gains on the comparison in his strong sense of the inward and the ideal, he loses in the absolute and violent character of his onesidedness. Without doubt, Carlyle's licentious, though striking, peculiarities of style have been of a nature allowably to repel, so far as they go, one who was so rigid as Macaulay in his literary orthodoxy, and who so highly appreciated, and with such expenditure of labor, all that relates to the exterior or body of a book. Still if there be resemblances so strong, the want of appreciation, which has possibly been reciprocal, seems to be of that nature which Aristotle would have explained by his favorite proverb: *κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ*. The discrepancy is like the discrepancy of colors that are too near. Carlyle is at least a great fact in the literature of his time, and has contributed largely, in some respects too largely, towards forming its characteristic habits of thought. But on these very grounds he should not have been excluded from the horizon of a mind like Macaulay's, with all its large, and varied, and most active interests.

His early training, and consequently the cast of his early opinions, was conservative. But these views did not survive his career at Cambridge as an undergraduate. No details are given, but we hear that, during that period, Mr. Charles Austin effected, it would seem with facility, the work of his conversion (i. 76). He supplied an example rather rare of one who, not having been a Whig by birth, became one, and thereafter constantly presented the aspect of that well-marked class of politicians. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*; and so as a rule a man not born a Liberal, may become a Liberal; but to be a Whig, he must be a born Whig. At any rate Macaulay offers to our view one of the most enviable qualities characteristic of that "variety" of the Liberal "species"—a singularly large measure of consistency. In this he will bear comparison with Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grey; but in proportion as the pressure of events is sharper on a commoner than on a peer, so the phenomenon of consistency is more remarkable. And the feature belongs to his mental character at large. It would be difficult to point out any great and signal change of views on any important subject between the beginning of his full manhood, and the close of his career. His life is like a great volume; the sheets are

of one size, type, and paper. Here again Macaulay becomes for us a typical man, and suggests the question whether the conditions of our nature will permit so close and sustained an unity to be had without some sacrifice of expansion. The feature is rendered in his case more noteworthy by the fact that all his life long, with an insatiable avidity, he was taking in whole cargoes of knowledge, and that nothing which he imported into his mind remained there barren and inert. On the other hand, he was perhaps assisted, or, as a censor might call it, manacled, by the perpetual and always living presence in his consciousness, through the enormous tenacity of his memory, of whatever he had himself thought, said, or written at an earlier time. It may even be, as he himself said, that of the whole of this huge mass he had forgotten nothing. It cannot be doubted that he remembered a far larger proportion, than did other men who had ten or twenty times less to remember. And there was this peculiarity in his recollections; they were not, like those of ordinary men, attended at times with difficulty, elicited from the recesses of the brain by effort. He was alike favored in the quantity of what he possessed, and in the free and immediate command of his possessions. The effect was most singular. He was (as has been variously shown) often inaccurate: he was seldom, perhaps never, inconsistent. He remembered his own knowledge, in the modern phrase his own concepts, better than he retained, if indeed he ever had embraced, the true sense of the authorities on which these "concepts" were originally framed. In the initial work of collection, he was often misled by fancy or by prejudice; but in the after work of recollection, he kept faithfully, and never failed to grasp at a moment's notice, the images which the tablets of his brain, so susceptible and so tenacious, had once received. *Diù servavit odorem.* Among Macaulay's mental gifts and habits, it was perhaps this vast memory by which he was most conspicuously known. There was here even a waste of power. His mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor even seemed to feel the burden. Peerless treasures lay there, mixed, yet never confounded, with worthless trash. This was not the only peculiarity of the wondrous organ.

There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who, without equalling, have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly

exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections. And yet not in accuracy as to dates, or names, or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was one simply between eye and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of kings, or popes, or senior wranglers, or prime ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall, or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order; recollections for example of character, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth "was unto him an occasion of falling." And that in two ways. First the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colors it supplied the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, or the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin. But it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character, and even the adulteries, of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others; he probably suspected it in himself; but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as an historian, on which much has been, and probably much more will be, said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest, as well as the most precious, of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This during his lifetime was the belief of his friends, but was

hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth; but, of course, for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was colored from within. This color, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordent; it was a fast color; he could not distinguish between what his mind had received and what his mind had imparted. Hence when he was wrong, he could not see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not the heart, there can hardly be a greater. The hope of amending is, after all, our very best and brightest hope; of amending our works as well as ourselves. Without it, we are forbidden *revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras*, when we have accidentally, as is the way with men, slipped into Avernus. While, as to his authorship, Macaulay was incessantly laboring to improve, in the substance of what he had written he could neither himself detect his errors, nor could he perceive them when they were pointed out. There was a strange contrast between his own confidence in what he said, and his misgivings about his manner of saying it. Woe to him, he says of his "History," if some one should review him as he could review another man. He had, and could not but have, the sense of his own scarifying and tomahawking power, and would, we firmly believe, not have resented its use against himself. "I see every day more and more clearly how far my performance is below excellence" (ii. 232). "When I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed." It was only on comparing it with concrete examples that he felt reassured (*ibid*). He never so conclusively proved himself to be a true artist, as in this dissatisfaction with the products of his art because they fell below his ideal; that will-o'-the-wisp who, like the fabled sprite, ever stirs pursuit, and ever baffles it, but who, unlike that imp, rewards with large, even if unsatisfying, results every step of real progress. But it is quite plain that all this dissatisfaction had reference to the form, not the matter, of his works. Unhappily, he never so much as glances at any general or serious fear lest he should have mistaken the nature or proportions of events, or, what is, perhaps, still more serious, lest he should have done injustice to characters; although he must have well known that injustice from his *χειρ πύχαια*, his great, massive hand, was a thing so crushing

and so terrible. Hence what is at first sight a strange contrast — his insensibility to censure in the forum, his uneasiness in the study; his constant repulsion of the censure of others; his not less constant misgiving, nay censure on himself. In a debased form this phenomenon is, indeed, common, nay, the commonest of all. But he was no Sir Fretful Plagiary, to press for criticism, and then, in wrath and agony, to damn the critic. The explanation is simple. He criticised what men approved; he approved what they criticised. His style, unless when in some very rare cases it was wrought up to palpable excess,* no one attempted to criticise. It was felt to be a thing above the heads of common mortals. But this it was which he watched with an incessant, a passionate, and a jealous care, the care of a fond parent, if not of a lover; of a parent fond, but not doting, who never spared the rod, that he might not spoil the child. Of his matter, his mode of dealing with the substance of men and things, by the constitution of his mind he was blind to the defects. As other men do in yet higher and more inward regions of their being, he missed the view of his own besetting sin.

However true it may be that Macaulay was a far more consummate workman in the manner than in the matter of his works, we do not doubt that the works contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame, and solid expositions of principle, social, moral, and constitutional. They are pervaded by a generous love of liberty, and their atmosphere is pure and bracing, their general aim and basis morally sound. Of the qualifications of this eulogy we have spoken, and have yet to speak. But we can speak of the style of the works with little qualification. We do not, indeed, venture to assert that his style ought to be imitated. Yet this is not because it was vicious, but because it was individual and incommunicable. It was one of those gifts, of which, when it had been conferred, nature broke the mould. That it is the head of all literary styles we do not allege; but it is different from them all, and perhaps more different from them all than they are usually different from one another. We speak only of natural styles, of styles where the manner waits upon the matter, and not where an artificial structure has

* We may take the liberty, after the lapse of more than eight years, of pointing to a successful parody in the number of this review for April, 1868, p. 200.

been reared either to hide or to make up for poverty of substance. It is paramount in the union of ease in movement with perspicuity of matter, of both with real splendor, and of all with immense rapidity, and striking force. From any other pen, such masses of ornament would be tawdry; with him they are only rich. As a model of art concealing art, the finest cabinet pictures of Holland are almost his only rivals. Like Pascal, he makes the heaviest subject light; like Burke, he embellishes the barrenest. When he walks over arid plains, the springs of milk and honey, as in a march of Bacchus, seem to rise beneath his tread. The repast he serves is always sumptuous, but it seems to create an appetite proportioned to its abundance; for who has ever heard of the reader that was cloyed with Macaulay? In none, perhaps, of our prose writers are lessons, such as he gives, of truth and beauty, of virtue and of freedom, so vividly associated with delight. Could some magician but do for the career of life what he has done for the armchair and the study, what a change would pass on the face (at least) of the world we live in, what an accession of recruits would there be to the professing followers of virtue!

As the serious flaw in Macaulay's mind was want of depth, so the central defect with which his productions appear to be chargeable is a pervading strain of exaggeration. He belonged to that class of minds, whose views of single objects are singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But Nature sows her bounty wide; and those, who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient beyond ordinary men in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence, amidst a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth. Themselves knowing nothing of difficulty, or of obscurity, or mental struggle to work out of it, they are liable to be intolerant of those who stumble at the impediments they have overleapt; and even the kindest hearts may be led not merely by the abundance, but by the peculiarities, of their powers, into the most precipitate and partial judgments. From this result Macaulay has not been preserved; and we are convinced that the charges against him would have been multiplied tenfold, had not the exuberant kindness of his

heart oftentimes done for him the office of a cautious and self-denying intellect.

Minds of the class to which we refer are like the bodies in the outer world fashioned without gaps or flaws or angles; the whole outline of their formation is continuous, the whole surface is smooth. They are, in this sense, complete men, and they do not readily comprehend those who are incomplete. They do not readily understand either the inferiority, or the superiority, of opponents; the inferiority of their slower sight, or the superiority of their deeper insight; their at once seeing less, and seeing more. In Macaulay's case this defect could not but be enhanced by his living habitually with men of congenial mind, and his comparatively limited acquaintance with that contentious world of practical politics which, like the heaviest wrestling-match for the body, exhibits the unlimited diversities in the attitudes of the human mind, and helps to show how subtle and manifold a thing is the nature that we bear. Parliament could not but have opened out in one direction a new avenue of knowledge for Macaulay; but we do not agree with Mr. Trevelyan in thinking that the comparatively few hours he spent there, most commonly with his thoughts ranging far abroad, could have largely entered into, or perceptibly modified, the habits of his mind.

The very common association between seeing clearly and seeing narrowly is a law or a frailty of our nature not enough understood. Paley was perhaps the most notable instance of it among our writers. Among living politicians, it would be easy to point to very conspicuous instances. This habit of mind is extremely attractive, in that it makes incisive speakers and pellucid writers, who respectively save their hearers and their readers trouble. Its natural tendency is towards hopeless intolerance; it makes all hesitation, all misgiving, all suspense, an infirmity, or a treachery to truth; it generates an appetite for intellectual butchery. There was no man in whom the fault would have been more excusable than in Macaulay; for while with him the clearness was almost preterhuman, the narrowness was, after all, but qualified and relative. The tendency was almost uniformly controlled by the kindly nature and genuine chivalry of the man; so that even, in some of his scathing criticisms, he seems to have a real delight in such countervailing compliments as he bestows: while in conversation, where he was always copious, sometimes redundant, more overbearing, the

mischievous was effectually neutralized by the strength and abundance of his social sympathies. Yet he exhibited on some occasions a more than ordinary defect in the mental faculty of appreciating opponents. He did not fully take the measure of those from whom he differed, in the things wherein he differed. There is, for example, a Parliamentary tradition sufficiently well established* that Croker assailed, and assailed on the instant, some of Macaulay's celebrated speeches on Reform with signal talent, and with no inconsiderable effect. But he never mentions Croker except with an aversion which may be partially understood, and also with a contempt which it is not so easy to account for. It is common to misunderstand the acts of an adversary, and even to depreciate his motives; but Macaulay cannot even acknowledge the strength of his arm. It is yet more to be lamented that, in this instance, he carried the passions of politics into the Elysian fields of literature; and that the scales in which he tried the merits of Croker's edition of "Boswell" seem to have been weighted, on the descending side, with his recollections of Parliamentary collision. But the controversy relating to this work is too important to be dismissed with a passing notice; † for what touches Boswell touches Johnson, and what touches Johnson touches a large and immortal chapter of our English tradition. This is the most glaring instance. There are many others. His estimate of Lord Derby is absurdly low. He hardly mentions Peel during his lifetime except with an extreme severity; and even on the sad occasion of his death, although he speaks kindly of the "poor fellow" (ii. 278), and cries for his death, he does not supply a single touch of appreciation for his great qualities. Yet Sir Robert Peel, if on rare occasions he possibly fell short in considerateness to friends, was eagerly generous to an opponent like Macaulay, during the struggle on Reform (i. 172), and again in 1841 (ii. 135). Peel moreover had for four years

before his decease, from his dread of a possible struggle for the revival of protective duties, been the main prop of the government which had all the sympathies of Macaulay. There is something yet more marked in the case of Brougham, who is said to have shown towards him in early life a jealousy not generous or worthy. In 1858, at a period when Brougham's character was greatly mellowed and softened, and he had discharged almost all his antipathies, Macaulay writes of him, "Strange fellow! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle." At this point only, in the wide circuit of Macaulay's recorded words or acts, do we seem to find evidence of a moral defect. Under the semblance of a homage to justice, he seems to have been occasionally seduced into the indulgence of a measure of vindictive feeling.

The combination of great knowledge, great diligence, great powers of appreciation, and great uprightness and kindliness of mind with a constant tendency to exaggerate, with unjust and hasty judgments, and with a nearly uniform refusal to accept correction, offers a riddle not unknown on a smaller scale in smaller men, but here of peculiar interest, because, though Macaulay's kind may not have been the greatest, he was, in his kind, so singularly great. The solution of it seems to lie in this: that, with a breathless rapidity, he filled in his picture before his outline was complete, and then with an extreme of confidence he supplied the color from his own mind and prepossessions, instead of submitting to take them from his theme. Thus each subject that he treated of became, as has been observed, a mirror which reflected the image of himself. The worshipping estimate, which Mr. John Stuart Mill formed of his wife's powers, was unintelligible to those who had known her, until it was remembered that she was simply the echo of his own voice. She repeated to him his own thoughts and his own conclusions; and he took them, when they proceeded from her lips, for the independent oracles of truth. The echo of himself, which Mill found in his wife, was provided for Macaulay in his own literary creations; and what he thought was loyal adhesion to the true and right was only the more and more close embrace of the image he himself had fashioned and adored.

All this, however, is not to be taken for granted. We shall support it by reference to the works of those who we think have supplied the proof, and shall likewise

* In the valuable biography of Lord Althorpe which has just appeared, it is said that Croker attempted a reply to Macaulay, on the second reading of the second bill, in a speech of two hours and a half, which utterly failed (p. 383). It is not common to make (apparently off-hand) a reply of two hours and a half upon historical details without the possession of rather remarkable faculties. But this volume, though from the opposite camp, bears witness to Croker's powers: it mentions at p. 400 "a most able and argumentative speech of Croker," and other living witnesses, of Liberal opinions, might be cited to a like effect. This subject is discussed more fully on pages 83-126 of our present number.

† See *infra*, Art. III.

proceed to add some illustrations in detail.

For his own eye, the ornaments of his essay on Milton were so soon as in 1843 gaudy and ungraceful, while for the world they were only rich, dazzling, or at most profuse. As he writes in that year, it contains "scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves" ("Essays," preface). But there is no misgiving as to the substance of the essay; and even with regard to his articles on James Mill, which he had dropped on special grounds, he was not "disposed to retract a single doctrine which they contain." * If it be thought unfair or misleading to scrutinize closely a production which, while so wonderful, is likewise so youthful as the essay on Milton, we reply that we examine it for the following reason; because it was the work over which he cast the longest retrospect, and yet this retrospect did not suggest even so much as a qualification, however general, of the opinions it conveyed. We must observe, however, that in the case of Macaulay general qualification would be nearly useless. The least we could have craved of his repentance, had he repented, would have been that the peccant passages should be obelized. For in all his works, the sound and the unsound parts are closely dovetailed; his *series juncturaque*, his arrangement and his transitions, are perfect; the assertions are everywhere alike fearless, the illustrations alike happy; and the vision of the ordinary reader has scarcely a chance of distinguishing between truth and error, where all is bathed, and lost, in one overpowering blaze and flood of light. We might as well attempt to detect, with the naked eye, the spots in the sun.

The essay combines in one view the works, the opinions, and the character of Milton; and it may perhaps be pronounced at once the most gorgeous and the most highflown panegyric to be found anywhere in print. It describes Milton ("Essays," i. 4) as the martyr of English liberty; seemingly for no other reason than that in later life the course of public affairs was not to his mind. Deeply dyed with regicide, he was justly and wisely spared; and he suffered no molestation from those whom, the first day he had got the power, he would not have lost a moment in molesting. Macaulay scoffs at the idea that Charles I. was a martyr to religion; but religion had manifestly something to do

with his end, and his title to the name is sounder than Milton's at least in this, that his head was actually cut off.

Milton took (says the great reviewer, p. 30) in politics the part to be expected from his high spirit and his great intellect; for he lived "at the very crisis of the conflict between Oromasdes and Ahrimanes," when the mighty principles of liberty were exhibited in the form of a battle between the principle of good and the principle of evil. Such is Macaulay's trenchant view of the character and merits of the great and mixed conflict known by the name of the Great Rebellion. In what strange contrast does it stand with that of another writer, his contemporary and his friend, not less truly nor less heartily a lover of freedom than himself. Let those who prefer a temperate to a torrid zone, pass from these burning utterances to Mr. Hallam's discussion, in his eleventh chapter, of the respective claims and merits of the two parties to the war. In a statement, than which perhaps the whole compass of history does not contain a finer example of searching scrutiny together with judicial temper, he arrives at the conclusion that the war was opened in 1642 "with evil auspices, with much peril of despotism on the one hand, with more of anarchy on the other." *

Referring to the (then) recently published work of Milton on "Christian Doctrine," Macaulay observes, "Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy." At this amazement he is himself amazed; and with a cursory remark he passes lightly on. As regards his Arianism, we could not reasonably have expected more. That, after all, touches only dogma; and though dogma be the foundation stone of Christianity, still, like other foundation stones, it is out of sight. But the "theory of polygamy" which, as the essayist observes, Milton did something to illustrate in his life, ought surely to have made him "think thrice" before he proceeded to assure us that Milton's conception of love had not only "all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem," and not only "all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament," but "all the pure and quiet affection of our English fireside" (p. 29).

It is especially to be borne in mind that Milton's advocacy of this detestable and degrading institution is not either casual

* Preface to "Essays," republished in 1843.

* Constitutional History (4to.), i. 615.

or half-hearted. "So far," he says himself, "is the question respecting the lawfulness of polygamy from being a trivial, that it is of the highest importance it should be decided." * He then discusses it at such length, and with such care, that it may fairly be termed a treatise within a treatise. It is not necessary to cite more than a few short references. "With regard to the passage, 'they twain' . . . 'shall be one flesh' . . . if a man has many wives, the relation which he bears to each will not be less perfect in itself, nor will the husband be less one flesh with each of them, than if he had only one wife." † "He who puts away his wife, and marries another, is not said to commit adultery because he marries another, but because, in consequence of his marriage with another, he does not retain his former wife." ‡ "If, then, polygamy be marriage properly so called, it is also lawful and honorable, according to the same apostle: marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled." § Nor was his system incomplete. The liberty of plurality, with which it begins, is capped at the other end by an equally large liberty of divorce. The *porneia*, for which (he says) a wife may be put away, includes (according to him) "any notable disobedience or intractable carriage of the wife to the husband," "any point of willworship," "any withdrawing from that nearness of zeal and confidence which ought to be." "So that there will be no cause to vary from the general consent of exposition, which gives us freely that God permitted divorce, for *whatever was unalterably distasteful, whether in body or mind.*" || We must remember also that when we censure the men of that period for their intolerance with respect to religion, witchcraft, and the like, we censure them for what in substance they had inherited from their fathers through many generations, and that from such ties of hampering tradition the extrication must needs be slow. But in this matter of polygamy, Milton deliberately rejected the authority, not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but of all European civilization, and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart of our religion as a system designed to reform the manners of the world.

* Milton on "Christian Doctrine" (Sumner's translation), p. 232.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., p. 237.

§ Ibid., p. 241.

|| "Tetrachordon," Works (Ed. 1753), i. 279, 304.

It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man. Yet the idolatry of his reviewer in summing up his character ("Essays," i. 55) can only see just what he likes to see; and he finds that, from every source and quarter, "his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled"! If ever there was an instance in which close and cautious discrimination is demanded from a critic, it is the case of Milton. For never perhaps so conspicuously as in him were splendid genius, high and varied accomplishment, large appreciation of mankind and life, exquisite refinement, deep affection, and soaring aspiration conjoined, we cannot say united, with a fierceness of opinion and language that belongs to barbarism, with a rejection of the authority of world-wide consent such as only the most irreflective ignorance could palliate, with a violence of prejudice which sometimes drove him to conclusions worthy only of senility, and with conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, which descend below historic heathenism, and approximate even to brutality.

Twelve years after the essay on Milton, another and yet more elaborate effort was applied, we can hardly say dedicated, to the character and philosophy of Bacon. The philosophy was set upon a pinnacle, the character trampled in the mire; while the intellectual faculties of that nearly universal genius were highly appreciated and powerfully set forth. We have in this essay, with an undiminished splendor, also an undiminished tendency to precipitancy and to exaggeration; though they are no longer engaged in the worship of a fond idolatry, but working with energy on the side of censure as well as on that of praise.

Into the controversies relating to the life and character of Bacon we do not propose to enter in detail. Of all the cases in which there has been a call for champions to confront the powerful rush of the assailant, this has been the most adequately met. Whewell records his feelings of "indignation at the popular misrepresentations of Bacon's character, and the levity with which each succeeding writer aggravates them." * We may

* Whewell's "Writings and Letters," ii. 380.

specify Mr. Paget, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and in a peculiar fashion Dr. Abbott, as vindicators of Bacon; but the greatest importance attaches to the life-long labors of Ellis, now deceased, and of Spedding, still happily preserved to English literature. As regards the impeachment of Bacon, if taken alone, it may establish no more against him than that, amidst the multitude of engrossing calls upon his mind, he did not extricate himself from the meshes of a practice full of danger and of mischief, but in which the dividing lines of absolute right and wrong had not then been sharply marked. Hapless is he on whose head the world discharges the vials of its angry virtue; and such is commonly the case with the last and detected usufructuary of a golden abuse which has outlived its time. In such cases, posterity may safely exercise its royal prerogative of mercy. The wider question is whether, in a list of instances which Macaulay blazoned on his pages, most of all in that of Essex, Bacon did, or did not, exhibit an almost immeasurable weakness, sordidness, and capacity of baseness in his moral character. The question is one of wide interest to the moralist and psychologist, and to England, and even mankind at large. To us the victory seems to lie with the advocates for the defence; the judgments of Macaulay we deem harsh, and his examination superficial. But we would not tempt the reader to rely upon this opinion, since he has at hand ample and varied materials for the formation of his judgment. With regard to the speculative life of Bacon we shall not be quite so abstinent.

Macaulay's account of the Baconian philosophy is as follows. After stating that from the day of his death "his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive," the illustrious essayist proceeds to say that the philosopher "*aimed at things altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves; at a new 'finis scientiarum.'*" "His end was in his own language 'fruit,' the relief of man's estate;" * "*commodis humanis inservire;*" † "*dotare vitam humanam novis inventis et copiis.*" ‡ Two words form its key, "utility and progress." Seneca had taught the exact reverse. "The object of the lessons of philosophy is to form the soul." "*Non*

est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex." The Baconian philosophy strikes away the *non*. "If we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three books on 'Anger,' we pronounce for the shoemaker:" so says the essayist. From this peculiarity of the Baconian philosophy, "all its other peculiarities directly and almost necessarily sprang." And Seneca is a type of what was both before and after. Socrates and Plato (but where we would ask is Aristotle?) produced flowers and leaves, not fruits. Accordingly, "we are forced to say with Bacon that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive-ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles, from which those, who lost themselves in it, brought back many scratches and no fruit" (p. 378). The powers of these men were "systematically misdirected." The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. He then enumerates, among the subjects which that philosophy handled, the following heads: "what is the highest good; whether pain be an evil; whether all things be fated; whether we can be certain of anything; whether a wise man can be unhappy." These questions he next compares to the Bigendian and Littlendian controversies in Gulliver, and he gravely pronounces that such disputes "could add nothing to the stock of knowledge," that they accumulated nothing, and transmitted nothing. "There had been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, and thrashing. But the garners contained only smut and stubble" (p. 380).

At this point we must in fairness allow the reader to pause and ask himself two questions: first, whether in what he has read he is to believe the witness of his own eyes, and secondly, after due rubbing and ruminating, whether Bacon is really responsible for these astounding doctrines? Unfortunately Macaulay has a contempt for Saint Augustine, and therefore we may make an appeal that would in his view be vain, if we observe that that great intellect and heart has left upon record in his works an acknowledgment in terms superlative, if not extravagant, of the value as well as the vast power of the works of Plato; the "godly Plato," as Alexander Barclay calls him. Something more we may hope to effect, since Macaulay not only admired but almost worshipped Dante, if we plead that the intellect of that extraordinary man was trained under Aristotelian influences, and imbued, nay sat-

* Adv. of Learning, book i.

† De Augm., vii. 1.

‡ Nov. Org., i., aph. 81. (Also cites De Augm., "Essays," ii. 373 seqq., 9th edit.; ii. 2, and Cogitata et Visa.)

urated, with Aristotelian doctrines. But if we plead for the persons, much more must we contend for the subjects. Can it really be that, in this nineteenth century, the writer who, as Mr. Trevelyan truly says, teaches men by millions, has gravely taught them that the study of the nature of good, of the end for which we live, of the discipline of pain, of the mastery to be gained over it by wisdom, of the character and limits of human knowledge, is a systematic misdirection of the mind, a course of effort doomed beforehand to eternal barrenness, a sowing of seed that is to produce only smut and stubble?

From this strange bewilderment, and this ganglion of errors, even his own Milton might have saved him, who says of his lost angels, "on a hill retired," —

Of good and evil much they argued them,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame.

And then, as if from between narrowing defiles of Puritanism which left him but a strip of sky and light, condemns their high themes and thoughts —

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;
but yet he cannot help emerging a little;
and he adds, —

Yet with a pleasing sorcery *could charm*
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
*With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.**

Having disposed of the Greek and Roman philosophers, the essayist finds, as might be expected, still less difficulty in "settling the hash" of the schoolmen, to whom the more cautious intellects of Mackintosh and Milman have done another kind of justice; and at length we have the summary, p. 383: "Words, and more words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations." But the new epoch had arrived, and the new system.

Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand, the word "good." "*Meditor*," said Bacon, "*instauratorem philosophiæ ejusmodi quæ nihil inanis aut abstracti habeat, quæque vitæ humanæ conditiones in melius provehat.*"†

To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable.

As if Bacon had been an upholsterer, or

the shoemaker whom Macaulay says, if driven to choose, he would prefer to the philosopher. So, if driven to choose for food between the moon and the green cheese of which in the popular saying it is supposed to be made, we should unquestionably choose the green cheese. But we could never be so driven: because the objects of choice supposed to compete are not *in pari materiâ*. Nor are the shoemaker and the philosopher: there is no reason why we should not have both — the practitioner in useful arts, and the man meditative of the high subjects of human thought; mind, destiny, and conduct. The imagined opposition is a pure figment; a case of "words and more words, and nothing but words," if not, indeed, of "smut and stubble."

The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but, from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted, was liable, more than most of us, to be run away with. His merit is, that he could keep his seat in such a steeplechase: but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences, needful to secure to labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of color, such the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that, when hot upon his work, he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact and the laws of moderation: he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preter-human vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away from the ranges of his vision.

We presume it cannot be doubted that

* Paradise Lost, ii. 512.

† Redargutio Philosophiarum.

Bacon found philosophy had flown too high; had been too neglectful both of humble methods, and of what are commonly termed useful aims. What he deemed of himself is one thing: what we are now to deem of him is another. And we believe the true opinion to be that Bacon introduced into philosophy no revolutionary principle or power, either as to aims or as to means; but that he helped to bring about important modifications of degree. To the bow, bent too far in one direction, he gave a strong wrench in the other. He did much to discourage the arbitrary and excessive use of *à priori* and deductive methods, and, though he is thought himself to have effected nothing in physical science, largely contributed to open the road which others have trodden with such excellent effect. But the ideas imperfectly expressed in these sentences were far too homely to carry the blaze of color and of gilding, which Macaulay was required by the constitution of his mind to lay on any objects he was to handle with effect. Hence the really outrageous exaggerations (for in this case we cannot call them less), of which we have given the sum. But, after writing in that strain for twenty-five or thirty pages, at length his hippogriff alights on *terra firma*; and he tells us with perfect *naïveté* (p. 403) that Bacon's philosophy was no less a moral than a natural philosophy, and that, though his illustrations are drawn from physical science, his principles "are just as applicable to ethical and political inquiries as to inquiries into the nature of heat and vegetation." Very good: but, then, why the long series of spurious, as well as needless, contrasts between the useful and the true, between the world of mind and the world of matter, between the good on which philosophers have speculated and the good which the masses of mankind always have sought, and always will; and why, in order that Lord Macaulay may write a given number of telling sentences and fascinating pages, is Bacon to be made responsible for a series of extravagances which with his mind, not less rational than powerful, not less balanced than broad, we are persuaded that he would have abhorred?

We shall not attempt any more precise appreciation of the philosophy of this extraordinary man. Of all English writers, until Germany cast the eye of patient study upon Shakespeare, he has enjoyed, perhaps, the largest share of European attention, as in his speculations he touched physics with one hand, and the unseen

world with the other. There has, however, been much doubt, and much difference of opinion, as to the exact place which is due to him in the history of science and philosophy. So far as we can gather, a sober estimate prevails. De Maistre has, indeed, in a work on the subject of Bacon and his philosophy, degraded him to the rank of something very near a charlatan; and, with reference to his character as a forerunner and torch-bearer on the paths of science, asserts that Newton was not even acquainted with his works. We do not suppose that any mere invectives of so inveterate a partisan will sensibly affect the judgment of the world. But writers of a very different stamp have not been wanting to point out that Bacon's own writings partake of prejudice and passion. Mr. Stanley Jevons, for example, in his able work on "The Principles of Science,"* animadverts on his undue disparagement of philosophic anticipation. Upon the whole, we fear that the coruscations of Lord Macaulay have done but little to assist an impartial inquirer, or to fix the true place of this great man in the historical evolution of modern philosophy.

Those who may at all concur in our comments on Macaulay's besetting dangers, will observe without surprise that, while his excesses in panegyric gave rise to little criticism, the number and vehemence of his assaults drew upon him a host of adversaries. He received their thrusts upon his target as coolly as if they had been Falstaff's men in buckram. We do not regret that he should have enjoyed the comforts of equanimity. But there is something absolutely marvellous in his incapacity to acknowledge force either in the reasonings of opponents, or in those arrays of fact, under which, like battering-rams, so many of his towering structures of allegation were laid level with the ground.

It surely was his profit, had he known :
It would have been his pleasure, had he seen.†

The corrections made in his works were lamentably rare; the acknowledgments were rarer and feebler still. Nor was this from any want of kindness of heart, as these volumes would of themselves suffice to demonstrate, or from any taint in his love of truth. It was due, we seriously hold, to something like what the theologians call invincible ignorance. The splendid visions which his fancy shaped

* London: Macmillan, 1874.

† Tennyson's "Guinevere."

had taken possession of his mind; they abode there each of them entire in their majesty or beauty; they could only have been dislodged by some opposing spell as potent as his own; they were proof against corrections necessarily given piecemeal, and prepossession prevented him from perceiving the aggregate effect, even when it was most conclusive.

It would be all well, or at least well in comparison, had we only to contemplate this as a case of psychological curiosity. But the mischief is that wrong has been done, and it remains unredressed. In ordinary cases of literary quarrel, assailants and defenders have something not hopelessly removed from equal chances; although as a rule the greater pungency, and less complexity, of attack makes it decidedly more popular and effective than defence, when the merits do not greatly differ. But in this case the inequality was gross, was measureless. For every single ear that was reached by the reply, the indictment, such was Macaulay's monarchy over the world of readers, had sounded in scores or hundreds, or even thousands. The sling and the stone in the hands of half a score of Davids, however doughty, found no way of approach to the forehead of this Goliath, and scarcely whizzed past him in the air.

And yet, among the opposers whom he aroused, there were men who spoke with care, information, or authority: some of them had experience, some had a relative popularity, some had great weight of metal. We have already referred to the champions in the case of Bacon. In relation to Mr. Croker's "Boswell," no less a person than Lockhart — *nomen intra hædes semper venerandum** — confuted and even retorted, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a number of the charges of inaccuracy, and reduced others to insignificance. So far as this instance was concerned, the fame of Boswell's work supplied a criterion which appears decisive of the controversy; for Mr. Croker's edition has been repeatedly republished, and has become classical, although the mere amount of material, extraneous to the text, which it carries, cannot but be deemed a disadvantage. Warren Hastings had not a son; but the heavy charges against Sir Elijah Impey, especially in connection with the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, brought the son of that judge into the field. Mr. Impey's "Memoirs"†

of his father appear sufficiently to repel these accusations; but the defence is lost in the mazes of a ponderous volume, known perhaps to no more than a few scores of readers, and that imperfectly, while the original accusation circulates, with the other essays, in a Student's Edition, 1 vol.; a People's Edition, 2 vols.; a Cabinet Edition, 4 vols.; a Library Edition, 3 vols.; a Cheap Edition, 1 vol.; and as a separate essay, at 1s.* Who shall rectify or mitigate these fearful odds? With greater power and far greater skill, and with more effect, Mr. Hayward, in this review and elsewhere, cast his shield over Madame Piozzi. Yet the number of persons who have read, without the means of guarding against error, some of the harshest and most gratuitous imputations ever scattered broadcast in the thoughtless wantonness of literary power, must be immensely larger than those who have had the means of estimating the able, and, we apprehend, irrefragable defence.† A remarkable article in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, bearing the initials of a distinguished historian, widens the front of the attack, and severely questions the accuracy of Macaulay's representations in a portion of our annals, where they had hitherto been little sifted.

It was, however, the appearance of the "History," in 1848 and 1855, which roused into activity a host of adverse witnesses. Of these we will give a cursory account. Bishop Phillpotts, perhaps the most effective pamphlet-writer of his day, entered into a correspondence with Macaulay, which was afterwards published, chiefly on his grave inaccuracies in relation to Church history. The bishop, a biting controversialist, had, we say advisedly, none of the servility which is sometimes imputed to him; but he was an eminently, perhaps a redundantly, courteous gentleman. We have sincere pleasure in citing a portion of his introductory eulogium, which we feel confident was written with entire sincerity. After some other compliments of a more obvious kind, the bishop proceeds:—

But your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness. Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party and connections, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the

shall, and Co., 1846, pp. ix. *seqq.*; chapters iii., iv., ix., xiii., and elsewhere.

* From the advertising sheet at the close of the biography.

† *Quarterly Review*, April, 1868, p. 316. Hayward's "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1861.

* See the inscription under the bust of Wolsey in the quadrangle of Christ Church.

† *Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey*. Simpkin, Mar-

smallest particle of truth to those considerations.*

This correspondence ended as amicably as it began. The bishop obtained a courteous admission "of the propriety of making some alterations."† But they were to be "slight." On the main points the historian's opinion was "unchanged." We will notice but one of them. It has to do with the famous commissions taken out by certain bishops of the sixteenth century, among whom Bonner, under Henry VIII., was one. Macaulay had stated that these documents recognized the crown as the fountain of all episcopal authority without distinction. The bishop pointed out that the authority conveyed by the commissions was expressly stated to be over and above, *præter et ultra ea, quæ tibi, in Sacris Libris, divinitus commissæ esse dignoscuntur*. In gallant defiance alike of the grammar and the sense, as will be seen on reference, Macaulay calmly adheres to his opinion.‡ It is hardly too much to say that with so prepossessed a mind, when once committed, argument is powerless and useless.

One able writer, Mr. Paget, in his "New Examen," § took up and dealt with most of the passages of the "History" which had been impugned; nor can we do better than refer the readers to his pages for the defence, against very sweeping and truculent accusations, of Dundee, Marlborough, and William Penn. All these cases are of great interest. In all, the business of defence has been ably, and in most points conclusively, performed. But the rejoinder to the defence is truly formidable. It consists in this, that the charge, without the reply, has been sold probably to the extent of half a million copies, and has been translated (ii. 390) into twelve languages. It would not be possible, without adding too greatly to the number of these pages, to give an outline of the argument on the respective cases. But there is an incident connected with the case of Penn, which we cannot omit to notice. The peaceful society, to which he belonged, does not wholly abjure the practice of self-defence on grave occasions; nor could there be a graver, than when one of the most revered names in its annals had been loaded

by so commanding an authority with a mass of obloquy.

Lord Macaulay seeks to show that this same William Penn prostituted himself to the meanest wishes of a cruel and profligate court; gloated with delight on the horrors of the scaffold and the stake, was the willing tool of a bloodthirsty and treacherous tyrant, a trafficker in simony and suborner of perjury, a conspirator, seeking to deluge his country in blood, a sycophant, a traitor, and a liar.*

From original sources, Mr. Paget has answered the charges which he has thus emphatically summed up. Mr. Forster, who has since risen to such high distinction in the House of Commons, performed the same duty in a preface to the "Life of Clarkson," afterwards separately republished.† There remains impressed on the mind of that community a sentiment which, even if it be somewhat mellowed by the lapse of nearly thirty years, can still be recognized as one of indignation against what is felt or thought to be literary outrage. That Macaulay should have adhered to his charges with unabated confidence can, after what we have already seen, excite little surprise. But there still remains room for a new access of wonder when we find that he not only remained himself unconverted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers.

February 5, 1849. Lord Shelburn, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough, that he looked worse in my history than he would have done on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candor (ii. 251).

And all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.

We shall trespass on the reader with a rather more detailed examination of a single remaining point, because it has not been touched by any of the vindicators whom we have already named. It is of considerable historic interest and importance; and it illustrates, perhaps more forcibly than any foregoing instance, that particular phenomenon which we believe

* Correspondence between the Bishop of Exeter and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay. London, Murray, 1861, p. 3.

† P. 44.

‡ P. 13.

§ "The New Examen" (reprinted in "Paradoxes and Puzzles." Blackwood, 1874).

* Paget, "New Examen," sect. v. ("Paradoxes and Puzzles," p. 134).

† London, C. Gilpin, 1849.

to be for its magnitude unparalleled in literature, namely, the absence of remedy when a wrong has been done; the utter and measureless disparity between the crushing force of this onslaught, together with its certain and immediate celebrity throughout the whole reading world, and the feeble efforts at resistance which have had nothing adventitious to recommend them. For the style of Macaulay, though a fine and a great, is without doubt a pampering style, and it leaves upon the palate a disrelish for the homely diet of mere truth and sense.

We refer to the celebrated description, which Macaulay has given, of the Anglican clergy of the Restoration period. Few portions of his brilliant work have achieved a more successful notoriety. It may perhaps be said to have been stereotyped in the common English mind. It is in its general result highly disparaging. And yet that generation of clergy was, as we conceive, the most powerful and famous in the annals of the English Church since the Reformation. If we do not include yet earlier times, it is from want of record, rather than from fear of comparison. Perhaps, at the very most, one reader in a thousand could for and by himself correct, qualify, or confute, Macaulay's glittering and most exaggerative description. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine lay wholly at his mercy. We were ourselves at the outset, and we have continued to be among the sturdiest disbelievers. But it will best serve the general purpose of this article if, instead of stating the detailed grounds of our own rebellion, we follow a guide whom we shall afterwards introduce to our readers.

Though it may seem presumptuous, we will boldly challenge the general statement of Macaulay that the reign of Charles II., when the influence of the Church was at its height, was the most immoral in our history. There has been a fashion of indulging in this kind of cant, and that mainly among those who exaggerate the strictness of the Puritan ascendancy which immediately preceded it; as if it were possible for a people, much less for a solid and stable people like the English, thus violently to alter its morality in the space of a few years. It is hard for an individual to descend instantaneously into the lower depths; *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; but for a nation it is impossible. Macaulay has, we are convinced, mistaken the court, the theatre, and the circles connected with them, which may be called metropolitan, for the country at

large. In these, indeed, the number of the dissolute was great, and the prevailing tone was vile. We, who have seen and known what good the example of Victoria and Albert amidst their court did during twenty years for the higher society of our own generation, may well comprehend the force of the converse operation, and rate highly the destructive contagion spread by Charles II. and his associates. But even for the court of Charles II., we appeal from Lord Macaulay to the most recent and able historian of Nonconformity, Dr. Stoughton. From his pages we may perceive that even within that precinct were to be found lives and practices of sanctity no less remarkable than the pollutions with which they were girt about.* We have introduced these preliminary sentences because even now there is, and much more at that time there was, no small degree of connection between the morality of the country, and the piety, honor and efficiency of the clergy. Among the corrupt retainers of the court and theatre, there can be little doubt that they were in contempt. From such a stage as then existed, it would have been too much to ask respect for Jeremy Collier and his order.

We shall take in succession the leading propositions of Macaulay. The Reformation, he says, fundamentally altered the place of the clergyman in society. Six or seven sons of peers at the close of Charles II.'s reign held episcopal or other valuable preferment; but "the clergy were regarded as on the whole a plebeian class; and, indeed, *for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants.*" ("History," i., pp. 325 *seqq.*)

No doubt the prizes of the Church, as they are called, were fewer and poorer, than they had been before the time of Henry VIII. But more than twice the number of members of noble families stated by Macaulay have been enumerated. This, however, is a secondary error. It is more to the purpose that Eachard, a favorite authority of Macaulay, complains that the gentry as a class made a practice of sending their indifferent and ill-provided children into the ministry. While Archdeacon Oley, who published a preface to Herbert's "Country Parson" in 1675, writes as follows: "Though the vulgar ordinarily do not, yet the nobility and gentry do, distinguish

* Stoughton's "Ecclesiastical History." London, 1867-70. See also the very remarkable "Life of Mrs. Godolphin," *passim*. London, 1847.

and abstract the errors of the man from the holy calling, and not think their dear relations degraded by receiving holy orders."

Wood says, in the "Life of Compton," that holy orders were the readiest way of preferment for the younger sons of noblemen.* And Jeremy Collier is yet more to the point. "As for the gentry, there are not many good families in England, but either have or have had a clergyman in them. In short, the priesthood is the profession of a gentleman."

Here is a flat contradiction to Macaulay, from a man whom he himself declares to be "of high note in ecclesiastical history;" and it is taken from the work on the stage, declared by him to be "a book which threw the whole literary world into commotion, but which is now much less read than it deserves." ("Essays," vol. iii., pp. 298-301.)†

Again, if the clergy were a plebeian class, and nine-tenths of them were menial servants, we must take it for granted that their education was low in proportion. Yet Eachard, on whom Macaulay loves to rely, in his work on the "Contempt of the Clergy," cites as one of the causes of the mischief, that in the grammar schools, where they were educated, they were until sixteen or seventeen kept in pure slavery to a few Latin and Greek words;‡ the very complaint most rife against Eton and the other public schools during the last fifty years. To make good his view of the ignorance prevailing among the clergy, Macaulay falls foul of the universities. But his favorite, Burnet, writes, "Learning was then high at Oxford" ("Own Time," i., p. 321), and Barrow, a still higher authority, thus addresses an academic audience at Cambridge ("Opusc.," iv. 123, 124):—

Græcos auctores omne genus, poetas, philosophos, historicos, scholiastas, quos non ita pridem tanquam barbaros majorum inscitia verita est attingere, jam matris nostræ etiam juniores filii intrepidè pervolvunt, ipsorum lectionem in levis negotii censu reputantes: nec minus promptè Lyceum, aut Academiam adeunt, quam si, remeantibus seculis, cum Platone et Aristotele in mediis Athenis versarentur.

Not a whit better § stand the statements of the historian concerning the marriages of the clergy. "The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well"—such is the easy audacity of his

license—"if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favor." Girls of honorable family were enjoined to eschew lovers in orders. Clarendon marks it as a sign of disorder that some "damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines." ("History," i. 328, 329.)

For the extraordinary libel on the purity of the contemporary brides of clergymen, there does not appear to be either the foundation, or even the pretext, of authority. An injunction of Queen Elizabeth in 1559 is cited to prove the vulgarity of clerical marriages one hundred and twenty years afterwards: not to mention that even that injunction appears to be seriously misunderstood. Clarendon's passage refers to "the several sects in religion," and nothing can be more improbable than that, with his views of Church polity, he could by these words intend to designate the Church of England. The divines whom he goes on to mention (early in Charles's reign), are "the divines of the time," and it seems more than probable that he intends by the phrase the non-conforming ministers, not the young men recently ordained, and of the ordinary age for marriage. Besides, even at the present day, a certain inequality would be recognized in the nuptials of women of rank with clergymen of average station and condition. In citing the testimony of plays of the time, Macaulay forgets the preface to one of those he quotes. "For reflecting upon the Church of England . . . no learned or wise divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. . . . A foolish lord, or knight, is daily represented: *nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their order.*" (Preface to Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches.") It may be truly said that instances of good or high marriages, which can easily be supplied, do not prove the case affirmatively. But Pepys speaks of the extreme satisfaction with which he would give his sister to his friend Cumberland, a priest.* Nelson speaks of Bull's marrying a clergyman's daughter with praise, because he preferred piety and virtue to the advantages "which for the most part influence the minds of men upon such occasions."† Herbert warns the clergy against marrying "for beauty, riches, or honor."‡ Beveridge speaks of the same temptation in his own case. Collier § notes as a strange order

* Ath. Ox., ii. 968 (fol. ed.).

† Babington, pp. 18-21.

‡ Contempt, etc., p. 4.

§ Babington, sect. iv., pp. 37-52.

* Diary, iii. 170.

† Life of Bull, p. 44.

‡ Country Parson, chap. ix.

§ On Pride, p. 40.

the injunction of 1559 (already mentioned), that a clergyman should gain the consent of the master or mistress where a damsel served. Every one of these testimonies loses its force and meaning, if Macaulay is otherwise than grossly wrong in his allegation that the clergy were mostly in the state of menial servants, and made corresponding marriages.

Our readers may be already wearied with this series of exposures, and it cannot be necessary to dwell at any length on the incomes of the clergy. It is extremely difficult to compute them in figures; and Macaulay judiciously avoids it. Yet even here he cannot escape from the old taint of exaggeration. "Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably." Ordinarily, therefore, he followed manual employments. On "white days" he fed in the kitchens of the great. "Study was impossible." "His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry." ("History," i. 330.) Now, on the point of manual labor, George Herbert, in the preface to the "Country Parson," expressly says the clergy are censured "because they do not make tents, as Saint Paul did, nor hold the plough, thrash, or drive trades, as themselves do" (*i.e.* laymen). Walker, in the "Sufferings of the Clergy," speaks of it as a special hardship when they are driven to such occupations. Eachard speaks of the extreme poverty of such as had but 20*l.* or 30*l.* per annum, and certifies that there are hundreds of such.* Now, multiplying by four for the then greater power of money, these extreme cases correspond with 80*l.* and 120*l.* at the present day; and there are not only hundreds, but thousands, of our clergy, whose professional incomes do not rise above the higher of the figures. A yet more telling piece of evidence may be had from Walker, who calls a living of 40*l.* or 45*l.* a year small. Such a living corresponds with 160*l.* or 180*l.* at the present time. This is still about the income of a "small living;" and the evidence under this, as well as the other heads, goes to show, in contradiction to Macaulay, that while the absolute clergyman was without doubt much less refined, his social position relatively to the other members of society was in ordinary cases nearly the same as now. Of the aggregate national income, there can, we think, be no doubt that the clerical order had not a smaller but a larger share.

* Contempt, etc., pp. 112-4. Babington, sect. v., pp. 59, 64.

With respect to the children of the clergy, as a general rule, Macaulay's statement (which he does not support by any authority), that the boys followed the plough and the girls went out to service, is no more and no less than a pure fable. It is also unpardonable, because the contemporary or nearly contemporary authorities, who confute it, are not obscure men, but men whose works any writer on the history of the period must or ought to have known; such as George Herbert, in the "Country Parson," Fuller in his "Worthies of England," Beveridge in his "Private Thoughts," Dr. Sprat, afterwards a bishop, preaching upon the sons of the clergy in 1678, and White Kennet in his "*Collectanea Curiosa*." Only want of space prevents our crowding these pages with citations; and we content ourselves with two passages, each of a few words. The first is from White Kennet, who declares that "many of the *poorer clergy* indulge the inclination of their sons by breeding them to a good competence of school learning," though they are afterwards unable, just as is now the case, to support them at the university, and are in such cases driven to divert them to mean and unsuitable employs.* The second is from Fuller, † who heads one of his sections thus: "That the children of clergymen have been as successful as the sons of men of other professions." Without doubt the difficulties, which press so hardly now upon the clerical order along its lower fringe, pressed in like manner on it then. But Macaulay's description is of the order, not of the lower fringe of it. What would he have said if he had discovered that there was under Charles II., as there has been under the sovereigns of the nineteenth century, a "Poor Pious Clergy Society," which expressly invited, on behalf of the impoverished priesthood, gifts of cast-off clothing?

We then pass on to the libraries of the clergy: "He might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves" (i. 330). If the volumes were dog-eared, it was by being much read. If they were but ten or twelve, there was much to be got out of ten or twelve of the close and solid tomes which then were more customary than now. But then it was only the lucky man who had ten or twelve. Now, let the reader mark how this stands. His favorite Eachard ‡

* Coll. Cur., ii. 304.

† Worthies, i. 78.

‡ Contempt, etc., pp. 106, 7.

describes the case of men having six or seven works which he enumerates, together with a bundle of sermons for their library. For this account he was taken to task by his opponent in the "Vindication." Whereupon, Eachard himself thus replies: "The case is this: whether there may not be here and there a clergyman so ignorant, as that it might be wished that he were wiser. For my own part, I went, and guessed at random, and *thought there might be one or so.*" *

And this *minimum* is transformed by Macaulay's magic wand into a *maximum*, this uncertain exception into the positive and prevailing rule. And here, again, while the solitary prop crumbles into dust, the counter-evidence is abundant. Walker recites the "rabbling" and plunder of clerical libraries of the value of 500*l.* and 600*l.* Saint David's was one of the poorest dioceses of the country; but Nelson † tells us that Bishop Bull considered the reading of the Fathers, "at least of those of the first three centuries," "not only as useful but absolutely necessary to support the character of a priest." Burnet's demands on the clergy in the "Pastoral Care," ‡ seem to be quite as large as a bishop could now venture to put forward; and many other writers may be cited to a similar effect. § The general rule, that no clergyman should be ordained without an university degree, || was in force then as now; and probably then more than now. The grand duke Cosmo III. states in his "Travels," when he visited the two universities, that Cambridge had more than two thousand five hundred students, and Oxford over three thousand; and it is safely to be assumed that a larger proportion of these large numbers, than now, were persons intending to take holy orders.

That we may in winding up the case come to yet closer quarters, let it be observed that Macaulay admits and alleges ¶ that there was assuredly no lack of clergymen "distinguished by abilities and learning." But "these eminent men were to be found, with scarcely a single exception, at the universities, at the great cathedrals, or in the capital."

A passage perfectly consistent with all that has preceded; as, indeed, Lord Macaulay is perhaps more notable than any writer of equal bulk for being consistent

with himself. For the places thus enumerated could hardly have included more than a tenth of the clergy. Of the mass the historian has yet one disparaging remark to make: that "almost the only important theological works which came forth from a rural parsonage" were those of Bull; and those only because, inheriting an estate, he was able to purchase a library, "such as probably no other country clergyman in England possessed." * This assertion, not less unhappy than those which have preceded, is reduced to atoms by the production of a list of men, who sent forth from country parsonages works of divinity that were then, and in most cases that are now, after two hundred years, esteemed. Many of them, indeed, have been recently republished. The list includes the names, with others, of Towerson, Puller, Sherlock, Norris, Fulwood, Fuller (who died in 1661), Kettlewell, and Beveridge.

From this compressed examination, which would gain by a greater expansion, it may sufficiently appear that Lord Macaulay's charges of a menial condition and its accompaniments against the clergy of the Restoration period generally and miserably break down. In no instance are they tolerably supported by positive evidence; in many they are absolutely confuted and annihilated. Not, indeed, that he was absolutely and wholly wrong in any point, but that he was wrong in every point by omission and by exaggeration. Because books were then, especially in the country, more difficult to obtain than now; because manners were more rude and homely in all classes of the community; because cases of low birth and conduct, still individually to be found, were perhaps somewhat more frequent; because a smaller number of the well-born might have taken orders during the period of the Protectorate, so that the episcopal bench was for a short time filled with men of humble origin, though of great learning and ability; these incidents must be magnified into the portentous statement, that "for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants." Isolated facts and partial aspects of his case he eyes with keenness; to these he gives a portentous development; and a magnified and distorted part he presents to us as the whole. The equilibrium of truth is gone; and without its equilibrium it is truth no longer.

That which may be alleged of the clergy

* Letter to the Author of the Vindication, p. 234.

† Life of Bull, p. 428.

‡ Chap. vii.

§ Babington, sect. vii., pp. 87-9.

|| Cardwell's "Documentary Annals," ii. 304, 5.

¶ I. 330.

of that period is, that they were unmitigated Tories. This is in reality the link which binds together the counts of the indictment; as a common hostility to William of Orange, or sympathy with James the Second, brings into one and the same category of invective and condemnation persons appearing at first sight to have so little in common as Marlborough, Claverhouse, and Penn. The picture of the Restoration clergy is a romance in the form and color of a history. But while history in the form of romance is commonly used to glorify a little our poor humanity, the illusions of this romance in the form of history go only to discolor and degrade. That William, that Burnet, that Milton should have personal embellishment much beyond their due, is no intolerable evil. But the case becomes far more grievous when a great historian, impelled by his headstrong and headlong imagination, traduces alike individuals and orders, and hurls them into a hot and flaming inferno of his own.

We have selected this case for an exposition comparatively full, not on the ground that it is the most important, but because, better than any other, it illustrates and exemplifies the uncommon, the astounding, inequality of the attack and the defence. The researches which we have partially compressed into the last few pages are those of Mr. Churchill Babington, a fellow of St. John's, the neighbor college to Macaulay's justly loved and honored Trinity. We do not assume them to be infallible. But every candid man must admit that the matter of them is formidable and weighty; that, in order to sustain the credit of Macaulay as an historian, it demands examination and reply. It is in vain that in his journal* he disclaims the censorship of men "who have not soaked their mind with the transitory literature of the day." For in the first place this transitory literature, the ballad, the satire, the jest-book, the farce or vulgar comedy, requires immense sifting and purgation, like other coarse raw material, in order to reduce the gross to the nett, to seclude and express the metal from the ore. In the second place, Mr. Babington seems thus far to have made it very doubtful whether Macaulay has made out his case even as tested by that transitory literature. Give, however, transitory literature what you will, it can form no apology for the gross neglect of grave and weighty and unimpeachable authorities.

* Trevelyan's "Life," ii 224.

But if Macaulay's invocation of the transitory literature of the day is insufficient, what shall we say of Mr. Trevelyan's appeal to Buckle? Buckle, forsooth, bears witness that Macaulay "has rather understated the case than overstated it." Macaulay, even when least *ὑπερβουλος*, can stand better on the feet that nature gave him, than on a crutch like this. Quote, if you choose, publicans on liquor-laws, or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Martial as a witness to purity, or Bacchus to sobriety; put Danton to conduct a bloodless revolution, or swear in the Gracchi as special constables; but do not set up Mr. Buckle as an arbiter of judicial measure or precision, nor let the fame of anything that is called a religion or a clergy depend upon his nod.

Mr. Babington's work can only receive due appreciation upon being consulted *in extenso*. It attracted little notice on its appearance, except from periodicals connected with the clerical profession. He had from Sir Francis Palgrave the consolatory assurance that he had supplied a confutation as complete as the nature of the attainable evidence in such a case would allow. But his work was noticed* by the *Edinburgh Review* in language which we can only describe as that of contemptuous ignorance. It is a book by "a Mr. Churchill Babington" (he was a fellow of St. John's and Hulsean lecturer at Cambridge), which was "apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms, our author's views." Such was the summary jurisdiction exercised upon the material of which we have presented a sample.† The measure of notice accorded to it by Macaulay was simply the insertion of an additional reference ("History," 5th edition, i. 331) to the life of Dr. Bray, "to show the extreme difficulty which the country clergy found in procuring books." The text remains unaltered. The work of Mr. Babington, of which only a few hundred copies were sold or distributed, was for its main purpose still-born, is now hardly known in the world of letters, is

* Not by Macaulay's fault. "I have told Napier that I ask it, as a personal favor, that my name and writings may never be mentioned in the *Edinburgh Review*," Sept. 29, 1842, vol. ii., p. 119. The review had a deep debt to Macaulay; but this was not the right way to pay it.

† Mr. Paget's valuable work, to which we have previously referred (p. 534), was treated by the *Edinburgh Review* in the same fashion. He was charged with ignorance, self-sufficiency, carelessness, and bad faith, though the reviewer failed to convict him of any mistake or inaccuracy. Mr. Paget very properly declined to enter the arena against a champion who wielded such weapons.

not found in some of our largest and most useful libraries,* and if it now and then appears in an old book-shop, confesses by the modesty of its price, that it is among the merest waifs and strays of literature. Such is the fate of the criticism; but the perversion — the grave and gross caricature with which it grappled — still sparkles in its diamond setting, circulates by thousands and ten thousands among flocks of readers ever new and ever charmed, and has become part of the household stock of every family. Since the time when Père Daniel, the Jesuit, with guns at once so ponderous and so weak, replied inaudibly to the raking and devouring fire of Pascal, there never has been a case of such resistless absolutism in a writer, or such unquestioning and general submission in the reading world.

Of this kind has been the justice administered by the tribunals of the day. We sorrowfully admit our total inability to redress the balance. Is there, then, any hope for the perturbed and wandering ghosts whom Macaulay has set agog, for Dundee, for Marlborough, for Quaker Penn, for Madame Piozzi, for the long and melancholy train of rural clergy of the Restoration period, still wearing their disembodied cassocks, in the action of the last, the serenest, the surest, the most awful judge, in the compensating award of posterity? Our hope is, that final justice will be done; but first let us ask whether the injustice which has been done already will, not as injustice, but by virtue of the other and higher elements with which it is fused, stand the trying test of time. Has Macaulay reared a fabric —

Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas?†

Among the topics of literary speculation, there is none more legitimate or more interesting than to consider who, among the writers of a given age, are elected to live; to be enrolled among the band of immortals; to make a permanent addition to the mental patrimony of the human race. There is also none more difficult. Not that there is any difficulty at all in what is technically called purging the roll: in supplying any number of names which are to sink (if they have not yet sunk) like lead in the mighty waters, or which, by a slower descent — perhaps like the zigzag from an alpine summit — are to find their

way into the repose of an undisturbed oblivion. Sad as it may seem, the heroes of the pen are in the main but fools lighted by the passing day on the road to dusty death. But it is when the list has been reduced, say to a hundredth part of the writers, and to a tenth of the few prominent and well-known writers of the day, that the pinch, so to call it, of the task begins. We now stumble onwards with undefined and partial aids. Bulk will surely kill its thousands; that, which stood the ancient warrior in such good stead, will be fatal to many a modern author, who, but for it, might have lived. And money will as surely have killed its tens of thousands beforehand, by touching them as with palsy. It was one of the glories of Macaulay that he never wrote for money; it was the chief calamity of a yet greater, a much greater, man, of Scott, that iron necessities in later life, happily not until his place had long been secure, set that yoke upon his lofty crest. And few are they who, either in trade or letters, take it for their aim to supply the market, not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce. In the train of this desire, or need, for money comes haste with its long train of evils; crude conception, slipshod execution, the mean stint of labor, suppression of the inconvenient, blazoning of the insignificant, neglect of causes, loss of proportion in the presentation of results: we write from the moment, and therefore we write for the moment.

Survival, we venture to suggest, will probably depend not so much on a single quality, as upon a general or composite result. The chance of it will vary directly as quality, and inversely as quantity. Some ores yield too low a percentage of metal to be worth the smelting, whereas had the mass been purer, it had been extracted and preserved. Posterity will have to smelt largely the product of the mines of modern literature; and will too often find the reward in less than due proportion to the task. So much for quantity. But quality itself is not homogeneous; it is made up of positives and negatives. Merits and demerits are subtly and variously combined; and it is hard to say what will be the effect in certain cases of the absence of faults as compared with the presence of excellences, towards averting or commuting that sentence of capital punishment which, estimate as we may the humanity of the age, must and will be carried into wholesale execution. Again, men look for different

* In the only one where we chance to have discovered the work, it is a presentation copy.

† *Ov. Met.*, xv. *in fin.*

excellences in works of different classes. We do not hold an "Æneid" or a "Paradise Lost" bound to the veracity of an annalist. We do not look to Burke or Sheridan for an accurate and balanced representation of the acts of Warren Hastings. The subtle gifts of rhetoric, the magic work of poetry, are loved for their own sake; and they are not severely cross-examined upon the possession of historic attributes to which they do not pretend. But rhetoric is not confined to speeches, nor poetry to metre. It can hardly be denied, either by eulogist or detractor, by friend or foe, that both these elements are found in the prose of Macaulay; and if they are most attractive, they are also perilous allies in the work of the historian and the critic.

In truth, if we mistake not, the poetical element in his mind and temperament was peculiar, but was strong and pervading. Those who may incline to doubt our opinion that he was a poet as well as a rhetorician, and perhaps a poet even more than a rhetorician, would do well to consult the admirable criticism of Professor Wilson on his "Lays." ("Life," ii. 121.) We will not dwell upon the fact (such we take it to be) that his works in verse possess the chief merits of his other works, and are free from their faults. But his whole method of touch and handling are poetical. It is, indeed, infinitely remote from the reflective and introspective character, which has taken possession of contemporary poetry among our writers in such a degree, as not only to make its interpretation a work of serious labor, but also to impair its objective force. Macaulay was, perhaps, not strong in his reflective faculties; certainly he gave them little chance of development by exercise. He was eminently objective, eminently realistic; resembling in this the father of all poets, whom none of his children have surpassed, and who never converts into an object of conscious contemplation the noble powers which he keeps in such versatile and vigorous use. In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the sur-

face was rare and marvellous; and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler; but what Homer did was due to his time, what Macaulay did, to his temperament. We have not attempted to ascertain his place among historians. That is an office which probably none but an historian can perform. It is more easy to discover for him contrasts than resemblances. Commonly sound in his classical appreciations, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Thucydides; but there can hardly be a sharper contrast than between the history of Thucydides and the history of Macaulay. Ease, brilliancy, pellucid clearness, commanding fascination, the effective marshalling of all facts belonging to the external world as if on parade—all these gifts Macaulay has, and Thucydides has not. But weight, breadth, proportion, deep discernment, habitual contemplation of the springs of character and conduct, and the power to hold the scales of human action with firm and even hand—these must be sought in Thucydides, and are rarely observable in Macaulay. But how few are the writers whom it would be anything less than ridiculous to place in comparison with Thucydides! The "History" of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live, but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and high work of art.

We are led, then, to the conclusion, or the conjecture, that, however the body of our writers may be reduced in a near future by many and many a decimation, Macaulay will, and must, survive. Personal existence is beset with dangers in infancy, and again in age. But authorship, if it survive the first, has little to fear from the after peril. If it subsist for a few generations (and generations are for books what years are for their writers), it is not likely to sink in many. For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall not ring in the ears of civilized man. On a lower throne, in a less imperial hall of the same man-

sion, we believe that Macaulay will probably be found, not only in A.D. 2000, which he modestly specifies, but in 3000 or 2850, which he more boldly formulates, or for so much of this long, or any longer lease as the commentators on the Apocalypse will allow the race to anticipate. Whether he will remain as a standard and supreme authority, is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up, but they will, probably, attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his nett solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain from his marked and telling points of view great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary, and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broadset, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHY HAVE YOU DECEIVED ME,
ARCHIE?"

THE perturbed stranger at the Brown Cow, forced to rise and dress himself

without a bath, and to breakfast on home-made bread which was unpalatable to him, and on an infusion of sloe-leaves that his landlady had substituted for milk, was compelled at last to summon somebody of greater authority than the gawky chambermaid and bar-maid in one. He wished to settle how, after a few more inquiries, he could get away from this benighted and outlandish hamlet.

Host Morse having the stable entirely under his rule, and being less occupied with the great sight of the morning than his wife, was induced to brave the gentleman who spoke as if butter would not melt in his mouth. As a safe vent to his pent-up feelings in discussing the dog-cart and horse, with which the innkeeper was to furnish his guest, Host Morse had broken away from the subject in hand in order to refer to that which was uppermost in the mind of Saxford that day. "There d' be a wedding in the village this morning, your honor," he had said. "Bridegroom he be a stranger chap, fresh come into these parts, a day's-man, Joel Wray, leastways we called him, as he called hisself, Joel Wray; but it d' seem, by now, his right name 'tis Dooglas."

The gentleman had been listening blankly and indifferently; but at Joel Wray's new name, he first fell back into his chair, and then started up. "What do you say?" he cried out loudly, and without the least hesitation. Seizing his hat and making for the door, he was down the stairs and up the street in the direction of the church, before Host Morse, standing open-mouthed, and feeling, as he described afterwards, "like one strook or took," could cry, God save him, what was the matter?

It was the apparition of the tall Tweed-suited stranger, darting into the church, which stopped the marriage party.

The gentleman stared distractedly about him till his eye was caught and fixed by Joel Wray in his working-clothes, with the rose in his jacket. "Good heavens, Archie, what are you doing here?" he gasped out.

The young man's eyes met those which had fastened on his, and he, too, stood arrested. "Selincourt! what on earth brings you here?" he said, with the oddest mixture of amazement, discomfiture, provocation, and something like a sense of comicality in his tone.

The familiar recognition between these apparently widely severed members of society — the fine gentleman at the Brown Cow, and Joel Wray, the day's-man at the

manor farm — turned the rest of the party to stone for an instant. In the next followed a reaction.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked the vicar in an accent of aggrieved trepidation.

"I am here to stand up for this young 'oman," said the bailiff, preparing to show fight for Pleasance, "as is as vartuous a young faymale as breathes — passon, he knows — and as 'a come to church to be, as 'a been, married honest to this here young man."

Even the lad Ned, of all people, took it into his head to put in his awkward oar. Perhaps it was his part, as best man, to speak up for Joel, and Ned had something to do, after all. "Joel ain't in the wrong, as I can see. Banns and everythink were right, or passon and clerk should 'a seed to it. I tow'd you last night, zur," turning valiantly upon Selincourt, "that he were bridegroom."

Dorky Thwaite, as best maid, did not follow suit and put the finishing touch to what was grotesque in the situation, notwithstanding that she was all in a tremor lest Madam's should not prove a marriage after all, and there should be no dinner with plum-pudding at the manor-house.

Phillis Plum was standing with the beseeching eyes of a deaf person, and Miles was signalling to his old woman to be quiet and submit to the restriction, since nobody was going to "holler" a secret into her stopped ears, and that in church, so that all the village might hear.

Pleasance did not scream, or sob, or faint, after the fashion of brides in the few marriages that have been challenged since marriages were instituted; but neither did she remain unmoved in her faith in the loyalty of her bridegroom.

It seemed to her as if by that unfathomed law of repetition which comes in force in men's lives, a certain miserable scene in her history was to be re-acted, only with a difference in all the actors save one. She could not tell wherein lay the analogy, she could not give any explanation; but with this sudden interruption there came back upon her, in a flash, Miss Cayley's drawing-room, when she and Anne had been unexpectedly brought before a stranger, while at a few words their whole surroundings had fallen away from them.

Joel Wray's voice broke the momentary silence — it had not lasted for more than a moment. "Don't you see what you are bringing upon me, Selincourt?" he said with passionate remonstrance. "These

good folks, my friends, are ready to suspect me of bigamy at the very least. You had better explain, since you have thrust yourself where your presence was not wanted, and succeeded in making a mess of it."

Selincourt, thus assailed, made a gesture of helpless despair. "If there has been a marriage," he groaned, lifting his blinking eyes from the bridegroom, and casting round a hasty appalled glance which took in the clergyman and the little festive group of men and women, in which one woman's figure in white stood conspicuous, "I am not prepared to dispute it. This young gentleman is of age, and he has not been married before — to my knowledge."

The statement, thus wrung forth, produced an effect only less than the first address.

"Lor' 'a mussy, Joel a gen'leman!" "An' he 'a been cuttin', ploughin', sawin', and ordered about with the rest sin' 'arvest!" "An' he 'a been farin' plain, and he a-standin' there in them pewer clothes!" "What d' be the worl' comin' to?" were sentences murmured audibly by Ned, Miles, and the bailiff — the last magnate collapsing at this undreamt-of turn of affairs, and the whole three men looking more staggered and perplexed than if Joel had been detected in an attempt to commit a felony.

The vicar took his view of the concession. "If the young man" (he could not bring himself to say gentleman to Joel — whom he had known as a farm-laborer, and whom he had never suspected of being anything more than a smart mechanic tired of his trade) "has simply" — the vicar said "simply," but he paused and looked at Joel sternly, — "I say if he has simply deserted his position in life, though I regret his error and all that it involves, and feel pained to find that I have been made to assist in any deception that has been practised, I cannot think, sir," looking commiseratingly, but still reproachfully at Selincourt, "that you were warranted in breaking in upon us in the — the unmannerly manner you have done."

"I was — ah — commissioned to find a friend's son, and restore him, if possible, to his family," declared Selincourt, but yet with the air of a man resigned to be blamed, seeing that he has never looked for anything save blame in the whole transaction. "If my manner has been amiss, I must plead the shock of his discovery in such circumstances."

Pleasance heard every word, and she

had a perception, visual or mental, of the aristocratic chin of which she had got a glimpse lifted in the air, and the eyes looking over her head. There rose up before her mind as if it had been but yesterday, her aunt, Mrs. Wyndham's, manner, when she had told the girls that their father was dead, as if it had been no concern of theirs, since their mother had been a low woman.

"Selincourt," Joel interposed, "after I have taken my wife," he gave the title distinctly and defiantly, "back to our present home, I shall come to the inn and hear what you have to say, which is more than you have any right to expect of me."

Thus dismissed, with a high hand, Selincourt drew back, and the party, after standing as if irresolute for some seconds longer, pursued its course to the vestry.

But it was an altered party — not only were Joel's cheeks flushed scarlet, and Pleasance's blanched white, but uncertainty and disturbance pervaded every member.

Nothing more was said. The clear intimation that Joel was a gentleman, together with the tone which he had assumed to this stranger, Mr. Selincourt, who, with all his well-bred deprecation, had burst like a bomb-shell on the company, prevented any of the vigorous appeals and rough remonstrances that would have been freely hurled at Joel, the day's-man.

Even the vicar said no more.

The names "Archibald Douglas" — at which every one who could get near enough to see, stared intently, and "Pleasance Hatton" were scrawled in characters widely different from the writers' ordinary handwriting. The bailiff appended his signature, not certain whether, in spite of the parson's presence, he might not be called in question for the good-nature which had prompted this day's work. The clerk followed, as neither Miles nor Ned's power of caligraphy were presentable.

At last the marriage company passed out into the road and the village street. Surcharged as it was with its secret, it could hardly contain itself. Doubtless, it emanated in this instance from Host Morse, who was not long left gaping in the parlor of the Brown Cow, and from Clem Blennerhasset, who cried out on the first faint sign of a stir and tumult, "I knowed it. He telled me hisself, ever so long ago."

A sense that something unusual had happened, was diffused with lightning speed throughout the village, and was taking shape in the wildest rumors. Joel

Wray was a runaway convict, and Mr. Selincourt a head policeman in the gentlest of disguises, who was only giving Joel a little law through the influence of the parson and the bailiff, that he might walk back with Pleasance to the manor-house, in order to save appearances, and spare Madam and Mrs. Balls the first brunt of the blow.

Joel had half-a-dozen wives already — the shameful young Turk, and Pleasance did very wrong in so much as suffering him to accompany her to the manor-house, there to break with him forever.

Joel, the day's-man, had turned out so grand a gentleman in disguise, that "Lawyer Lockwood were nor'n to him, and in course the marriage could not hold good, and yon dandified customer at the Brown Cow were his father come to break it off, and had done it likewise, walking into the very church and knocking the marriage to pieces, under nose of passon, the moment it were made."

The familiar, gazing crowd, with its free greetings, which had stood to see Pleasance going to be married, was nothing to the massed-together villagers, with strange looks and silent tongues, that feasted their eyes on her return.

Pleasance walked erect and firm, not as if the earth were crumbling away beneath her feet, while Joel by her side saw not one of these people craning their necks to get a clear view of him. He was holding Pleasance's hand where he had put it within his arm, and where it seemed to rest without either her will or consciousness; and he was talking to her and her alone, with his head bent low to look into her face that was like a mask, the whole of their way back to the manor-house.

"I am afraid this has been a great shock to you, Pleasance," he was saying anxiously, "I never thought that it would come upon you like this. I meant to break it to you after you were prepared for it, when you would have come, surely, to welcome it. I would rather have cut off my right hand than had it come upon you like this to-day by my mother's ill-judged interference, and Selincourt's bungling."

And then he proceeded to enter on eager explanations, telling her fully, at last, all about himself, and taking care to dwell upon the fact that his father had been born in a station very little if any higher than that of the working-people among whom his son had been sojourning by his own choice, for the last six months.

But the elder Archibald Douglas, having shown the turn for mechanics which his

son had inherited from him, had gone to a great manufacturing town and become first a factory hand, next a manager, and at length, as the due reward of his talents and industry, a manufacturer in his own person. In that position he had acquired, comparatively early in life, a large fortune, had employed part of his capital in the purchase of estates, and had married one of the daughters of a poor county family. The man who was then speaking to Pleasance, her husband, was this rich and landed manufacturer's only son. The father had died, and the son reigned in his stead.

But he was not pleased to reign without preparation or probation. "It was not that there was nothing left for a fellow to do now," he asserted, "I mean no more worlds to conquer, no battles to speak of to fight, no discoveries of new lands to make, when even 'the great lone land' is ransacked for sables and beavers. Besides, there are things even better worth doing than fighting battles or discovering lands," he urged eagerly. "It was not that I had seen you, love, for you know I had never set eyes on you. But I did want to know the mass of my fellows, and above all the poorest men and women among them, by sharing with them their work and their fare, and living with them like a brother for a time. If I found for myself what their real selves and real lives were, I might go on and help them more effectually than most masters and landlords are able to do."

"I thought of the stout old Russian czar, Peter. I could but try, however much I should fall short. I knew, of course, that I should fail immeasurably, but I was bent on trying. I cherished the scheme through Eton and Oxford days. When it got wind so far, and reached my mother, though she had not opposed it in theory—the very reverse, indeed—she set her face against it in practice, and strove to get me to give it up. But I could not."

"I thought at first to go into a factory, because of that turn for mechanics which I have inherited from my father, and by which he made his fortune. But then at his death our interest in the old factory had been sold to his partners, and I was destined for a country gentleman, pure and simple."

"And I was fond of country life too, since the time, of which I spoke to you once, you remember? when my father used to tell me and my sister Jane of his young days, and of his father and mother's little farm away among the Cumberland dales."

Besides, country knowledge would be most useful to me as squire of Shardleigh. You will love Shardleigh, Pleasance."

"So I left my mother, and Woodcock our agent, and all the college fellows in the lurch, and came off in a suit like this, to work for my living; and I met you, Pleasance, and I could not choose but seek to make you mine."

He spoke in the same strain without pausing for half an hour on end, till they came close to the manor-house. And all the rejoinder which she had made to him was to look once up in his face with troubled eyes and to ask with trembling lips and choked voice, "Archie, why have you deceived me?"

CHAPTER XXX.

"YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR MOTHER, ARCHIE."

"AND now, Selincourt, may I ask by what title you have mixed yourself up in my affairs?"

Archie Douglas put the question in a voice of repressed wrath standing in Joel Wray's working-clothes, and appealing to Mr. Selincourt in the parlor of the Brown Cow.

The appeal was a pertinent one, and without question it told. None knew better or felt more keenly than Mr. Selincourt the established code of honor by which one gentleman is bound to shut his eyes to the flights, plunges, and hair-breadth escapes of another. It is no matter that the one may stand to the other in point of age as father to son, or that the two have known each other from youth upwards.

In the case in question there was but the remotest kinship. Mrs. Douglas—Archie's mother—and Ambrose Selincourt were cousins; and although there was certainly old acquaintanceship, the conditions for friendship did not exist between two minds utterly unlike, except that they were both capable of integrity.

Mr. Selincourt's sole title to interfere consisted in the obligation which had been imposed upon him by the young man's mother, and to which he, Mr. Selincourt, could not say no.

He could not tell why Mrs. Douglas should have selected him of all men in preference to the family agent, or any other confidential friend. Nay, he had no idea why he himself could not refuse quests and commissions for which he was perfectly aware that he was signally disqualified, merely because the solicitation

came to him from a woman, a widowed mother, an old friend. He could not answer these questions, although he was a learned man, the fellow of a college, and one who rarely left the hoary walls which might be supposed saturated with knowledge.

But as a pendant to the disheartening sense of his want of claim to be heard, Mr. Selincourt had the comparative ease of a man who is not vitally interested in the matter.

However taken aback and scandalized he might be at a termination which to him threatened the ruin of his kinswoman's son, still in its lamentableness, the disaster did not concern Mr. Selincourt so nearly as to prevent him from discussing it temperately.

Of course he was very sorry, but after the first brunt of the discovery, perhaps he continued more put out than sorry in feeling himself so thoroughly a fish out of the water at the Brown Cow, and in holding in check his pressing inclination to get into his proper element again without delay.

"I acknowledge that I have no right," said Selincourt, abasing himself for his heinous offence against social requirements, "save what I have derived from your mother. Your conduct is distressing her very much, even while she is ignorant of this — ah! this last misfortune!" he concluded with a deep sigh.

"No doubt," said Archie ironically, "my conduct has been distressing her as much as if I had been breaking the whole decalogue. But I don't admit that I have deliberately sinned against the fifth commandment," he added, with a sudden change of argument suggested by his own words. "I am ready to honor her with all due honor; but I am no longer a child that she should exact from me implicit obedience, to which, by the way, she never accustomed me. I have my own obligations to fulfil, and my own standard to strive after. To my own master I must stand or fall. If I have gone away and left my mother with no trace of me, it is because she was doing her best to sow enmity between us by seeking to clog and fetter me in a fixed resolve, against which there was no law. If I have not consulted her in the most serious step of my life, it is because I knew that she would have opposed me, not the less inveterately that it might have been quietly. Certainly it would have been useless, for the step concerns me first and last. I wished to save everybody from pain, but, all the same, I

am willing to answer for my deed to-day to God and man," he finished proudly.

"Apart from the respect which you owe to your mother," said Mr. Selincourt, with some firmness, "you are entirely your own master, both by your majority and by the terms of your late father's will. No one disputes that," added the speaker, desirous of propitiating his hot-headed antagonist. "I will allow farther, that, brought up as you have been, heir to a place like Shardleigh, you may claim additional respect for your opinions, which are of consequence to many of your fellow-creatures."

"I make no claim of the kind," said Archie, a little sulkily. "I ask nothing more than the lawful freedom which every grown man is warranted in seeking — to do what he judges to be right, and go on his own course, whatever that may be."

"I would not do you the injustice of supposing for a moment," continued Mr. Selincourt, "that you have not been actuated by good motives, however falacious, in your singular line of conduct."

"I am not a communist, Selincourt," interrupted Archie, with a smile.

"God forbid. I should hope not," replied Selincourt, with a shudder. "I suppose this is a kind of modern knight-errantry, which may be expected to lead you into strange quarters, and put your powers of endurance to the test. Yet, Archie," exclaimed the elder man, breaking off the thread of his observations and yielding to an impulsive expression of his pent-up feelings, as he looked around him at the unsuitable decorations of begrimed majesty and shell flowers. "I wonder at your taste."

The person addressed was by nature a much hardier individual than his mother's cousin, whether or not his plebeian blood from one side of the house had anything to do with it. He had been further braced by a tendency to innocent discursiveness out of his immediate sphere from his boyhood. He had not been a low-lived fellow in the ordinary sense of the word, not addicted to base vices or given to loose companions. But from the early days when he had listened with all his ears to his father's stories about his humble, hard-working dale progenitors, Archie Douglas had manifested a great sympathy with and interest in the working-classes, together with an inclination to put himself in their place, and subject himself to their trials and temptations.

Actually, Archie Douglas failed to see Mr. Selincourt's allusion, and imagined that it referred to the subject which was

nearest his own heart, and which, had his mind been at liberty, would have been filling it at this moment. He opened his lively dark eyes with amazed indignation.

"Do you mean that you have looked at Pleasance and not admired her?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Selincourt, quickly waving aside the charge, "I have not ventured on such an assertion, for I confess that I was agitated—I did not see, so as to receive even the vaguest impression—the young woman—ah, the lady. Douglas, I have been scrupulously avoiding till now, any reference to what must form, alas, grievous evidence of the danger of your fantastic enthusiasm."

Mr. Selincourt found himself forced to come to the point, and speak out his thoughts, without regard to their effect on his companion.

"I glory in the consequence," said Archie, holding up his head. "I will always glory in it, and consider it by far the most fortunate circumstance in my lot. I have got the good wife that is God's best gift to a man. What should you or any other poor old fogie of a schoolman—forgive me, Selincourt, but I pity you—know about it?"

"Thank the Lord for our ignorance," muttered Selincourt, devoutly.

"And as for being a lady," insisted Archie, "I can tell you Pleasance is every inch a lady, a match for my mother any day."

"I won't contradict you. Don't let us argue on this question," said Mr. Selincourt. "Only you cannot expect this of me, my dear fellow, that I should congratulate you on having thrown away yourself and your possessions on a low marriage."

"I deny that it is low in any just sense," said Archie, keeping his temper wonderfully, "but I cannot expect you to understand it, and I do not ask you to congratulate me—yet—only not to pity me—rather to keep your congratulations to a later date—believe me you will live to give them."

The provocation of Archie's high-handed impenitence was great, but Mr. Selincourt contented himself with shaking his head and proceeding with all speed to deliver himself of his commission. "This was what I had to say when everything was forgotten on account of this dreadful affair—ah! you count it delightful for the present moment—well, we sha'n't quarrel, there is no good in quarrelling; besides, I am arrogating no right to quarrel with you, and I call upon you in turn to respect my admitted powerlessness.

What this grievous affair has nearly put out of my head, is, that your mother is not only longing and pining to see you again, but she is far from well in health."

"She was in her usual health when I left town," said Archie hastily, in a tone, half of vexation, half of incredulity.

"She is ailing now," reported her ambassador, unhesitatingly; "the old mischief in her chest has broken out again. Mind, I do not say that your conduct has brought it on, I believe that the changeable weather this summer and autumn has been against her. But it has really come to this, that the doctors have ordered her off, once more, to Pau or Cannes, before the frosts set in. There is no time to be lost, and she will not move before she sees you."

Archie Douglas, instead of answering, thrust his hands into his jacket pockets, and took two or three turns up and down the room, turning his back on Mr. Selincourt.

"I am convinced that you would not grieve your mother more than could be helped," urged the mediator; "as for what is done and cannot be undone, well, I suppose the best must be made of it. I do not envy you your task, but you are your own master, and your mother knows that, and is a reasonable woman. I do not need to remind you how valuable her life is, not only to you, but to your sister."

Mr. Selincourt was reflecting while he spoke, that Archie Douglas having succeeded in stumbling into an extremely objectionable marriage down in this rough locality, had cut himself off from ever affording a home in the natural course of events to his sister; and that therefore the preservation to her of her mother as her guardian was specially to be prayed for.

Archie stopped short in his walk and turned sharply on the speaker.

"I shall go up to town and see and explain everything to my mother within the next four-and-twenty hours," he said, abruptly and gruffly, betraying the effort which the determination had cost him.

"Do so, my dear fellow," chimed in Mr. Selincourt eagerly; "I shall not presume to accompany you, since you have the courage and manliness to do what is right of your own accord, without seeking my poor support. Third parties are always in the way, and do more harm than good in these cases. I did not engage to return to your mother, and I think that she herself will prefer to have you with her alone. I have executed her commis-

sion to the best of my ability. I have been three weeks in coming up with you, even after I had got on your track," added Mr. Selincourt ruefully; "but I assure you that I was cautious in not compromising you." He sought consolation for being too late in taking this credit to himself.

"You could not compromise me," broke in Archie, loftily. "I wished to keep out of my mother's reach, and it was necessary that my name and position should be hidden; but otherwise I had nothing to conceal."

"True, no doubt," assented Mr. Selincourt suavely, but with a horrible suspicion that the position might not have remained so hidden as to have failed to glimmer through the imaginary veil. It might have been guessed at by some rustic and her relations as cunning as they were ignorant, leaving poor Archie Douglas, in his sublime self-conceit and disinterestedness, the victim of a wretched conspiracy, as well as of democratic fanaticism.

But there was no use in hinting the suspicion at this date. "I shall keep your secret," Mr. Selincourt told Archie in conclusion, "and let you disclose it to your mother, when she and you can take such measures as you judge best in the unhappy — ah! — the awkward circumstances. I shall run up to town and take the North Western and get back to college to-morrow afternoon. They may speak of the advantages of a holiday, but for a man like me there is no rest like that which is to be found in his own quad and his own rooms."

Thus the antagonists parted on an amicable arrangement. Of course Mr. Selincourt had heard of and come across shameful villany in his day, but he would as soon have suspected himself as Archie Douglas, greatly though he disapproved of the young man's eccentricity. Mr. Selincourt knew Archie to be well-principled and high-minded — with his very faults leaning to virtue's side; why, even his present terrible scrape was only the unhappy result of an extravagant development of philanthropy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I WILL NOT GO WITH YOU."

PLEASANCE had no sooner crossed the threshold of the manor-house than she was called to still Mrs. Balls's aroused apprehensions. Bad news, travelling all the faster because of their intangibility,

had flown before the bridal pair back to their home, and Pleasance found her old friend sitting up in bed white and ghastly, shaking in every limb, and crying, "Where d' you be, Pleasance? Be there owt come to you? They says summat be mortal wrong?"

Pleasance answered the most easily satisfied question, —

"I am here, dear. Do you not see me?"

"And where be he as should be your good man by now?" was the demand that followed quickly.

"He came with me," said Pleasance, her heart aching sorely; "he will be here again presently."

Mrs. Balls was pacified.

"Ay, he can go and come an it please he, but do 'ee mind I tow'd 'ee," she said, suffering herself to be laid back on her pillow, and with a faint attempt at resuming the joke of the morning, "that you 'ouldnt be free to go and come, not no more, arter your outin' this mornin' — that it 'ould be please your good man from this time forrard."

Pleasance received the sting of the words while she was too preoccupied to note how much remaining strength and intelligence Mrs. Balls had lost in her panic, and what childish bewilderment was stealing over her face and voice.

Pleasance wanted to be alone and think. She had a few minutes of grace, for no one expected her to sit down to the feast which had been provided for the wedding guests. Since the bridegroom was compelled to stay away, the bride was permitted to follow his example. Strange and unheard-of as the phenomenon of a marriage feast, ungraced by the presence of the new-made husband and wife, was in the parish, the marvel proved a relief in this instance, allowing the full discussion of the singular circumstances along with the satisfaction of the guests' unabated appetite.

Pleasance tried to understand it all — tried to make allowance for him — the offender; but she was no longer the Pleasance of the morning, confiding and devoted. She was the Pleasance in whom, even as a child, Miss Cayley had seen powers and possibilities distinct from those of bright cleverness and friendly sympathy; and whose passionateness, where her stringent sense of right, and her warm, tender affections, were outraged, had been dreaded by her early guide.

This was the Pleasance who had not been crushed by her first downfall, who

had asserted herself, and decided for both sisters. But that was because Pleasance's great trials could only be dealt by the hands of her dearest friends, could only reach her through her own fond exaltation of these friends, and her cleaving to them as more to her than silver and gold.

This was the same Pleasance who had so writhed under Anne's loss, that she had taken the desperate resolution, and abode by it, of renouncing the class which had renounced Anne, and left her to perish — of never again having to do with associations which could smite her by reminding her too keenly of the sister and friend who had been taken from her forever.

Pleasance did not think of what Archie Douglas had said to her; though she had taken in the sound and sense. How could it, when it was swelling with the consciousness of the deceit which had been practised upon her, and the wrong which had been done to her truth. It seemed to her that insult was added to injury by his supposing that wealth and rank — the wealth and rank on which she had forever turned her back — could bribe her into more than complacency, into vulgar elation, and could buy for him a ready and entire forgiveness for his double-dealing and treachery. He had been deceitful and treacherous under seeming candor and frankness, and he had persevered long, preserving his secret unbroken to the last moment.

Pleasance did not consider his plea that he had not put on a disguise in order to test and to win her in pretended poverty, in foolish emulation of the foolish egotism of those heroes of romance who were no heroes to her. She had not taken to heart his eager confiding to her of his far more heroic and chivalric motive — after her own heart, as that motive might otherwise have been. She did not once remember it, yearning with tenderness, even while she might have condemned him for falling so far short of what he had ventured to call his mission in abusing it for personal ends.

The time might come when Pleasance would take all these things into account, treasure every fragment of the argument on his side in her remembrance, and ponder over it in her heart; but that time had not come on her marriage morning when she had been betrayed into marrying a gentleman against her will. She only thought then of her wrongs.

Oh, how she had loved and believed in Archie Douglas, believing in him in the teeth of testimony which might well have shaken a less confiding woman's faith!

She had hoped to be happy with him in the only station for which she was fit, and in which she could be happy. She had spoken to him freely of her hopes, to which he had listened, knowing that they were vain. She had been as glad as a child over the idea that she could furnish him with the small means on which they might begin housekeeping, and he had never told her — he might have been laughing at her all the time — that he was the possessor of many thousands, to which her few hundreds were as drops in the bucket.

Mrs. Balls — her honest, kindly, motherly cousin, whom she had promised never to forsake — was in her last weakness, and how was Pleasance to keep her pledge to one who had been as a mother to her? It would be worse — more dishonorable and heartless in Pleasance to give up Mrs. Balls, than if Pleasance had it in her power to fail, and failed to a real mother whom it was her natural duty to cherish. It would be a mockery to think of her staying with and waiting on Mrs. Balls when she, Pleasance, was the wife of a gentleman, and when she was called upon to walk in his ways and suit herself to his tastes.

He had had many opportunities of explaining himself, many chances given him, from the time when he had taken to heart the loss of the foreign sailors, down to the Sunday afternoon when in the near prospect of their marriage he had stood with her by Anne's grave, and let himself be forsworn, as it seemed in Pleasance's severe young eyes. Even there, on that ground hallowed to Pleasance, he had not opened his mouth to warn and confide in her. Neither sorrow nor joy had melted him so as to constrain him to confess the deception he was practising. She knew he was kind, but what was kindness without truth?

So she had heard Mrs. Balls say that her father had been kind to her mother, and yet he had been so weak, so much the creature of social prejudices as to be ashamed of his own free choice. He had done her mother and these two, Anne and Pleasance, the cruel injustice of never publicly owning his marriage, and of leaving his children where he himself had placed them in a false, debatable position, of which they were the innocent victims.

Could Pleasance expect another and a nobler ending from Archie Douglas's still more deceitful beginning? Was she who had not hesitated to condemn such a poor compromise, to perpetuate, open-eyed, her mother's half-seen imprudence, and leave

a third unborn generation to reap the full harvest of misery? Would it not be consummating his error, and surely bringing down upon him his punishment?

Pleasance's anger was somewhat subdued before Archie Douglas came back to her, and joined her where she sat all alone with her hands in her lap in an upper room in the manor-house, where she had been wont to keep her books and pets. The place was now empty, except for a box, and a cage or two, and a fixed-in window-seat. The low October sunshine poured in and illuminated without warming the brown bareness and the solitary figure in the white dress so out of keeping with the surroundings. He came up to her without any guilty hesitation, although with subdued looks and tones.

"You have not gone down to the company in the kitchen without me," he said, in a voice half rallying, half pleading. "I suppose the good folks will do very well for once, cracking their special nut and digesting its kernel, as well as discussing their fare, without us. But neither have you changed your dress and gone back to your friend, Mrs. Balls, as you proposed. Does she not need you?"

"I cannot tell," said Pleasance heavily. "I have only seen her for a minute."

He sat down in the window-seat beside her, and took her hand, which she did not withdraw. Where was the use, when it would soon be all over? But how strange it was to see him close to her there, in the working-clothes which looked as if they belonged to him, but which he had only worn as some player on the stage might appropriate either the black velvet of Hamlet or the hodden-grey of the gravedigger, as it suited him.

"You know, Pleasance," he was saying, "I had intended to stay with you and work here for a time after our marriage, because it was the great wish of your heart, and till you had grown reconciled to the fact that I had other duties and obligations which you must share and lighten. Whatever cause you have had to dislike them, on your own account, you will come to love them because they are mine, won't you, darling? But, besides, an end has been put to my appearing again upon the scene as a working-man by poor old Selincourt's blundering. You will think it so, Pleasance, when you are better acquainted with the man. I was furious with him, but the old sinner meant no harm, and to make a long story short, he has brought me tidings to which I cannot refuse to attend, and which I am sure you would be

the last to ask me to neglect. My mother is ill, and ordered abroad, where she has frequently been sent for the winter, and will not stir till she has seen her impracticable son. But you must teach them better, that I have had the wit to win the dearest, sweetest, wisest woman in the world. I am very sorry to disappoint you, even more than to hurry you—the first thing too, only you see that I have too good an excuse, and cannot help myself. I must run up to town to-morrow, Pleasance, and take you with me, make my mother acquainted with our marriage, and make you known to her."

He ran over the obligations rapidly, rather slurring them as not being able to parry the suspicion that they involved what would be trying and distressing to all concerned.

"After that," he said, drawing a long breath of relief, "and after I have seen my mother and Jane off, you may depend upon my bringing you straight back to Mrs. Balls."

Would he have had the honesty and courage, supposing she had consented to go with him, to do what he proposed? Could she have depended on his fidelity and generosity in restoring her to her filial post?

It was idle speculating, since she would not try him.

"I will not go with you," said Pleasance steadily, but in a voice that she could not have recognized as her own, looking up at him with crimson cheeks contrasting with her white dress.

"You will not go with me!" he exclaimed, startled, but quite unable to take in her meaning. "Do you propose to follow me? But would not that be a great deal more disagreeable for you? No, I do not think I could consent to that."

"I will not go at all," she said, plainly; "I daresay you think that I must go with you," she continued, while he looked at her confounded, "because I married you this morning, and so am bound to obey you. But ours was not a right marriage in which both man and woman know what they are doing. I don't think that it should stand for a marriage; but I do not know and cannot help that. What I do know is that I will not go with you unless you force me, which you will not do."

"Pleasance," he cried, "what is this? You are not in earnest, you are not in your senses. Our marriage not a right marriage, which you do not think should stand, and you, my love, my wife!" He stopped, choked with emotion.

"Yes," she said, "Archie Douglas, or whatever they call you," she uttered the last words with harsh scorn that, even before it tingled through his veins, filled him with consternation, "you know that I did not mean to marry you as you are; you know and I know that I am no more fit to be a gentleman's wife, than I have wished to be the lady that I have forgotten to be."

"It is not true, I do not know it, Pleasance. How can I know it," he protested passionately, "when I have deliberately chosen you to be my wife? I know that you have set yourself against a higher class, because of the adversity of your youth, so set yourself that I dreaded to tell you my real position lest it should part us while parting was yet possible. Don't you remember that every time I approached the subject you repelled me and closed my mouth by your hostility? I have erred, but it was for your sake. Look here, Pleasance, rank and wealth did not stop me for an instant, I felt that they could not come between us. Are you going to make them the bugbears, that I never made them?" he urged. "Are you going to let the outward accidents of fortune divide us after all, when I have loved you so well, that, had it not been for my duty to others, I could have held my worldly station worthily lost, could have renounced and never resumed it for your sake?"

"Where was your duty to others?" she said, in the icy accents that contrasted so strangely with her flaming cheeks. "Where was your true manhood when you deceived me, a woman who loved and trusted you — deceived me, not for an hour or a day, but for a long course of days and weeks, and in face of all you knew of my sad story, my convictions, and my conscience? Do you mean that we are equal any longer, you and I? I, who did not hide a thought from you, and you, who misled me from first to last, and did not once speak the truth to me, but made a tool, if you did not make a mock, of me?"

"Pleasance, Pleasance," he cried, roused to wrath, and springing up. Then he stood still in despair, convicted before her, and yet rebelling against her undreamt-of cruelty. "Pleasance," he began again reproachfully, "I have already told you that it was not to gain you that I first assumed a character to which I was no further entitled than that all of us are working men and women, and that we are at liberty to change our sphere of work when and where we choose" (she shook

her head at the specious fallacy of his reasoning). "But even if it had been otherwise," he urged, "I think I might have found more mercy from you — the cause of my deceit, if you will have it deceit, I am not the first man, or the man of highest station, else history lies, who has dropped the surroundings of his station, and descended into the ranks to struggle on the same level for the prize he coveted. I never heard that the man's descent was counted unworthiness in the man and degradation to the woman."

"But I count it unworthiness and degradation," said Pleasance bitterly; "I know what you allude to. I have read the stories of the Grizels and Enids and Lady Burleighs, and I always thought them written by men to shame women — to show how little honor was reckoned due to a woman. A man would never dare to beguile his friend and think to call him friend again, but he may play upon a woman's weakness, and having taken her in by false pretences and led her a long way under false colors, having tried her — as who was he to try her? — as no human being has the right to try another, he has but to throw off his mask to be forgiven because it is love, and not friendship, that he has profaned. And what is full compensation to the poor silly woman? She is torn from every tie of her youth, but she finds herself rich and great, like a woman among the Turks, with silk gowns, and cachemere shawls, and gold chains that she does not know how to wear and that do not suit her, with French cookery, that is not good for her and soon ruins her digestion, with servants that laugh at her before her face, and new relations that hate and despise her. It is very pitiful to be bought by such things," ended Pleasance with ominous quietness, sitting tearless and hopeless, with her hands crossed in her lap.

"Did I ever think to buy you? Did I ever seek to tempt you?" he appealed to her in vain.

"You once told me a story that you had seen played," she told him in return, "of a lad who was a gardener and who loved a proud, beautiful girl of rank, whom he dared not approach, and how his love tempted him to lend himself to her enemies who could make him pass for a prince in order to win her and humble her. You said that there was the halting morality of the play, for the plot was not merely a heartless, but a base trick which no true man would have been induced to play. Now, I do not think that the gar-

deners lad was substantially worse than his neighbors — the rich gentlemen who affect to be poor working-men; I think they deserve the same reprobation."

"If you think so, Pleasance," said Archie Douglas slowly, "you are right in not going with me, and we are better to part here and now."

He was standing before her — no longer the gay, good-natured young workman whose good-nature had been the byword of his chance comrades and one of his great charms.

Here was the man of whom Mr. Selincourt had said that his opinions were of moment to many of his fellow-creatures, the young squire of broad acres and numerous retainers and dependents, who, when he was among his own people had been accustomed — whether he recognized it or not — to be listened to and deferred to. He had, indeed, among his equals, and among his college companions, learned to occupy common ground, to give and take, bear and forbear. He had even felt a great, generous impulse to waive every attribute of supremacy, and live with all men as brethren, till he could make friends of them and teach them to make a friend of him; but he could not, by any means, in thus doing annihilate the tendencies, and destroy the influences, which were superseded, but not suppressed.

The air of authority and command which Pleasance had learnt to condemn in man and woman, was clearly visible in Archie Douglas, under his working-clothes, at this moment.

"You are right that I have been miserably wrong in my conclusions," he said again, sternly. "But the misery shall go no further so far as I can help it, you supporting me in my resolution. For bringing such distress upon you by a deception, which was as much self-deception as anything else, may God forgive me as I am already reaping my share of its fruits. I will not compel you to go with me; I can say farther that I do not desire it, in your present frame of mind. But you are my wife" (he said the word with sharp intonation this time), "unfortunately, nothing that we can do will break the bond, and which has become by one fault of mine so hateful in your eyes. You have the first claim to that protection, and to those worldly goods which you reject and heartily despise. When I go, I shall leave you my address both in town and country. I shall write to you after I leave," she put up her hand in deprec-

tion, but he finished his sentence without heeding her, "whether you think fit to read and answer my letters or not."

He stopped; and total silence fell between them for a moment, in which his hard breathing was audible to both, and in which she heard the loud beating of her own heart as it stood at bay. He broke the silence where speech was concerned by words the very commonplaceness of which was full of irony in their anguish, "I suppose there is nothing left for us but to bid each other farewell."

"Farewell," she said stubbornly.

He moved half way to the door without her stirring, and then he came back quickly to her with all the strange, cold calmness of his mobile face broken up. "Can this be real?" he whispered, stretching out his arms to her. "Only three hours ago we two were made one, and ere the words are well spoken, have we had a deadly quarrel, and are we about to part?"

"We should never have met," said Pleasance, "and so we do well to part."

"Be it so, then," he said, with a sort of fierce disdain of himself and her, his empty arms falling by his side, while he drew back erect and haughtily, "you have chosen it; the evil rest with you, if there be evil. I have only submitted to your decision."

There was no one to see whether or not Pleasance relented when it was too late, and when the last sound of her bridegroom's foot had died away in the distance.

If Mr. Selincourt had come to Saxford a week earlier, the couple might have been parted, — though that is doubtful, for as the wrong which Pleasance conceived that Archie Douglas had done her would then have been less complete and irremediable, so his confessions and persuasions might have had more power over her.

Or if Mr. Selincourt had come a week later, than the couple would not still have felt only lovers. They would have had time to realize that they were man and wife, joined together till death, to spend their years and share their good and ill thenceforth in closest union — homely yet sacred. And surely no words of a third person, no revelation of a hitherto unknown division between them, could have steeled Pleasance to wreck her life at one stroke, and cast away her husband and her happiness.

In the mean time the marriage feast, stripped of bride and bridegroom, like the play of "Hamlet" enacted without the

Prince of Denmark, having surmounted its hard deprivation, and being enlivened, instead, by the recollection of the late striking scene in the church, and the further excitement which it foreboded, was going on so briskly that Joel Wray left the house without observation.

Even after the lapse of another hour old Miles Plum was still struggling with the necessity of drinking the toast of the day, and the exceeding awkwardness and positive obstacle attendant on drinking that or any other toast, when the good wishes of the company, which should have been addressed to the principals, must be spoken to blank air and recoil on the head of the well-wishers.

Phillis was yet intent on supplying the exhaustless wants of Ned and Dorky Thwaite, and on sending messes to the attendants on Mrs. Balls, as she dozed on her bed. The bailiff had gone straight home, half in dudgeon, half in dismay.

Pleasance had time to rally and recover herself, to take off her white gown and put it away out of her sight, as one lays aside the relics of the dead. In her ordinary dress, with only the wanness of her face to indicate that within that day it had burned with shame and pain and passion, she prepared to resume her post in Mrs. Balls's room, and to account to her kinswoman, when she awoke, for whatever catastrophe had occurred and whatever changes were in store.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MORESBY'S "NEW GUINEA AND POLYNESIA."*

IN a recent number we reviewed the wonderful story which that modern Maundeville — Captain Lawson — published about a year ago as to his wanderings in New Guinea. It was a book that spoke for itself, as one of the most daring romances of travel ever concocted. We now call our readers' attention to a work of quite another stamp — a real, honest account of a series of voyages, the result of which has been a great extension of our knowledge as to the south-east and north-east coasts of New Guinea; not to mention the surveying and ascertaining the true geographical position of many

islands in Torres Straits and the adjacent waters, where the coral formations burst out on the surface in islands like mushrooms in meadows in autumn. Truth, it is well known, is often stranger than fiction; but we can hardly hope that Captain Moresby's modest and sober narrative will prove so fascinating to the general reader as the marvels related by Lawson. There was a reckless disregard of time and space in the one writer which at once places the other, who is bound by those vulgar obstacles the laws of nature, at an immense disadvantage. How can an honest British sailor compete in fiction with a man who, when he lands in New Guinea, puts his foot ashore at a spot which, according to his own observations, is several miles out at sea, and when he quits the island after his wonderful adventures, sails in a Chinese junk, against the north-west monsoon, ten hundred miles in five days? In a word, Lawson's "New Guinea" and Moresby's "Surveys and Discoveries" in that great island are further even than the poles apart, and differ as much as truth does from fiction. On a former occasion we revelled in fiction and found it very amusing. Let us now turn to truth, and see if she, too, when she tells of New Guinea, has not something to say for herself.

It was on the 15th of January, 1871, that H.M.S. "Basilisk," a steamship of ten hundred and thirty-one tons, four hundred horse-power, and five guns, manned by one hundred and seventy-eight officers and men, left Sydney under orders to proceed to Cape York, with horses and stores for that settlement, and to spend three months in the cruise. Touching at Brisbane in Moreton Bay, she proceeded to Cape York by the route inside the Great Barrier Reef, which, as is well known, runs north and south along the coast of what is now the colony of Queensland, for no less a distance than twelve hundred miles. Its distance from the mainland varies from seven to eighteen miles, and though the waters thus protected from the restless surf of the Pacific are everywhere studded with islets, banks, and reefs, they have been admirably surveyed by Owen Stanley and Blackwood; so that relying on his chart the navigator moves inside this great breakwater on a perfect summer sea over calm and transparent water, and while he sails along in security sees the surf and hears the roar of the Pacific thundering against its everlasting wall outside. As the "Basilisk" thus sped on she came upon a strange sail, strange

* *New Guinea and Polynesia. Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. A Cruise in Polynesia and Visits to the Pearl-Shelling Stations in Torres Straits of H.M.S. Basilisk.* By Captain JOHN MORESBY, R.N. London: 1876.

indeed as the ship of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." With a heavy, water-logged look she swayed slowly up and down upon the swell; her sails were weather-beaten and her ropes slack. Just as they had made up their minds that she must be abandoned, one or two gaunt, wild-looking creatures rose up in the stern, and others were discovered lying on the deck. Boarding the vessel, they found her crew were Solomon Islanders, the remains of one hundred and eighty kidnapped natives, who had been brought to Rewa in Fiji, and thence transferred to the "Peri" — that was the ship's name — for distribution among the islands of that group. The natives were in charge of three white men and a Fijian crew, but during the voyage food ran short, strife arose, the kidnapped natives rose on the crew and threw them overboard, whites and Fijians alike. Then left to themselves, they had drifted helpless and starving for five weeks before the south-east trade-wind, a distance of nearly eighteen hundred miles to the spot where the "Basilisk" found them. Thirteen out of the eighty alone survived — living skeletons, who fumbled at their rusty muskets and vainly tried to point them at the boarding-party. Having buried the dead and fed the living, the "Basilisk" took the "Peri" with her to Cardwell, a newly made Queensland settlement at the top of Rockingham Bay. Except Cape York, this is the most northerly port of the colony; but it does not appear to have been well chosen, and, according to Captain Moresby, has few recommendations for a commercial harbor. There they left the "Peri" under the charge of four men and a midshipman, and went to Cape York, which they reached on the sixteenth of February, anchoring off the settlement of Somerset, which was founded in 1866, under an expectation which has not yet been realized — that from its geographical position it would become another Singapore in importance. At the same time a party of royal marines were landed there as a guard, and, if our memory serves us right, forgotten by the naval authorities, till remonstrances and questions arising at home, they were withdrawn, and Somerset was left to its fate. There were at Somerset on this first visit of the "Basilisk" but six white settlers — the government police magistrate and his boat's crew. Besides these there were fifteen to twenty natives employed either as troopers or pearl-shell divers. The wooden houses were falling into decay, and the gardens

growing wild. Such was the condition of the northernmost settlement in Australia. Here the "Basilisk" safely landed her horses and stores, and went on to survey the islands in Torres Straits, which extend for two hundred miles with a breadth of eighty miles between Cape York and the opposite coast of New Guinea. They are full of rocks and reefs, and though admirably sounded and surveyed by Captain Blackwood and others for a portion of their space, much remained to be done on their northern shores, and especially about the islands adjacent to the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, to which navigators, with one consent, seem to have given a very wide berth. Having done good service in surveying, and having visited the pearl-shell diving-stations, the chief of which is at Warrior Island, the "Basilisk" returned inside the Great Barrier Reef to Cardwell. Of this pearl-shell diving industry it suffices to say that it is principally worked by capital from Sydney, at which port the pearl-shell fetches from 150*l.* to 180*l.* per ton. The divers were partly hired and partly kidnapped, till, as we shall see, legislation mitigated, if it did not entirely stop, that nefarious practice. Mr. Bedford, the manager of the enterprise at Warrior Island, "a rough and ready, but kindly organizer, had succeeded in enlisting the fierce islanders in the service, and the 'Basilisks,' during their visit, saw their formidable war canoes drawn up on the beach, and the six-foot bows requiring muscle as strong as that which shot at Agincourt to draw them" in the hands of men whose forefathers with the same weapons had beaten off a British man-of-war.

At Cardwell, which was reached on March 15th, Captain Moresby found the "Peri" and learnt the sad tidings of the wreck of the "Maria," a crazy old brig of one hundred and sixty-seven tons, on board which several "fine-spirited young men from Sydney" had embarked on a prospecting expedition to New Guinea, which we may say, once for all, seems to excite the attention of all the enterprising adventurers of the antipodes. Their fate reminds one of what we read in Hackluyt and Smith and the first pioneers of American colonization. In this case the expedition did not get very far on its way. The adventurers bold on land were feeble at sea; the master was incompetent, and, as we have seen, their vessel crazy. On the morning of February 26th, the "Maria" struck on Bramble

Reef, about thirty miles from Cardwell. It might seem that within so short a distance of a British settlement, escape was easy if they could only reach the land, but those who succeeded in reaching the main were murdered piecemeal by the savages, and to cut this tragical story short, eight emaciated creatures were all that were rescued of the band of seventy-five. These murders by the blacks demanded punishment if the town of Cardwell was to be safe. The camp of the tribe which had committed these murders was therefore surrounded and destroyed, while several of its inmates were shot down by the native troopers, whose ferocity when led by civilized men does not seem to be at all mitigated. On April 6th the "Basilisk" reached Sydney, and her first flight of discovery was over.

At this time the atrocities of the kidnapping system had excited indignation both in the colonies and at home; and in 1872 a local act was passed to restrain the unprincipled owners of vessels, who not only inflicted such evils on the islanders of the South Seas, but by provoking retaliation virtually caused the death of such men as Patteson and Goodenough. That act was not passed when the "Basilisk" sailed from Sydney in May of that year; but her orders were to visit as many groups as possible in the South Seas, and to check kidnapping; working, as Captain Moresby happily expresses it, "with eyes open and hands tied." Any voyage in that direction would seem to be incomplete, unless Norfolk Island was visited, and accordingly on May 26th the "Basilisk" was off that island. It may be described as the abode of all the passive virtues, but according to Captain Moresby, "a development of mental muscle is needed" to make the descendants of the "Bounty" mutineers "energetic, industrious, and persevering." So indolent do they seem, that they had not replaced their signal flag-staff, by which alone communication can be maintained with passing ships, but which had been blown down some time before. After the remonstrances, and by the help of Captain Moresby, this necessary duty was performed. The next island they visited was one of which nothing had been heard since 1832. This was Keppel Island, and it was found to be nothing less than a Garden of Eden inhabited by men "lithe and strong as Apollo," and by women far above the average stature, but with limbs so symmetrical as to give an idea of physical perfection. Their features are

straight and noble, their rich brown skins as soft as satin, and their dark eyes full of expression. By these happy islanders the "Basilisks" were received with charming natural politeness. No wonder that on the very same evening the good ship stood away from such a Capua for Niva or Good Hope Island. Thus they went on from island to island, everywhere hospitably received, and everywhere hearing sad tales of the ruin wrought on them when kidnappers came among them. At Fotuna, Captain Moresby trusted himself in a canoe with native rowers, and was entertained at a banquet by the king, who treated him to a bowl of *ava*, prepared by the usual process of chewing and spitting. When this was over, a young man rose, and like a Belgravian butler called out, "The *ava* is ready!" at which all the natives clapped their hands, while Captain Moresby and his officers awaited the end with some fear. "Who is this for?" said the king's public orator as he passed the bowl: "For the king," and the king quaffed off the cup. Then came the question "Who is this for?" "For the captain" was the dreadful answer. "I had foreseen," says Captain Moresby, "that fate had this honor in store for me, and with no small effort had made up my mind to taste the *ava*." But in spite of the honor and in defiance of the fact that the midshipmen and a French priest drank large draughts of it—for midshipmen at least, if not priests, will drink anything—Captain Moresby found the taste to be more like that of "a mild mixture of rhubarb and magnesia" than anything else! It is a good old saying that what does not poison fattens; the officers of the "Basilisk" were none the worse for their potations, and sailed away on July 30th for a cluster of islands called Mitchell's Group, of which the very existence was doubted. The islands were sighted, and on landing on the principal island the inhabitants were found to be Christians by the efforts of a native missionary from Samoa. They were strikingly clean and very quiet. They numbered seventy souls, but in 1857 they had been four hundred and fifty, all living in peace and plenty. A German among them told Captain Moresby that he was away at Samoa in 1864, and found but fifty worn-out people and children left on his return. The rest had all been swept away by Spanish kidnappers in one day, who carried them in three large barques for the Guano Islands of Peru, and since then no tidings had been heard of them. Thus

the "Basilisk" passed on from island to island, each exceeding the other in loveliness, though in none do they seem to have found that type of perfect physical beauty which had so enchanted them at Keppel Island; on the contrary, at Espiritu Santo they found the women "hideously ugly by nature and fashion," so that it was scarcely necessary to add that the men showed no jealousy of the strangers. So they passed to Santa Cruz in that fatal group where both Patteson and Goodenough perished; to Erromanga, pernicious to missionaries, where two Gordons in succession had recently been murdered by the natives, and where at an earlier date the good John Williams was killed. Here Captain Moresby made a demonstration of his power by landing his marines, and exhibiting some military practice. No wonder that the guilty savages swore never to harm a hair of a white man's head, an oath which we have little doubt they will keep — till the next temptation to break it occurs. On September 6th they reached Tanna, infamous for kidnapping, and where they found on his cotton plantation "one of the most notorious of those lawless men who have been charged with the commission of frightful crimes for procuring laborers, and who yet establish themselves alone on such islands, relying on the terror of their name." He was a big, burly, middle-aged man with a long red beard, and restless blue eyes, and a low square forehead. There he lived, surrounded by gangs of natives who seemed well fed, but holding his life in his hand. Under his very eyes was the grave of his partner, shot nine months before by the natives in an ambush, and he himself walked with difficulty, limping from more than one gunshot wound received from the same hands. At Tanna of course they saw the famous volcano, and then they worked their way to New Caledonia on September 12th, where the "Basilisk" found orders to return to Sydney, which they made on the 24th, having visited fifty-three islands; and so the second flight of the "Basilisk" came happily to an end.

They were not destined to stay long in Port Jackson. On December 8th the "Basilisk" started on another cruise to Torres Straits and New Guinea; and this time, as the Kidnapping Act had come into force, his hands were not tied, for he was expressly ordered to visit the pearl-shell diving-stations, and to make prize of any vessels which should be found transgressing the law. At the same time he was, when off New Guinea, to make in-

quiries as to the fate of Mr. Miklucko Macklay, a Russian naturalist, who, it was known, had landed on that island. On January 2nd, 1873, they again reached Cardwell, and, hastening on to the straits, chased and overhauled two schooners, which were sent as prizes to Sydney. So they passed on capturing other kidnappers, till, on the 18th of the month, they anchored off Somerset, where they fell in with "a lonely waif of society" named Cockerill, who, with his son and two natives, sailed about the South Seas in a tiny vessel of eight tons, collecting specimens of beautiful birds, and especially new species of birds of paradise. Having accomplished his duty in repressing kidnapping, the second portion remained in the survey of Torres Straits and New Guinea. At the very start from Cape York Captain Moresby was fortunate enough to find a splendid harbor in Jarvis' Island, between which and Cape York lie the only channels through Torres Straits. These are not more than two miles wide, and as the coast on each side belongs to England, this country commands the passage of this great ocean highway. On February 11th Captain Moresby approached more closely to New Guinea, that island toward the geography of which it has been his good fortune to contribute so much fresh information. On that day he stood across the Gulf of Papua for Redscar Bay, on the east coast of New Guinea. At this point of the coast there was a station of missionaries, three of whom they found so near death from fever that they had to be removed on board the "Basilisk" without loss of time. As for the natives, they were totally different from the "tall, muscular, fierce-looking, naked black Papuans" of the islands in Torres Straits. They were more of the Malay type — small and lithe copper-colored people, with clear-cut features, and a pleasing expression of countenance. They were wholly unarmed, and gave the "Basilisks" a hearty welcome. The name of the settlement was called Towton, and it lies on the shore of an estuary formed by the confluence of many streams. One of these, which he named the Usborne River, Captain Moresby determined to explore; but here he was much, and we should add, needlessly, crippled by his Admiralty orders, which only allowed him six weeks for his cruise in these waters, three of which had already expired. Besides exploring the river, Captain Moresby was anxious to examine the almost unknown coast of New Guinea farther to the east-

ward, the outline of which had been traced from a distance by Captain Owen Stanley twenty-five years before, and had never since been visited by white men.

To begin with the river. This he explored by boat, finding that it has a rapid current, about one hundred yards wide, with an average depth of twelve feet. It is not a pleasant river. The banks are black, fetid mud, out of which spring tall, melancholy mangrove trees. It was in vain to try to penetrate this jungle laterally, so they toiled on, drinking at nightfall doses of quinine, and cruelly tormented with mosquitos. Next day they passed the mangrove fringe, and the banks became more open, and afforded glimpses into a forest, in which huge palms and breadfruit-trees and tree-ferns flourished. Parrots and cockatoos and pigeons abounded, as well as great storks, but no four-footed animals; and though there might have been alligators in those waters, they were not so fortunate as to see hundreds at once, as was the good fortune of the veracious Lawson. Towards the end of the day the current grew stronger, and the bed of the river deeper, but their further progress was arrested by a vast floating island, or accumulation of uprooted trees, which bridged the river, which was here sixty feet broad. With this obstacle Captain Moresby's hope of opening a communication with the interior of New Guinea vanished. Turning their boat's head they swiftly glided down with the current, and, reaching Towton, slept at the mission-house.

His next object was the exploration of the coast eastward, and in this he was more successful. The coast of New Guinea, like that of Australia, is fringed with reefs, which form a barrier to the sea beyond. Inside this reef Captain Moresby now proceeded east by boat, leaving the "Basilisk" in Redscar Bay, which is open to the sea. His first object was to find a passage through this reef into which the ship might pass, for Redscar Bay is an open roadstead without a harbor. To his great joy, after two days, he discovered such an opening, and had at the same time the satisfaction of discovering an excellent harbor, to which he gave the name of Port Moresby, after his father, while the passage through the reef he called Basilisk Channel. This discovery was effected by a boat-expedition, during which the "Basilisk" was left in Redscar Bay, while Captain Moresby surveyed the coast for fifty miles to the eastward. For this distance the coast changes

from low mangrove swamps to hilly country backed by higher ranges. Between the hills are fertile valleys, in which villages nestle, while others are built on poles standing far out into the sea after the Malay fashion. The natives, who probably now saw white men for the first time, were unarmed, and showed no fear, turning out with their women and children to behold and handle the strangers. It was on the second day of this expedition that Captain Moresby, standing on the mainland at Pyramid Point, at an elevation of six hundred and forty-three feet, beheld the Barrier Reef stretching away like a green ribbon in the blue sea, its edge fringed with a line of snow-white surf. At one point the ribbon was broken in two—a piece of blue untroubled water lay between. That was the break in the reef which he was seeking, and on the following day he ascertained from a visit to the spot that a passage did exist about three-quarters of a mile broad. This led into Port Moresby and Fairfax Harbor, and its importance may be imagined when we state that up to that time the exposed anchorage of Redscar Bay had been the only known shelter for ships on the entire south coast of New Guinea east of Torres Straits. After this discovery the boats returned to the ship to pilot her outside the reef to the channel which was to be called after her name; and so the good ship was conned by her commander through Basilisk Channel, and passing over the still waters of Port Moresby anchored in five fathoms of water in the land-locked Fairfax Harbor, much to the wonder of the natives, who flocked on board in hundreds, chattering like monkeys. Their arms were of stone and wood, and they would not look at hoop-iron, the common article of barter with savages in the South Seas. The women started back at the reflection of their faces in a looking-glass, and, very unlike their civilized sisters, refused to look a second time. As for a watch, they regarded it as something alive—an insect probably, and would not touch it. All their agriculture, which was considerable, was done with stone adzes, only capable of penetrating the soil for about four inches. Very different indeed these from Captain Lawson's natives, whom he found smoking tobacco-pipes and wearing trousers; nor was the grass at all equal to his, though Captain Moresby describes it as "shoulder high," and says, "If we had possessed an army of Irish scythes and an English market, we might have cut down our fortune;" a remark in which we quite agree

with him, judging from the price which meadow hay is fetching, and is likely to fetch in England this year. Having completed the survey of the east coast for one hundred miles to Cape Hood, Captain Moresby succeeded in bringing the "Basilisk" back to Redscar Bay by the inner passage. It was an anxious experiment, but the ship never touched. With pardonable pride the discoverer of Port Moresby contrasts the insecurity of Redscar Bay with the safety of his new harbor, and adds, "Was it any wonder that we were all inclined to exult a little?" After making a second unsuccessful attempt to penetrate into the interior of the island by another stream which runs into the estuary in Redscar Bay, Captain Moresby returned to Somerset on March 5th. Here he had expected to receive orders from the admiral as to his further movements, but none came. Two months, till June 1st, now lay at Captain Moresby's disposal, and these, as we shall see, he made use of to very good purpose.

After visiting the pearl-shelling stations, and finding all right in them, under the working of the Kidnapping Act, Captain Moresby again made for New Guinea, part of his instructions, as we have seen, having been to ascertain the fate of the Russian naturalist. It was rather like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay to seek for a lone man in one of the largest islands in the world; but Captain Moresby did ultimately find him, though not till he had discovered much more. His first point on the New Guinea coast was Yule Island, a little to the west of Redscar Bay, and where, from the mass of drift-wood off the coast, it seemed likely that a large river — that Eldorado of New Guinea discoverers — flowed into the sea. On April 7th they anchored off Yule Island, between which and the mainland they soon discovered a sheltered harbor, where hundreds of vessels might lie, and which they named Robert Hall Sound, "after the secretary of the Admiralty." It lies in lat. 9° N. and long. 146° 3m. E. At the head of the harbor two rivers issue, one the Hilda, a rapid stream, with too swift a current to be ascended by row-boats; the other, Ethel River, is a sluggish stream, eighty or one hundred yards wide, and twelve feet deep, flowing through a continuous mangrove swamp for ten miles, where it divided into several arms leading to nowhere in particular. Its banks were monotonous in the extreme, and flying foxes and a few parrots the only animals seen. Here they found the natives

friendly though shy, and very jealous of letting the strangers see their women and children. They had no conception of the use of iron, and would not barter their handsome stone implements for axes, and when the superiority of metal to stone was shown by cutting and chopping branches, they smiled incredulously and preferred their own rude instruments. When a gun was fired and they beheld the hole made by the ball, their fear increased, and they made signs that they wished such dangerous strangers to depart. They are of the Malay type, but less in stature, coarser in feature, thicker-lipped, and with less hair, which the men wear frizzed out into a mop, while the women cut theirs short. On the whole they were not such interesting savages as those at Port Moresby, and evidently more suspicious and less friendly in their dispositions. Perhaps they had already some acquaintance with what is called "civilized man," that type of humanity who is often so uncivilized in his dealings with savages.

And now we have reached the great feature of Captain Moresby's book, to which all that we have already narrated was preliminary. He seem to have been drawn towards New Guinea by a kind of fascination; and not he alone, but what may be called the Australian public, by which, before the "Basilisk" left Sydney, the exploration of the unknown south-east coast of that island had been publicly discussed. Rightly or wrongly, the antipodean mind seems to consider that the possession of New Guinea is a necessity to Australia, and that Russian, French, and Italian travellers are exploring an island which, from its proximity and strategical importance, if occupied at all, ought to be occupied by Great Britain. In these views Captain Moresby frankly tells us he agreed. "I deeply felt," he says, "the importance of forestalling any attempts of other nations to establish a claim to this great island, knowing that foreign possession might lead to complications, and feeling that the development of the great Australian empire would be cramped in the future should its progress be arrested in the north." These were Captain Moresby's political and international views; whether they are sound remains to be proved, and also whether Australia has not enough already on her hands, without stretching them out to grasp one of the longest and most straggling islands on the face of the globe; not to mention the fact that the Dutch at one end of it at least have long since asserted a right of occu-

pation. It is probable that the political necessities of Australia may be satisfied by the occupation of the south-east extremity of New Guinea, which is situated so close to Cape York, which, colonially speaking, belongs to Queensland. To this portion we may be said to have a claim of discovery after the explorations of Captain Moresby; and if that healthy region be occupied on account of its strategical importance, we may very well leave the mangrove swamps of the south-west coast, and even Captain Lawson's fabulous Houtree, to the tender mercies of the Dutch and other nationalities. Having disposed of this rather questionable subject, we return to another reason given by Captain Moresby for his operations, and one which strikes us as much more legitimate for the commander of a British ship sent out on a surveying expedition. "I desired," he says, "to secure for England the honor due to a country which had sent Cook, and Dampier, and Owen Stanley to these seas, by filling in the last great blank remaining in their work, and laying down the unknown outlines of east New Guinea on the map of the world." This was a great object, but the means at his disposal were very small. He had barely two months in which to accomplish it, besides finding the Russian naturalist, and he was cramped by his orders, which confined him to the eastern limit of 148° E. long., just the longitude of Port Moresby. It was fortunate that his own good sense, and a paragraph in those orders, which allowed him under certain circumstances to break them, enabled him after all to carry out his purpose. We have no doubt that some people, who, reckoning up the various surveying expeditions in the South Seas and Australian waters, will say, "Why has not New Guinea been long since explored? Is there any part of its seaboard still to be discovered?" The exclamation may be natural, but the inference implied in it is false. Bougainville, D'Entrecasteaux, D'Urville, and Captain Owen Stanley, had all seen what they took to be the eastern extremity of New Guinea, but they gave its coral reefs too wide a berth, and did not approach near enough to define the outline of the land. Even the "Blanche," the year before, had approached the eastern shore of New Guinea from E.N.E., but, falling on dangerous shoals, had anchored thirty-four miles from the nearest point of the mainland, and retraced her steps the following day, reporting that the south-east extremity of New Guinea was formed of a number of

high islands. It is the glory of Captain Moresby, that by resolutely grappling with the land he has really discovered the geographical configuration of the east end of New Guinea and its adjacent islands. Some of these islands had been previously laid down as the mainland, while portions of the mainland appear on charts as islands. The reader who wishes really to see what the state of geographical knowledge was before the explorations of the "Basilisk" should look at the map contained in this volume. He will there see how completely the configuration of this portion of the island had been mistaken by previous discoverers. Indeed we know of no greater instance of false surveying, except that Antarctic Continent, discovered by the American Commodore Wilkes, which was sailed over by the "Challenger" on her recent voyage.

It is to the credit of Captain Moresby that he has now accurately laid down several hundred miles of a coast which before only existed in imagination; nor is this the case with New Guinea alone. It is equally true of the D'Entrecasteaux Islands beyond the South-east Cape, which, though named after that navigator, were never visited by him, and were so unknown to the scientific world, that in the sailing directions supplied to the "Basilisk" it was suggested that they would probably be found not to be islands at all, but an integral part of New Guinea. If we ask why it is that previous navigators have left the geography of the south-east end of New Guinea in such a nebulous state, it will be found in the fact that the approach to the island from that quarter is guarded by the enormous coral barrier called the Louisiade Reef, which extends from Teste Island to the east for two hundred miles, and is beaten by continual surf, and exposed for eight months in the year to the S.E. monsoon, besides being beset by strong and baffling currents. Then, again, the natives were supposed to be peculiarly ferocious, so that Bougainville, even in his distressed condition, preferred to beat to windward, round the entire Louisiade group, rather than seek a passage round New Guinea on his way to the Dutch settlements. Should such a passage be found through the Louisiade Reef, the navigation between Australia and north-east New Guinea would be opened up, and a far shorter route between Australia and China would be discovered. Captain Moresby had a conviction that such a passage existed, just as he had found Basilisk Passage

through the reef off the south coast of New Guinea; and strong in this feeling, he steered on April 9th for Teste Island, twenty-two miles from the then supposed south-eastern extremity of New Guinea. This island had been sighted, but not visited, by Captain Owen Stanley. It was found to be fertile, and inhabited by a race who, though cannibals, were not otherwise offensive. They had never seen white men, and when coaxed on board were ludicrously afraid of sheep, which they thought a ferocious animal. Hoop-iron here was in great demand, but even cocked-hats, manufactured out of newspapers, for a time had their value. "The good feeling shown to us by these poor savages," says Captain Moresby, "was an unspeakable comfort to me for every reason; not the least being that any hostility on their part would have hindered, or even stopped, our work." That work was more serious than the contemplation of any savages, however interesting, and Captain Moresby now prepared to accomplish it by climbing to the top of Teste Island, six hundred feet high, and taking a good survey of the New Guinea coast. Here he had an experience something like Captain Lawson's. The hill seemed covered with a velvet sward of emerald grass, but on closer acquaintance the grass turned out to be coarse, sharp-edged, and prickly; it was also from ten to fourteen feet high. Through this the party had to force their way, the leader throwing himself bodily forward and pressing down the grass by his dead weight, while the rest followed, each becoming leader in his turn. This was such hard work that one, at least, of the party gave in; the rest, after two hours' toil, stood at the top, with clothes torn to tatters and lacerated skins. But what of that? a glorious prospect rewarded them. There lay the south-east end of New Guinea, with its great mountain chain, cleft suddenly in twain by a bright blue thread that lay across it. That was enough to indicate that water lay between them and the true south-east extremity of the island. This happened on Good Friday, and resulted in the discovery of Fortescue Straits, cutting off nearly fourteen miles of New Guinea, and forming them into Moresby Island. Thus one channel round the great island was opened, but more remained behind. By a boat-expedition it was discovered that between Fortescue Straits and the main there was yet another island, and another and safer channel. The island was named after the "Basilisk," and the channel, the future

highway to Asia, China Strait. To these discoveries were added Hayter Island and Heath Island, the latter of which affords a fine prospect of a great rounded bluff, which dips from a height of two thousand feet into the blue waters of the strait. This is the majestic termination of the Owen Stanley Range, called after that enterprising and lamented discoverer, and, at the same time, the south-easternmost foreland of New Guinea. Feeling all the importance of these discoveries, Captain Moresby resolved to occupy the new territories in a formal manner, and thus to annex them to the British dominions. On April 24th, 1873, the British flag was hoisted on the trunk of a tall cocoanut-tree, on Hayter Island, under salutes and a guard of honor, while the following proclamation was read:—

I, John Moresby, captain in the royal navy, commanding H.M.S. "Basilisk," having discovered three considerable islands, from henceforth to be known as Moresby, Hayter, and Basilisk Islands, off the east coast of New Guinea, together with various groups of detached islets; and deeming that the possession of these islands may hereafter prove of considerable importance, do hereby, by right of discovery, take possession of all the aforesaid islands and islets within the parallels of $10^{\circ} 25m.$ and $10^{\circ} 40m.$ south latitude, and between the meridians of $150^{\circ} 35m.$ and $151^{\circ} 20m.$ east longitude, in the name and on behalf of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors; in token whereof I have hoisted and saluted the British flag on the shores of these islands.

While these important proceedings were going on, the few natives, the aboriginal lords of the soil, looked on with amazement, little guessing how much they were concerned in them. The salute and cheers of the "Basilisks" drove them off in terror to the bush, whence they will one day emerge to find that the ownership of the soil passed away from them on that memorable day. When the "Basilisk" doubled the grim foreland which looks down on China Strait, she opened a great bay, which was named Milne Bay, after a well-known lord of the Admiralty, and beyond that arrived at the true East Cape of New Guinea. By this time the term allotted to Captain Moresby by his instructions had more than expired, and geographically he had far exceeded his limits. The "Basilisk" therefore returned to Somerset, whence she started on May 24th, bidding that unpromising settlement what every one on board thought would be an eternal farewell. On June 21st she

reached Brisbane, and on July 2nd was safe at Sidney, where the ship was thronged with the curious anxious to hear the last news of New Guinea, the golden island of their expectations. No wonder the sailors found a ready bargain for their lumber dead and alive. A New Guinea pig in particular was sold at once for 5s., immediately shaved by its new owner, painted in stripes of many colors, and otherwise decorated. It was then exhibited as the "wonderful New Guinea pig," brought by "H.M.S. Basilisk," at a charge of sixpence a head, with a result, adds Captain Moresby, which answered the most sanguine expectations of the spirited purchaser.

But besides the ignorant public, others in authority took an interest in Captain Moresby's discoveries, and his wish to return to England by the route which he claimed to have discovered was agreed to with the somewhat niggardly stipulation that his surveys on the New Guinea coast were not to exceed *six weeks*. This leave came to the "Basilisk" while she was at New Zealand, and whence she could scarcely be spared; but at last, all obstacles overcome, the "Basilisk," now accompanied by the schooner "Sandfly," sailed from Sydney, whither she had gone to refit, on February 1, 1874. Their first week at sea was delayed by contrary winds and strong currents, and it was not till February 17th that they neared Teste Island, which they reached on the 20th; the only accident on the way being that Mr. Mudge, the cheery boatswain, fell overboard in a heavy sea, and was nearly drowned, being only rescued by the exertions of a gallant boat's crew. Though six weeks were all that the instructions allowed Captain Moresby to spend on the prosecution of his survey round the East Cape of New Guinea and along its unknown northern shore, he wisely resolved to begin his operations by a trigonometrical survey of the space between Teste Island and East Cape, and to decide, once for all, whether an available entrance to the new route existed both for large steamers and sailing vessels. The year before we have seen that he first thought Fortescue Strait was the real road to China; then he changed his preference to China Strait; but the result of his survey in 1874 convinced him that the true channel was round the east end of Moresby Island, between Grant and Shortland Islands, as may be seen more clearly on the map. This fact established, Captain Moresby paid his first visit to the D'Entrecasteaux group, the existence of

which as islands he settled beyond all doubt. They culminated in mountains seven thousand feet high, and though hitherto untrodden by civilized man, the "Basilisks" found the inhabitants friendly and communicative. The rest of the time allowed by the Admiralty was spent in surveying and laying down the accurate position of several bays and headlands and islands at the east end of New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux group. On April 27th the "Basilisk's" head was turned towards the westward to complete a running survey of the unknown north-east coast of New Guinea. This was also the way home, and was welcomed by the crew, who had undergone great hardships, and were for the most part attacked by fever of a mild type, which, though not positively dangerous, was prostrating.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the northern and the southern shores of New Guinea. On the latter there is no outlying barrier reef; the shores, instead of shelving outwards, are steep to, and the mountains run down to the coast. There are few harbors, but several open anchorages. Speaking generally, the coast here, from East Cape to Cape Cretin, a distance of three hundred miles, is a series of bold headlands running out from twenty to forty miles into the sea, with deep bays between; a configuration which much increased the labor of the exploration. Thus in succession the "Basilisk" discovered and named Goodenough Bay, Ward Hunt's Strait, and Cape Vogel, after the enterprising premier of New Zealand. In succession followed Bentley Bay and Cape Ducie and Chads Bay, and Cape Frere and Cape Bartle, all discovered and named. After Cape Vogel the land trends away W.N.W. for nearly fifty miles, when another lofty promontory runs out for forty miles, and above it a double-peaked mountain rises four thousand feet high. These features were so striking that Captain Moresby resolved to honor them with great names. The cape therefore is Cape Nelson, and the two summits of the mountain are Mounts Victory and Trafalgar, while the great bay above which they culminate is Collingwood Bay. Rounding Cape Nelson they came in contact with the natives, who were quite naked, repulsive-looking beings. They were dark, and wore their hair in long ugly ringlets like pipe-stems. West of Cape Nelson another large bay was discovered, and named after the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The western extremity of this bay, dimly seen by D'En-

treasteaux, figures in his chart as Cape Sudest, and was supposed to be the south-east extremity of New Guinea, a fact which in itself is sufficient to show what a flood of new light has been thrown on this portion of that island by the voyage of the "Basilisk." On May 7th they reached a point of land in lat. 8° 10m. S. and long. 148° 12m. E., which, on account of the uncertain soundings, was named Cautious Point, but it was worthy of that appellation for another reason; here they fell for the first time on decidedly hostile natives, who met them with war-songs and defiance. Worse than this, they tried to cut off a wooding party which had landed from the ship, and would probably have turned their hands to massacre had not Captain Moresby, with great presence of mind, fired a snap shot at the leading savage. The bullet took effect on his shield, and spun him completely round, but did not wound him. There was no need to fire again, for the whole body of warriors turned at once in consternation, and ran for their canoes, chased down to the beach by the sailors. This bay, which will prove to be one of the best anchorages on the north coast, was named Traitors' Bay on account of the perfidious attempt of the natives.

After Traitors' Bay their surveying work was nearly done; but the "Basilisk" continued her running survey of the coast for two hundred and fifty miles further, as far as Astrolabe Gulf, as it was but slightly known. Between Cape Cretin and Dampier's Cape a grand range of mountains was revealed, which, though not equal to the Mount Hercules of Captain Lawson, lift their heads 11,400 feet above the sea. Two of the grandest peaks close together were named, the one Gladstone and the other Disraeli, and Captain Moresby, in spite of the impartiality with which he assigns his names without respect of party, adds the pious "wish that one of these great antitypes may emerge ere long from the clouds in which he has veiled his lofty brows and front his rival as of old." So they ran along the north coast until, on May 27th, the "Basilisk" reached the eastern extremity of New Guinea, and was only a week's sail from Amboyna. By this time the old ship was in a very rusty condition, and it was necessary to put her into a better state to meet the Dutch men-of-war at Amboyna. These repairs were done in Threshold Bay, forty-six miles south of the equator, in the dominions of the rajah of Salwatti, who is the supreme ruler in those parts. He appeared before

the new arrivals in a twofold capacity, once as a rajah in great pomp, and again later on in the day as a dealer in bird-skins, in which capacity he made such keen bargains that the officers of the "Basilisk" repented of them at their leisure. He was very glad to see the English, as under all the circumstances he well might be, and held the Dutch in small esteem, possibly because they were as keen in their bargains as himself.

On the 30th of May the "Basilisk" finally quitted New Guinea, and on the 2nd of June reached Amboyna, where her officers and crew met with every attention from the Dutch. Captain Moresby had now accomplished all his instructions except one. He had suppressed kidnapping, surveyed Torres Straits, and in spite of the Admiralty, turned over an entirely new page in the discovery of New Guinea; but he had not discovered the Russian naturalist, Miklucko Macklay, concerning whose fate he had been ordered to make all possible inquiry. We have already alluded to the difficulty of such a quest. Miklucko Macklay was not found by Captain Moresby in New Guinea, but he fell upon him at Amboyna, whither he had been brought by a Russian frigate sent specially for the purpose from Astrolabe Bay. He was in a deplorable state of health, and had not penetrated into the interior. He described the Papuans of that part of the island as quiet and inoffensive. He had never heard of wars or fightings, and in this respect his experiences seem to confirm those of Captain Moresby.

Of the remaining voyage of the "Basilisk" little remains worthy of narration. On the 29th of June she reached Singapore, and on the 19th of December her pennant was pulled down at Sheerness, after an eventful commission which had lasted thirty-three days short of four years.

The remainder of Captain Moresby's book is devoted to a supplementary chapter on "our duty to New Guinea," and to another exposing the fallacies of Captain Lawson. The latter we may leave to confute himself. It is twice slaying the slain to anatomize his statements with the cruel particularity which Captain Moresby's experiences enable him to bring to bear on that geographical romance. But as for "our duty to New Guinea," we have already intimated that we do not agree with Captain Moresby as to the paramount necessity of immediately seizing and occupying that immense island. So far from there being any fear that other nations

will rush in, this very voyage of the "Basilisk," which has circumnavigated about three-quarters of the island, shows that there is absolutely no foreign interference in the affairs of the Papuans. Even the Dutch, who have been for centuries trying to establish themselves at the western end close to their settlements in the Spice Islands, have accomplished nothing, and the rajah of Salwatti is independent in Threshold Bay, under their very noses. All that their interference has brought about is to bring them rather into disrepute. We observe by the latest maps that they still claim about half the island, but it is easy to claim, and very hard to occupy. As for the journeys of naturalists like the Russian Miklucko Macklay and the Italians D'Albertis and Beccari, they are purely scientific, and not connected with any dynastic influences. If we add to this that a great portion of the south coast is little better than a continuous mangrove swamp and proverbially malarious, while the natives in the north, as in Traitors' Bay, are ferocious and hostile, besides being numerous, we think, that, for some time to come, our duty to New Guinea is to let it alone. The "Challenger" when she touched a year ago at Port Humboldt on the north-east coast, found the savages "in all their native and naked grandeur," armed with spears and bows, and standing with arrows drawn to the head against landing-parties. The day may arrive when, as the Tyber overflowed into the Orontes, so Australia, filled with a superabundant population, will throw herself for sheer want of room on New Guinea; but that day is, humanly speaking, ages off; and it will be time enough to consider the question when it arises. We say this with the highest respect for Captain Moresby's geographical discoveries, and for the patience with which he has carried out his explorations in the New Guinea waters in the face of many obstacles. It is only with his political and annexing notions that we are inclined to quarrel; let him be content with having advanced geographical knowledge, not one step, but many steps. Those steps of science can never be retraced. They never lead back, but ever onward. But political speculations on the future destiny of New Guinea are uncertain and likely to prove illusory, for the very good reason that they are based on hazy speculations and ardent anticipations which rest on no surer basis than the lively imaginations out of which they have sprung. It will be quite enough for England and

Australia if the new highway to China, which Captain Moresby has undoubtedly discovered, be made secure by the occupation of a cape or an island or two which command the channel through the Louisiade Reef; but as for the colonization and occupation of New Guinea, they are likely to burn the fingers of any power that attempts them.

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CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

JAMES BERESFORD was not brave. He was very kind and tender and good; but he had not courage to meet the darker emergencies of life. He felt as he rushed down-stairs from his wife's presence that he had but postponed the evil day, and that many another dreadful argument on this subject, which was not within the range of arguing, lay before him. What could he say to her? He felt the abstract justice of her plea. A hopeless, miserable, lingering, loathsome disease, which wore out even love itself, and made death a longed-for relief instead of a calamity. What could he say when she appealed to him to release her from that anguish of waiting, and hasten the deliverance which only could come in one way? He could not say that it would be wicked or a sin; all that he could say was, that he had not the courage to do it—had not the strength to put her away from him. Was it true, he asked himself, that he would rather watch out her lingering agonies than deprive himself of the sight of her, or consent to part with her a day sooner than he must? Was it himself he was thinking of alone, not her? Could he see her anguish and not dare to set her free? He knew that, in the case of another man, he would have counselled the harder self-sacrifice. But he, how could he do it? He rushed out of the house, through the afternoon sunshine, away to the first space he could find near, and struck across the open park, where there was no one to disturb him, avoiding all the pleasant walks and paths where people were. The open space and the silence subdued his excitement; and yet what could really bring him peace? He had no peace to look for—nothing but a renewed and ever-new painful struggle

with her and with himself. Yes, even with himself. If she suffered greatly, he asked, with a shudder, how could he stand by and look on, knowing that he could deliver her? And would not she renew her prayers and cries to him for deliverance? God help him! It was not as if he had made an end of that mad prayer once and forever by refusing it. It would come back—he knew it would come back—hour by hour and day by day.

Oh, how people talk (he thought) of such mysteries when the trouble is not theirs! He himself had argued the question often, in her hearing, even with her support. He had made it as clear as day to himself and to others. He had asked what but cowardice—miserable cowardice—would keep a man from fulfilling this last dread, yet tender service? Only love would dare it—but love supreme, what will that not do, to save, to succor, to help, to deliver? Love was not love which would shrink and think of self. So he had often said with indignant, impassioned expansion of the heart—and she had listened and echoed what he said. All this returned to him as he rushed across the dewy grass, wet with spring rains, and untrodden by any other foot, with London vague in mists and muffled noises all round. Brave words—brave words! he remembered them, and his heart grew sick with self-pity. How did he know it was coming to *him*? How could he think that this case which was so plain, so clear, should one day be his own? God and all good spirits have pity upon him! He would have bidden you to do it, praised you with tears of sympathy for that tremendous proof of love; but himself? He shrank, shrank, contracted within himself; retreated, crouching and slinking, from the house. What a poor cur he was, not worthy the name of man; but he could not do it; it was beyond the measure of his powers.

When he turned to go home the afternoon light was waning. Small heart had he to go home. If he could have escaped anywhere he would have been tempted to do so; and yet he was on the rack till he returned to her. Oh, that heaven would give her that sweet patience, that angelical calm in suffering, which some women have. Was it only religious women who had that calm? He asked himself this question with a piteous helplessness; for neither he nor she had been religious in the ordinary sense of the word. They had been *good* so far as they knew how—enjoying themselves, yet without unkindness, nay, with true friendliness, charity, brotherly-heart-

edness to their neighbors; but as for God, they had known little and thought less of that supreme vague Existence whom they accepted as a belief without knowing him as a person, or desiring to know. And now, perhaps, had their theory of life been different they might have been better prepared for this emergency. Was it so? He could not tell. Perhaps philosophy was enough with some strong natures, perhaps it was temperament. Who can tell how human creatures are moved; who touches the spring, and what the spring is, which makes one rebellious and another submissive, sweet as an angel? He had loved the movement, the variety, the indocility, the very caprice, of his wife, in all of which she was so much herself. Submission, resignedness, were not in that changeful, vivacious, wilful nature; but, oh! if only now the meekness of the more passive woman could somehow get transfused into her veins, the heavenly patience, the soft courage that can meet anguish with a smile. There was Cherry, his faded old maiden sister—had it been she, it was in her to have drawn her cloak over the gnawing vulture, and borne her tortures without a sign of flinching. But even the very idea of this comparison hurt him while it flashed through his mind. It was a slight to Annie to think that any one could bear this horrible fate more nobly than she. Poor Annie! by this time had she exhausted the first shock? Had she forgiven him? Was she asking for him? He turned, bewildered by all his dreary thoughts, and calmed a little by fatigue and silence, to go home once more.

It was getting dusk. As he passed the populous places of the park the hum of voices and pleasant sounds came over him dreamily like a waft of warmer air. He passed through that murmur of life and pleasure, and hurried along to the more silent stony streets among which his square lay. As he approached he overtook Maxwell walking in the same direction, who looked at him with some suspicion. The two men accosted each other at the same moment.

"I wanted to see you. Come with me," said Beresford; and, "What is the matter? Why did you send for me?" the doctor cried.

Then Maxwell explained that a hurried message had come for him more than an hour before, while he was out, and that he was on his way to the square now.

"Has there been any—change?" he said. After this they sped along hurriedly

with little conversation. There seemed something strange already about the house when they came in sight of it. The blinds were down in all the upper windows, but at the library appeared Cara's little white face looking eagerly out. She was looking out, but she did not see them, and an organ-man stood in front of the house grinding out the notes of "*Ah che la morte*," upon his terrible instrument. Cara's eyes and attention seemed absorbed in this. James Beresford opened the door with his latchkey unobserved by any one, and went up-stairs direct, followed by the doctor, to his wife's room.

How still it was! How dark! She was fond of light, and always had one of those tall moon-lamps, which were her favorites; there was no lamp in the room, however, now, but only some twinkling candles, and through the side window a glimmer of chill blue sky. Nurse rose as her master opened the door. She gave a low cry at the sight of him. "Oh, don't come here, sir, don't come here!" she cried.

"Is she angry, still angry?" said poor Beresford, his countenance falling.

"Oh, go away, sir; it is the doctor as we wanted," said the woman.

Meantime Maxwell had pushed forward to the bedside. He gave a cry of dismay and horror, surprise taking from him all self-control. "When did this happen?" he said.

James Beresford pressed forward too, pushing aside the woman who tried to prevent him; and there he saw—what? Not his wife: a pale, lovely image, still as she never was in her life, far away, passive, solemn, neither caring for him nor any one; beyond all pain or fear of pain. "My God!" he said. He did not seem even to wonder. Suddenly it became quite clear to him that for years he had known exactly how this would be.

Maxwell put the husband, who stood stupefied, out of his way; he called the weeping nurse, who, now that there was nothing to conceal, gave free outlet to her sorrow. "Oh, don't ask me, sir, I can't tell you," she said among her sobs. "Miss Carry rung the bell and I came. And from that to this never a word from her, no more than moans and hard breathing. I sent for you, sir, and then for the nearest as I could get. He came, but there was nothing as could be done. If she took it herself or if it was give her, how can I tell? Miss Carry, poor child, she don't know what's happened; she's watching in the library for her papa. The med-

icine-box was on the table, sir, as you see. Oh, I don't hold with them medicine-boxes; they puts things into folk's heads. The other doctor said as it was laudanum, but if she took it, or if it was give her —"

Mr. Maxwell stopped the woman by a touch on her arm. Poor Beresford stood still there, supporting himself by the bed, gazing upon that which was no more his wife. His countenance was like that of one who had himself died; his mouth was open, the under-lip dropped; the eye strained and tearless. He heard, yet he did not hear what they were saying. Later it came back to his mind; at present he knew nothing of it. "God help him!" said the doctor, turning away to the other end of the room. And there he heard the rest of the story. They left the two together who had been all in all to each other. Had he given her the quietus, he who loved her most, or had she taken it? This was what neither of them could tell. They stood whispering together while the husband, propping himself by the bed, looked at her. At *her*? It was not her. He stood and looked and wondered, with a dull aching in him. No more—he could not go to her, call her by her name. A dreary, horrible sense that this still figure was some one else, a something new and unknown to him, another woman who was not his wife, came into his soul. He was frozen by the sudden shock; his blood turned into ice, his heart to stone. Annie! oh, heaven, no; not *that*; not the marble woman lying in her place. He was himself stone, but she was sculptured marble, a figure to put on a monument. Two hours of time—light, frivolous, flying hours—could not change flesh and blood into *that*; could not put life so far, and make it so impossible. He did not feel that he was bereaved, or a mourner, or that he had lost what he most loved; he felt only a stone, looking at stone, with a dull ache in him, and a dull consternation, nothing more. When Maxwell came and took him by the arm he obeyed stupidly, and went with his friend, not moving with any will of his own, but only because the other moved him; making no "scene" or terrible demonstrations of misery. Maxwell led him down-stairs, holding him by the arm, as if he had been made of wood, and took him to the library, and thrust him into a chair, still in the same passive state. It was quite dark there, and Cara, roused from her partial trance of watching at the window, stumbled down from her chair at the sight of them, with a cry of

alarm, yet relief, for the lamps outside had beguiled the child and kept her from perceiving how dark it had grown till she turned round. No one had thought of bringing in the lamp, of lighting the candles, or any of the common offices of life in that house where death had so suddenly set up his seat. The doctor rang the bell and ordered lights and wine. He began to fear for James: his own mind was agitated with doubts, and a mingled severity and sympathy. He felt that whatever had happened he must find it out; but whatever had happened, how could he do less than feel the sentiment of a brother for his friend? He did not take much notice of the child, but stooped and kissed her, being the friend of the house, and bade her go to her nurse in a softened, tender tone. But he scarcely remarked that Cara did not go. Poor child, who had lost her mother! but his pity for her was of a secondary kind. It was the man whom he had to think of — who had done it, perhaps — who, perhaps, was his wife's innocent murderer — yet whom, nevertheless, this good man felt his heart yearn and melt over. When the frightened servant came in, with red eyes, bringing the wine, Maxwell poured out some for the chief sufferer, who sat motionless where he had placed him, saying nothing. It was necessary to rouse him one way or other from this stupefaction of pain.

"Beresford," he said curtly, "listen to me; we must understand each other. Is it you who have done this? Be frank with me — be open. It is either you or she herself. I have never met with such a case before; but I am not the man to be hard upon you. Beresford! James! think, my dear fellow, think; we were boys together; you can't suppose I'll be hard on you."

"She asked me — she begged of me," said Beresford slowly. "Maxwell, you are clever, you can do wonders."

"I can't bring those back that have gone — *there*," said the doctor, a sudden spasm coming in his throat. "Don't speak of the impossible. Clever — God knows! miserable bunglers, that is what we are, knowing nothing. James! I won't blame you; I would have done it myself in your place. Speak out; you need not have any reserves from me."

"It isn't that. Maxwell, look here; they've spirited my wife away, and put *that* in her place."

"God! he's going mad," said the doctor, feeling his own head buzz and swim.

"No," was the answer, with a sigh.

"No, I almost wish I could. I tell you it is not her. You saw it as well as I. That my wife? Maxwell —"

"It is all that remains of her," said the doctor sternly. "Mind what I say; I must know; no more of this raving. Did you do it? Of course she asked you, poor soul!" (Here the doctor's voice wavered as if a gust of wind had blown it about.) "She never could endure the thought of pain; she asked you — it was natural: and you gave her — opium?"

"Nothing. I dared not," he said with a shiver. "I had not the courage. I let her plead; but I had not the courage. What! put her away from me, willingly? how could I do it? Yes, if she had been in a paroxysm; if I had seen her in agony; but she was calm, not suffering, and she asked me to do it in cold blood."

"What then?" The doctor spoke sternly, keeping the tone of authority to which in his stupefied state poor Beresford appeared to respond. Cara from a corner looked on with wide-open eyes, listening to everything.

"Nothing more," he said, still sighing heavily. "It was more than I could bear. I rushed away. I went out to calm myself — to try and think; and I met you, Maxwell; and now —"

He lifted his hands with a shuddering gesture. "That is all — that is all! and this desolate place is my — home; and *that* is — Annie! No, no! Maxwell, some of your doctors — your cruel doctors — have taken her away to try their experiments. Oh, say it is so, and I'll thank you on my knees."

"Be quiet, Beresford! Try and be a man. Don't you see what I have got to do? If it was not you, it was herself. I don't blame her, poor soul, poor soul! the thought of all she had to go through made her mad. Be silent, man, I tell you! We must not have her branded with the name of suicide, James," cried the doctor, fairly sobbing. "Poor girl, poor girl! it is not much wonder if she was afraid; but we must not let them say ill of her now she is gone. I remember her before you married her, a lovely creature; and there she is, lying — but they must not speak ill of her. I'll say it was — Yes, if it's a lie I can't help that — my conscience will bear it — there must not be talk, and an inquest. Yes, that's what I'll say."

"An inquest!" said the wretched husband, waking up from his stupor with a great cry.

"I'll take it upon myself," said Maxwell, going to the writing-table. Then he saw

Cara leaning out of her chair towards them with great strained wide-open eyes.

"Cara! have you heard all we were saying?"

"I don't understand, I don't understand!" said the child with sudden sobs. "What have you done to my mamma?"

The door of the library opened softly, and they all started as if at the approach of a new calamity.

"If you please, sir," said John, addressing Maxwell with natural recognition of the only source of authority, "I came to see if you wouldn't have some dinner — and master —"

With a moan, Beresford hid his face in his hands. Dinner must be, whosoever lives or dies — if the world were breaking up — if hope and love had failed forever. John stood for a moment against the more powerful light of the gas in the hall, for his answer, and then not getting any, he had the grace to steal quietly away.

But this wonderful intrusion of the outer ordinary life disturbed the melancholy assembly. It roused Beresford to a sense of what had befallen him. He got up and began to pace up and down the long room, and Cara's sobs broke the silence, and Maxwell at the table, with a spasm in his throat, compiled the certificate of the death. In what medical form he put it I cannot tell; but he strained his conscience and said something which would pass, which nobody could contradict; was not that enough? "I hope I may never do anything more wicked," he said, muttering to himself. The nurse came to call the child, which was the first thing that had seemed natural to Cara in the whole miserable day's proceedings. She did not resist the command to go to bed, as they had all resisted the invitation to dine. She got up quickly when nurse called her, glad of something she was used to.

"It's the only place as we're all fit for," said nurse, with a sigh of weariness; "your poor papa, Miss Carry, as well as the rest." Then she turned to the gentlemen with a touch of natural oratory. "What is the use of talking," she said; "I'm one as has loved her since first she drew breath. She was my child, she was; and look you here, I'm glad — her old nurse is glad. I'll not cry nor make no moan for her," said nurse, the tears running down her cheeks. "I'd have give her that dose myself if the darling had asked me; I would, and never have trembled. I'd have done it and stood up bold and told you I done it, and I don't blame

her. She's seen what it was, and so have I."

"Nurse, you are a good woman," said the doctor, coming hastily forward and grasping her hand. "Nurse, hold your tongue, and don't say a word. Don't let those idiots talk down-stairs. I'm ready to give them the reason of it whoever asks. I did not know it would come on so quick when I left to-day; but I know what it is that has carried her off. It was to be expected, if we hadn't all been a parcel of fools."

Nurse looked him anxiously in the face. "Then it wasn't — it wasn't — Ah!" she added, drawing a long breath, "I think I understand."

"Now, hold your tongue," he said curtly, "and stop the others. You are a sensible woman. My poor little Cara, good-night."

"Don't speak to him," nurse whispered, drawing the child away. "Leave your poor papa alone, darling. God help him, he can't say nothing to you to-night. Here's Sarah coming to put you to bed, and glad I'd be to be there too: it's the only place as we're fit for now."

Sarah, who was waiting outside, had red eyes overflowing with tears. She hugged the little girl and kissed her, bursting out into fits of subdued crying. But Cara's own sobs were stilled and over. Her head ached with bewildering pain; her mind was full of confused bewildering thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSOLATION.

"THIS is indeed an affliction, dear Miss Beresford. We came up directly we heard of it; I would not let a moment pass. Oh, how little we know! We were thinking of your poor niece as having returned from her foreign tour; as being about to enter upon the brilliant society of the season. I don't know when I have received such a shock; and my poor Maria, her feelings were almost beyond control; but she would not stay away."

"I thought she would come," said Miss Charity. "Maria always likes to get news from the fountain-head, and to see how people are bearing their troubles. Yes, my dear, I am bearing mine very well, as you see. Poor Annie! she was only my niece by marriage after all. At my age one sees even one's own nieces, women with families, die without great trouble. It may sound hard, but it's true. When a woman is married, and has her own children about her, you can't but feel that

she's less to you. It's dreadful for *them*; but, so far as you are concerned, you lost her long ago."

"Oh, dear Miss Beresford, you like to pretend you are calm, to hide how soft-hearted you are. But we know you better than that. I myself, though I knew (comparatively) so little of poor Mrs. James —"

"And I thought you did not like each other, so it is all the more kind of you to cry. Cherry will cry too as much as you please, and be thankful for your sympathy. Have you had a pleasant walk? I think the primroses are thicker than ever this spring. We have been sending up basketfuls. She was fond of them —" Here the old lady faltered for a moment. This was the kind of allusion that melted her, not straightforward talk. She was in profound black, a great deal more crape than the dressmaker thought at all necessary, but Miss Charity had her own views on these subjects. "Put double upon me, and take it off the child," she had said, to the wonder of the tradespeople, who felt that the mourning for a niece by marriage was a very different thing from that which was required for a mother. Mrs. Burchell respected her greatly for her crape. She knew the value of it, and the unthriftness, and felt that this was indeed showing respect.

"We heard it was very sudden at last," said the rector, "that nobody had the least idea — it was a very lingering disorder that she was supposed to have? So we heard, at least. Do you happen to know how the doctors accounted for its suddenness at last? There is something very dreadful to the imagination in so sudden a death."

"I wish I could think I should have as quick an end," said Miss Charity; "but we Beresfords are strong, and die hard. We can't shake off life like that. We have to get rid of it by inches."

"My dear lady," said the rector, "I don't mean to say that I would put any trust in deathbed repentances; but surely it is a privilege to have that time left to us for solemn thought, for making sure that we are in the right way."

"I never think much when I am ill, my dear rector; I can't. I think why the flies buzz so, and I think if I was Martha it would make me unhappy to have such a red nose; and if you came to me, instead of listening to what you said, I should be thinking all the time that your white tie was undone" (here the rector furtively and nervously glanced down, and instinct-

ively put up his hand to feel if the remark was true), "or your coat rusty at the elbows. I say these things at a hazard, not that I ever remarked them," she added, laughing. "You are tidiness itself."

The rector was put out by these chance possibilities of criticism, and could not but feel that Miss Charity's quick eyes must have seen him with his white tie untidy, loosely unfastened, under his beard. He had grown a beard, like so many clergymen, and it was not an improvement. Instead of looking clean, as he once did, he looked black and coarse, a mixture of sea-captain and divine. He kept putting up his hand stealthily all the time he remained, and inviting his wife, with nervous glances, to let him know if all was right. Unfortunately he could not see it under the forest of black beard.

"We heard," said his wife, coming to his relief, "that there was something about an opiate — an over-dose, something of that sort — that poor Mrs. James had taken it without measuring it, or — you know how everything is exaggerated. I was quite afraid, and so glad to see the death in the paper without any inquest or formalities of that kind, which must be so painful. Was there really nothing in the story of the opiate? It is so strange how things get about."

"I don't think it at all strange, Maria. The servants call in a strange doctor, in their fright, who does not know anything about her case or temperament. He hears that she has to take some calming drops to relieve her pain, and of course he jumps in his ignorance to the idea of an over-dose. It is the fashionable thing nowadays. It is what they all say —"

"And there was *no* truth in it?"

"None whatever," said Miss Charity, who, safest of all advocates, implicitly believed what she was saying, not knowing that any doubt had ever existed on the subject. She sat facing them in her new mourning, so freshly, crisply black. Miss Charity knew of no mystery even, and strengthened the delusion with all the genuine force of truth.

The rector and his wife looked at each other. "It shows that one should not believe the tenth part of what one hears," he said. "I was told confidently that poor Mrs. James Beresford held strange ideas about some things."

"That you may be quite sure of, rector. I never knew any one yet worth their salt who did not hold odd ideas about something —"

"Not about fundamentals, my dear

lady. I am not straitlaced; but there are some matters—on some things, I am sure, none of us would like to give an uncertain sound. Life, for example—human life, is too sacred to be trifled with; but there is a set of speculatists, of false philosophers—I don't know what to call them—sceptics, infidels they generally are, and at the same time radicals, republicans——”

“Ah, politics? I daresay poor Annie was odd in politics. What did it matter? they were not political people. If James had been in Parliament, indeed, as I should like to have seen him—but unfortunately he was a man of fine tastes: that is fatal. A man of fine tastes, who is fond of travelling, and collecting, and rapt up in his wife, will never become a public man, but I should like to have seen James in Parliament. Strange ideas, oh yes, queer to the last degree. If there is anything worse than republicanism (is there?) I should think poor Annie went in for that.”

“That is bad enough, but it is not exactly what I meant,” said the rector; and then he rose up with an air of the deepest conventional respect. “My dear, here is your kind friend, Miss Cherry,” he said.

Mrs. Burchell sprang up at the intimation, and rushed forward with open arms. She had put on a black merino dress instead of her usual silk, and a black shawl, to mark her sense of the calamity—and swallowed up poor slim Miss Cherry in the entanglements of that embrace, with solemn fervor. Cherry had not much sense of humor, and she was too good to pass any judgment upon the sudden warmth of affection thus exhibited; but it was a little confusing and suffocating to find herself without any warning engulfed in Mrs. Burchell's old merino and the folds of her shawl.

“Oh, my dear, dear Cherry, if I could but tell you how I feel for you! How little did we think when we last met——”

“You are very kind,” said Miss Cherry, drawing herself forth somewhat limp and crushed from this embrace. “I am sure you are very kind.” Her lips quivered and the tears came to her eyes; but she was not so overwhelmed as her consoler, who had begun to sob. “It is my poor brother I think of,” said Miss Cherry. “It is little to us in comparison with what it is to him. I think of him most; more than of poor Annie, who is safe out of all trouble.”

“We must hope so, at least,” said the rector, shaking his head, and his wife

stopped sobbing, and interchanged a glance with him, which was full of meaning.

“Poor Mrs. James! It was so sudden. I fear there was no time for preparation—no time even for thought?”

“Men soon get the better of these things,” said Miss Charity, “and the more they feel it at the time the more easily they are cured. Cherry there will think of her longer than her husband will. I don't mean to say your grief's so great, my dear, but it will last.”

“Oh, aunt, you do James injustice. He thought of nothing but Annie. The light of his eyes is gone, and the comfort of his house, and all he cares for in life.”

Here poor Miss Cherry, moved by her own eloquence, began to cry, picturing to herself this dismal future. Nothing at Sunnyside was changed: the room was as full of primroses as the woods were; great baskets of them mingled with blue violets filled every corner; the sunshine came in unclouded; the whole place was bright. It struck the tender-hearted woman with sudden compunction: “We are not touched,” she said; “we have everything just the same as ever, as bright; but my poor James, in that house by himself; and the child! Oh, Aunt Charity, when I think of him, I feel as if my heart would break.”

Miss Charity took up her work and began to knit furiously. “He will get over it,” she said, “in time. It will be dreadful work at first; but he will get over it. He has plenty of friends, both men and women. Don't upset me with your talk; he will get over it—men always do.”

“And let us hope it will lead him to think more seriously,” said Mrs. Burchell. “Oh, I am sure if you thought my dear husband could be of any use—we all know he has not been what we may call serious, and oh, dear Miss Beresford, would not this affliction be a cheap price to pay for it, if it brought him to a better state of mind?”

“His wife's life? It would be a high price for any advantage that would come to him, I think. Dry your eyes, Cherry, and go and put on your bonnet. This is Mr. Maxwell's day, and you had better go back to town with him.”

“Was it Mr. Maxwell who attended poor Mrs. James? I hope he is considered a clever man.”

“How oddly you good people speak. Do you want to insinuate that he is not a clever man? He takes charge of my health, you know, and he has kept me going long enough. Eh! yes, I am irritable, I suppose; we are all put out. You

good quiet folks, with all your children about, nothing happening to you ——”

“Indeed, Miss Beresford, you do us great injustice,” said Mrs. Burchell, stung, as was natural, by such an assertion, while the rector slowly shook his head. “We do not complain; but perhaps if we were to tell all, as some people do. Nothing happening to us!—ah, how little you know.”

“Well, well, let us say you have a great many troubles; you can feel then for other people. Ah, here is Mr. Maxwell. Don’t talk of me now; don’t think of me, my good man. I am as well—as well—a great deal better than a poor useless woman of nearly threescore and ten has any right to be when the young are taken. How is James?”

The doctor, who had come in by the open window with a familiarity which made the rector and his wife look at each other, sat down by the old lady’s side and began to talk to her. Miss Cherry had gone to put on her bonnet, and by-and-by Mr. and Mrs. Burchell rose to take their leave.

“I am so glad to hear that, sad as it was, it was a natural death, and one that you expected,” said the rector, taking Maxwell aside for a moment.

“The doctor stared at him, with somewhat fiery eyes. “A natural death? Mrs. Beresford’s? What did you expect it to be?”

“Oh, my dear sir, I don’t mean anything. We had heard very different accounts—so many things are said ——”

“You should put a stop to them then,” said the other, who was not without temper, and he and Miss Charity paused in their sudden talk as the visitors disappeared, to interchange some remarks about them which were not complimentary.

“What they can mean by making up such wicked lies, and putting a slur upon her memory, poor child!” said the old lady with a sudden gush of hot tears.

The doctor said something very hotly about “meddlesome parsons,” and hastily plunged again into descriptions of poor James. The other was not a subject on which he could linger. “I never saw a man so broken-hearted; they were always together; he misses her morning, noon, and night. Cherry must come to him; she must come at once,” he said, forgetting how long it was since he had spoken of Cherry before by her Christian name. But Miss Charity noticed it with the keen spectator instinct of her age, and ruminated in an undercurrent of thought even while she thought of “poor James,”

whether Maxwell’s faith in Cherry “meant anything,” or if new combinations of life might be involved in the sequences of that death scene.

The same thought was in the minds of the clerical pair as they went down the hill. “Will *that* come to anything?” they said to each other.

“It is a nice little property,” said the rector, “and I suppose she will have everything.”

“But if I was Cherry,” said Mrs. Burchell, “I should not like to be thrown at his head in that very open way. Going with him to town! It is as good as offering her to him.”

“She is no longer young, my dear,” said the rector, “and people nowadays have not your delicacy.”

“Oh, I have no patience with their nonsense!” she cried; “and their friendship, forsooth—as if men and women could ever be friends!”

And it is possible that in other circumstances Miss Cherry’s tranquil soul might have owned a flutter at thought of the escort which she accepted so quietly to-day; but she was absorbed with thoughts of her brother and of the possible use she might be, which was sweet to her, notwithstanding her grief. Miss Charity shook her head doubtfully. “It is not Cherry that will help him,” she said, “but the child will be the better of a woman in the house.”

Really that was what Mr. Maxwell wanted, a woman in the house; something to speak to, something to refer everything to; something to blame even, if things were not all right. The funeral was over, and all that dismal business which appals yet gives a temporary occupation and support to the sorrowful. And now the blank of common life had recommenced.

“Perhaps she will not help him much; but she will be there,” said the doctor. He was glad for himself that a soft-voiced, soft-eyed, pitying creature should be there. There was help in the mere fact, whatever she might say or do.

Cara had been living a strange life through these melancholy days. She had not known, poor child, the full significance of that scene by her mother’s bedside, of which she had been a witness. She did not fully understand even now; but glimmers of horrible intelligence had come to her during that interview in the library, and the things she had heard afterwards from the servants had enlightened her still more. She heard the whispers that circulated among them, terrified whispers,

said half under their breath. That she had done it herself — that she knew, poor dear, what she was doing — that if anything had been known there would have been an inquest, and things would have come out. This was what Cara heard breathing about in half whispers, and which filled her with strange panic, lest her secret should escape her. She knew the secret, and she only. Nobody had questioned her, but the child's impulse to tell had bound her very soul for days after. She had resisted it, though she had felt guilty and miserable to know something which no one else knew; but she had kept her secret. "Don't let us brand her with the name of suicide." These words seemed to ring in her ears night and day. She repeated them over and over to herself. "Don't let us brand her with the name of suicide."

"No, no," poor Cara said to herself, trembling; "no, no:" though this premature and horrible secret weighed down her heart like a visible burden. Oh, if she could but have told it to nurse, or to Aunt Cherry; but she must not, not even to papa. When her aunt arrived, it was mingled torture and relief to the poor child. She clung round her with sobbings, longing so to tell; but even to cling and to sob was consolatory, and Aunt Cherry wanted no explanation of that unusual depth of childish distress. "Cara was not like other children," she said to herself. She had feelings which were deeper and more tender. She was "sensitive," she was "nervous." She was more loving than the ordinary children, who cry one moment and forget the next. And kind Cherry, though her own grief was of the milder, secondary kind, as was natural, had always tears of sympathy to give for the grief of others. She took the little girl almost entirely into her own care, and would talk to her for hours together; about being "good," about subduing all her little irritabilities, in order to please mamma, who was in heaven, and would be grieved in her happiness to think that her child was not "good." Cara was greatly awed and subdued by this talk. It hushed her, yet set her wondering; and those conversations were sometimes very strange ones, which went on between the two in their melancholy and silent hours.

"Does everybody go to heaven who dies?" said Cara, with awe-stricken looks.

Miss Cherry trembled a little, having some fear of false doctrine before her eyes. "Everybody, I hope, who loves

God. There are bad people, Cara; but we don't know them, you and I."

"Who love God; but I never think of God, Aunt Cherry. At least, I do now; I wonder. But if they did not do that, would they still go to heaven all the same?"

"God loves us, dear," said Cherry, with the tears in her soft eyes. "Fathers and mothers love their children, whether their children love them or not. That is all we know."

"Whatever they do? if they even laugh, and go wrong? Yes," said Cara, very thoughtfully, "I suppose papa would not send me away, out into the dark, if I did ever so wrong."

"I am sure he would not; but you must not think of such things, dear; they are too difficult for you. When you are older, you will understand better," Cherry said, faltering, and with something in her heart which contradicted her; for did not the child "understand" better than she?

Then Cara started another difficulty, quite as appalling; facing it with innocent confidence, yet wonder: "What sort of a place," she asked softly, looking up with her blue eyes full of serious faith and awe, "is heaven?"

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Cherry, "you ask me what I would give all I have in the world to know. There are so many whom I love there."

"But what do you *think*? Often when one doesn't know, one has an *idea*. I don't know Italy, or India; but I imagine something. Aunt Cherry, tell me what you think."

"Oh, Cara, my darling, I don't know what it is *like*. I know there is no trouble or pain in it; and that God is not so far off as here. No, he is not far off here; but we can't see him; and we are such poor dull creatures. And I *think*, Cara, I *think* that our Lord must be always about there. That people may go and stand on the roadside and see him pass, and talk to him, and be satisfied about everything."

"How — be satisfied about everything?"

"Oh, child! I should not want anything more. He sees both sides, my darling, both here and there, and understands. I am sure they must be able to speak to him, and go to him, whenever they will —"

This thought brought great tears, a suffusion of utter wistfulness yet heart-content to Cherry's eyes. Little Cara did not know very well what was meant by such words. She did not understand this conception of the great Creator as a better-

taught child might have done. But she said to herself, all secretly, "If there is One like *that*, whether it is in heaven or earth, I might tell him, and it would be no harm."

While Miss Cherry dried her eyes, her heart lightened by that overflowing. Perhaps, though they had not seen him, he had passed that way, and heard the babble — what was it more? — between the woman and the child.

From The Spectator.

THE POETRY OF LEADING LAW CASES.

A VERY entertaining little volume of "Leading Cases done into English, by an Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn," has just been reprinted by Messrs. Macmillan from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where, no doubt, many of them have already won the respectful attention of some of our readers; and the thin octavo appears in the orthodox buff raiment of the volumes favored by legal authorities. The humorous effect consists, of course, partly in the contrast between the legal subtleties themselves and the assumed passion of their setting, and partly in the quaintness of the pictures called up of carpenters entering an alehouse, and refusing to pay the score demanded, or of public carriers who have taken charge of goods for hire, or of chimneysweeps who have been cheated out of their legitimate "finds," and so forth, — pictures in which the lawyers of the old world, with all their stately parade of learning, are summoned before the mind's eye to decide the legal position of these homely personages, so far as they illustrate the nature of trespass, the duties of bailees of goods committed to their charge, the scope of the action for trover, and so on. In accomplishing this artistic feat, the versifier of these "leading cases" has been most successful. He has surrounded his legal distinctions with a halo of mock passion which is in itself in the highest degree entertaining, especially when the style of the different modern poets is so admirably hit off that the cloud of associations which hangs round one of Mr. Swinburne's, or Mr. Rossetti's, or Mr. Browning's, or Mr. Clough's, or Mr. Tennyson's poems is summoned up to set off the mock tenderness or mock patriotism of the strain itself. And in the next place, the quaint detail of the pictures themselves, of the six carpenters charged with trespass for entering a place where

(after a very moderate meal) they refused to pay the full score demanded of them; or of the chimneysweep who, on presenting the valuable ring he had found to a jeweller, is cheated by that jeweller's assistant out of the valuable stones it contained; or of the agent who had undertaken to raise certain hogsheads of brandy from a certain cellar and deposit them safely in another cellar, and who had discharged his duty so negligently that one of the casks was staved in, and a good deal of brandy spilt, is so humorously given, that the importance of the legal points decided in relation to them makes a kind of picturesque triumphal arch over these *tableaux vivants* of the law.

For instance, what can be happier than this setting to the leading case of the six carpenters, and the action for trespass brought against them? —

This case befell at four of the clock
(now listeneth what I shall say),
and the year was the seventh of James the
First,
on a fine September day.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

It was Thomas Newman and five his feres
(three more would have made them nine),
and they entered into John Vaux's house,
that had the Queen's Head to sign.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

They called anon for a quart of wine
(they were carpenters all by trade),
and they drank about till they drank it out,
and when they had drunk they paid.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

One spake this word in John Ridding's ear
(white manchets are sweet and fine):
"Fair sir, we are fain of a penn'orth of bread
and another quart of wine."
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

Full lightly thereof they did eat and drink
(to drink is iwis no blame).
"Now tell me eight pennies," quoth Master
Vaux;
but they would not pay the same.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

"Ye have trespassed with force and arms, ye
knaves
(the six be too strong for me),

but your tortious entry shall cost you dear,
and that the King's Court shall see.
The birds on the bough sing loud and
nought low,
your trespass was wrought *ab initio*."

Sed per totam curiam 'twas well resolved
(note, reader, this difference)
that in mere not doing no trespass is,
and John Vaux went empty thence.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
no trespass was here *ab initio*.

The burden itself is very happy. The notion of the birds on the bough interesting themselves so deeply in the nature of a trespass from its initial stage, as to sing loud and low on the subject, gives a background of playful satire to this leading case from the beginning. And when detail is so gravely cited in the margin, on occasion of the order for the second quart of wine and a pennyworth of bread, — "*et semble que ceo est mervellous petit manger et bever pur vj. homes*," — you feel the same sort of amusement in the picture of this primeval determination of the law of trespass, as when you trace back the origin of the human animal to the time when, as some kindred (can it be the *same*?) poet described it, —

in the day's high meridian, the hour of
the fullness of time,
Came forth the elect, the Ascidian, from the
conflict of sea and of slime;
And defying Fate's malice, that mocks us,
there swam on the waters of power,
A land of new life, Amphioxus, full blossom
of vertebrate flower.

Whether the fiction of the birds interesting themselves and their mates in the law of trespass, or the delightful contrast between the simplicity of the six carpenters' proceeding in "asking," but refusing to pay "for more," and the plaintiff's very strained hypothesis that their entry on the premises had been forceful and "tortious," so as to constitute a trespass, gives the greater air of satiric completeness to the picture, it would be hard to say. The second of the leading cases, "*Coggs v. Bernard*," which is given in the form of a judgment from Chief Justice Holt, is a very skilful parody on the style of the iambic speeches in Mr. Swinburne's Greek dramas, but it falls a little short of the one we have just given, and of some of the others, in the clearness of its statement of the legal points at issue. We do not suppose that any one would exactly go to this amusing little volume for legal knowledge, and it is not from that point of view that

we make our criticism. But half the literary pleasure is given by the quaint embedding of these minute legal niceties in verse which has so many other and such very different associations, and this "apprentice of Lincoln's Inn" is always happiest when he sticks most conscientiously to his legal point, while embodying it in verse that fills one's soul with laughter. The point which arose in "*Coggs v. Bernard*" was one as to the obligations of different kinds of bailees of goods, and we cannot say we think the relative weight of legal responsibility in the different cases is very lucidly stated by Chief Justice Holt, in the following admirably Erechtheus-like speech: —

Such a sixfold coil
Of divers sorts of bailments, binding men
With diverse powers to manifold degrees
Of vigilance and answerable care,
Is woven and shed around him as a net
Inevitable, whose woof of ancient wit
I, first of all men born in all this land,
Shall now in seemly wise with ordered speech
Spread forth, and through this undistinguished
field
Drive the clean ploughshare of dividing mind,
Ox-wise returning to and fro, till all
Be ready for the seed that springs to fruit
Of judgment; and the first is where a man
Hath taken goods to wait the bailor's use
Hireless, in unrewarded custody
And bare deposit; he shall safely walk
Blameless in equal ways, preserving them
With equal care like as he doth his own,
Be it or great or small; but negligence,
Gross and apparent, seeing an evil mind
Therein we deem to work his own effect
Of fraud and malice, to the utmost loss
Shall surely bind him; such not doubtful voice
Of witness clear and consonant is poured
In ears made meet for hearing from this book
Of Bracton, who, being old, yet speaketh law
Most righteous; nor this once, but twice and
thrice
He speaketh, meting fitting measure of care
To loans gratuitous and commodate,
Or else for hire, demanding diligence
Most strait and perfect; the next case is
fourth
In several station that with borrowed pledge
And pawn invadate holds the middle way
Not facile as the first, not stern to seek
Consummate care, whose weight and whole
recoil
Even now with one fifth wave of forceful need
Falls on that carrier who for all men's use
Doth exercise his calling, being bound
In all events against all jeopardies,
Yea, though an irresistible multitude
With might of hands and violent mastery
Should make his freight their quarry; what
sheer stress
Of the land's embattled foemen, or the act

Of most high gods hath wrought of ruin, shall
 rest
 Excusable, that only; but who takes
 Like trust by private and peculiar hand,
 Having reward, shall bear the lighter charge
 Fulfilled and perfect in such measure of care
 As reason bids; and lo, the sixth of kind
 Of these folk holden of six necessities
 Is this rewardless one who holdeth goods
 In simple mandate; and on him no less
 His undertaking, and the owner's trust
 Clothing his promise with investiture
 Of apt consideration, lay the load
 Of diligence in duty, that thereby
 The sure sweet common faith of man to man
 Shall lighten level from eye to equal eyes
 Of one to other, not being desecrate
 In desolate places and dispraised of men.

The parody there is admirable, far better than the statement of the law, but in the fidelity of the legal exposition a great part of the humor of these cases consists. And therefore, we prefer, to this case, the excellent hexameters (suggestive of Clough), in which the case of "*Elwes v. Mawe*" is expounded, and the tenant's right to remove at the end of his tenancy the farm-buildings which he had erected at his own expense, for his own purposes, on his landlord's soil, is authoritatively denied, the distinction being taken between machinery which, to favor trade, the capitalist who puts it up is allowed to take away again when his tenancy is out, and the farm-building which cannot be so removed so as to advantage trade, while the loss of it would injure the interests of the land, for the benefit of which it was erected:—

Counsel for Elwes and Mawe stood forth and
 strove with examples,
 Showing what things in old time were es-
 teemed ingrown to the freehold,
 Rooted past lawful removal, what kept their
 movable nature.
 Much they debated of wainscot and window,
 of furnace and oven,
 Vats of the dyer, and cider-mills, and boilers
 and salt-pans;
 Also, not least, a new thing, fire-engine, a
 blessing to coal-mines.
 Twice in two terms they strove, and the court
 considered its judgment,
 Judgment which afterwards, well advised, the
 chief justice delivered,
 Stated the case and the question, and spoke
 their considered opinion;
 No right had the defendant, they held, to re-
 move these buildings.
 Wisely he showed how the general rule bids
 cleave to the freehold
 Things by the tenant once fixed, and explained
 the divers exceptions
 Suffered in favor of trade, the furnace, the
 vats, and the boilers,

Also the new fire-engines, the cider-mills, and
 the salt-pans;
 Ever in favor of trade such exceptions, no
 mention of farming;
 Further to stretch the exception to mere agri-
 cultural buildings,
 Not for a certain trade, were great and rash
 innovation.
 Wherefore Elwes, the shrewd, maintained his
 cause and his verdict,
 Had great worship of all men there, and went
 homeward rejoicing,
 Bearing the *postea*, goodly-engrossed, the prize
 of the battle.

How anxiously and accurately legal, as well as how mischievous in the prick it gives to the tenant-farmer, as a person whom the law declines specially to consider, is that very Cloughish line,— "Ever in favor of trade such exceptions, no mention of farming," and how profound the scorn in the "mere agricultural build-ings"!

The dedication to John Stiles (on whom the "apprentice of Lincoln's Inn" gives us the following amusing note) is written in the happiest of Mr. Swinburne's rhapsodical moods:—

This J. S. is a mythical person, introduced for the purposes of illustration, and constantly met with in the older books of our law, especially Sheppard's "*Touchstone*:" a kind of cousin to John Doe and Richard Roe, but more active and versatile. In later works and in the Indian codes his initials, which are supposed to stand for John Stiles, have degenerated into unmeaning, solitary letters, such as A, B, and C. The old books are full of grants of lands to him for various estates, so that his wealth is evident. He also appears as a trustee and arbitrator, and (incongruously) as a servant. His devotion to Rome is shown by his desperate attempts to get there in three days: "If J. S. shall go to Rome in three days" is the standing example of an impossible condition. "If" or "until J. S. shall return from Rome" is also a frequent example of a condition or conditional limitation: hence the importance of that event is obviously not exaggerated by the poet. It is not clear why he did not want to ride to Dover, seeing it was on the way to Rome. It is said, however, that one who is bound in a bond with condition that he shall ride with J. S. to Dover such a day must procure J. S. to go thither and ride with him at his peril. Aulus Egerius and Numerius Negidius are corresponding, and therefore rival, personages of the civil law, who may be found in the *Digest* and *Institutes*. It is understood that the revival of the study of Roman law by the inns of court is to be commemorated in the decoration of the new law courts by colossal statues of Aulus Egerius and Numerius Ne-

gidius trampling on the corpses of John Doe and Richard Roe respectively.

That itself is humorous enough, but the rhapsody on "J. S." is still more brilliant, and one of the most perfect parodies in our language:—

DEDICATION TO J. S.

When waters are rent with commotion
Of storms, or with sunlight made whole,
The river still pours to the ocean
The stream of its effluent soul;
You, too, from all lips of all living
Of worship dethroned and discrowned,
Shall know by these gifts of my giving
That faith is yet found;

By the sight of my song-flight of cases
That bears on wings woven of rhyme
Names set for a sign in high places
By sentence of men of old time;
From all counties they meet and they mingle,
Dead suitors whom Westminster saw;
They are many, but your name is single,
Pure flower of pure law.

When bounty of grantors was gracious
To enfeof you in fee and in tail,
The bounds of your lands were made spacious
With lordship from Sale unto Dale;
Trusts had you and services loyal,
Lips sovereign for ending of strife,
And the name of the world's names most royal
For light of your life.

Ah desire that was urgent to Romeward
And feet that were swifter than fate's,
And the noise of the speed of them homeward
For mutation and fall of estates!
Ah the days when your riding to Dover
Was prayed for and precious as gold,
The journeys, the deeds that are over,
The praise of them told!

But the days of your reign are departed,
And our fathers that fed on your looks
Have begotten a folk feeble-hearted
That seek not your name in their books;
And against you is risen a new foeman
To storm with strange engines your home;
We wax pale at the name of him Roman,
His coming from Rome.

Even she, the immortal imperious,
Supreme one from days long ago,
Sends the spectre of Aulus Egerius
To hound the dead ghost of John Doe;
By the name of Numerius Negidius
Your brethren are slain without sword;
Is it so, that she, too, is perfidious,
The Rome you adored?

Yet I pour you this drink of my verses,
Of learning made lovely with lays,
Song bitter and sweet that rehearses
The deeds of your eminent days:

Yea, in these evil days from their reading
Some profit a student shall draw,
Though some points are of obsolete pleading,
And some are not law.

Though the courts that were manifold dwindle
To divers divisions of one,
And no fire from your face may rekindle
The light of old learning undone,
We have suitors and briefs for our payment,
While, so long as a court shall hold pleas,
We talk moonshine with wigs for our raiment,
Not sinking the fees.

As regards parody, the least happy is, we think, the one on Tennyson, "Wigglesworth *v.* Dallison," though it would be hard to give in verse a better account of the lawsuit and the issue. Perhaps Mr. Tennyson's easy and yet full-mouthed style does not tickle the apprentice of Lincoln's Inn as quite so ludicrous in connection with a law-suit as the style of Swinburne, or Browning, or Rossetti's antique ballads, or even Clough. Certainly the case of "Scott *v.* Shepherd," as related by "any pleader to any student," in the best and brusquest possible Browningese, and the case of "Mostyn *v.* Fabrigas," a case of action for trespass for a wrong done in the island of Minorca by the governor of the said island, the action being brought in the English courts, where the governor supposed that no action would lie for a trespass done beyond the seas, the account of it being given in one of the happiest imitations of the old ballad literature which we have ever seen, are narrated with a skill in combining the study of law points with racy parody on poetic style, such as has hardly been surpassed. On the whole, we think the antique ballad style suits these cases better than any other poetic setting. There is a gossipiness in the old ballads which reminds one of the gossipiness of the old lawyers, and the two, skilfully connected, make what is more like a real and racy work of art than any of the more obvious parodies. The latter are satirical, but these old ballads on law cases have almost the effect of old-fashioned poems written in good faith; and the quaintness of effect so produced gives more pleasure than any parody.

From Temple Bar.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF GIPSIES.

ONE day, four hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts, there knocked at the gates of the city of Lüneburg, on the Elbe, as strange a rabble rout as had ever been

seen by German burgher. There were three hundred of them, men and women, accompanied by an extraordinary number of children. They were dusky of skin, with jet black hair and eyes; they wore strange garments; they were unwashed and dirty even beyond the liberal limits tolerated by the cold-water-fearing citizens of Lüneburg; they had with them horses, donkeys, and carts; they were led by two men whom they described as duke and count. These two alone were dressed in some kind of splendor, and rode richly caparisoned horses; they were most courteous in manner; they seemed careful to conciliate; they talked among themselves a strange language, and they understood the language of the country. All they asked was permission to camp for a few days outside the gates. All the Lüneburgers turned out to gaze open-mouthed at these pilgrims, while the duke and the count told the authorities their tale, which was wild and romantic; even had they invented a story to suit their own objects, no other could so well have enlisted the sympathies of a credulous, kindly, uncritical, and soft-hearted folk. Many years before, they explained, while the tears of penitence stood in the eyes of all but the youngest children, they had been a Christian community, living in orthodoxy, and therefore happiness, in a far-off country known as Egypt. The Lüneburgers had heard of Egypt. Crusades had not been out of fashion more than two hundred years, and people still told of dreadful things done in Egypt as well as in the Holy Land. Egypt, indeed, was about as well known to mediæval Europe as it was to the Israelites under the judges. The strangers came from Egypt. It was the land of the phœnix. It was not far from the dominions of Prester John. It was the country of the Saracen and the infidel. They were then a happy Christian flock. To their valley came the Saracens, an execrable race, worshipping Mahound. Yielding, in an evil hour, to the threats and persecutions of their conquerors, they — here they turned their faces and wept aloud — they abjured Christ. But thereafter they had no rest or peace, and a remorse so deep fell upon their souls that they were fain to arise, leave their homes, and journey to Rome in hope of getting

reconciliation with the Church. They were graciously received by the pope, who promised to admit them back into the fold after seven years of penitential wandering. They had letters of credit from King Sigismund — would the Lüneburgers kindly look at them? — granting safe-conduct and recommending them to the safe protection of all honest people. The Lüneburg folk were touched at the recital of so much suffering in a cause so good; they granted the request of the strangers. They allowed them to encamp; they watched in curiosity while the black tents were pitched, the naked babies rolled out on the grass, the donkeys tethered, and the brass kettle slung over the newly kindled fire; then they went home. The next day the strangers visited the town. In the evening a good many things were missed, especially those unconsidered trifles which a housewife may leave about her doorway. Poultry became suddenly scarce; eggs doubled in price; it was rumored that purses had been lost while their owners gazed at the strangers; cherished cups of silver were not to be found. Could it be that these Christian penitents, these remorseful backsliders, these seekers after holiness, these interesting pilgrims, so gentle of speech, so courteous and humble, were cut-purses and thieves? The next day there remained no longer any doubt about the matter at all, because the gentle strangers were taken in the act, red-handed. While the Lüneburgers took counsel, in their leisurely way, how to meet a case so uncommon, the pilgrims suddenly decamped, leaving nothing behind them but the ashes of their fires and the picked bones of the purloined poultry. Then Dogberry called unto him his brother Verges, and they fell to thanking God that they were rid of knaves. This was the first historical appearance of gipsies. It was a curious place to appear in. The mouth of the Elbe is a long way from Egypt, even if you travel by sea, which does not appear to have been the case; and a journey on land not only would have been infinitely more fatiguing, but would, one would think, have led to some notice on the road before reaching Lüneburg. There, however, the gipsies certainly are first heard of, and henceforth history has plenty to say about their doings.

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THE SEVEN-NIGHTS' WATCH.

NORTH-COUNTRY SUPERSTITION.

NAY, don't turn the key, not yet, not yet, five
nights haven't past and gone
Since we laid the green sods straight and
meet, to wait for the cold gray stone;
See, his pipe still lies on the mantel where the
old armchair is set,
The knife is left in the half-carved stick —
don't turn the door-key yet!

How it rains! it must be dree an' all where
the wet wind sweeps the brow,
And it's dry and warm by the hearthstone;
don't steek the lintel now!
Fling a fir-log on the ingle; he was used to
love the light,
That shone "haste thee" through the dark-
ness, when he was abroad at night.

Thieves? nay, they scarce come up our way,
and there's none so much to steal,
Just the bread loaf in the cupboard, and the
hank on the spinning-wheel;
And I'd rather lose the all I have, aye, the
burial-fee on the shelf,
Than think of him barred out from home, out
in the cold by himself.

Whisht! was not yon a footstep in the path
out there by the byre?
Whisht! I know how boards can creak. I
say, pile sticks on the fire.
The wind sighs over the upland, just like a
parting soul;
Get to bed with you all — I'll stay, and keep
my watch by the gathering coal.

For all he grew so wild and strange, my one
son loved his mother.
Mayhap he'd come to me when scarce he'd
show himself to another.
When the drink was out he was always kind,
and e'en when he had a drop
He was mild to me. Don't turn the key!
For seven nights here I stop.

I bore him, kept him, and loved him; what-
ever else might come,
He knew, while his mother held the door, was
always his welcome home.
You may stare and laugh, an' it please you;
but, oh, a glint of him
Were just a sparkle of heaven to the eyes that
are waxing dim!

And I know, should he meet his father, up
there in the rest and joy,
He'll say, "A couple of nights are left, thou'st
need to cheer her, my boy."
So, leave the key, and fetch the logs, till the
mourner's week is done;
I tell thee I'll watch, lest I miss in sleep a last
smile from my son.

All The Year Round.

ONE OF THE SEVENS.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told." — Ps.
xc. 9.
"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life." — Ps. xxiii. 6.

SEVEN times ten — they came and fled,
Fled as fleeth a morning dream;
My tale is told, my say is said,
I read the past by memory's beam.

Seven times ten, with untold woe
For sin unseen by all save One,
For evil thoughts that come and go,
For evil deeds, for good undone.

I've mourned the loss of precious things,
I've wept beside the honored dead,
Health has flown and riches had wings,
And thus the seventy years were sped.

With wayward steps my path I trod,
But oh! what mercies marked my way!
The love that led my soul to God
Has turned my darkness into day.

Seven times ten; all fades not yet, —
Sweet flowers, and fields, and books are
mine,
Dear friends are round my table set,
And daily gifts of corn and wine.

Safe hid beneath o'ershadowing wings,
Age need not fear the winter blast;
Sure watered by celestial springs,
The path has verdure to the last.

For countless gifts, for bounteous grace,
Break forth, my soul, in songs of praise,
To him whose love redeems our race,
And crowns with blessing all our days.

By him is every want supplied;
And not alone from youth to age,
In death we live, for he hath died
To win our glorious heritage.

Good Words.

S. W.

WHEN WE ARE PARTED.

WHEN we are parted, let me lie
In some far corner of thy heart,
Silent, and from the world apart,
Like a forgotten melody.
Forgotten by the world beside,
Cherished by one and one alone,
For some loved memory of its own,
So let me in thy heart abide.

When we are parted, keep for me
The sacred stillness of the night;
That hour, sweet love, is *mine* by right,
Let others claim thy day of thee.
The cold world sleeping at our feet,
My spirit shall discourse with thine;
When stars upon thy pillow shine,
At thy heart's door I stand and wait.

Transcript.

H. C. S.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE COMTE DE PARIS' CAMPAIGN ON THE POTOMAC.*

THESE volumes in more than one respect should satisfy any reader. In the first place they meet the want hitherto felt of such a skilful narrative of one of the greatest, and certainly the most complicated of modern wars, as should give a juster measure than yet has been attained of the weight of individual events, and trace more clearly their influence on the general course of the struggle. Advances, retreats, victories, defeats, succeeded each other confusedly during the contest on the different theatres of the war, each of which for the day seemed of chief interest. Preceding narratives had either diminished unduly the importance of some of these, by dwelling on those that were better known; or, describing them in detail, had failed to show their bearing on the struggle as a whole. Writers might have attempted this however with success, who would have altogether failed where the Comte de Paris has most perfectly succeeded. Hitherto no one on either side of the Atlantic has been found to view the character of this war in its larger historical aspect, as one impressed on it not merely by the incidents of the day, but by the slowly strengthened force of precedent. Much has been said of the divergence of the American soldiery from European rules, their want of discipline, their personal disregard when not under fire for those who led them, their general impatience of restraint. The peculiar features of the actions fought have been dwelt upon as though these could have been reproduced in any rough and wooded terrain by any militia that found themselves engaged there. Too often European critics have treated the subject, when deeming it worth examination, as a mere question of locality, or hasty training, or a superabundance of the raw material of war. The Comte de Paris approaches it in its military aspect with the true spirit of philosophic inquiry. He goes back, being the first to take this

simple and necessary step, to the early history of the United States when they were struggling and separated colonies. At the risk of wounding French sentiment, he enters deeply into that long struggle for a continent between his nation and our own, a struggle which, far more than the petty wars that raged along the Spanish main between fierce viceroys and savage buccaneers, decided the destinies of a new world. He shows how the endurance and readiness of the rough colonial levies aided the soldiers of the Georges, too ready to despise their allies, in gradually and surely founding a new empire, and shattering, despite the genius of a Montcalm, the visions of French dominion in the West, as effectually as the native military skill of Clive ruined them in the East. Thence he passes onward to the most humiliating episode of British history — the American Revolutionary War. In the prowess as well as in the very defects of Washington's "Continental," he traces at once the continuance of the traditions of the struggle waged against his own country, and the germs of those vices and virtues which made the American soldier of 1861-5 by turns the derision and the admiration of the world. This heritage of the troops of the Union from the stubborn contests fought first with the Latin race, and afterwards with the British, gives the key to much that the best American writers have hitherto failed to apprehend, chiefly because they never looked at the subject with the breadth of view which seems natural to the Comte de Paris. It explains the apparent contradiction in the mixture of general feebleness with high individual courage, of fine design with imbecile execution, of success changed unexpectedly into defeat, or causeless panic into noble rallying, which has hitherto been the despair of commentators on the Civil War, and has caused the greatest of modern strategists to publicly avow, so recently as last autumn, that he had not yet found the proper materials for any proper study of it. It has long been known that the American troops were frequently routed without proper cause. More recently European writers, those of Great Britain especially, have discerned

* *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique.* Par M. le Comte de PARIS, ancien Aide-de-Camp du Général MACCLELLAN. Tomes I. et II. Paris: 1874. Tomes III. et IV. 1875.

and admitted that under these circumstances they rarely gave way to real panic. The more this war is studied by any fair critic, the more will it be found that the vices were those of the system, whilst the virtues were inherent in the men. And the Comte de Paris has done a great service to historical truth in showing how both virtues and vices were inherited in a sense as strict as that which showed the victors of Sedan the true descendants of those who made Brandenburg formidable under the Great Elector, and Prussia a great power under Frederick. But here we prefer, by the use of one or two extracts from his invaluable opening chapter, to let the Comte de Paris speak for himself. Let him first tell the story, from a slightly French point of view, as is natural, of the rough school in which the old provincial levies learned their business :—

It was against our own troops in the Seven Years' War that the American volunteers, at that time the militia of an English colony, first tried their arms. We may remember this not only without bitterness, since happily the flag of the United States has never been found opposed to that of France on the battlefield, but even as a recollection to create one bond the more between them and us. For, in the unequal struggle which decided the mastery of the new continent, these militiamen received valuable lessons whilst massing themselves against the handful of heroic men who, in despite of their country's forgetfulness of them, defended our empire beyond the sea. In this school were formed the soldiers of the War of Independence. Montcalm, rather than Wolfe, was the teacher of the adversaries who were soon to have the task of avenging him. It was while seeking in long and often disastrous expeditions to plant French authority on the banks of the Ohio that the founders of the American nation served their apprenticeship to the indefatigable energy which in the end triumphed over every obstacle. It was the example of the defenders of Fort Carillon staying a British army, from behind a feeble parapet, which inspired in later days the defenders of Bunker's Hill. It was the surrender of Washington at Fort Mifflin, the disaster of Braddock at Fort Duquesne, which taught the future victors of Saratoga how, in an uncultivated country, to embarrass an enemy's march, cut off his supplies, do away with his apparent advantages, and finally take or

destroy him. Thus, though despised by the aristocratic ranks of the regular English army, the provincial militia, as they were then called, were soon able to win their esteem, and to inspire respect in their foes. In this sort of warfare, so different from that carried on in Europe, in these actions fought in the midst of a wild and wooded country, they already displayed all those qualities that have since distinguished the American soldier—address, energy, valor, and individual intelligence.

So of the War of Independence he writes, again giving his countrymen perhaps a little more than their due, as his own words show that our part in the training of these levies has been slighted in the former extract :—

And they displayed them still when, fifteen years later, they took up arms, under the name of volunteers or national militia, to throw off the oppressive yoke of the mother country. But they had no longer the trained officers of the English army to direct, and the veteran regulars to support them in critical moments. Their part of auxiliaries had ill prepared them to maintain unaided the great struggle on which their patriotism forced them to enter. Except Washington, no colonial officer had shone in the higher grades. And so the Frenchmen who came over with Lafayette to put their experience at the service of the young American army, brought it precious aid. Yet its best ally and its greatest power lay in that perseverance which enabled it to draw advantage out of defeat instead of being overwhelmed by it. This was soon seen when the arrival of Rochambeau gave it the opportunity of that fine and decisive campaign which carried the war from the banks of the Hudson to Virginia, and finished it at a blow in the trenches of Yorktown. . . . In this first effort of the young American nation to organize its military strength, we find all the precedents of 1861, and in its little armies of the last century, the model of those that took part in the Civil War.

The comte passes on at this point to a discussion as to whether the Northern or Southern levies of 1861 can be more properly compared with the volunteers that won its independence for the Union. Here we do not care to follow him; for in all parts where the military history, which in his opening paragraphs he declares to be the essential purpose of his

work, is crossed by politics, we must decline to adopt his views. But there can be no question as to the truth of his sketch of the singular likeness between the men who fought against the soldiers of Howe and Clinton, and those who marched against Richmond.

We cannot, therefore, be surprised to find in the first soldiers who carried the flag of the stars and stripes under fire, those features which always characterized the Federal volunteer. These were revealed from the very beginning of the contest with the mother country. When hardly brought together they faced boldly, behind the most trifling shelter, the shock of the British veterans. They defended themselves with remarkable tenacity at Bunker's Hill, just as the improvised soldiers of Jackson at New Orleans did fifty years later, and, on a grander theatre, the army of the Potomac at Gettysburg. They were indefatigable in the use of the axe and pick in the sieges of Boston and Yorktown, just as were those volunteers who in four years covered America with their fortifications and intrenchments. So also they were easily shaken when they felt or fancied themselves taken in flank, as at Brandywine and Germantown; difficult to move forward to the assault of a strong position, and forgetful of the principle that there is less danger in a rush upon the enemy than in standing still to receive his fire. They lost their organization rapidly, and, what is more rare, they recovered it again no less promptly. From their first engagements with the English down to the hour which armed one part of them against the other, the American volunteers, aided powerfully by the nature of a country covered with woods and cut up by morasses, rarely let a panic degenerate into a rout, and had the remarkable merit of not believing themselves beaten after a defeat.

On this text, taken primarily from the Revolutionary contest, the whole history of the Civil War, as may be seen in the succeeding chapters, is a running commentary. The Comte de Paris justly deserves the praise due to the critic who has first seized the truth of this continuity of American history, and placed it in clear light. It is the more to be regretted that the strong political bias which he throughout displays to the side on which he served, has led to his disfiguring what may be termed the very cream of his great

work by introducing strictures on the Confederate troops which we have purposely omitted. It is enough here to say that he speaks of the soldiers at whose head Lee and Jackson won imperishable fame, as "destitute individually of tenacity and perseverance;" a description that so utterly belies what history records of the Confederate army of northern Virginia, that it is difficult to believe it to have been penned by the same critic who has surveyed and described its adversaries with such admirable truth.

The military history of the American war is not limited, like those of modern European struggles, to months or weeks, but covers just four years of continuous contest; while in each year the immense resources gradually brought to bear, and the vast extent of the territory in dispute, broke off the conflict into sections, forming campaigns important in themselves, and at first sight little connected with the rest. As before mentioned, the Comte de Paris has done more than any writer who preceded him to preserve a spirit of unity throughout his narrative. He has found it necessary, nevertheless, to pass in separate chapters from east to west, and again from either flank to the connecting operations in the centre. It would be vain to attempt within our limits to follow him over these various fields, and, indeed, the four volumes when complete only carry down the story to the battle of Fredericksburg. For our purpose of showing the special value of this work it will be better to examine a few of those parts which illustrate the American system of forming and training and employing an army, as opposed to the European methods, and the distinctive peculiarities displayed by such an army in the field.

And first to speak of its formation. Uniforms, the comte begins by observing, were plentiful enough on national holidays before the war; but the militia regiments wont to display themselves on such festive occasions were meant only for show. So notorious was this, that one of the New York battalions, composed mainly of French immigrants, had assumed the mock title of the "*Gardes Lafourchette*." And while according to the popular boast

the national roll-call embraced over three millions of soldiers, "the men who felt a real vocation for military studies," says the comte, "were obliged, like Sherman, to turn their knowledge to account as professors in the special colleges founded in the South;" which portion of the States, as he has elsewhere pointed out, had more occasion to keep up the true martial spirit. But when the rude events of the spring of 1861 opened the eyes of the least far-seeing to the reality of the coming crisis, "the formation of an army charged to defend the Constitution was held to be a national business;" and so each person of energy went to work with the feeling that his duty was to act without waiting for any orders. The apparent want of any general rules of organization was but conformable, it is well observed, to the administrative system of a country which everywhere leaves so much to local and individual activity, and where the central authority has no army of functionaries vested with an almost sacred character. The levy once ordered, the Federal authority did nothing more for its share in raising it than taking over the regiments sent up by each State as its quota. The States themselves were almost equally deficient in administrative machinery, and confined their action chiefly to guiding individual effort. The comte adds that popular supervision kept their higher magistrate free from the favoritism which is the vice of functionaries frequently elected; but here we think that opinion in America will hardly confirm him, and certainly the recorded incompetency of its officers, of whom the army was purged afterwards with difficulty and trouble, as the comte himself shows in the sequel, was in the higher ranks often the direct result of patronage exercised by governors, as in the lower it was due to the elective system of the volunteers.

Thus left to itself, or but slightly aided by authority, the national movement to arms went rapidly on under the stimulus of individual spirit. The recruiting office that was opened in every village became the popular rendezvous. Some, moved by a spirit of adventure, some by genuine love of the Union, and many by the abolitionist sentiments which Longfellow's songs and Mrs. Stowe's tales had nursed, and which were already fairly aroused, entered their names in the volunteer lists as privates. But the more important classes could do more than this, and in doing it win for themselves a new position.

So those who united means and popularity sufficient, undertook to raise their own company, or battalion, or even brigade. The governors, who could dispense colonels' commissions freely, used their power to promise one to any person who would undertake to put his regiment together effectively by any means within a certain limit of time; and with no more than a written provisional authority for this purpose many individuals actually accomplished the task within the short space allowed by simply appealing to the public round them. Any one so engaged in his turn promised the most active of his associates commissions or a canteen contract as a reward for bringing in a certain number of volunteers; and gigantic handbills, with illustrations to show the deeds of heroism the future corps was destined for, covered the walls, and in some cases streamed as banners across the streets. The first recruits, as soon as dressed in uniforms chosen for show more than use, were sent out into the highways and lanes to bring others in. The Zouave dress, though looking ridiculous in the comte's critical eyes on the bony American who strutted about in it, proved an immense attraction in those days, when the capture of the green hill of Solferino by Zouave skirmishers was still fresh in men's minds. But the invitations sent out by no means always appealed to purely warlike instincts; and one regiment of heavy artillery, specially distinguished two years later at Gettysburg, filled its ranks by advertising itself "to those who wish to enter the military service," as sure of the inestimable advantage of being kept constantly in garrison at Washington, and so spared the privations of camp life in the field. On the other hand, a fine example was set in Indiana, whose troops had been accused of panic-flight in the war with Mexico; for this State saw crowds coming in voluntarily to wipe away the stain, and enlisting in regiments which assumed the device, "Remember Buena Vista," that being the action of which the men of Indiana were resolved to redeem the memory. The individual action which in the first few days raised a force of seventy-five thousand men, and another large draft a month later, was carried sometimes beyond the limits of State control by those who were not on good terms with their governors. Thus General Sickles, of New York, who had offered the president to raise a brigade directly for the Union, did so by placing his recruiting depot on ground belong-

ing to a fort under Federal keeping, thus carrying it direct to Washington. Nor was it until some time after that Lincoln, forced by representations of the mischief this competition caused the volunteer movement, ordered that these independent corps should be officially enrolled as parts of the contingents of the States from which their members were actually drawn. Before this decision reached the Sickles brigade, it had actually lost half its original numbers by wounds or sickness from service in the field.

Whilst praising the spirit which made so little of the difficulty of the first levy, the Comte de Paris, speaking here from close observation, declares plainly that its mass was of inferior material. The well-to-do and steady citizens were not at first sensible of the duty of personal exposure in the ranks; and as a rule "these volunteers were collected from the disorderly classes of the towns and villages," whilst the short limit of their three months' engagement prevented from the first any hope of seriously disciplining them. In a word, "they were much like the militiamen of the War of Independence that gave Washington so much anxiety;" and carried their loose principles out soon afterwards so far as to leave their posts the very night their engagement was up, regardless that a battle might be expected within a few hours. Such contingents, however, formed the larger part of the force collected in June 1861, under MacDowell, and it need hardly therefore be wondered at that the war opened with disaster. The second and third levies, on a larger scale and for three years' duty instead of three months, reached a different social class altogether. Many, it is true, in enlisting were still actuated more by the spirit of adventure than that of patriotism; but the real imminence of the national peril now began to affect all hearts, and the new recruits were animated by a stern resolution that had been wanting in the first. "They were not good soldiers; they were hardly soldiers at all. But they really wished to become such, and that was the proper condition by which to attain the result." And this, although among them was a certain proportion of that large mass of the restless and unfortunate which America continually receives from Europe, and which is apt in quiet times to float as a scum over the great transatlantic cities. These, however, were held very much apart from the native Americans, and it was they who thronged particularly into the ranks of regiments like

the "Fire Zouaves" of New York, where a showy uniform had for its complement a very small share of discipline. Making all deductions, there is no doubt that the comte is in the right when he asserts that on the whole the medley mass of volunteers of the first year of the war represented fairly enough the nation that produced it, and as a whole was thoroughly moved by a national spirit. In the ranks, indeed, were already numbers of men who quitted good positions in civil life, with others advanced in years or bound to their homes by strong family ties. And that such men took up arms voluntarily when there was not only no glut of the labor-market but a great temporary rise in all wages and profits, is proof sufficient of disinterested patriotism, or true martial ardor, or of both combined. As to the assertion often made by foreign critics that the Americans at this period of the war were hiring immigrants to do their fighting — a remark no doubt arising from mistaking the composition of certain special corps for that of the Federal army — the statistics since collected show that of the whole of the volunteers of the first year, one-tenth barely were non-naturalized, while six-tenths were American born, the rest being of course American citizens originally of European birth.

All the world is aware how the sharp defeat of its first levies at Bull Run changed the whole aspect of the war, on the Federal side especially. If on the one hand it raised the spirits of the South, seeming to assure it safety for its new capital, and a strategic position that menaced Washington itself, it acted far more against its cause in reality by calling forth the latent strength of its foe. The advocates of peace at any price had been struggling in Congress against the proposition the Lincoln Cabinet had resolved to put forward, of a new levy of four hundred thousand long-service volunteers to replace the first draft of three months' men already about to be discharged. Their objections had been patiently listened to, and negatived already by the supporters of the administration. But the final discussion was fixed, by a strange chance, for the very day that the bitter news of the defeat arrived; and the solemnity and decision with which the bill was at once approved that augmented the levy to half a million of men, and raised the loan accompanying it from four to five hundred millions of dollars, showed that the representatives of the Union cause were thoroughly in earnest, and felt they had their people's full support. So

at every crisis of the war, the comte observes, the Congress set the nation an example of perseverance, and of the patriotism that is roused by defeat even more than victory; qualities which he attributes not so much to their race as to that free working of Anglo-Saxon institutions which made each citizen feel the common cause to be especially his own.

The great change or development of feeling that the first great battle produced has been often spoken of before less perfectly; but in the comte's pages is for the first time fully explained the process by which there was framed out of such rude material the great machine, with which the task was again undertaken of threatening the Confederate capital. Long and weary years were to elapse before the army of the Potomac should enter Richmond; and its advance was to be opposed by enthusiastic defenders, led by a chief who has few peers even among the greatest commanders. But the foundation of future success, won, despite repeated and severe discouragement, was laid round Washington in the autumn of 1861, when MacClellan, fresh from successes in western Virginia, was called to the capital to take the military control of the masses hastily assembled round it. The nation had discovered that a hundred thousand men cannot be moved or fought without some previous attempt at organization, and on the new commander devolved the powers which in its first blind ignorance of war it had denied his predecessor. The cold, clear style of the historian warms to the nearest approach to enthusiasm to be found in his volumes as he speaks of the high qualities of his old chief and friend, of the laborious character, the precise and methodical spirit, and the vast military knowledge which fitted MacClellan for his gigantic task. Men were at this time the least of his needs. Of the three-months' volunteers handed over to his charge a large proportion re-enlisted, and, what was more important, the president's second call made in May for forty battalions had been met by the States with over two hundred, so that not far from a quarter of a million of men were already under arms; and it was certain that the other half of the national force now approved by act of Congress would be raised without difficulty, since the militia regiments, in the larger States especially, had been filled up quite as rapidly as they were thinned by the transfer of their rank and file to the volunteers. Battalions on battalions, "mustered in" daily, and by this simple

act brought on to the pay-sheets, and under the military code of the Union, were arming at Washington, the whole neighborhood of which at once became one vast camp of instruction under the inspiration of the new commander-in-chief. Each regiment on its arrival was put through a drill parade of the simplest order; and on showing that it could march past without much confusion, was brigaded with one or two of rather higher experience, to get the benefit of such joint training as the staff could bestow. The old West Point officers, as the only men really ready for the work, now naturally came into extraordinary prominence. The attempt being abandoned which had first been made, to keep the small body of regulars a force apart, as a kind of special reserve, they were distributed among the divisions gradually formed, their former officers being for the most part also distributed among the volunteers with higher rank. Lincoln himself prudently adopted this mode of utilizing the only educated soldiers available. He took counsel with the seniors as to the capabilities of those upon the regimental lists, or returning to the service voluntarily from civil employ; and the first large lists of generals created included not only such names as those of Grant, Sherman, Meade, Thomas, Kearney, Hooker, and Slocum, each a celebrity in his way in the campaigns to come, but a number of others who were at least efficient in their first duty of the instruction of raw troops. The theory so carefully inculcated at West Point had now full scope for being carried out in practice, and it is probable that the value of thorough early professional training was never more signally illustrated. With all their exertions, however, the task of organization at first seemed beyond the powers of the military staff, as that of administration exceeded the powers of the civilians hastily brought in to execute the important duties of the commissariat; and for some time the sight was not uncommon of one regiment left to exist on unbaked flour and other raw supplies, whilst its next-door neighbor was abundantly furnished with all camp requisites. Such inequalities, however, as well as those first apparent in the arms carried, which were of various patterns and values, were gradually overcome by energy and lavish expenditure. But it was at first found harder to discipline than to feed this great armed horde—for such it really was for some weeks after MacClellan took the command.

In such a case discipline must com-

mence from above, and the new general had reason enough to be daunted by the condition of his body of officers. How the volunteer regiments were furnished with these has already been described. Numbers of those who had gained commissions so easily were quite unfit to exercise authority, and yet under the Federal military code had precisely the same powers over their men as if they had served in the regulars all their lives. Of course such authority would often be abused; and the difficulties thus arising were enhanced by the fact, that the same code appeared to keep the officers, however inefficient or unworthy, free from any penalty not inflicted by a legally assembled court-martial. In practise it was found quite impossible to carry out this principle. It was evaded, therefore, by the rough expedient of putting the officer charged with an offence under arrest as though for trial, and detaining him in this ignominious position until he resigned his commission, any appeal to the president for intervention being forwarded with the accompanying instruction that it was necessary for him to exercise his supreme authority and dismiss the applicant. A large part of the openly profligate or irregular were thus sternly weeded out. But it was more difficult by far to deal with the numerous cases of incompetency. To purge the army from these certain examination committees were after some time appointed which went to their work unflinchingly. The examinations were purposely deferred till the generals had obtained some personal knowledge of the officers to be tested, which was furnished in private notes to the committee. Upon this information chiefly the examination was based, and made more or less severe at discretion, the object being not so much really to try the capabilities, as to settle the future position of those summoned to it. If the candidate was known to have taken pains already, or to be likely to improve, the questioning was simple, and the certificate easily gained. If ill reported of, he was invariably made to fail. Ludicrous and painful scenes followed, and we are told of some who literally cast themselves at their judges' feet, imploring them to spare the suppliant the loss not merely of his epaulettes, but of the income it had cost him so much to earn. Injustice, it is added, was no doubt done in some instances, but a less injustice than the retention of these inefficient men in the army would have been to the soldiers below them. The governors of States, it should be observed,

still retained the nominal right of filling up the vacancies that daily followed on the application of this test. But when once it was made clear that the nominee would be disqualified for ignorance, nomination became of little use, and promotion fell naturally to the regimental authorities, and usually to the most useful officers. This process of elimination in the upper ranks told speedily on the general discipline. Not that American volunteers ever acquire that outward respect for their military superiors which is the law of European armies. But, at least, orders came to be obeyed. Officers who had the natural gift of command rapidly acquired the trust of their men, intelligence and education making it much easier to enforce regulations than an outward observer of the easy manners on either side would have believed. Once well understood to be salutary, the necessary constraints of military life were submitted to with extraordinary readiness, and, except in the case of a few regiments of foreigners, turbulence and continued disobedience were quite as unknown as in more thoroughly disciplined armies. There was one isolated attempt at mutiny, indeed, very soon after Mac-Clellan assumed command; but it was put down with ease by the prompt use of some regulars who were at hand, and the only punishment inflicted was the deprivation of the regimental standard, the battalion thus disgraced becoming afterwards one of the best-behaved corps in the army.

An extraordinary test of the obedience of these volunteers to reasonable orders, proving also a great advantage to their subsequent discipline, was the decision taken very early to exclude absolutely all intoxicating liquors from the camps. The provost-marshal diligently searched the canteens from time to time to see this carried out. The only spirits kept by the commissariat were reserved strictly for hospital cases, or issued under special orders to parties put to extraordinarily hard work, or encamped in swamps. Out of Washington itself it soon came to pass that a drunken soldier was a thing unknown, and throughout the subsequent operations it proved easy to enforce the rule, except, indeed, again in the case of the foreign regiments, the Germans, on opportunity, proving more faithful to their *lagerbier* than their orders, and other Europeans indulging stealthily in *eau-de-vie*.

The elements of discipline once established, drill and tactics followed in the order of instruction. Here again the absence of trained officers seemed to

present almost insuperable difficulties, and these were once more met by the superior intelligence of the men on which the historian dwells so admiringly. The large number of three field-officers to each battalion, borrowed by the Americans from our organization, would have been superfluous in a Frenchman's judgment for a standing army, but is admitted to have been found of the greatest advantage here, in the many cases where either the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, or the major took pains to show himself a willing learner as well as a teacher, and had a natural gift for command. Whichever it happened to be of the three fell naturally into the position of chief instructor to the battalion. The colonels, however, showed particular zeal in vying with each other in these exercises; and it was a common sight, after the day's drills were done, to see the officers assembled in their commander's tent to undergo a private course of instruction in the regulations to prepare for the work of the morrow. Much the same process of hard personal toil and study was carried out with the regimental account-keeping. But here the success was not so general as in the matter of drill; and the comte tells us that one must have been personally present at an inspection of some of these battalions, a duty that no doubt often fell on MacClellan's staff, to understand the miseries caused to some of the thousands of officers who were required as part of their duty to keep up regularly the books and returns prescribed by the regulations.

Gradually MacClellan's exertions bore fruit, and his ideas of making his command really mobile took practical substance. Order and discipline were fairly maintained; his staff was as efficient as its still modest numbers allowed; and regiments, brigades, and even divisions became units disposable for action at the need. One terrible flaw there remained that his powers could not mend, and as it lasted throughout the greater part of the war, and has never before been thoroughly exposed, it deserves special notice. Admirably as the American volunteer system served the special purpose of raising suddenly great bodies of men, it created no reserve whatever to supply vacancies. Once formed and sent away from its State, the regiment left no depot, for as all the posts considered worth filling were with the headquarters, there was no one who could carry on at its home the business of recruiting, much less of training. An action or two, a week in the sun, a swampy

bivouac, might leave it the mere skeleton of its former self; and although the same State or municipality might send a fresh battalion to relieve it, there was no connection between the two, nor any advantage to the new-comers from the experience of the reduced but comparatively veteran body. To have attempted to remedy this by altering the volunteer system at its root, would in all probability have been fatal to its working. Nor was it until the stern pressure of events made the dreaded word conscription familiar among the hitherto free citizens of the North, that the president obtained a power of keeping up the number of his most valuable corps. With conscription, or following soon upon it, a new commander-in-chief came into power, of a degree hitherto unknown; and General Grant, freely using the means denied to MacClellan, and consolidating two or three of the reduced corps of veterans into one, gained a vigor and steadiness for the army of the Potomac, unknown during its previous three years of service.

Each branch of the army formed with such pains by MacClellan had its peculiarities, which were reproduced in more or less degree whenever Federal troops were organized, and were, in fact, national characteristics. The comte is a friendly critic, but he is also keen and searching; and he tells us of the infantry, that the men were strong of limb, but careless of husbanding their powers for a long march, unskilled in the fitting of their equipments, and of a bad carriage. As to the care of their arms, it was a thing unknown to them; a fact that might be amply testified to by the independent witness of British officers, who saw the soldiers of Burnside and Hooker bivouacking on the Rappahannock under rude tents supported by their rusting muskets. Moreover the greater part of them were very indifferent shots in action, a fault due largely to the first issues of arms being of so wretched a character as to discourage target practice as part of the ordinary exercises.

The artillery was a very favorite arm with these volunteers, suiting, as our author justly observes it does, the American turn for mechanics. And the troops of this branch had the advantage of much better instruction relatively than the infantry, inasmuch as a large proportion of the old regular force were artillerymen, a fact which enabled MacClellan to assign a battery of regulars to each of his divisions as a model for those of the volunteers. The latter were organized entirely by sin-

gle companies or batteries, each commanded by a captain; thus the volunteer artillery was not burdened, as was the infantry, with a staff of untrained field-officers; and the regular artillery officers, as far as available, fell naturally into the vacant higher posts.

The greatest difficulty by far lay with the cavalry. Their regiments arrived strong in the numbers and zeal of their men, but wholly lacking all else that was needful for efficiency. Their equipments and chargers had to be supplied them by the Federal government, and when these were found the men had to be taught the art of riding, a new one to nearly all; for, as the comte observes, the Northern American has lost in this respect the traditional skill of the Anglo-Saxon race. It took several campaigns, therefore, to teach them the first elements of their business; and it may be added from other sources that in this they invariably aimed too high or too low for practical utility, whilst the necessary care of their horses was so neglected that a few days of service often left large detachments dismounted. In fact the want of steady exertions in this every-day duty for a long time paralyzed the cavalry of the Federal service; yet where good chiefs were forthcoming for certain regiments, the growth in aptitude for field duties was more marked and rapid than in the infantry, and gave special opportunities for distinction to the commanders.

As to the engineer branch, the difficulties at the commencement of the organization might have seemed in the abstract as great as with the horse, for the few trained officers belonging to this arm were scarcely enough to carry out the necessary works, far less to instruct the men enrolled. But a powerful aid was here at hand in the large class of civil engineers who were serving in the volunteers, men not highly taught in theory, but accustomed to deal with all the rude exigencies of a new country; and very soon some special regiments were trained effectively for the service, whilst the rougher works so abundantly used throughout the war were left to the infantry, who had always a share of skilled laborers among their ranks, and supplied the rest of what was needed from their general intelligence. In fact this constructive faculty of the volunteers was at first often greatly abused, as will be shown when we speak of the opening of MacClellan's operations; and round Washington it prevailed largely to the neglect of the necessary parade train-

ing. But on the other hand, the skill thus acquired proved of vast service afterwards, when movements became extended; and miles of solid intrenchments, thoroughly united by the favorite "corduroy" roads, made each great position after a short time impregnable; whilst huge bridges of simple but solid construction spanned great streams with a celerity that European armies could not, even with the same abundant material, have imitated. To such perfection was this branch of the art of war carried, that in Sherman's Atlantic campaign a solid trestlework bridge, half a mile long, was constructed in five days across the Chattahoochie, carrying the Federal line of operations forward firmly into the heart of Georgia, and ensuring the final success of the invasion.

Of the staff of these Federal armies, the comte tells us little except as to its insufficiency, which no doubt in the army of the Potomac he personally felt keenly. MacClellan, at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, had but four officers for his topographical duties, and eight for all his personal services. But it should be added that as the war grew more and more absorbing to the national mind, the old democratic jealousy of this necessary adjunct to military command faded away, and the two aides-de-camp assigned to MacDowell before Bull Run were represented in the best independent army corps formed in the war, that raised for the invasion of Alabama, by some thirty officers attached to General Wilson, the demands being probably then limited chiefly to the number of men qualified for the duties.

It is time that we should follow the Federal troops into the field, and see how the inherent peculiarities indicated were developed or modified by its trials. We take by natural preference of the many campaigns described in these volumes with a precision and yet richness of detail that deserve all praise, the great operation on the Richmond peninsula, which was conducted by MacClellan himself as soon as he believed his army of the Potomac to be in working order, and which was witnessed, and actively shared in, by the Comte de Paris. This first illustrated the slow but giant power of the North. This first displayed the admirable military skill of her greatest adversary. This too, closing in defeat and adversity for the Federals, gave their general and soldiers in the very crisis of that disaster the opportunity of showing how formidable was the leader's skill, how great the tenacity

of the army he had framed with such care out of the roughest materials civilized warfare ever threw together; a tenacity long since acknowledged as remarkable, and now shown to be due to the hereditary qualities of the American volunteer. But in acknowledging these, the comte's introduction recalls to us the praise due to MacClellan for the care which developed them; and the skill and pains he bestowed on his primary task of organization deserve all the more recognition, since they drew on him to some extent the sarcasm of his less patient fellow-countrymen, or at least seriously diminished his early popularity.

It was perhaps a consciousness of this change in public feeling that gave so much force to Lincoln's obstinacy in contesting MacClellan's proposed strategy. The army of the Potomac once declared ready for field service in the early spring of 1862, its general was set on using the best means of water transport at his disposal for throwing it at once on to the southern part of Virginia near Richmond. The president was as earnest in insisting that it should advance against that city overland, so as to keep constantly between Washington, from which it started, and the Confederate army. It would be going beyond the limits we have assigned ourselves to discuss this question in detail. All subsequent experience proved the justice of MacClellan's views, and most of all the bloody and ineffectual trials made by Grant more than two years later of the line of operations favored by the president, which line the general, after boasting that he would keep to it throughout the summer, was finally obliged to abandon as hopeless, falling back upon that which MacClellan selected from the first. For our purpose it is here enough to say that there was a sort of compromise forced upon the latter against his will; and when the transhipment of his army to the James peninsula was far advanced, a curt despatch told him the supreme authority of the president had detained before Washington the best of his four army corps, numbering nearly forty thousand men, under MacDowell, on which too he had specially reckoned for turning the defence east of Richmond by a flanking movement to be made to the north of his own line of advance. The comte's personal feelings in favor of his old chief are as strong as his championship of the Union cause, which he identifies from the first with the abolition that it adopted later. With him, therefore, the deduction of this con-

tingent assumes an importance which made it vitally injurious to the success of the campaign. But this assumption is by no means easy of proof, and indeed there is reason to dispute it from his own narrative. Those who read the subsequent chapters to which he refers will perhaps agree with us that the inherent difficulties of leading so great and yet so raw an army as MacClellan had against a chief such as Lee, who was soon to oppose him, and in such a country as that he entered on, would not have been lessened by a large numerical addition. The failure that followed was probably inherent in the conditions of the enterprise, including an element of over-caution in the commander, the action of which is hinted at not obscurely at various parts of the narrative. It is certainly impossible to lay the failure wholly on President Lincoln's shoulders; though no just critic can approve his interference with plans for the success of which he still held the general personally responsible.

Deprived of MacDowell's corps, the army of the Potomac was still a very formidable mass. The transhipment of one hundred and nine thousand men, with forty-four batteries of artillery and fifteen thousand mules and horses, might have seemed a difficult undertaking. In reality, however, it cost MacClellan less personal trouble than any other step of his campaign. Four hundred transports, with abundance of steam-power to move them, were at his disposal, and the operation was conducted with speed and success. On March 17th the first man stepped on board at Washington; on April 6th the last of the host landed at Fortress Munroe, near the extremity of the James-town peninsula, with no greater casualties reported than the loss of a few mules; two days earlier the advance-guard of the army had begun to move on Richmond, distant less than eighty miles in a direct line. The first twenty brought the head of its columns in face of an enemy.

We must pause here for a moment to illustrate from this point of the campaign how much more thoroughly the Comte de Paris has done his work than any of his predecessors. Former historians were content to say that the Confederates had taken up their first defensive position at Yorktown, some of them even omitting to remark that this spot, so important then, was still more famous eighty years before when the surrender of Cornwallis there closed the Revolutionary War. We need

not follow the writer in the glowing sentiments with which he naturally depicts the scene where French and American soldiers had side by side thrown up and held those investing lines that ruined the empire of Great Britain over the New World. We may borrow from him, however, the topographical secret as to the site which twice within a century gave its importance to an otherwise utterly obscure hamlet; and in doing this may complete what he tells by information from an even higher source. It must be remembered that the narrow peninsula that leads from the Atlantic to Richmond is bounded on the south side by the James, on the north by the York River, the former bringing its foreign trade to the city, the other being navigable for a long distance. The James was sealed to the Federal ships by the presence of the ironclad "Virginia," but their fleet might have accompanied the right of the army far up the peninsula as it moved onwards, but for the fact that the York River contracts at a point about twenty miles from its extremity, to such a degree as to be fully commanded from both shores. Here Yorktown lies on its southern side; and the Confederates, with heavy batteries there, and guns opposite at Gloucester Point, barred the stream effectually, and were as little likely to yield it without serious resistance as the British troops that lay on the same ground in the older war. Washington, however, had approached it from the Richmond side and invested it with ease, whilst the Federals found their task by no means so simple. It might have been supposed that if any tract of ground in the United States would be well known in a military sense, this historic spot would have thus been familiar. Such was far from being the case, however, and in stating this we come at once to the striking point of variation between the military art as practised in Europe and in America. Neither the engineers of the United States army, nor its general staff, had been maintained with any view to preparing for war on their own shores. The examination of important sites for defence, the preparation of good maps of even the coast line, were duties invariably deferred for want of hands to execute them, until Congress some day actually decided that such a post should be fortified. Outside the limits of Fortress Munroe the James peninsula was therefore an unknown country to the Federal staff. Of the few officers at MacClellan's side not one had ever been near Yorktown; and the wretched maps at hand served only to mislead. It

was known that not far from Yorktown a large stream, called Warwick Creek, emptied itself into the James; but no one present was aware that its sluggish and swampy course cuts the whole peninsula across to nearly within the range of heavy guns from the old British lines. These had now been repaired, and formidably armed, and, with the line of the creek, barred all further advance. But the want of any proper reconnoitring to precede the march, had left the Federals in such perfect ignorance of this, that, as we have heard from General MacClellan's lips, no difficulty was anticipated in marching by and investing Yorktown should it prove not to be abandoned, until the sixty thousand men who were marching on Richmond came suddenly, on April 5th, before the obstacle which actually checked them for a whole month. General Magruder, who commanded the Confederates, had with him at this time but eleven thousand men; for MacClellan's change of base by water from Washington to Fortress Munroe had deceived his adversaries, and the main force was still far to the north of Richmond. When the formidable truth became known there, advices were sent to Magruder to retire, before what was reported to be an overwhelming force. But he was obstinate by nature, and had no doubt the dislike natural to an old artilleryman to abandon the guns that had been brought to Yorktown with so much pains. With happy audacity, therefore, he resolved to hold his ground, and keeping six thousand men in or about the works of Yorktown, dispersed the rest along the Warwick Creek at the few openings where paths approached it, so as to make as much display of their numbers as possible. The wooded nature of the ground, especially near the swamps through which the stream took its course, favored this design, and for the time it completely imposed on his opponent. A vigorous attack on one of the slightly defended passages, with feints here and there to cover it, must have infallibly pierced his line, the comte tells us, and made him pay dearly for his temerity. Had this been done promptly, Yorktown would have been turned and invested at once, and the whole peninsula fallen into MacClellan's hands before the Confederates arrived to hold it in force. But the comte forgets that in stating all this he is ignoring his own conclusions. Quick-sighted reconnoitring followed by speedy decision, and a sharp advance on the decisive point as soon as the enemy's defensive position is fairly made out—

these are attributes of an invading army quite other than that which now stood still before Warwick Creek. Such combinations need more than docility, endurance, and the sense of numbers. For success of this sort there is demanded the steadiness, energy, and dash which only come with experience of war, or with the fullest peace training for that great ordeal, such as Prussia underwent before 1866. So the Federal host first halted, and presently sat down to make what might have been a formal siege attack of the weak line that imposed on them. Reinforcements were of course hurried up to Magruder, whilst MacClellan was preparing heavy batteries to sweep the passages; and though the Federals soon had their one hundred thousand men together, much precious time was lost before all was pronounced ready. On the 16th of April the attack was essayed, and at first with seeming success; for a Vermont regiment, covered by a crushing fire of artillery, got across the creek into the enemy's works. But the officers on the spot were so unskilled as to be paralyzed by their own advantage. None knew that this particular assault was to be turned into a decisive one if it succeeded; and so reserves were held back, and orders waited for, till the opportunity had passed by, the Vermonts being finally driven back with the loss of two hundred of their ranks.

Eleven days had already been lost before an insignificant obstacle, and the Federal soldiers were becoming discouraged at the evident want of enterprise in their commanders. Yet MacClellan was apparently afraid to risk another unsuccessful assault, and determined to attack Yorktown itself, the key of the hostile position, by regular siege works pushed on, the front of its lines covering the ground between Warwick Creek and the York river. And when orders were once given the new undertaking was carried on with a vigor and thoroughness that might have astonished the best engineers of Europe. All the pains before spent in preparing approaches to the passages of the creek were now concentrated on the mile and a half of open ground at its head. Wide buttresses for guns, spacious parallels, strong "corduroy" roads to bear the heaviest cannon, rude quays on which to land the siege trains that MacClellan resolved to use for this purpose, grew like works of magic under thousands of strong hands. The first parallel was traced on April 17th, the day after the repulse, along the edge of what, to the distant

spectator, might have seemed a trackless forest, the wood so dense that MacClellan's headquarter camp, though within the range of the enemy's guns, was found quite secure from them. On May 4th, the Confederates, now under Johnstone, discovering that they must be crushed in a few hours by the superior fire about to open, withdrew at nightfall from Yorktown, making good their retreat up the peninsula, but at the cost of sacrificing more than seventy heavy guns, abandoned in their haste. The York River was of course now opened to MacClellan's squadron, as the road to his troops, and both pushed on westward, their long hesitation and apparent imbecility hardly redeemed by the final success of this their first great operation.

We hurry purposely past the affair of Williamsburg which followed, to say a few words of the battle of Fair Oaks, the first great general action of the campaign, fought May 30 and 31. The Confederates here first showed that fierceness in the offensive which became the characteristic of their Virginian army, and crushed, though they did not destroy, as had been hoped at Richmond, the left wing of their enemy, on which the chief assault was directed. But they were sorely discouraged by the loss of their general, who was badly wounded at the very crisis of the day; and his temporary successor was quite unequal to the task of pushing promptly the advantages gained. On the Federal side, as the comte tells us plainly, there was much depression at the feeling that the defensive attitude, in which their general had thought victory certain, as suiting the character of American troops, had hardly saved them from disaster; and they were not aware how the depressing effect of Johnstone's withdrawal on the hitherto high spirits of the Confederates was greatly increased on its being discovered that MacClellan's care and skill had completely united the two wings of his army, now on the opposite banks of the Chickahominy, by careful roadmaking and bridging, so that each could promptly support the other at need. This precaution had been steadily carried out ever since MacClellan had decided to put his right across the stream to its north side, and when it became known to the Confederates, they gave up all hope of ruining the wing they had supposed isolated, and fell back towards Richmond, with but barren claim to victory.

Then came a pause in the campaign which lasted from the 1st to the 20th of

June. During all this time MacClellan kept his army divided by the Chickahominy for the same reason that had at first led him to occupy both sides of the stream. The key to a strategy that seems so unnecessarily dangerous lay originally in the hope he still had of drawing MacDowell's corps from the front of Washington to his aid by a land march, when he proposed to be ready to meet him, and aid its flanking movement by extending his right. Lincoln not only promised to spare it, but would no doubt have done so but for the genuine alarm created at Washington, at this crisis of the war, by Jackson's famous successes in the Shenandoah Valley campaign against the three divided Federal forces; forces which were to have overwhelmed him and captured his army, but which he beat with rapid successive strokes, such as for brilliant illustration of genius in war may fitly be compared with the wonderful efforts made by Napoleon in 1814, when with a handful of wayworn men, he for a time kept the Allies from approaching Paris.

When the hope of MacDowell's aid faded away, and Lincoln and his war secretary grew alarmed afresh for their capital, MacClellan still found it necessary to hold a portion of his army well to the north to cover the single line of supplies which brought him provisions by the railroad from York River, and which had recently been seriously threatened by Stuart's cavalry. All this time MacClellan's inaction seems to need excuse, since the Confederate force covering Richmond was much weaker than his own; but, on the comte's showing, the ceaseless and judicious activity displayed by the new Confederate commander, Lee, along various points of the Federal front, completely deceived his opponent on this head, and also completely concealed the weakness of the works of Richmond behind him, which were by no means of the formidable nature that was supposed in the Federal camp. There was a distinct mistrust, we are told, of the powers of the army for direct attack, as compared with those it could put forth in intrenchments and works of approach — and a feeling of this sort was unfavorable to action. Corinth had just fallen in the West to a long and tedious series of operations conducted by Halleck on the principles of the engineer rather than those of the general; and men asked themselves whether it were not best after all to enter a place abandoned by the enemy than to take a ruined work at a heavy cost. The throwing up of lines

of cover, and the burning of powder, many of the Federal generals believed at this time, might be so managed as to make success with superior numbers assured, and to spare the risk there must always be in a supreme struggle for the mastery. MacClellan, we must believe, was under the influence of the sentiments his former aide-de-camp freely ascribes to those around him; for the fourth week since the indecisive battle of Fair Oaks was entered on without further result than the retention of the ground held within a few miles of the Confederate capital, while the hoped-for coöperation from Washington was awaited. But on the 24th of June news brought by a deserter made it certain that Jackson and his corps were far advanced on the march towards Richmond, and it needed no inspiration to foretell that their arrival would put an end to this state of inaction.

The "strategic change of base" which has been made a sort of mocking byword against the name of MacClellan, became instantly a necessity, as his historian shows, from the moment that it was certain that Jackson had been allowed by his former adversaries to withdraw his corps secretly and swiftly to Lee's aid, although it made part of a deliberate design which circumstances forced on the Federal general. "Only those," says the comte, "who have known what the burden is of such a heavy responsibility, who have pointed out long beforehand the dangers that the faults of others would cause, and after having thus shown them in vain, have suddenly been compelled to face them, can know what the thoughts were that then filled the soul of the Federal chief." But, instead of giving way under the trial, he drew inspiration from it, and decided at once on the only movement which promised immediate safety for his army, with perhaps a final counter-attack on Richmond along the James; the transfer of his army from the Chickahominy to the north bank of the former river, with the simultaneous abandonment of the communications leading to the York, on which the coming blow would be directed. Hastily collecting, therefore, a large stock of provisions, including twenty-five hundred cattle, he prepared to make a flank march from the Chickahominy to the James with no other supplies, through a difficult country, chiefly covered by a swampy forest known as the White Creek. The step was a singularly bold one, and in striking contrast to the caution which had hitherto marked his operations. But this contrast, as his his-

torian observes, suits well the American character, which can at times combine the strangest daring with its ordinary prudence and hesitation.

Unfortunately for MacClellan's reputation his movements were not as prompt as his designs. Perhaps this was inevitable with so large a mass of comparatively raw troops to deal with; but the fact might have been put with more plainness in the narrative before us, which at this one point seems to fail in precision. He expected that the combined Confederate attack would be made on the 28th, but this estimate did not allow sufficiently for the eagerness and speed of his adversaries. On the eve of the 26th they began to fall upon his exposed wing, and on the 27th the apparently decisive battle of Gaines' Hill found Jackson turning the Federal right and driving it back over the Chickahominy, crushed in numbers and spirit, and abandoning a large part of its guns to the victorious foe, whilst Magruder's false attack along the southern bank had kept the main body of the Federals too fully occupied to support it.

It was no wonder that the Confederates asserted their victory, and even hoped for such a crowning triumph as might close the war at a blow. The passages of the stream were in their hands; the country between it and the James was, as before explained, a difficult one, better known to them than their adversary. And he had, to all appearance, lost his proper communications beyond hope of recovery. Destruction or surrender might have seemed the only alternative, judged by the ordinary precedents of war. But it was precisely here that such precedents failed. Although the "strategic change of base" had now become a flight for safety, to be executed in the very face of a victorious enemy whose vigor and skill had just been so signally displayed, MacClellan lost not his confidence in himself, and, what is far more surprising, his men showed as much trust in his leadership, and as much faith in their own defensive power, as though they were the victors instead of the vanquished in the struggle at the Chickahominy. The history of European warfare may be ransacked in vain to find a parallel to the events of the six days that followed. Through the White Oak Swamp one hundred thousand men took their retreating way, carrying with them their provisions and stores. On their rear and on either flank pressed the pursuers flushed

with recent victory. From the east Jackson sought to complete his late success by intercepting them wherever there seemed an opening to thrust his troops between them and the road to the James. From the west Magruder, burning to take a more distinguished part than had yet been his lot, pressed the other flank. But the Federals never lost heart, nor yielded any decisive point till it could serve no longer to cover their retreat. From the very difficulties of the swamp and forest, which had seemed to threaten them with destruction or shame, their unfailing nerve and steadiness drew safety and honor. The dangers of the ground to be traversed turned to their advantage when it ceased, and having made good their retreat through the White Oak to the open ground on the James, where their gunboats lay waiting to cover their retreat, they rested and turned fiercely to face the pursuers in the first position suited to form line. Desperate at the thought of their coming escape, Magruder threw his eager regiments on the foe before him, prepared at any sacrifice to push it in panic rout back on the James; and the bloody counterstroke of Malvern Hill, which drove his corps back shattered from an untouched position, covered the close of this extraordinary campaign with a halo of success for the Federals which threw for the time into the shade their late defeat and the long hesitancy that had preceded it. At Malvern Hill they first taught the Confederates the truth which the world is slowly realizing, that the American soldier is most formidable when apparently defeated, and least subject to panic when retreating before a victorious enemy.*

* These concluding lines will be read with melancholy interest when it is known that they are the last which proceeded from the pen of our valued friend and contributor, Colonel Charles Chesney, of the Royal Engineers. Within a few days of the completion of this paper he fell a victim, in the discharge of his public duties, to the singular inclemency of this untoward spring. As a military critic Colonel Chesney was admitted, both here and abroad, to stand in the first rank of English contemporary writers—accurate, dispassionate, and profoundly imbued with the principles and history of his art. In these pages he has frequently traced the progress and changes which are taking place in the science of warfare, more especially as illustrated by the campaigns of the American and German armies; and the improvements which he had studied in foreign armies he labored, not unsuccessfully, to introduce into our own. No greater loss could be sustained by the service, and we may add by the literature of the service, than the premature death of this modest and accomplished soldier, whose large acquirements and mature judgment will not easily be replaced. To his friends the loss is still more irreplaceable.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HILL.

AFTER this a long interval passed, which it is needless to describe in detail. Five years is a long time in a life; how much it does! Makes ties and breaks them, gives life and withdraws it, finds you happy and leaves you miserable, builds you up or plucks you down; and at the same time how little it does! Buffets you, caresses you, plays at shuttlecock with you; yet leaves you the same man or woman, unchanged. Most of this time James Beresford had spent in absences, now here, now there; not travels according to the old happy sense, though in a real and matter-of-fact sense they were more travels than those he had made so happily in the honeymooning days. But he did not like to use the word. He called his long voyages absences, nothing more. And they were of a very different kind from those expeditions of old. He avoided the Continent as if pestilence had been there, and would not even cross it to get the mail at Brindisi, but went all the way round from Southampton when he went to the East. He went up the Nile, with a scientific party, observing some phenomena or other. He went to America in the same way. He was not a very good sailor, but he made up his mind to that as the best way of fighting through those lonely years. Once he went as far north as any but real Arctic explorers, with their souls in it, had ever done. Once he tracked the possible path of Russia across the wildest border wastes to the Indian frontier. He went everywhere languidly but persistently, seldom roused, but never discouraged. A man may be very brave outside, though he is not brave within; and weakness is linked to strength in ways beyond our guessing. He went into such wilds once, that they gave him an "ovation" at the Geographical Society's meeting, not because of any information he had brought them, or anything he had done, but because he had been so far off, where so few people had ever been. And periodically he came back to the square; he would not leave that familiar house. His wife's drawing-room was kept just as she had liked it, though no one entered the room; the cook and John the butler, who had married, having the charge of everything. And when Mr. Beresford came

back to England, he went home, living down-stairs generally, with one of his travelling-companions to bear him company. Maxwell and he had dropped apart. They were still by way of being fast friends, and doubtless, had one wanted the other, would still have proved so—last resource of friendship, in which the severed may still hope. But as nothing happened to either, their relations waxed cold and distant. The doctor had never got clear of the suspicion which had risen in his mind at Mrs. Beresford's death. It is true that had James Beresford given the poor lady that "strong sweet dose" she once had asked for, Maxwell would have forgiven his friend with all his heart. I do not know, in such a strange case, what the doctor could have done; probably exactly as he did afterwards do, invent a death-certificate which might be accepted as possible, though it was not in accordance with the facts. But, anyhow, he would have taken up warmly, and stood by his friend to his last gasp. This being the case, it is impossible to tell on what principle it was that Maxwell half hated Beresford, having a lurking suspicion that he had done it, a suspicion contradicted by his own statement and by several of the facts. But this was the case. The man who would have helped his wife boldly, heart-brokenly, to escape from living agony, was one thing; but he who would give her a fatal draught, or connive at her getting it, and then veil himself so that no one should know, was different. So Mr. Maxwell thought. The inconsistency might be absurd, but it was so. They positively dropped out of acquaintance. The men who visited James Beresford when he was at home, were men with tags to their names, mystic initials, F.G.S.'s, F.R.S.'s, F.S.A.'s, and others of that class. And Maxwell, who was his oldest friend, dropped off. He said to himself that if Beresford ever wanted him badly, he would find his friendship surviving. But Beresford did not want Maxwell nor Maxwell Beresford; and thus they were severed for a suspicion which would not have severed them had it been a reality, or so at least Maxwell thought. The doctor still went down once a week regularly to visit Miss Charity, and so kept up his knowledge of the family; but "nothing came" of the old fancy that had been supposed to exist between him and Cherry. They all hardened down unconsciously, these middle-aged folk, in their various ways. The doctor became a little rougher, a little redder, a trifle more weatherbeaten; and Miss Cherry grew

imperceptibly more faded, more slim, more prim. As for Miss Charity, being now over seventy, she was younger than ever; her unwrinkled cheeks smoother, her blue eyes as blue, her step almost more alert, her garden more full of roses. "After seventy," she tersely said, "one gets a new lease." And Mrs. Burchell, at the rectory, was a little stouter, and her husband a little more burly, and both of them more critical. Fifty is perhaps a less amiable age than threescore and ten. I am not sure that it is not the least amiable age of all; the one at which nature begins to resent the fact of growing old. Of all the elder generation, James Beresford was the one to whom it made least change, notwithstanding that he was the only one who had "come through" any considerable struggle. He was still speculative, still fond of philosophical talk, still slow to carry out to logical conclusions any of the somewhat daring theories which he loved to play with. He was as little affected as ever by what he believed and what he did not believe.

As for Cara, however, these five years had made a great difference to her; they had widened the skies over her head and the earth under her feet. Whereas she had been but twelve, a child, groping and often in the dark, now she was seventeen, and every new day that rose was a new wonder to her. Darkness had fled away, and the firmament all around her quivered and trembled with light; night but pretended to be, as in summer, when twilight meets twilight, and makes the moment of so-called midnight and darkness the merriest and sweetest of jests. Everything was bright around her feet, and before her in that flowery path which led through tracts of sunshine. She was no more afraid of life than the flowers are. Round about her the elders, who were her guides, and ought to have been her examples, were not, she might have perceived, had she paused to think, exuberantly happy. They had no blessedness to boast of, nor any exemption from common ills; but it no more occurred to Cara to think that she, *she*, could ever be like her good Aunt Cherry, or Mrs. Burchell, than that she could be turned into a blue-bird, like the prince in the fairy-tale. The one transformation would have been less wonderful than the other. She had lived chiefly at Sunninghill during her father's absence, and it was a favorite theory with the young Burchells, all but two (there were ten of them), that she would progress in time to be the Miss Cherry, and then

the Miss Charity, of that maiden house. A fate was upon it, they said. It was always to be in the hands of a Miss Beresford, an old-maidish Charity, to be transmitted to another Charity after her. This was one of the favorite jokes of the rectorial household, warmly maintained except by two, *i.e.*, Agnes, the eldest, a young woman full of aspirations, and Roger, the second boy, who had aspirations too, or rather who had one aspiration, of which Cara was the object. She would not die Charity Beresford if he could help it; but this was a secret design of which nobody knew. Cara's presence, it may be supposed, had made a great deal of difference at Sunninghill. It had introduced a governess and a great many lessons; and it had introduced juvenile parties and an amount of fun unparalleled before in the neighborhood. Not that she was a very merry child, though she was full of visionary happiness; but when she was there, there too was drawn everything the two other elder Charity Beresfords could think of as delightful. The amusements of the princesses down in St. George's were infinitely less considered. To be sure there were many of them, and Cara was but one. She would have been quite happy enough in the garden, among the roses; but because this was the case she had every "distraction" that love could think of, and all the young people in the neighborhood had reason to rejoice that Cara Beresford had come to live with her aunts at Sunninghill.

However, these delights came to an end when Mr. Beresford came home at length "to settle." To say with what secret dismay, though external pleasure, this news was received at "the Hill" would require a volume. The hearts of the ladies there sank into their shoes. They did not dare to say anything but that they were delighted.

"Of course I am to be congratulated," Miss Charity said, with a countenance that seemed to be cut out of stone. "To see James settle down to his life again is the greatest desire I can have. What good was he to any one, wandering like that over the face of the earth? We might all have been dead and buried before we could have called him back."

"Of course we are *delighted*," said Miss Cherry, with a quaver in her voice. "He is my only brother. People get separated when they come to our time of life, but James and I have always been one in heart. I am more glad than words can say." And then she cried. But she was

not a strong-minded or consistent person, and her little paradoxes surprised nobody. Miss Charity herself, however, who was not given to tears, made her blue eyes more muddy that first evening after the news came, than all her seventy years had made them. "What is the child to do?" she asked abruptly when they were alone; "of an age to be 'out,' and without a chap-eron, or any sense in his head to teach him that such a thing is wanted?"

"You would not like him to marry again?" said Miss Cherry, blowing her agitated nose.

"I'd like him to have some sense, or sensible notions in his head, whatever he does. What is to become of the child?"

Alas! I fear it was, "What is to become of us without her?" that filled their minds most.

It was autumn; the end of the season at which the Hill was most beautiful. It had its loveliness too in winter, when the wonderful branching of the trees—all that symmetry of line and network which summer hides with loving decorations—was made visible against the broader background of the skies, which gained infinitude from the dropping of those evanescent clouds of foliage. But the common mind rejected the idea of the Hill in winter as that place of bliss which it was acknowledged to be during the warmer half of the year. In autumn, however, the "mists and mellow fruitfulness" of the great plain, the tints of fervid color which came to the trees, the soft hazy distances and half-mournful brightness of the waning season, gave the place a special beauty. There were still abundant flowers fringing the lawn; blazing red salvias, geraniums, all the warm-hued plants that reach the "fall;" big hollyhocks flaunting behind backs, and languishing dahlias. Some late roses lingered still; the air was sweet with the faint soft perfume of mignonette; petunias, just on the point of toppling over into decay, made a flutter of white and lilac against the walls, and here and there a bunch of belated honeysuckle, or cluster of jessamine stars out of date, threw themselves forth upon the trellis. It was on the sweetest, mellow autumnal day, warm as July, yet misty as October, that the Miss Beresfords had their last garden-party for Cara. All their parties were for Cara; but this was especially hers, her friends far and near coming to take leave of her, as her life at the Hill terminated.

"She goes just at the proper moment," Miss Charity said, sitting out on the lawn

in her white crape shawl, receiving her visitors, with St. George's and all the plain beyond shining through the autumn branches like a picture laid at her feet. "She takes the full good of us to the last, and when winter comes, which lays us bare, she will be off with the other birds. She lasts just a little longer than the swallows," said the old lady with a laugh.

"But you can't wonder, dear Mrs. Beresford, that she should wish to go to her father. What can come up to a father?" said Mrs. Burchell, meaning, it is to be supposed, to smooth over the wound.

Miss Charity lifted her big green fan ominously in her hand. It was closed, and it might have inflicted no slight blow; and, of all things in the world, it would have pleased the old lady most to bring it down smartly upon that fat hand, stuffed desperately into a tight purple glove, and very moist and discolored by the confinement, which rested on the admirable clergywoman's knee.

Meanwhile, Roger Burchell, who was bold, and did not miss his chances, had got Cara away from the croquet-players and the talk, on pretence of showing her something. "I am coming to see you in town," he said. "It is as easy to go there as to come here, and I shan't care for coming here when you are gone. So you need not say good-bye to me."

"Very well," said Cara, laughing; "is that all? I don't mean to say good-bye to any one. I am not going for good. Of course I shall come back."

"You will never come back just the same," said Roger; "but mind what I tell you. I mean to come to town. I have an aunt at Notting Hill. When I get leave from the college I shall go there. The old lady will be pleased, and so you shall see me every Sunday, just as you do now."

"Every Sunday!" said Cara, slightly surprised. "I don't mind, Roger; it can't matter to me; but I don't think they will like it here."

"They will like it if you do," said the enterprising youth. He was twenty, and soon about to enter on his profession, which was that of an engineer. He was not deeply concerned as to what his parents might feel, but at the same time he was perfectly confident of their appreciation of Cara as an excellent match, should that luck be his. This is not intended to mean that Roger thought of Cara as a good match. He had, on the contrary, an honest boyish love for her, quite true and genuine, if not of the highest kind. She

was the prettiest girl he knew, and the sweetest. She was clever too, in her way, though that was not his way. She was the sort of girl to be proud of, wherever you might go with her; and, in short, Roger was so fond of Cara, that but for that brilliant idea of his, of passing his Sundays with his aunt at Notting Hill instead of at home, her departure would have clouded heaven and earth for him. As it was, he felt the new was rather an improvement on the old; it would throw him into closer contact with the object of his love. Cara took the arrangement generally with great composure. She was glad enough to think of seeing some one on the dull Sundays; and somehow the Sundays used to be duller in the square, where nobody minded them, than at the Hill, where they were kept in the most orthodox way. Thus she had no objection to Roger's visits; but the prospect did not excite her. "I suppose you are soon going away somewhere?" she said with great calm. "Where are you going? to India? You cannot come from India to your aunt at Notting Hill."

"But I shall not go—not as long as I can help it—not till——"

Here Roger looked at her with eager eyes. He was not handsome; he was stoutly built, like his father, with puffy cheeks and premature black whiskers. But his eyes at the present moment were full of fire. "Not till——" How much he meant by that broken phrase; and to Cara it meant just nothing at all. She did not even look at him, to meet his eyes, which were so full of ardor. But she was not disinclined to loiter along this walk instead of joining the crowd. She was thinking her own thoughts, not his.

"I wonder if papa will be changed? I wonder if the house will look strange? I wonder"—said Cara, half under her breath. She was not talking to him, yet perhaps if he had not been with her she would not have said the words aloud. He was a kind of shield to her from others, an unconscious half-companion. She did not mind what she said when he was there. Sometimes she replied to him at random; often he so answered her, not knowing what she meant. It was from want of comprehension on his part, not want of attention; but it was simple carelessness on hers. He listened to these wonderings of hers eagerly, with full determination to fathom what she meant.

"He will be changed, and so will the house," said Roger. "We may be sure of it. You were but a child when you

left; now you are a— young lady. Even if he was not changed, you would think him so," cried Roger, with insight which surprised himself; "but those who have grown up with you, Cara—I, for instance, who have seen you every day, I can never change. You may think so, but you will be mistaken. I shall always be the same."

She turned to look at him, half amused, half wondering. "You, Roger; but what has that to do with it?" she said. How little she cared! She had faith in him: oh, yes; did not think he would change; believed he would always be the same. What did it matter? It did not make her either sadder or gladder to know that it was unlikely there would be any alteration in him.

"What are you doing here, Cara, when you ought to be looking after your guests, or playing croquet, or amusing yourself?"

"I am amusing myself, Aunt Cherry, as much as I wish to amuse myself. It is not amusing to go away."

"My darling, we must think of your poor father," said Miss Cherry, her voice trembling; "and there are all your young friends. Will you go and help to form that game, Roger? They want a gentleman. Cara, dear, I would rather you did not walk with Roger Burchell like this, when everybody is here."

"He said he had something to show me," said Cara. "I was glad to get away. All this looks so like saying farewell; as if I might never be here again."

"Cara, if you make me cry, I shall not be fit to be seen; and we must not make a show of ourselves before all these people." Miss Cherry pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "I am so silly; my eyes get so red for nothing. What did Roger have to show you? He ought to be at work, that boy."

"He has an aunt at Notting Hill," said Cara, with a soft laugh; "and he told me he meant to come to town on Sundays instead of coming here. He says he shall see me quite as often as usual. I suppose he thought I should miss him. Poor Roger! if that were all!"

"But, Cara, we must not allow that," said Miss Cherry. "I must speak to his mother. See him every Sunday, as usual! it is ridiculous; it must be put a stop to. Roger Burchell! a lad who is nobody, who has his way to make in the world, and neither connections, nor fortune, nor any advantage——"

Here Miss Cherry was arrested by Cara's look turned calmly upon her, with-

out excitement or anxiety, yet with that half-smile which shows when a young observer has seen the weak point in the elder's discourse.

"What should his connections or his fortune have to do with it if he wanted to see me and I wanted to see him?" said Cara; "we have been friends all our lives. But do not make yourself uneasy, Aunt Cherry; for though I might, perhaps, like well enough to see Roger now and then, I don't want him every Sunday. What would papa say? Roger thinks Sunday in the square is like Sunday here—church, and then a stroll, and then church again. You know it was not like that when I was at home before."

"No," said Miss Cherry, with a sigh, "but then it was different." She had her own thoughts as to whose fault that was, and by whose influence James had been led away from natural churchgoing; but she was far too loyal, both to the dead and to the living, to show this. "Cara," she added, hurriedly, "in that respect, things will be as you like best hereafter. You will be the one to settle what Sunday is to be—and what a great many other things are to be. You must realize what is before you, my dear child."

"I can't realize Roger there in papa's library," said Cara, "or up-stairs. Am I to live *there*? in the drawing-room. Will it never be changed?"

"It is so pretty, Cara—and you would like the things to be as pleased her," said Miss Cherry, in trembling tones.

Cara did not make any response—her face wore a doubtful expression, but she did not say anything. She turned her back upon the landscape, and looked up at the house. "Shall I never come back just the same?" she said. "Roger says so; but he is not clever—how should he know? what should change me? But the square is not like the Hill," she added, with a little shiver. "Papa will not think of me as you do—everything for Cara; that will make a change."

"But you can think of him," said Cherry, "everything for *him*; and perhaps for a woman that is the happiest way of the two."

Once more Cara was silent. Clouds of doubt, of reluctance, of unwilling repugnance, were floating through her mind. She had a horror and fear of the square, in which her life was henceforward to be passed—and of her father, of whom she knew so much more than he was aware. For a moment the old tumult in her soul about the secret she had never told came

surging back upon her, a sudden tide from which she could scarcely escape. "Come, Aunt Cherry," she said, suddenly seizing her astonished companion by the arm. "Come and play for us. We must have a dance on the lawn my last day."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WHEN THE SEA WAS YOUNG.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WE are best able to realize the fact that our earth is a globe-shaped orb, one among many such orbs peopling space, when we contemplate the wide expanse of ocean. Although the teachings of astronomy place the real figure of our earth beyond all possibility of question, it is nevertheless not readily rendered sensible to observation. Whatever science may teach us, we usually see the earth as a generally level surface arched over by a dome of sky, which, whether clear or veiled by clouds, deceives us as to the earth's true extent and figure. Not only is this apparent shape of the sky deceptive, suggesting a somewhat flattened dome rather than the visible half of a space which, if regarded as bounded at all, should appear as bounded by a perfectly spherical surface, but the sky, seeming to spring from the visible terrestrial horizon, appears to have an arch of very limited extent. Under ordinary conditions we unconsciously regard the portion of the sky which lies next to the visible horizon as some five or six miles from us at the utmost,* while the part overhead seems not more than two or three miles from us. Where the air is exceptionally clear the extent of the sky-vault appears somewhat greater; but ordinarily some such conception as we have indicated is suggested respecting the size and shape of the dome which the heavens appear to form over our heads. And accordingly, when we try to realize the idea that the

* That the mind does not, in its unconscious action, attribute a very great distance to the horizon is shown by the strange illusion produced during balloon ascents. As the balloon rises the horizon seems to rise up all around the aeronaut, so that the visible portion of the earth beneath him seems to assume the shape of a vast basin. If the mind assigned its true distance to the circle where land and sky seemed to meet, this illusion would not occur; for there can of course be no doubt that the apparent rising of the horizon all round the rising balloon is due to the idea present in the aeronaut's mind that, while he rises perceptibly from the earth, the circle forming the visible land-horizon ought perceptibly to sink, which it would do if it were as near as it had been unconsciously assumed to be.

earth is a globe, we unconsciously picture it as a globe enclosed within the sky-vault, which we conceive as extended below the horizon so as entirely to surround the earth. According to this conception the earth would have a diameter of no more than some thirteen or fourteen miles; and reason at once rejects this conception as altogether inadequate. But where there is a wide expanse of ocean, whether partially limited or not by land scenery, the real extent of the terrestrial globe is suggested, though not actually indicated. The mind recognizes, from the appearances presented to the eye, that the ocean has a curved surface of enormous extent; while the arch of the sky is recognized as manifestly not springing from the visible horizon, itself thrown much further away (if the eye is well raised above the sea-level) than when an ordinary land surface limits the range of view. When the air is very clear, so that objects many miles beyond the water-horizon can be distinctly seen, the sense of the real vastness of the terrestrial globe is still more strongly impressed on the mind, especially if the objects so seen are such that their actual distance and position can be recognized. For instance, a portion of elevated land surface seen beyond the sea-horizon does not so strongly suggest real remoteness as a ship "hull down," unless there should happen to be land nearly at the distance of the sea-horizon, so that by the greater distinctness of such nearer land the remoteness of other land seen above the horizon-line is indicated.*

But apart from the effect produced, as it were instinctively, by the actual appearance of the ocean, another effect is produced on the mind by the consideration of the ocean's real nature. Of all terrestrial features the ocean is the one which best deserves to be regarded as cosmical. Rather, perhaps, it should be said that the division of a planet's surface into land and water is the characteristic most readily to be recognized when the planet is viewed from some other celestial orb; so that when we contemplate our ocean we are regarding a feature of the earth as a planet—one, too, whereof others besides the inhabitants of the earth may be cognisant. The thought that we may thus be sharing our impressions of the earth's con-

dition with beings of some other world—that, in however diverse a degree, inhabitants of Venus, or of Mercury, or perhaps even of Mars, may be able to note that very feature which we are considering—brings forcibly before the mind the fact, otherwise so hard to realize, that this earth of ours is a globe travelling like the other planets round the sun, rotating on its axis as we see the other planets rotating; and that, in fine, of all those orbs which astronomy presents to us as distributed and moving so variously through space, the earth is that one which we are able to examine under the most favorable conditions. So that an astronomer at such times comes to recognize an astronomical and cosmical, rather than a merely terrestrial, interest in the contemplation of our earth. He finds his science brought into close connection with terrestrial researches, since these afford the only means available for examining one among the orbs which form the subject of his study. And although his observations may serve to render him very doubtful whether among all the orbs in space there is a single one which very closely resembles the earth, yet he finds reason also to believe that in general respects the earth's past and future condition illustrate well the significance of phenomena presented by orbs now very unlike her. So that the astronomer finds a new interest in contemplating the earth as one among the bodies to which his science relates. It is not merely with regard to space, but with regard to time also, that her aspect, thus viewed, becomes suggestive. This globe, to which we are bound by the chains of a universal force, is not only among the unnumbered and all-various globes scattered throughout infinite space, but we perceive in her the traces of processes carrying back our thoughts over unnumbered æons in the past, the germs of effects belonging to periods as immense in the remote future.

In this respect the study of the ocean is especially suggestive. For of all things terrestrial the ocean is at once the most ancient and the one which will endure longest. Mountains and hills have from time immemorial been taken as emblems of the long-lasting. The Bible speaks of "the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills;" compares "the precious things brought forth by the sun and moon" with "the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills;" and, as a supreme type of the Almighty's power, Habakkuk says, "God stood and measured the earth; and the

* For the same reason an ocean scene at night is seldom so suggestive of the earth's real nature as a daylight view of the ocean; for the curvature of the ocean-surface cannot be clearly recognized at night, nor usually can any objects far beyond the sea-horizon be perceived at all, still less their true distance appreciated.

everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow." But, in reality, the mountains are young compared with the ocean,* while for ages after our present mountains have disappeared the same ocean whose waves beat now upon our shores will lave the shores of continents as yet unformed.

But even those periods of the ocean's history which are thus brought before our thoughts—the vast ages during which the land surface of the globe has been constantly changing, rising and sinking alternately according to the varying pressures exerted by the earth's interior forces, and the ages yet to come, during which like changes will take place—are as nothing compared with the duration of three stages of the ocean's history, one of which we now purpose to consider. The ocean's entire existence under its present aspect is one of these stages; of the others, one preceded and the other will follow the present stage at intervals of probably many hundred millions of years; while the waters comprising the ocean presented during the first stage, and will present during the coming, or third stage, an appearance utterly unlike that of the ocean in the present era of its existence.

It is now admitted by almost all students of science that the earth, and the solar system of which she is a member, reached their present condition by processes of development. The exact nature of those processes may be matter of doubt and uncertainty, just as the exact nature of the process of development by which

animal types have reached their present condition may be doubtful. But exactly as biologists hold by almost universal consent the general doctrine of development, though they differ as to the exact course along which such development proceeded, so every astronomer of repute believes in the evolution of the solar system by natural processes, though different ideas may be entertained as to the exact history, either of the solar system as a whole, or of its various members, during long-past æons of ages. Whatever theory of evolution we adopt, however, or in whatever way we combine the various theories which have been advanced, one fact in the past history of our earth stands out with unmistakable distinctness. The whole frame of the globe on which we live, and move, and have our being, was once glowing with intense heat. Whether we consider the earth's frame with the geologist, or study with the astronomer the nature of the planets' movements and the evidence so afforded respecting prior conditions of the solar system, we are alike forced to this conclusion. At a very remote period the whole substance of the earth must have been molten with intensity of heat; at a still more remote period the whole of that substance must have been gaseous with a heat still more intense; and these stages of the earth's history, remote though they were, and continuing so long that, according to our modes of measuring time, they were practically everlasting, were yet but two among a series of eras whose real number, no doubt, was to all intents and purposes *infinite*.

Now when we go back to even the nearer of those two eras we find that we must conceive of our ocean during that era as utterly unlike the seas which now encompass the earth. Its substance was the same, or nearly so, but its condition must have been altogether different. No water could for a moment rest upon the intensely hot surface of a globe raging with heat exceeding that of a smelting-furnace. There could not have been during that era oceans of liquid water, though all the water of our present oceans surrounded the earth then as now. The water must at that time have existed in the form of mixed vapor and cloud; that is, it must have been spread through the air partly as pure aqueous vapor and partly in those aggregations of minute liquid globules and vesicles of water forming visible cloud-masses. There must also at that time, as now, have been vari-

* It is related in the life of John Herschel that when he was still a boy he asked his father, the great astronomer, William Herschel, what he thought was the oldest of all things. "The father replied, after the Socratic method, by putting another question: 'And what do you yourself suppose is the oldest of all things?' The boy was not successful in his answers; whereon the old astronomer took up a small stone from the garden-walk: 'There, my child, there is the oldest of all the things that I certainly know.'" The biographer from whom we have quoted says that we can trace in that grasp and grouping of many things in one, implied in the stone as the oldest of things, as forming one of the main features which characterized the habit of the younger Herschel's philosophy. But in truth the stone speaks to the thoughtful mind of something far older than itself—not, indeed, older in respect of mere existence as matter (for all matter is eternal; and in this sense the bud that flowered yesterday is no less ancient than the substance of the time-worn hill, or the waters of the everlasting ocean), but older in the sense wherein that which fashions is older than the thing fashioned. For the stone upon the garden-walk at Slough had either been rounded by the waves of ocean, or had been shaped by the running waters of brook or river formed by rains, the proceeds of evaporation from ocean's surface. Nay, even passing to still earlier periods of the stone's history—leaving, that is, the consideration of its formation as a stone to consider the formation of its substance—its substance was gathered at the bottom of the sea when the ocean was already more aged than the oldest mountains now existing.

ous kinds of cloud-forms — an outside layer consisting of the light feathery cirrus clouds, below that a layer of the cumulus or "woolpack" clouds, and below that again a deep layer of the densest nimbus or rain-clouds, from which perfect sheets of rain must at all times have been falling; not, however, to reach the glowing surface of the earth, but to be vaporized in their fall, and in the form of vapor to pass upwards again. We say that all this *must* have been; because, in point of fact, however doubtful we may feel as to many details of the earth's condition in the remote era we are considering, there can be no doubt whatever as to the general facts indicated above. We have only to inquire what would happen at the present day if the earth's whole frame were to be gradually heated until at last the surface glowed with a heat equal to that of white-hot iron, to perceive that, whatever other changes might take place, the ocean certainly would be entirely evaporated — boiled off, so to speak. But the water thus added to the earth's atmospheric envelope in the form of vapor could not possibly remain *wholly* in that form. At a great distance from the glowing earth the aqueous vapor would find a cooler region, and higher still would be exposed to the actual cold of space. Hence there would follow inevitably the formation of clouds of the various orders, *cirrus*, *cumulus*, and *nimbus*, not probably in absolutely distinct layers, but the *cirrus* commingled with the *cumulus*, the *cumulus* with the *nimbus*, and the whole series of cloud-layers affected by the most violent disturbances, partly from the continual rushing upwards of freshly-formed vapor, partly from the continual rarefactions and condensations of the air under the varying conditions to which it would be subjected through the continual changes of the watery envelope. For at every change from the form of pure aqueous vapor to the cloud-form, an enormous amount of heat would be developed, while corresponding quantities of heat would be withdrawn in vaporizing other masses of watery matter. The depth of the atmospheric region throughout which these stupendous processes were continually in progress must far have exceeded the depth of the cloud-regions of our own atmosphere. For the same heat which prevented the water from resting on the earth's surface must have prevented the heavier rain-clouds from approaching within many miles of that surface without being turned into pure aqueous vapor. Again, not only would the layer of rain-clouds, thus raised

many miles above the earth's surface, be also many miles in depth, but the heat prevailing throughout the layer would in turn prevent a layer of cumulus clouds from being formed, except at a great height above the rain-cloud layer. In like manner the cirrus or snow-cloud layer would be raised high above the layer of the cumulus clouds. And each of these layers, besides being separated from the next below by a deep intermediate space of commingled cloud-forms, would also be of great thickness. Hence we may fairly assume that the extreme range of the lightest and highest clouds in that era of the earth's history must have been many miles from the earth's surface, even if the atmosphere then contained no greater amount of matter (other than its watery constituents) than at present. But we have reason for believing that, besides the oxygen and nitrogen now present in the air, there must have been at that remote era enormous quantities of carbonic, chloric, and sulphurous gases besides an excess of oxygen; and all these, with the aqueous vapor (alone far exceeding the entire present atmosphere of the earth), expanded by a tremendous heat. This heavily loaded atmosphere must therefore have extended much farther, we may even say *many times* farther, from the earth than her present aërial envelope. It is not at all unlikely that the outermost part of the cloud-envelope was then several hundred miles from the earth's surface, itself raised, through the expansive effects of heat, many miles above the level it was to assume when cooled. In attempting, indeed, to conceive the effects produced by that tremendous heat with which, most certainly, the whole frame of our earth was once instinct, we are far more likely to fall short of the reality than to exceed it, partly because the physical processes concerned are so far beyond our ordinary experience, but much more because they operated on so inconceivably vast a scale.

While it cannot but be regarded as certain (that is, as not less assured than the theory of cosmical development itself) that during a very remote and long-lasting period the water now forming our seas surrounded the earth in the form of mixed vapor and cloud, yet this consequence of the development theory, however certain, is so remarkable that one would wish to see it confirmed, if possible, by some evidence derived from actually existent worlds. Now as the various orbs peopling the universe occupy all regions of space, so they must present all the various phases

through which each orb has to pass with the progress of time. It would be absurd to suppose, for instance, that every star (that is, every sun) peopling space is passing through exactly the same period of sun life as our own sun, no less absurd to suppose that every planet is passing through the same period of planet life, or each moon through the same period of moon life. But it is in reality seen to be as absurd, when once we open our eyes to the real meaning of the astronomy of our day, to suppose that among the millions of millions of bodies which exist even in that mere corner of space which is measured by the range of our most powerful telescopes, there are not illustrations of *every* stage of the existence of worlds in space, from the first known to us, the vaporous, to the sun-like, and thence through all the forms of world life down to the stage of absolute refrigeration or planetary death. Some among these varieties must exist within the solar system, and therefore admit of being telescopically examined, unless we suppose that by some amazing accident all the members of the solar system are passing through the same exact stage of world life. But this, though it is the theory commonly accepted (because of a species of mental indolence which makes the most uniform theory appear of easiest acceptance), is in reality the most glaringly improbable, or rather the most utterly impossible theory it ever entered the heart of man to conceive. It is as though one who knew that a number of ships, unequal in size and power, had set out at different times from various ports on long sea journeys, should assume, as the most probable opinion respecting their position at any time selected at random, that they were riding all abreast upon the long crest of some great ocean roller.

But regarding the planets of the solar system as presumably in various stages of world life, according to what law may we expect to find them ranged in point of age? May we take the outermost as the oldest, and the innermost as the youngest? According to the development theory conceived by Laplace, we might do so; though even then the various ages assigned to the several planets would only be arranged in the order of their actual antiquity, not with reference to the youth, maturity, and decadence of planetary life. A planet younger than another in years might be older in development; just as an animal twenty years old might be aged, while another thirty years old might scarcely have reached maturity. More

over, it begins to be recognized that Laplace's theory of the formation of our solar system from without inwards does not present the whole truth, even if it presents the most characteristic feature of the system's process of development. Other processes have been at work, and even still continue to be at work, which may have helped to complete the fashioning of interior planets while outer planets still remained unfinished. Indeed, it is more than suspected that Jupiter may still be growing, and that Saturn may not even have assumed his final planetary form.* But undoubtedly the most important consideration is the first mentioned. Among planets so unequal in size and mass as those of the solar system it cannot be but that the duration of planet life and of its several periods must differ very largely. If all the planets, then, had been fashioned simultaneously, they would now have reached very different stages of progression. Not only so, but even enormous differences in the epochs of planetary formation would probably be more than cancelled by these varieties in the rates of growth and development.

Shall we, then, take quantity of matter as the main guide for determining the relative duration of planetary life and of its various stages? Experiment will readily show whether and to what degree such a guide might be trusted. It is manifest that the chief question to be determined is the relative rate of planetary cooling through the various stages, from the time when a planet is a mere mass of vapor, down to the time when its whole substance is entirely refrigerated. Suppose, then, we take two globes of iron, one two inches and the other one inch in diameter, and, heating them both to a red heat in the same fire, set them aside to cool. From the result we can form an opinion whether the larger or smaller of two similar and similarly heated orbs will cool the more quickly, or whether size has little or no influence on the rate of cooling. The result of the experiment leaves us no room for doubt on this point. Long after the smaller globe has ceased to glow the larger still shows its ruddy lustre, while a still longer interval separates the time when the smaller globe can be handled from the time when the larger has cooled down to the same extent. We infer, then,

* Something of this sort is hinted at by Laplace himself, when he says of Saturn's rings that they seem to him to be "*des preuves toujours subsistantes de l'extension primitive de l'atmosphère de Saturne, et de ses retraites successives.*"

that size, or rather quantity of matter, most importantly affects a body's rate of cooling. Indeed, a little consideration shows that this might have been expected. For a body can only part with its heat from its surface. Now the surface of the larger globe in our experiment is four times as great as that of the smaller, and therefore the larger gives out moment by moment four times as much heat as the smaller, when both are at the same temperature; but the larger has eight times as much matter in it as the smaller, and therefore eight times as much heat to part with, both starting from the same temperature. Naturally, therefore, since the larger, with eight times as much heat to give out, expends that supply only four times as fast, the heat-supply of the larger lasts longest. We should expect the supply to last about twice as long; and, but for some minor considerations which affect the practical carrying out of the experiment, that would be the relative duration of the heat-emission from the two globes. Only of course it does not follow that the test by touch would correspond with the law here indicated, for the surface of a metal globe may be cool enough for handling while the interior is still exceedingly hot.

It is, indeed, the consideration last indicated which prevents the careful student of science from accepting as demonstrated certain conclusions which have been somewhat confidently advanced respecting the time required by our own earth for cooling down to its present condition. The experiments of Bischof, for example, upon basalt have been quoted as showing that our globe would require three hundred and fifty millions of years to cool down from $2,000^{\circ}$ to 200° Centigrade, and the process has been referred to as if it were long since completed, so that that period certainly might be reckoned as belonging to the earth's past; yet an enormous portion of the earth's globe may still possess a degree of heat between those limits, and possibly nearer to the higher limit than to the lower.

Yet while it is in our opinion an altogether hopeless task to attempt to deduce absolute time-measures, either experimentally for the determination of our earth's antiquity, or theoretically for the comparison of other planets' development with hers, we can nevertheless very confidently infer that some planets must be far less advanced than the earth towards planetary maturity, and that others must have passed beyond such maturity to extreme old age,

if not to decrepitude or even to planetary death. When we consider, for instance, that the quantity of matter in Jupiter exceeds three hundredfold that in our earth's globe, we cannot doubt that the stages of Jupiter's existence as a planet must exceed the corresponding stages of the earth's existence many times in duration. We cannot argue, indeed, directly as follows, as some have done: since Jupiter contains three hundred times as much matter as the earth, the globe-experiment described above shows that Jupiter would take nearly seven times as long as the earth in completing any given stage of planetary cooling, for if one globe contains three hundred times as much matter as another it will exceed this other nearly seven times in diameter. Nor can we proceed to argue that, since Bischof's experiments indicate three hundred and fifty millions of years for one stage of the earth's cooling, Jupiter would require more than twenty-three hundred and fifty millions of years for that stage, and so must be at least two thousand millions of years behind the earth in development, from the consideration of that stage alone, and probably some ten thousand millions of years behind the earth altogether, in such sort that some ten thousand millions of years hence Jupiter will be in the same stage of planetary existence that our earth is now passing through. The definiteness of such statements as these makes them more attractive to many than more general statements, but they cannot be relied upon. All that can be safely alleged — and manifestly so much *can* be safely alleged — is that planets like Jupiter and Saturn, exceeding the earth enormously in quantity of matter, must have required far longer periods of time for the various stages of planetary development, and must consequently be as yet far less advanced towards planetary maturity. It follows, equally of course, that bodies like Mars, Mercury, and the moon, as well as the moons of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, being so much less than the earth in mass, must require much less time for the various stages of their development, and may be regarded as having probably long since passed the era corresponding to that through which our earth is now passing.*

* Only it is to be noted that the smaller the orbs considered the smaller the periods of their existence, and the less, therefore, the probability that differences so arising would cancel differences in the actual epoch of first formation. For instance, suppose that the above reasoning about Jupiter could be relied upon in points of detail as well as in its general sense. Then we see that a difference of no less than two thousand

It would be, therefore, to Saturn and Jupiter that the telescopicist would turn for indications of the existence of ocean waters in the state wherein our own ocean must once have existed. Instead of holding the opinion, commonly expressed in our books of astronomy, that, unless very strong evidence is presented to the contrary, other planets ought to be regarded as probably like our earth, we ought (at least if we accept, as every astronomer does, the doctrine of cosmical evolution) to expect to find Jupiter and Saturn in some far earlier stage of planetary existence, and only on the strength of absolutely overwhelming evidence to admit the possibility that they may resemble the earth. Seeing, however, that every particle of evidence yet obtained respecting those planets favors the belief that they are in that early stage of development in which we should expect to find them, while many parts of the telescopic evidence are such as cannot possibly be interpreted on any other theory, it would seem to be only by an amazing effort of scientific conservatism that the old view, originally incredible and opposed by all the telescopic evidence, is retained in our books of astronomy, as though it had been the subject of some such demonstration as Kepler gave of the laws which bear his name, or Newton of the laws of gravity.

Without entering here at length into the evidence relating to the age of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, or rather to their present stage of development, we shall consider how their appearance corresponds with that which the earth must be supposed to have presented when the waters now forming her oceans enveloped her in the form of commingled vaporous and cloudy masses.

We have seen that at that remote epoch the earth must not only have been completely cloud-enwrapped, but that the outermost of her cloud-layers must have been raised hundreds of miles from her real surface. Measured, then, by an observer on some other planet, her apparent dimensions would then have been far greater than at present, for her outermost cloud-layer would be measured, not her true body. Thus judged, then, to have

millions of years comes in as affecting one stage only of the history of that planet and of our own earth; but if instead of comparing our earth with Jupiter, containing three hundred times more matter, we compared her with an orb which she *exceeded* in the same degree, we should find that the smaller orb would require about seventy-five millions of years for the stage which lasted three hundred and fifty millions of years in the earth's case—a difference of only two hundred and seventy-five instead of two thousand millions of years.

a much greater volume than she really has, she would be regarded (supposing her total mass to have been determined, as it might readily have been, from the motions of her moon) as having a mean density much less than that of her actual globe. How much less we do not know, because we cannot determine the extent to which her own frame would be expanded, her atmosphere swollen, and the various cloud-layers floating in it thrust away, so to speak, from her intensely heated surface. But it may well be believed that her apparent diameter would be so increased that (her volume being increased necessarily in a much greater degree) her estimated density would be much less than her present density. Now this precisely corresponds with what we find in the case of Saturn and Jupiter, each of these planets having a very small density compared with the earth's, though the tremendous attractive power residing in their enormous globes would, if unresisted, lead to a high degree of compression, and therefore to great density. The evidence afforded by the spectroscope renders it highly improbable that these planets are formed of other substances than those forming the earth, or of the same substances in very different proportions. We know that the attractive energy of these planets' masses must act out yonder precisely as the energy of our earth's mass acts throughout *her* frame. Experiments assure us that no cavities can possibly exist in the interior of a planet, so that Brewster's ingenious attempt to account for the small destiny of Saturn and Jupiter, by supposing these planets to be but hollow shells, fails altogether to remove the difficulty. There remains, then, only the supposition that these planets' attractive energies are in some way resisted, and the natural effect of those energies, extreme compression, prevented. And we find just the required explanation in the theory (to which we had been already led on *à priori* grounds) that these planets are still young and therefore intensely hot, the waters one day to form them being thus raised into their atmospheres, enveloping the planets in enormously deep and complex layers of mingled cloud and vapor, the planets' real globes lying far within these cloud-envelopes, and being also themselves greatly expanded by the tremendous heat with which their substance is instinct. Not only is this the only available explanation of the small destiny of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, but it is a manifestly sufficient explanation.

It is next to be noticed that certain very

striking phenomena would result from the great depth of the earth's vapor-laden and cloud-laden atmosphere, disturbed not only by tremendous hurricanes moving horizontally, but also by vertical movements of great energy and velocity. Conceive the descent of vast sheets of water towards some intensely heated portion of the earth's surface, and the effect of their rapid conversion into vapor. The mass of vapor thus formed, being much lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, would rise just as heated air from a chimney rises in the surrounding cooler and therefore heavier air; only with much greater rapidity, because the vapor of water is far lighter than heated air, and the atmosphere of the remote period we are considering was far denser than our present air. The mass of vapor would rush upwards to an enormous height in a very short time, and, coming from a region relatively near the centre of the earth to a region farther away, it would be affected by the difference in the rate of rotational movement at these different levels. For instance, at the present surface of the equator the movement due to rotation has a velocity of rather more than a thousand miles an hour, while at a height of a hundred miles above the surface the air is carried round with a velocity twenty-five miles greater per hour. If, then, a body or a mass of vapor were shot upwards from the equator to a height of a hundred miles, it would, while at that height, lag behind the surrounding parts of the air, and, in fact, would travel backwards at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

If the matter propelled upwards were vaporous, and when at the higher level became condensed into cloud, a trail of clouds would be formed along a latitude-parallel, and, as observed from some other planet, the earth would appear to be girt round by a whitish band parallel to the equator. The deeper the envelope of mixed vapor and cloud, the more readily would such bands form; and remembering the tremendous energy of the causes at work, the whole frame of the earth glowing with intensest heat, and keeping the whole mass of water now forming our oceans in the form of mixed cloud and vapor, we cannot doubt that well-marked belts must almost at all times have existed in the earth's cloud-envelope. The earth, then, would have appeared as a *belted planet*, resembling the planet Jupiter (or Saturn without his rings), but on a miniature scale. It is, indeed, common enough to find the belted aspect of Jupiter and Saturn compared with the probable present aspect of

the earth, because of the existence of a zone of calms near the equator, bounded on the north and south by the trade-wind zones, and these in their turn by the zones of the counter-trades. But there is not the slightest reason for supposing that these so-called zones could be recognized by an observer viewing the earth from without. Still less reason is there for supposing that they would, even if recognizable, resemble in the remotest degree the well-defined bands surrounding the globes of Saturn and Jupiter. Such as they are, too, they would be found obeying the influence of the sun as the ruler of the day and also of the seasons; they would be also limited to sea-covered regions; and, in fine, they would correspond much more nearly with the appearances presented by the planet Mars (where occasionally for a few hours portions of bands, not complete zones, are seen across the Martian seas) than with anything shown on the discs of Jupiter and Saturn. What we see on these giant planets corresponds closely, however, with what we should expect to find in the case of planets whose vapor-laden and cloud-laden atmospheres are so deep as to form a considerable portion of the disc seen and measured by astronomers. For the belts of these giant planets show no dependence whatever upon the progress of day and night, or of the long years of Saturn and Jupiter, but behave in all respects as if generated by forces residing in the planets themselves; their well-defined shapes also corresponding exactly with what we should expect from the mode of formation indicated above.

But, returning to the earth, it is manifest that cloud-belts formed in the way we have described would not be permanent. Sometimes they might continue for several weeks, sometimes perhaps even for months; but frequently they would be formed in a few hours, and last but for a few days, or not even, perhaps, for an entire day. So that the belts of the planet earth, viewed in those times from some remote world, would present changes of appearances, sometimes occurring slowly, sometimes rapidly. Now this precisely corresponds with what is observed in the case of the belted planets Jupiter and Saturn. Sometimes the belts remain, though undergoing constant changes of form, for weeks or months together, while sometimes they vanish very soon after their formation.

Again, it is clear that other changes than the formation or dissipation of cloud-belts would affect the deep, cloud-laden

atmosphere of the planet. Hurricanes and tornadoes would rage from time to time, and sometimes for long periods together, in an atmosphere where processes of evaporation and condensation, with all the rapid variations of temperature occasioned by them, were continually taking place on a scale compared with which that of the most tremendous tropical storm on the earth in our time is utterly insignificant. The effects of such hurricanes and whirling storms would be visible from without through the displacement of the great cloud-masses forming the belts. Sometimes cyclonic storms would produce great circular openings in the cloud-belts, through which the darker depths below would be brought into view. These openings would be visible from without as dark spots on the lighter background of the belts. At other times the uprush of columns of heated vapor, condensing as soon as it reached the higher regions of the planet's atmosphere, would cause the appearance (to an observer outside the earth) of rounded masses of cloud, which, because of their strong reflective power, would seem like spots of white upon the background even of a light belt, and show still more markedly if they appeared above one of the dusky bands corresponding to lower cloud-levels. And besides changes due to great disturbances and rapid movements in the cloud-envelopes, the changes resulting from evaporation and condensation proceeding quietly over extensive portions of these cloud-regions, would be discernible from without. The observer would see dark spaces rapidly forming, where some higher cloud-mass, which had been reflecting the sun's light brightly, evaporated, and so allowed part of a lower cloud-layer to be seen. Where the reverse process took place, large masses of transparent aqueous vapor rapidly condensing into cloud, the formation of bright spots would be observed. How closely all this corresponds with what now takes place in the deep, vapor-laden atmosphere of Jupiter, will appear from the following account by South of the appearance and rapid disappearance of an enormous dark spot on one of the belts of Jupiter: "On June 3, 1839, I saw with my large achromatic, immediately below the lowest [edge] of the principal belt of Jupiter, a spot larger than I had seen before; it was of a dark color, but certainly not absolutely black. I estimated it at a fourth of the planet's 'longer' diameter. I showed it to some gentlemen who were present; its enormous extent was

such that, on my wishing to have a portrait of it, one of the gentlemen, who was a good draughtsman, kindly undertook to draw me one; whilst I, on the other hand, extremely desirous that its actual magnitude should not rest on estimation, proposed, on account of the scandalous unsteadiness of the large instrument, to measure it with "a telescope five feet in length. "Having obtained for my companion the necessary drawing-instruments, I went to work, he preparing himself to commence his. On my looking, however, into the telescope of five feet, I was astonished to find that the large dark spot, except at its eastern and western extremities, had become much whiter than any of the other parts of the planet, and "in thirty-four minutes from the first observation, "these miserable scraps" (that is, the two extremities of the original spot) "were the only remains of a spot which, but a few minutes before, had extended over at least twenty-two thousand miles." Again, Webb, in his singularly useful little treatise, "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," thus describes certain small whitish spots seen for a time on the planet's dusky belts. Recently, "minute white roundish specks about the size of satellites" have been seen "on the dark southern belts. Dawes first saw them in 1849; Lassell in 1850, with his Newtonian reflector, two feet in aperture. Dawes has since given several striking drawings of them," and they have been seen with a nine-inch telescope by Sir W. K. Murray, in Scotland. "They are evidently not permanent. Common telescopes have no chance with them, or with similar traces which Lassell has detected (1858) on the bright belts." But, indeed, many pages might be occupied with the account of appearances on Jupiter's belts, indicating the progress of changes such as could not be looked for except in the case of a planet enveloped by an exceedingly deep atmosphere laden with enormous masses of cloud and vapor. In the case of Saturn such appearances are less often and less clearly recognized, doubtless because the planet lies so much farther away. For it should be remembered, in comparing the accounts which observers give of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, that these orbs are studied under very different conditions, a telescope nearly twenty times as powerful being required to show Saturn as to show Jupiter with equal distinctness.

One circumstance seems to us to merit attention here, of which, so far as we know, no explanation has ever yet been attempted.

There is sometimes to be observed along the belts of Jupiter, and in particular along the great equatorial belt, a certain regularity of marking giving to the belt affected by it somewhat of the appearance of a ring marked with a series of regular elliptical mouldings; or, to use Webb's description, the belts throw out dusky loops or festoons, "whose elliptical interiors, arranged lengthwise, and sometimes with great regularity, have the aspect of a girdle of luminous egg-shaped clouds surrounding the globe." "These oval forms," he proceeds, "which were very conspicuous in the equatorial zone (as the interval between the belts may be called) in 1869-70, and of which the vestiges still remain (in 1872-73), have been seen in other regions of the planet, and are probably of frequent recurrence. It is by no means easy to assign a reason for this prevalent configuration, which sometimes shows itself in a solitary ellipse, seen by Gledhill and Mayer in 1869-70." Several considerations suggest themselves when we study these peculiarities thoughtfully. First, the enormous size of these oval cloud-masses indicates that they are formed in a very deep atmosphere — they have a length and breadth often of nine or ten thousand miles, and sometimes (as in the case of the great solitary oval seen by Mayer and Gledhill) the extreme length of an oval cannot, after every allowance for possible exaggeration in the drawing, be computed at less than thirty thousand miles. The regularity of their shape indicates that they are due to the operation of some cause at work below, and whose action, extending all around some central region, leads to a regular form, having, like the oval, a centre of symmetry. But the enormous size of the ovals indicates that the centre of disturbance must lie very deep down. One cannot, indeed, fairly estimate its probable depth at less than thousands of miles. Now, if we ascribe each of the oval clouds, seen when a belt looks like a girdle of egg-shaped mouldings, to a region below the cloud-stratum, we should have to suppose a girdle of such regions; in other words, that the real surface of the planet was not only zoned by such regions of disturbance, but the zone divided regularly up into equidistant regions of disturbance alternating with regions of calm. This theory is not only improbable in itself, but, since we have seen that the existence of belts of cloud arises from the lagging of cloud-masses thrown up from lower depths, we perceive that there is no reason for supposing the

real surface of Jupiter to be divided zone-wise, still less for supposing the zones to be at any time divided regularly along their length. The cloud-masses lying along different parts of a zone come thus to be regarded as owing their position, not to the position of the region of Jupiter's real surface immediately underlying them, but to the *time* when the vapors forming them were carried upwards from the neighborhood of the true surface. A regular series of oval cloud-masses, then, would be explained simply as a series which had been formed over one and the same part of Jupiter's true surface, but at successive equal intervals of time, the causes leading to the upthrowing of the vapor being alternately active and quiescent. Now, we know that such uniform, or nearly uniform, alternation of activity and rest is a phenomenon frequently to be observed in terrestrial phenomena, and very readily to be explained. For the energetic action of any particular process in nature will bring about, by its very energy, the action of the reverse process, which, again, will bring the former into work, the two alternating with gradual diminution of intensity, just as a pendulum swung in one direction is by that very motion caused to swing in the opposite direction, then back again, until gradually the alternate motion is brought to an end.* So that this explanation of the occasional regular disposition of enormous oval cloud-masses in a zone girdling the whole frame of Jupiter, while corresponding well with conclusions to which we had been already led, is far simpler and better in accordance with observed phenomena than the idea of a series of equidistant centres of disturbance around a zone of Jupiter's real surface. It should be added, as in our opinion placing the real nature and method of formation of Jupiter's belts beyond a peradventure, that the cloud-surface in differ-

* We see an interesting astronomical illustration of such alternate action in the formation of successive envelopes around the head of a comet. These are generally seen to be arranged with great uniformity, envelope within envelope, separated by well-marked interspaces of transparent matter; and they rise gradually from the nucleus, the outer envelopes disappearing, and new envelopes forming within. Now, the formation of the visible envelope implies a process of one kind (possibly condensation), while the transparent space between indicates a process of the reverse kind (possibly evaporation); so that the regular arrangement of envelopes and spaces shows that there must be an alternation of these processes at nearly uniform intervals. And though the forces causing either process are, so far as we can perceive, at work all the time, we can quite readily understand how first one, then the other, prevails, each by its very prevalence for a while bringing about conditions favorable to the prevalence of the other.

ent latitudes of the planet's globe turns round at different rates, the equatorial portion moving fastest. This, of course, could not be the case if we saw anywhere the real surface of the planet, or even if the depth of its atmosphere were small in proportion to the planet's apparent diameter.

Next we may note yet another remarkable feature which the earth must have presented to observers on other worlds during the first stage of our ocean's history. With an atmosphere so deep as she then had, in which many layers of cloud were floating at various depths, it could not but happen that from time to time such changes would take place, either by the rapid appearance or by the rapid disappearance of extensive cloud-masses at high levels, that her shape would seem to be distorted. Indeed, this is only supposing that from time to time high cloud-layers formed or vanished in a part of the earth's atmosphere chancing at the moment to form a portion of the *outline* of her visible disc, instead of forming part of a belt in the mid-portions of the disc. Accordingly, to an observer viewing the earth from without, her shape would not always appear perfectly circular, or rather of that figure almost circular, but very slightly elliptical, which in those remote times, as now, must have corresponded to the proportions of her real globe. Cloud-layers floating very high in the earth's extensive atmosphere would cause her disc to bulge out slightly but perceptibly, if they chanced to be so placed as to form the outline of that disc, while regions where for a while the higher layers were wanting would (under the same circumstances) appear slightly depressed below the mean outline of the disc. It might very well happen that these irregularities would usually be too minute to be detected; that effect called irradiation, which slightly expands the apparent outline of every bright object seen on a dark background, would go far to hide such peculiarities. Yet sometimes they would be too marked, probably, to escape notice, supposing only the observer's station were well placed for the observation of the earth; as, for instance, if at that remote time there were creatures living on the moon, and able to examine the earth from that convenient distance. Especially when it chanced that raised portions of the earth's outline lay between two depressed portions, or a depressed portion between two raised portions, the observer would have a good opportunity of recognizing the irregularity

so resulting. He would perceive in one case that the outline had two somewhat flattened parts with a sort of corner between them, while in the second case there would be flattening between two corners. Of course, in neither case would the corners or the flattened parts be well marked; they would, in fact, only be just discernible by the most scrutinizing observation. It might, however, have happened at times that whole zones of cloud-layers would lie higher than usual, while adjacent to them were zones where only the lower cloud-layers were formed for the time being. During such periods the whole disc would appear out of shape, at least to very keen vision.

Now, precisely such peculiarities have been recognized in the case of Jupiter and Saturn, the two planets which, as already seen, we should expect from *à priori* considerations to be in the cloud-enveloped condition, and whose exceedingly small mean densities compel us either to believe that they are so, or else to adopt the conclusion that they are framed of materials quite different from those constituting our own earth. For that careful observer Schröter, the contemporary, and in some orders of observation the rival of Sir W. Herschel, notes that at times he could not but suspect that the outline of Jupiter was imperfectly rounded, being in places slightly flattened.* In the case of Saturn, not only have occasional local irregularities been noticed, but the planet has sometimes been observed to be for a time quite markedly out of shape, bulging out in the regions corresponding to the earth's temperate zones, and compressed (relatively) in the equatorial and polar regions. It would be easy to dismiss such observations as due to optical illusion if they had been made by mere amateurs. But Schrö-

* It may, indeed, be noticed as remarkable that such a peculiarity, if it exists, has not been more commonly observed; but in reality it would be very readily overlooked and might even be altogether imperceptible with many telescopes superior to Schröter's. It was but a few years ago that certain irregularities of the moon's surface, so extensive as to modify her outline when they chance to be so placed as to form part of it, were detected by Mr. Cooper Key, though the moon must quite often have been observed at times when the peculiarity should have been noticed; and he detected the peculiarity by a process corresponding in fact to the spoiling of his telescope, at least temporarily. It was a silvered-glass reflector; and he removed the silvering so that the glass itself reflected the rays, but much less perfectly, of course, than the polished silver. He thus had a much fainter image of the moon, and, the effects of irradiation being removed, the flattening at the edge of the disc could be recognized. It is so great, when the moon is in one particular position, as to give two flat edges which would form sides of a twelve-sided polygon if the rest of the disc's outline were similarly shaped.

ter was no amateur telescopicist: few ever surpassed him in skill, and none in zeal and patience. The peculiarity in Saturn's figure, again, was first observed by Sir W. Herschel when at the height of his fame as a telescopicist; and it has since been observed by such astronomers as Sir J. Herschel, Airy, the Bonds of Harvard (than whom no better observers ever lived), Coolidge, and many others, while the practised and certainly not imaginative workers at Greenwich Observatory have recorded, in the account of their year's work, that "this year Saturn has from time to time assumed the square-shouldered aspect." It is impossible to reject such testimony, though beyond all question the *normal* condition of Saturn is not the "square-shouldered," as some have supposed. It is certain, from multiplied observations and measurements, that Saturn usually presents the figure of a perfect ellipse, flattened like the earth at the poles, but in far greater degree. It is equally certain, therefore, that the square-shouldered aspect is but an occasional peculiarity. It is explained quite simply and naturally when we regard Saturn's real globe as deep embosomed within his cloud-laden atmosphere—a view of the planet (we again and again repeat) which *à priori* considerations, as well as his exceedingly small apparent density, absolutely force upon us. On the other hand, those who reject as utterly incredible, or at least sensational, the belief that the giant planets are passing through a stage of planetary existence through which our earth has certainly passed, insisting on regarding all the planets as in the same stage of their existence notwithstanding the enormous *à priori* probabilities against such a supposition, are not only compelled at the very outset to adopt the opinion that Saturn and Jupiter must be formed of materials altogether unlike those constituting our earth—a view much more opposed to their theory of general resemblance than the one we have here indicated—but when observations such as those we have been describing are brought under their notice they are compelled either to reject them as optical illusions (an explanation which will account for anything), or else to adopt the conclusion that disturbances have taken place in the solid framework of a planet compared with which the most tremendous earthquakes would be the merest child's play. Thus their very preference of observation to theory, and of the ordinary to the sensational, forces them in this case either to reject multiplied observa-

tions as mere illusions, or to adopt a theory of planet disturbance which is not sensational merely, but utterly extravagant and incredible.

But in that remote period which we are considering, the waters of ocean, existing as mighty cloud-masses and borne aloft by the earth's deep atmosphere, must have caused the earth to present yet other peculiarities of appearance to observers, if such existed, who may have viewed her from the then young but now decrepit planets Mercury and Luna. Some of these we shall describe in the second part of this essay, and then briefly consider the evidence afforded by the present condition of the ocean respecting its past history.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"NAY, NOW, PLEASANCE, YOU MUN
PLEASE YOUR GOOD MAN."

THE workpeople at the manor farm, and the villagers of Saxford, who saw with but partial comprehension the scenes of this drama enacted before them, when they found that Joel Wray, without taking leave of any one, had on the evening of his marriage-day proceeded straight to the station, from which he had taken train for London, leapt unanimously to the last of their conclusions. The stranger was Joel Wray's great gentleman of a father; he had come to break off the marriage, and had succeeded.

The public indignation slept as yet on Pleasance's account. For one thing, her plight was indefinitely softened from what it might have been, if, after having rashly wedded a stranger, he had proved, say, a burglar, and been in danger of transportation. No doubt she received compensation for her loss of a husband, and the village had its sordid side, actuated by which it placed substantial value on such compensation.

Esprit de corps is a sentiment which is liable to many fluctuations and restrictions. Working men and women stand by each other, but they do not care, as a rule, to have one of their number promoted over the rest, they are even apt to be bitterly jealous of a working man or woman aspiring to such a promotion. "Serve 'em

right," they growl or scream when pride is followed by a fall, and perhaps they are a little tempted to do what in them lies to conduce to that fall.

When Lily became a lady, the village might have been outwardly gay, but undoubtedly, unless Lily was a very exceptional person, it must also have felt inwardly provoked and aggrieved.

Then Lily happened to be successful, and there is much popular homage which culminates in the lower ranks, paid to palpable success. If Lily had chanced to fail, and have the cup dashed from her lips, all the prophets of evil, all the severe censors and malicious detractors, would have been down upon her at once, and only a few of the kinder souls would have been mollified by her misfortune.

In Pleasance's case there were signal mortification and disaster following on the heels of the proclamation of an exaltation which she had just grazed and missed. In addition Pleasance did not belong properly and exclusively to the people, disposed as she was to identify herself with and cling to them. She suffered from the element of strangeness in her. She was like a solitary emigrant striving to be naturalized in a great nation, which is linked together by innumerable bonds, and which can only extend to the foreigner an inelastic tie. After all, she was but a volunteer adopted into the regular ranks; she was the alien fowl admitted into the barnyard which, nevertheless, the other fowls are everlastingly prone, on small grounds, to turn upon and peck.

The general feeling with regard to Pleasance when it was fully settled in village conclave that she had been separated from her gentleman of a husband on the very day of her marriage, by the all-powerful intervention of his father, was that she ought not to have looked so high. Besides, she had been very sly in looking high, for she had always made believe that she was perfectly contented as a working-girl. Yet see her! she had thrown over Long Dick and she had taken up with a stranger, and set her cap at Joel Wray, having guessed, no doubt, with her cleverness, that in the mean capacity of a day's-man, he was somebody clean out of the common. The end had been that she was fitly punished for her worldliness and slyness, and who was to cry pity on her?

The village girls particularly were dazzled, and preferred to marvel over the phoenix that had been among them. They giggled at having been his partners in field-work, as even Lizzie Blennerhasset

had giggled over having rowed in a boat with "as good as a lor." They regretted that they had not made up to him more than they had done, and got from him gifts — ribands or neckerchiefs, or brass brooches and glass ear-rings, which he would have thought it an insult to bestow. All that he had ever given to them, and that was collectively, consisted of oranges and packets of sweetmeats (with regard to which they had questioned him in a free and friendly fashion at the time, whether he could afford them).

Joel Wray, in place of having sunk to zero in Saxford estimation by what, according to the village explanation, would have been his mean desertion of Madam, still enjoyed the high temperature of a privileged favorite. He was even, alas for public morals! a little admired by vicious judges for the imagined adroitness and freedom from injury with which he had done what his neighbors could not hope to do with impunity, — gone the length of marrying before the parson, and had his marriage come to nothing when it suited him, by giving Madam the slip so soon as she threatened to prove a trouble, because of his father's discovery of the performance. He had got rid of her and distanced the parish authorities at one stroke, and that on the very wedding-day. "He were a clever rogue of a buttery chap, he were."

But Joel Wray had done a little to justify the extreme and undue indulgence with which his offence was at first treated at Saxford.

Clem Blennerhasset (who regarded the padlock that he had put on his mouth as removed) indulged in giving his feelings vent, and in becoming the centre of an envious crowd, coveting his earlier information and superior advantages, while he boasted loudly of what Joel Wray had said he would do for him. And sure enough before Bully Smith could lay hold of his degenerate son and "wallop him tightly" for this new development of his musical craze, a letter came from Joel Wray, or Archibald Douglas as he signed himself, which caused even the smith to hold his hand, and consider the good of his family.

For the first time in Clem's experience, his musical faculty ceased to be derided and put under a ban: on the contrary, it brought him such respect and consideration as filled the boy with wonder. Under the influence of this late regard on the part of his family, and of his own unmitigated amazement, which rendered him un-

comfortably uncertain how to take his friends' complacent reaction, Clem was despatched to London to new fields and new fortunes, leaving only one regret behind him, that poor Liz would not look up and wish him joy.

The villagers were more or less profoundly impressed by Clem Blennerhasset's luck, and the benefit conferred on him. Why might not his case be that of others? What was to hinder Joel Wray, who had dwelt familiarly among them, and beyond a few early twits at the curious combination in him of coxcomb and day's-man, been well received by them, from becoming a general benefactor? Gorgeous visions of offices of head dairy-maids and keepers of lodge gates, grooms and stablemen, began to float, with a giddy effect, before rustic eyes.

There was a remnant of what might be called the old republicans of Saxford, who stood firm as ever against all Joel Wray's attractions of romantic mystery, daring achievement, and limitless power. These were the same men who had remained faithful to Long Dick, and inveighed against new-fangled folks and new-fangled ways. They persisted in viewing the discovery that Joel Wray had been a gentleman abiding with them for a time, in the light of a dishonest imposition on their credulity. It was the taking of bread out of at least one poor man's mouth, that a gentleman might divert himself with playing at being a working-man. It constituted an ill-considered jest in the middle of their serious earnest, an impertinent interference with their small privileges, and an utterly unwarranted intrusion into their secrets. They swore that had they known him as a spy they would have "trounced" him. But neither did these rugged old men—for the most part—waste their sympathy on Pleasance. She was not one of them, out and out; she had encouraged the fellow, who had dealt with her according to his kind; let her smart for it.

Little did Pleasance care for the want of sympathy. There had been a time when she had ardently craved for fellow-feeling, and when the sense of isolation, in spite of all her efforts to adapt herself to a humble standard, had chilled and weighed upon her. But now she was rather glad, if she could ever feel a spark of gladness again, to know herself alone. She was thankful for the moment that Mrs. Balls, apparently satisfied with her presence, asked her no further questions, and did not even inquire after him who was to have been a son to her, as if she missed

him and felt troubled by his singular and protracted absence.

But soon this dull sense of thankfulness was disturbed by a cold apprehension which penetrated even through Pleasance's sore preoccupation. Mrs. Balls had not been like even her failed self since Pleasance parted from her on the wedding morning to go on her happy errand. She lay there, with dim wandering eyes and shaking hands, plucking feebly at the bed-clothes, rousing herself restlessly for a moment, but only to speak broken, anxious words of being from home, and bound to set out on the journey back. When soothed into composure she returned invariably to one idea, and made a ghastly shift to smile again with a shadow of archness, and repeat to Pleasance her last pleasantry, "Nay, now, Pleasance, you mun please your good man." It was forced on Pleasance that there was another change coming to her old friend.

The doctor, when summoned, confirmed the fear. A little excitement—not the happy excitement of the morning probably, for which she had been prepared, but the hurried tale which had been imparted to her without warning of an interruption and of some misfortune connected with Pleasance's wedding—had dealt the last blow to the worn-out system. "Another thing to thank him for," Pleasance made a mental note to herself, even while she stood with calmness and heard that there was nothing more to look for but the end—the end of one human life here, with all its earthly pleasures and pains, hopes and fears. Oh, how Pleasance could have wished, if she had been found fit, that the end were hers!

Once more, as when she had sat by Anne, buoyed up with the child's desperate hope, which was altogether absent from the woman, Pleasance took her post at the sick-bed. She never moved save in its ministrations. She hardly took her eyes from the inert figure which seemed yet to be palpably receding from her gaze, and vanishing into the invisible and the unknown.

Her very last friend, not half enough valued while she had her, was going fast from her; and all Pleasance's need of her, greater than ever, could not retain the weak stay.

Though the end was certain, it was not speedy like Anne's decline. Days and nights—during which October waned into November—passed and left Pleasance by the bed, or lying down on the mattress on the floor.

She had no lack of assistants besides Phillis Plum and the old friends of Mrs. Balls from the village. The doctor and the parson came regularly as ever, to do what they could to relieve the last incurable ill. Through their press of business they gazed still more curiously than they had done on a former occasion at the chief watcher and mourner—the young woman who was the talk of the parish for having contracted an unequal marriage, for having been left behind on her wedding day, and who would not speak voluntarily of her situation.

The vicar especially would fain have heard the end of the broken-in-upon wedding, with regard to which all he knew was the lying rumor that the reprehensible young fellow's relation or friend had been able to induce him to go off without his bride, who was submitting to stay on without him at the manor farm. The clergyman's old half shy, wholly gentle overtures to win her confidence and to tender her advice were made to Pleasance, but if they had failed when she was a sorrowing child, they were not likely to succeed now.

The interruptions were few and slight, and came only from letters which arrived for Pleasance at this time. These were addressed in the name which she had not yet borne, by which she had hastily forbidden Phillis Plum to call her, and which no one else had given her—"Mrs. Archibald Douglas." They were written with what feelings Pleasance never suffered herself to ask. She did not know the handwriting; she had never happened to see it before; and, as if it had been the work of an intolerably presuming stranger—save, indeed, that for no mere stranger would her eyes have flamed at the sight of the characters composing the address—she turned aside her head on each occasion, and flung the successive letters unopened into the fire, refraining from looking round till they were floating red-hot films which a breath would dissolve.

Once Phillis Plum, who had brought a letter to Pleasance, interposed with a prudent remonstrance. "Bean't it a pity not to see what were in it?" she pled. "They did say at post-office this en 'a a furrin post-mark an' all."

But Pleasance only shook her head in sign of a fixed negative, and refused the further communication with Phillis, which her deaf ears rendered so troublesome.

So the days and nights passed till every vestige of autumn had left the bleak east country. Not a shade of royal purple remained on the sere brown and dank green

of the heather in the hollow of the moor, where Pleasance had gone with Joel Wray to watch the beatific peace of a calm summer sunset, and where she had stayed to comfort him and to listen to his love tale. Not an orange or a tawny leaf lingered on the old chestnut and walnut trees at the foot of the manor garden, which might in their day have afforded shade and shelter to other plighted lovers. Beneath those trees Pleasance and her promised husband had stood and arranged their future marriage, when he had equivocated to her, and described his circumstances in terms which had a double meaning, and were as lying words.

It was all over now. The very country sights and sounds which had been around them had undergone, in the course of nature, an entire transformation.

And Pleasance was left sitting in the grey chill light thrown by rain-clouds which just shifted that wind-clouds might take their place, and sweep across the sky in a black frowning pageant, watching her aged cousin dying. Anne was gone long ago; and even before her, Miss Cayley and Pleasance's young school-companions had disappeared below her horizon. Long Dick was gone—that was Pleasance's doing; and so perhaps it was her fault also that Lizzie Blennerhasset had, so far as Pleasance was concerned, departed with him. Did not Pleasance hear something, despite herself, in the echoes of the gossip which reached the sick-room, sounding from the remote distance of the hale and hearty outer world? And before Pleasance's eyes, in the short winter day, homely, honest Mrs. Balls was drifting, unconscious of the fact, unconscious of the real life around her, though she always knew Pleasance, into another world. All that had been spared or renewed of Pleasance's landmarks were being removed simultaneously, like those which had vanished before them.

Pleasance could bear, with a little thrill of awe and a flood of tenderness, to hear that fitful recurring talk of Mrs. Balls, of her being from home and setting out upon a long journey. It sounded like a fragmentary revelation out of the dim darkness that compasses our coming and going in this world, like a wistful anticipation of the journey which lies before each of us, and which lay so close to those wayworn feet. But it was hard to hear that piteously stale jest of "Nay, now, Pleasance, ye mun please your good man," at which Pleasance had laughed gaily when she heard it first in very different circumstan-

ces, at last meeting, and taunting her at every turn. Mrs. Balls said it as long as she could speak, sometimes before Phillis Plum, who could not catch a syllable, but who would cock her well-nigh useless ears and ask at random, in reply, "What be she arter now? the pheasic? or be it her money she wants to tell you on, or a line on her prayers her's sayin'?" She would murmur it before the doctor and the parson, who took no notice, very likely did not listen to a dying old woman's evident wandering. She would whisper it to Pleasance herself — morning, noon, and in the middle of the night, when she had drawn aside the curtain to let the late moon, wading through the clouds, add her white light to the yellow light of the candle — until Pleasance's unstrung nerves could stand the involuntary appeal no longer, and she fell weeping and sobbing before the dreaming speaker, imploring, "Bid me please you, dear — bid me please God; but do not bid me please another."

Mrs. Balls did not hear; she kept to her faltering injunction, and died with it on her lips. In a lower depth of loneliness — after having known the dearest companionship — than when she had followed Anne's coffin to its grave, Pleasance walked after Mrs. Balls's coffin, entering Saxford for the first time since her marriage morning. She had replaced her white wedding-gown, with its bridegroom's roses and carnations, by a black mourning gown and cloak, and she held in her hand the sprig of rosemary which it was still the custom in Saxford to cast into graves.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"LIZZIE BLENNERHASSET WILL GO NEXT."

"STAY, LIZZIE, FOR WE ARE ALIKE BEREFT, BUT THERE IS ONE WHO WILL BE OUR REFUGE."

SAXFORD found its heart. There was a stout heart there, capable of both warmth and tenderness when it was reached, though it required strong appeals and broad contrasts to reach it. That was a strong appeal and a broad contrast when Pleasance walked alone, for she had shrunk from the renewed proffer of the bailiff's support, followed by the farm-servants of the manor, at Mrs. Balls's funeral.

The vicar had caused the bell to be tolled for so old and worthy an inhabitant of the parish, and it was to the sound of the dismal tolling that Pleasance walked, while sullen rain-drops plashed upon

her hooded head and on the pall of the coffin. The village heart had already been softened by that primitive, half contrite, half generous recalling of the virtues of the dead by which the rudest, still more than the most civilized circles, bear testimony that the things which have been are among the things that were.

"Her were a kind woman for a maid, and an honest. Her gave every man and wumman theys due, her did," said one.

"She was liberal with whatten skim milk and scalded whey, and flour and bacon, she had in her power," said another.

"Whatten store she set on that poor mawther as is forsaken this day! Lor'! what hearts d' be in men, gentlefolks and all, when they 'a gathered on'y to cast aside!" moralized a third.

"Mor, Madam — she were good too, let alone her being airified," suggested the first speaker; "that came nat'ral sin' she were once on a day at boarding-school."

"Her kep a pleasant tongue in her head," corroborated the second; "her minded a mander on wants more'n her own, when she druv to Cheam — a big-printed prayer-book for father, the twind for Laurie Larkins's cabbage-nets, matched muslins for Lizzie Blennerhasset, as was her frien' pelickler till they fell out along on Long Dick's goin', as if a wilful man 'ouldn't 'a his way, let a wumman do what she 'ould. As soon as she came into her fortune we was all to profit, but a polished villan 'a spiled all."

"I'm main vexed for the gal. I d' think she 'a been hard tret, along on Joel Wray's thinking fit to be a gen'leman. What's a gen'leman that he should come in a laborers's jacket, and with his fair false speeches turn a gal's head, and then turn 's back on her on their wedding-day no less? For my part I've no stomach for grubs as comes out butterflies. Give me a pewer workin'-man as owes his wife summat, and ain't in the way on affordin' to throw her up; them's the sort on men for wummen."

(The last speaker was Mrs. Grayling.)

"What'll come to Madam now?" questioned Mrs. Morse, joining the group. "I ain't given to meddlin', but I 'ould like to know for owd friendship sake — with Mrs. Balls I mean — what d' be up with her cousin? She can't bide not no longer by herself at the manor, and Lawyer Lockwood ain't so soft as to put a gal like she in a 'sponsible woman's place, over the cheeses and the other gals as helps the dairy-work. I ain't the one to objec', but he 'ont; and I suppose she 'a given

up her claim on her fine gen'leman that were so fain to disown her."

"There be the compensation," said Sally Larkins vaguely. "Passon 'ould see that made sure to she, for he were allers a great en with Missus Balls; her were for Church and State, and never went with the Methodies; and one good turn deserves another, don't 'ee see? Then, Madam, she hev her fortin', or be it gone in the pouches of her gen'leman, Joel Wray? Any way she d' be a strong wholesome young 'oman athout cumbrance; she'll get another place welly easy; she's none so ill off," ended Sally. She spoke not so much because she grudged the pity spent on another, as because she was always in chronic difficulties herself, with a husband as idle and careless as she was, and a troop of undisciplined, ill-clad, ill-fed children tearing at whatever came in their way — so that every other person's difficulties seemed to her light in comparison with her own.

"I tell 'ee what," said Mrs. Blennerhasset, taking a bold resolution on the spur of the moment, but giving it the air of having been cherished and matured from the beginning, "I ain't the one to leave Madam in the lurch; she were rare fond on my Liz oncet, till Liz, poor soul! bein' far gone for that sorer, Long Dick, took offence and flew up in t'other gal's face as no gal 'ould stand. I say it will be rank rotten-heartedness considerin' her as is gone, if none on us feels for the poor mawther, or seeks to see what is to become on her. I'll slip up to the manor this arternoon, the same as I 'a gone a mander a times, sin' Missus Balls were took, and sat with her, and carried her a taste on my apple turnover, and buttered ale, neighbour and frien' like. I says, 'This, Missus Balls, it'll do 'ee good,' says I, 'though thee were in the dead struggle,' I says. I paid never no heed to them dismals as is sure for to visit a body when they d' be much with the dyin'," announced Mrs. Blennerhasset with modest confidence in her fidelity to friendship's obligations. "Now I'll make no differ, I'll go as afore, and bid Madam cheer up, and help her to look over what's left, and ax her what she feels like, see an I 'ont."

Not only did an unmistakable murmur of assent and applause — showing how the tide of public opinion was turning — follow Mrs. Blennerhasset's speech, but it was seconded by no less a person than Mrs. Morse.

"I 'a made up my mind to go with you, Missus Blennerhasset," said her crony

with mild condescension. "I 'a a feelin' heart, and I 'ould not answer to it, an I didn't do that much for Missus Balls and the gal's own sake."

When the two magnates among the village matrons espoused Pleasance's cause, the fact of her vindication in public opinion, and restoration to her meed of public favor, was triumphantly established. But the time had gone by when Pleasance cared whether her public stood aloof or closed in around her — she who had once so longed for the sympathy that she had given freely, was now as indifferent to it as to the censure which had gone before it.

When Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Blennerhasset in their state bonnets, with all the eyes of the village upon them, had arrived at their destination, Pleasance received them kindly because they had been Mrs. Balls's friends, but she was as little affected as she was impressed by their notice of herself. She listened with a little fleeting interest to their mention of Mrs. Balls and their elaborate and varied encomiums on her — "T'was a good day when she came t' manor, she were a proper wumman and allowed no gallawantin, nor no collyshangin among the lads and gals. Her were prudent and thatten, laid by a penno in no time, yet never grudged her custom and her pay to the Brown Cow for such ale as was not home-brewed, or such stronger drink as a single wumman as tasted temperate, yet knew what was good for her, wanted — she made her frien's welcome and comf'able in her house — it do look em'py athout her — it do."

But after Pleasance had taken the hint and provided for the refreshment of her visitors, in the old style of which they had so highly approved, and when the conversation turned upon herself, Pleasance, though she did not resent neighborly curiosity, was indifferent. It seemed as if the springs of feeling, where she herself was concerned, were dried up, and that her heart had grown hard as well as heavy.

Mrs. Balls's will, bequeathing her savings of eighty pounds to her cousin, had been attested, and the legacy duty paid by Lawyer Lockwood, who had also told Pleasance that as he would not put in a dairy-woman in Mrs. Balls's place till spring, there need be no haste in her removal, she was welcome to stay over the winter taking care of the old place if she chose. That was all she minded at present — she was not frightened to stay, with Phillis Plum bearing her company.

There seemed nothing further for Mrs. Blennerhasset and Mrs. Morse to do, than return home it might be a shade baffled and crusty, though they had accomplished their mission and were satisfied that they had done their duty, and cleared their tender consciences of all that could reasonably have been expected of them. Then a chance observation changed the aspect of affairs, and enabled the gossips to be of the importance that they dearly loved to be.

"It's which'll foller her fust," Mrs. Blennerhasset had made a moral speculation in which she had finished by rising to a figure, "for we d' be like swallers as may take flight any minent."

It did require a flight of imagination to change big blowsy Mrs. Blennerhasset, or even little demure Mrs. Morse, into swallows on the wing; but Mrs. Morse's imagination was able to do it, at least she made no objection to the simile, but went on to remark, addressing the observation to Pleasance, —

"Lizzie Blennerhasset will go next."

It might seem odd that she should allow herself to make such a speech before her dear friend, the mother of the person indicated, but Saxford was accustomed to plain speaking on all subjects.

"Sure-ly," corroborated Mrs. Blennerhasset with perfect composure, and not appearing more melancholy than the general tenor of the conversation, without any special application, warranted, "Liz d' be in a fair waste, I believe; and we munno stop her, mun we? Her were never much of a gal, poor Liz! sin' the burnin' on the smithy; and now she be in a poor way, what with her mis'able body, and her frettin' and pinin' arter Long Dick, though she were nowt but a cousin to him, and couldn't be thought to be ought else. Father and me, we was never so oonreasonable as to look that way; nobody can say it of we; besides, everybody knowed Long Dick were over head and ears in this welly quarter. But as for our Liz, she's that fallen off, the little as were on her, she's no bessern a chiney babby as can do no more good here. Her ain't put in a stich these three months by-gone; and though she d' be patient, I'll say that of her, poor sickly mawther! she d' need some waitin' on; and it stands to reason it 'ould be a deal nicer for her and all on us that she were at her rest, safe in kingdom come."

"Is Lizzie so ill as that?" said Pleasance half to herself. "I did not know it;

I am very sorry; yet why should I be sorry?"

"Wool! you was frien's!" exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhasset, a little puzzled herself, at the same time so conscious of offence on Lizzie's part that she could not be offended for her, even if Lizzie had been one of the children whom the complacent, careless woman was likely to be touchy about.

Pleasance said no more; but that very afternoon, in the sombre November twilight, she went over to the village. It seemed as if she could not keep her feet from carrying her there, though she had begun to hate to go out — she who had been so fond of the open air and of active exercise. She had begun, too, to dislike the daylight, and to seek to sit cowering and moping over the fire during the day. If she went out at all it was to repair to the garden to pace it, or to wander in the adjoining meadows, at nightfall. But now she went straight to the smithy, unmindful either of the observation or the commiseration which she might attract, going, as she had been in the habit of doing, without knocking, in at the open door and past the family room, up to Lizzie's little garret — workroom and bedroom.

There Pleasance found the shadow of Lizzie stretched on the top of the patchwork quilt of her bed, lying all alone in the fading light, but starting up, as only flesh and blood could start, ready to cry out as at the sight of an apparition, when Pleasance Hatton entered, without any intimation of her approach. Pleasance, in a black gown, with a colorless cheek and a weary gesture, came and sat down by the bed, and put out a trembling hand to catch Lizzie's and said, out of her own wounded spirit with its single grain of faith, "Stay, Lizzie; we are alike bereft; but there is One will be our refuge."

Pleasance had been forsaken in her turn; Pleasance, whether she had deserved it or not, had been brought very low to speak as she did, when she said again, "Lizzie, both of our lives have failed; nobody wants either of us; can we not do something for each other? Don't go, Lizzie; my plight is the worse of the two, and I cannot die and get out of it."

This was the girl to whom Lizzie, in happier days, had looked up to as a superior being, whose regard she had craved, and when she had won that regard, it had been next to Long Dick's indulgent kindness, the great boon of Lizzie's crushed and shaded life. Lizzie had once been very fond of Pleasance.

More than that, this was the mistress Long Dick had worshipped, the woman for whom he would have gone through fire and water, and whom — though she had preferred another, and that a stranger — he had never been heard to blame. Poor Lizzie's heart swelled to bursting.

"Don't 'ee speak like that," she said, in an agitated whisper; "I ain't able to bear it. Poor dear, poor dear! Pleasance, as I thought were so happy — fair blest. Ay, for sure I'll live if I can, and the Lor' will let me. Dick he would 'a me to 'do what little I could, in his place. You mind he sent me to you, fust time; he were allers pleased that we tew were sich frien's. 'Twere no wish or word on hisn, on'y my own devilish spirit that made me break out on you yon dre'ful day. You know that, Pleasance? Poor Pleasance! as he thought no end on, as were the light on's his tew eyes, that you should come to grief youself, arter all! It were nor'n for a poor lamter gal like me to fare ill; but that you should 'a missed a good lot, and that sich a whipper-snapper as Joel Wray — be he ten times a gen'leman — should think hissself above your price, it beats me."

"Don't speak of him," said Pleasance, wincing. "It was my own will; we were not fit for each other. That was the simple truth; and I would rather not hear his name mentioned. But never mind me, Lizzie; mind yourself — about trying to get well. Will you leave this dull close room and come up to the manor? Do you think that you could bear to be moved, and that your father and mother, and the rest of them, would let you go? They have their own work, and are constantly about. I have nothing to do now, and don't care to stir; it would be something to live for. I daresay it is selfish to think of it, after I gave you up. But oh, Lizzie! I might do you good, please God, and it would be such a mercy to me — a far greater favor than any I was ever able to do you."

"Laws, Pleasance," said Lizzie, "it is you that are good. I am only in the way here, sin' Long Dick and Clem, too, d' be gone. You 'a heard on Clem's luck? Wool, an' it d' be an ill wind' that blows nobody good. But there ain't a soul here as I can say a word to, or listen to a word from, as they 'ouldn't like better from another. I ain't angered or even wexed. Nancy and Kitty 'a their own road to travel, and their own ends to serve. It d' be their day; it ain't to be thought they 'ould spare time for the likes on me, as were

never fit to go half way with them, and were allers holding them back; on'y rare kind ens like Long Dick and you 'ould do that. Father and mother, they 'a bore a deal with me, and I 'a been a real worret to en, what with my leg as healed short arter it were hurt in the fire, and my dwinin' ways and my bein' so love-sick for Long Dick, as I 'ouldn't get no mor'n the Prince on Wales. They never nagged at me, or spoke rough to me, no more than they could help. They let me alone, and I dessay they thought it clever in me when I learned the dressmaking and perwided for myself. But I were so deadly sick with love and pinin', arter Dick left, that I couldn't hold up to make my bread not no more, and I didn't feel to need it long. But now that you 'a come and axed me your ownself, Pleasance, as if I could do summat yet, as Dick 'ould like, to serve you, I most fancy I feel as if there were more life in me than I thought for," said Lizzie, putting back her yellow hair from her face with her wasted hands, and looking up at Pleasance with the old inexpressible sweetness in her blue eyes. "If I could stand being lifted to t' manor, I might get better yet, and cheat the hole in the churchyard."

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WORDSWORTH'S ETHICS.

UNDER every poetry, it has been said, there lies a philosophy. Rather, it may almost be said, every poetry is a philosophy. The poet and the philosopher live in the same world and are interested in the same truths. What is the nature of man and the world in which he lives, and what, in consequence, should be our conduct? These are the great problems the answers to which may take a religious, a poetical, a philosophical, or an artistic form. The difference is that the poet has intuitions, while the philosopher gives demonstrations; that the thought which in one mind is converted into emotion in the other resolved into logic; and that a symbolic representation of the idea is substituted for a direct expression. The normal relation is exhibited in the case of the anatomist and the sculptor. The artist intuitively recognizes the most perfect form; the man of science analyzes the structural relations by which it is produced. Though the two provinces are concentric they are not coincident. The reasoner is interested in many details which have no immediate

significance for the man of feeling; and the poetic insight, on the other hand, is capable of recognizing subtle harmonies and discords of which our crude instruments of weighing and measuring are incapable of revealing the secret. But the connection is so close that greatest works of either kind seem to have a double nature. A philosophy may, like Spinoza's, be apparelled in the most technical and abstruse panoply of logic, and yet the total impression may stimulate a religious sentiment as effectively as any poetic or theosophic mysticism. Or a great imaginative work, like Shakespeare's, may present us with the most vivid concrete symbols, and yet suggest, as forcibly as the formal demonstrations of a metaphysician, the idealist conviction that the visible and tangible world is a dream-woven tissue covering infinite and inscrutable mysteries. In each case the highest intellectual faculty manifests itself in the vigor with which certain profound conceptions of the world and life have been grasped and assimilated. In each case that man is greatest who soars habitually to the highest regions and gazes most steadily upon the widest horizons of time and space. The logical consistency which frames all dogmas into a consistent whole is but another aspect of the imaginative power which harmonizes the strongest and subtlest emotions excited.

The task, indeed, of deducing the philosophy from the poetry, of inferring what a man thinks from what he feels, may at times perplex the acutest critic. Nor, if it were satisfactorily accomplished, could we infer that the best philosopher is also the best poet. Absolute incapacity for poetical expression may be combined with the highest philosophic power. All that can safely be said is that a man's thoughts, whether embodied in symbols or worked out in syllogisms, are more valuable in proportion as they indicate greater philosophical insight; and therefore that, *ceteris paribus*, that man is the greater poet whose imagination is most transfused with reason; who has the deepest truths to proclaim as well as the strongest feelings to utter.

Some theorists implicitly deny this principle by holding substantially that the poet's function is simply the utterance of a particular mood, and that, if he utters it forcibly and delicately, we have no more to ask. Even so, we should not admit that the thoughts suggested to a wise man by a prospect of death and eternity are of just equal value, if equally well expressed,

with the thoughts suggested to a fool by the contemplation of a good dinner. But, in practice, the utterance of emotions can hardly be dissociated from the assertion of principles. Psychologists have shown, ever since the days of Berkeley, that when a man describes (as he thinks) a mere sensation, and says, for example, "I see a house," he is really recording the result of a complex logical process. A great painter and the dullest observer may have the same impressions of colored blotches upon their retina. The great man infers the true nature of the objects which produce his sensations, and can therefore represent the objects accurately. The other sees only with his eyes, and can therefore represent nothing. There is thus a logic implied even in the simplest observation, and one which can be tested by mathematical rules as distinctly as a proposition in geometry.

When we have to find a language for our emotions instead of our sensations, we generally express the result of an incomparably more complex set of intellectual operations. The poet, in uttering his joy or sadness, often implies, in the very form of his language, a whole philosophy of life or of the universe. The explanation is given at the end of Shakespeare's familiar passage about the poet's eye:—

Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

The apprehension of the passion, as Shakespeare logically says, is a comprehension of its cause. The imagination reasons. The bare faculty of sight involves thought and feeling. The symbol which the fancy spontaneously constructs implies a whole world of truth or error, of superstitious beliefs or sound philosophy. The poetry holds a number of intellectual dogmas in solution; and it is precisely due to these general dogmas, which are true and important for us as well as for the poet, that his power over our sympathies is due. If his philosophy has no power in it, his emotions lose their hold upon our minds, or interest us only as antiquarians and lovers of the picturesque. But in the briefest poems of a true thinker we read the essence of the life-long reflections of a passionate and intellectual nature. Fears and hopes common to all thoughtful men have been coined into a single phrase. Even in cases where no definite conviction is expressed or even implied, and the poem

is simply, like music, an indefinite utterance of a certain state of the emotions, we may discover an intellectual element. The rational and the emotional nature have such intricate relations that one cannot exist in great richness and force without justifying an inference as to the other. From a single phrase, as from a single gesture, we can often go far to divining the character of a man's thoughts and feelings. We know more of a man from five minutes' talk than from pages of what is called "psychological analysis." From a passing expression on the face, itself the result of variations so minute as to defy all analysis, we instinctively frame judgments as to a man's temperament and habitual modes of thought and conduct. Indeed, such judgments, if erroneous, determine us only too exclusively in the most important relations of life.

Now the highest poetry is that which expresses the richest, most powerful, and most susceptible emotional nature, and the most versatile, penetrative, and subtle intellect. Such qualities may be stamped upon trifling work. The great artist can express his power within the limits of a coin or a gem. The great poet will reveal his character through a sonnet or a song. Shakespeare, or Milton, or Burns, or Wordsworth can express their whole mode of feeling within a few lines. An ill-balanced nature reveals itself by a discord, as an illogical mind by a fallacy. A man need not compose an epic or a system of philosophy to write himself down an ass. And, inversely, a great mind and a noble nature may show itself by impalpable but recognizable signs within the "sonnet's scanty plot of ground." Once more, the highest poetry must be that which expresses not only the richest but the healthiest nature. Disease means an absence or a want of balance of certain faculties, and therefore leads to false reasoning or emotional discord. The defect of character betrays itself in some erroneous mode of thought or baseness of sentiment. And since morality means obedience to those rules which are most essential to the spiritual health, vicious feeling indicates some morbid tendency, and is so far destructive of the poetical faculty. An immoral sentiment is the sign either of a false judgment of the world and of human nature, or of a defect in the emotional nature which shows itself by a discord or an indecorum, and leads to a cynicism or indecency which offends the reason through the taste. What is called immorality does not indeed always imply such defects. Sound moral

intuitions may be opposed to the narrow code prevalent at the time; or a protest against puritanical or ascetic perversions of the standard may hurry the poet into attacks upon true principles. And, again, the keen sensibility which makes a man a poet, undoubtedly exposes him to certain types of disease. He is more likely than his thick-skinned neighbor to be vexed by evil and to be drawn into distorted views of life by an excess of sympathy or indignation. Injudicious admirers prize the disease instead of the strength from which it springs; and value the cynicism or the despair instead of the contempt for heartless commonplace or the desire for better things with which it was unfortunately connected. A strong moral sentiment has a great value, even when forced into an unnatural alliance. Nay, even when it is, so to speak, inverted, it often receives a kind of paradoxical value from its efficacy against some opposite form of error. It is only a complete absence of the moral faculty which is irredeemably bad. The poet in whom it does not exist is condemned to the lower sphere, and can only deal with the deepest feelings on penalty of shocking us by indecency or profanity. A man who can revel in "Epicurus' sty" without even the indirect homage to purity of remorse and bitterness, can do nothing but gratify our lowest passions. They, perhaps, have their place, and even the man who satisfies them may not be utterly worthless. But to place him on a level with his betters is to confound every sound principle of criticism.

It follows that a kind of collateral test of poetical excellence may be found by extracting the philosophy from the poetry. The test is, of course, inadequate. A good philosopher may be an execrable poet. Even stupidity is happily not inconsistent with sound doctrine, though inconsistent with a firm grasp of ultimate principles. But the vigor with which a man grasps and assimilates a deep moral doctrine is a test of the degree in which he possesses one essential condition of the higher poetical excellence. A continuous illustration of this principle is given in the poetry of Wordsworth, who, indeed, has expounded his ethical and philosophical views so explicitly that great part of the work is done to our hands. Nowhere is it easier to observe the mode in which poetry and philosophy spring from the same root, and owe their excellence to the same intellectual powers. So much has been said by the ablest critics of the purely poetical side of Wordsworth's

genius, that I may willingly renounce the difficult task of adding or repeating. I gladly take for granted — what is generally acknowledged — that Wordsworth in his best moods reaches a greater height than any other modern Englishman. The word "inspiration" is less forced when applied to his loftiest poetry than when used of any of his contemporaries. With defects too obvious to be mentioned, he can yet pierce furthest behind the veil; and embody most efficiently the thoughts and emotions which come to us in our most solemn and reflective moods. Other poetry becomes trifling when we are making our inevitable passages through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Wordsworth's alone retains its power. We love him the more as we grow older and become more deeply impressed with the sadness and seriousness of life; we are apt to grow weary of his rivals when we have finally quitted the regions of youthful enchantment. And I take the explanation to be that he is not merely a melodious writer, or a powerful utterer of deep emotion, but a true philosopher. His poetry wears well because it has solid substance. He is a prophet and a moralist, as well as a mere singer. His ethical system, in particular, is as distinctive and capable of systematic exposition as that of Butler. By endeavoring to state it in plain prose, we shall see how the poetical power implies a sensitiveness to ideas which, when extracted from the symbolical embodiment, fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought.

There are two opposite types to which all moral systems tend. They correspond to the two great intellectual families to which every man belongs by right of birth. One class of minds is distinguished by its firm grasp of facts, by its reluctance to drop solid substance for the loveliest shadows, and by its preference of concrete truths to the most symmetrical of theories. In ethical questions the tendency of such minds is to consider man as a being impelled by strong but unreasonable passions towards tangible objects. He is a loving, hating, thirsting, hungering — anything but a reasoning — being. As Swift — a typical example of this intellectual temperament — declared, man is not an *animal rationale*, but at most *capax rationis*. At bottom, he is a machine worked by blind instincts. Their tendency cannot be deduced by *a priori* reasoning, though reason may calculate the consequences of indulging them. The passions are equally good, so far as equally pleasurable. Vir-

tue means that course of conduct which secures the maximum of pleasure. Fine theories about abstract rights and correspondence to eternal truths are so many words. They provide decent masks for our passions; they do not really govern them, or alter their nature, but they cover the ugly, brutal selfishness of mankind, and soften the shock of conflicting interests. Such a view has something in it congenial to the English love of reality and contempt for shams. It may be represented by Swift or Mandeville in the last century; in poetry it corresponds to the theory attributed by some critics — such as M. Taine — to Shakespeare; in a frigid and reasoning mind it leads to the utilitarianism of Bentham; in a proud, passionate, and imaginative mind it manifests itself in such a poem as "Don Juan." Its strength is in its grasp of fact; its weakness, in its tendency to cynicism. Opposed to this is the school which starts from abstract reason. It prefers to dwell in the ideal world, where principles may be contemplated apart from the accidents which render them obscure to vulgar minds. It seeks to deduce the moral code from eternal truths, without seeking for a groundwork in the facts of experience. If facts refuse to conform to theories, it proposes that facts should be summarily abolished. Though the actual human being is, unfortunately, not always reasonable, it holds that pure reason must be in the long run the dominant force, and that it reveals the laws to which mankind will ultimately conform. The revolutionary doctrine of the "rights of man" expressed one form of this doctrine, and showed in the most striking way a strength and weakness, which are the converse of those exhibited by its antagonist. It was strong as appealing to the loftier motives of justice and sympathy; and weak as defying the appeal to experience. The most striking example in English literature is in Godwin's "Political Justice." The existing social order is to be calmly abolished because founded upon blind prejudice; the constituent atoms called men are to be rearranged in an ideal order as in a mathematical diagram. Shelley gives the translation of this theory into poetry. "The Revolt of Islam" or the "Prometheus Unbound," with all their unearthly beauty, weary the imagination which tries to soar into the thin air of Shelley's dream-world; just as the intellect, trying to apply the abstract formulæ of political metaphysics to any concrete problem, feels as though it were under an exhausted receiver. In

both cases we seem to have got entirely out of the region of real human passions and senses into a world, beautiful perhaps, but certainly impalpable.

The great aim of moral philosophy is to unite the disjoined elements, to end the divorce between reason and experience, and to escape from the alternative of dealing with empty but symmetrical formulæ or concrete and chaotic facts. No hint can be given here as to the direction in which a final solution must be sought. Whatever the true method, Wordsworth's mode of conceiving the problem shows how powerfully he grasped the questions at issue. If his doctrines are not systematically expounded, they all have a direct bearing upon the real difficulties involved. They are stated so forcibly in his noblest poems that we might almost express a complete theory in his own language. But, without seeking to make a collection of aphorisms from his poetry, we may indicate the cardinal points of his teaching.

The most characteristic of all his doctrines is that which is embodied in the great ode upon the "Intimations of Immortality." The doctrine itself — the theory that the instincts of childhood testify to the pre-existence of the soul — sounds fanciful enough; and Wordsworth took rather unnecessary pains to say that he did not hold it as a serious dogma. We certainly need not ask whether it is reasonable or orthodox to believe that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." The fact symbolized by the poetic fancy — the glory and freshness of our childish instincts — is equally noteworthy, whatever its cause. Some modern reasoners would explain its significance by reference to a very different kind of pre-existence. The instincts, they would say, are valuable, because they register the accumulated and inherited experience of past generations. Wordsworth's delight in wild scenery is regarded by them as due to the "combination of states that were organized in the race during barbarous times, when its pleasurable activities were amongst the mountains, woods, and waters." In childhood we are most completely under the dominion of these inherited impulses. The correlation between the organism and its medium is then most perfect, and hence the peculiar theme of childish communion with nature.

Wordsworth would have repudiated the doctrine with disgust. He would have been "on the side of the angels." No memories of the savage and the monkey, but the reminiscences of the once glorious soul, could explain his emotions. Yet

there is this much in common between him and the men of science whom he denounced with too little discrimination. The fact of the value of these primitive instincts is admitted, and admitted for the same purpose. Man, it is agreed, is furnished with sentiments which cannot be explained as the result of his individual experience. They may be intelligible, according to the evolutionist, when regarded as embodying the past experience of the race; or, according to Wordsworth, as implying a certain mysterious faculty imprinted upon the soul. The scientific doctrine, whether sound or not, has modified the whole mode of approaching ethical problems; and Wordsworth, though with a very different purpose, gives a new emphasis to the facts, upon a recognition of which, according to some theorists, must be based the reconciliation of the great rival schools — the intuitionists and the utilitarians. The parallel may at first sight seem fanciful; and it would be too daring to claim for Wordsworth the discovery of the most remarkable phenomenon which modern psychology must take into account. There is, however, a real connection between the two doctrines, though in one sense they are almost antithetical. Meanwhile we observe that the same sensibility which gives poetical power is necessary to the scientific observer. The magic of the ode, and of many other passages in Wordsworth's poetry, is due to his recognition of this mysterious efficacy of our childish instincts. He gives emphasis to one of the most striking facts of our spiritual experience, which had passed with little notice from professed psychologists. He feels what they afterwards tried to explain.

The full meaning of the doctrine comes out as we study Wordsworth more thoroughly. Other poets — almost all poets — have dwelt fondly upon recollections of childhood. But, not feeling so strongly, and therefore not expressing so forcibly, the peculiar character of the emotion, they have not derived the same lessons from their observation. The Epicurean poets are content with Herrick's simple moral, —

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, —

and with his simple explanation, —

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer.

Others more thoughtful look back upon the early days with the passionate regret of Byron's verses: —

There's not a joy the world can give like that
 it takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in
 feeling's dull decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
 alone, which fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
 youth itself be past.

Such painful longings for the "tender grace of a day that is dead" are spontaneous and natural. Every healthy mind feels the pang in proportion to the strength of its affections. But it is also true that the regret resembles too often the maudlin meditation of a fast young man over his morning's soda-water. It implies, that is, a non-recognition of the higher uses to which the fading memories may still be put. A different tone breathes in Shelley's pathetic but rather hectic moralizings, and his lamentations over the departure of the "spirit of delight." Nowhere has it found more exquisite expression than in the marvelous "Ode to the West Wind." These magical verses — his best, as it seems to me — describe the reflection of the poet's own mind in the strange stir and commotion of a dying winter's day. They represent, we may say, the fitful melancholy which oppresses a noble spirit when it has recognized the difficulty of forcing facts into conformity with the ideal. He still clings to the hope that his "dead thoughts" may be driven over the universe, —

Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth.

But he bows before the inexorable fate which has cramped his energies: —

A heavy weight of years has chained and bowed
 One too like thee; tameless and swift and proud.

Neither Byron nor Shelley can see any satisfactory solution, and therefore neither can reach a perfect harmony of feeling. The world seems to them to be out of joint, because they have not known how to accept the inevitable nor to conform to the discipline of facts. And, therefore, however intense the emotion, and however exquisite its expression, we are left in a state of intellectual and emotional discontent. Such utterances may suit us in youth, when we can afford to play with sorrow. As we grow older, we feel a certain emptiness in them. A true man ought not to sit down and weep with an exhausted debauchee. He cannot afford to confess himself beaten with the idealist who has discovered that Rome was not built in

a day, nor revolutions made with rose-water. He has to work as long as he has strength; to work in spite of, even by strength of, sorrow, disappointment, wounded vanity, and blunted sensibilities; and therefore he must search for some profounder solution for the dark riddle of life.

This solution it is Wordsworth's chief aim to supply. In the familiar verses, which stand as a motto to his poems, —

The child is father to the man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety, —

the great problem of life, that is, as he conceives it, is to secure a continuity between the period at which we are guided by half-conscious instincts and that in which a man is able to supply the place of these primitive impulses by reasoned convictions. This is the thought which comes over and over again in his deepest poems, and round which all his teaching centred. It supplies the great moral, for example, of "The Leech-gatherer": —

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood:
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith still rich in genial good.

When his faith is tried by harsh experience, the leech-gatherer comes, —

Like a man from some far region sent
 To give me human strength by oft admonishment;

for he shows how the "genial faith" may be converted into permanent strength by resolution and independence. The verses most commonly quoted, such as, —

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
 But thereof come in the end despondency and sadness,

give the ordinary view of the sickly school. Wordsworth's aim is to supply an answer worthy not only of a poet, but a man. The same sentiment again is expressed in the grand "Ode to Duty," where the

Stern daughter of the voice of God

is invoked to supply that "genial sense of youth" which has hitherto been a sufficient guidance; or in the majestic morality of "The Happy Warrior;" or in the noble verses on "Tintern Abbey;" or, finally, in the great ode which gives most completely the whole theory of that process by which our early intuitions are to be transformed into settled principles of feeling and action.

Wordsworth's philosophical theory, in

short, depends upon the asserted identity between our childish instincts and our enlightened reason. The doctrine of a state of pre-existence, as it appears in other writers — as, for example, in the Cambridge Platonists * — was connected with an obsolete metaphysical system, and the doctrine — exploded in its old form — of innate ideas. Wordsworth does not attribute any such preternatural character to the “blank misgivings” and “shadowy recollections” of which he speaks. They are invaluable data of our spiritual experience; but they do not entitle us to lay down dogmatic propositions independently of experience. They are spontaneous products of a nature in harmony with the universe in which it is placed, and inestimable as a clear indication that such a harmony exists. To interpret and regulate them belongs to the reasoning faculty and the higher imagination of later years. If he does not quite distinguish between the province of reason and emotion — the most difficult of philosophical problems — he keeps clear of the cruder mysticism, because he does not seek to elicit any definite formulæ from those admittedly vague forebodings which lie on the border land between the two sides of our nature. With his invariable sanity of mind, he more than once notices the difficulty of distinguishing between that which nature teaches us and the interpretations which we impose upon nature.† He carefully refrains from pressing the inference too far.

The teaching, indeed, assumes that view of the universe which is implied in his pantheistic language. The Divinity really reveals himself in the lonely mountains and the starry heavens. By contemplating them we are able to rise into that “blessed mood” in which for a time the burden of the mystery is rolled off our souls, and we can “see into the life of things.” And here we must admit that Wordsworth is not entirely free from the weakness which generally besets thinkers of this tendency. Like Shaftesbury in the previous century, who speaks of the universal harmony as emphatically though not as poetically as Wordsworth, he is tempted to adopt a too facile optimism. He seems at times to have overlooked that dark side of nature which is recognized in theological doctrines of corruption, or in the scientific theories about the fierce struggle for existence. Can we in fact say that these early

instincts prove more than the happy constitution of the individual who feels them? Is there not a teaching of nature very apt to suggest horror and despair rather than a complacent brooding over soothing thoughts? Do not the mountains which Wordsworth loved so well speak of decay and catastrophe in every line of their slopes? Do they not suggest the helplessness and narrow limitations of man, as forcibly as his possible exaltation? The awe which they strike into our souls has its terrible as well as its amiable side; and in moods of depression the darker aspect becomes more conspicuous than the brighter. Nay, if we admit that we have instincts which are the very substance of all that afterwards becomes ennobling, have we not also instincts which suggest a close alliance with the brutes? If the child amidst his new-born blisses suggests a heavenly origin, does he not also show sensual and cruel instincts which imply at least an admixture of baser elements? If man is responsive to all natural influences, how is he to distinguish between the good and the bad, and in short, to frame a conscience out of the vague instincts which contain the germs of all the possible developments of the future?

To say that Wordsworth has not given a complete answer to such difficulties is to say that he has not explained the origin of evil. It may be admitted, however, that he does to a certain extent show a narrowness of conception. The voice of nature, as he says, resembles an echo; but we “unthinking creatures” listen to “voices of two different natures.” We do not always distinguish between the echo of our lower passions and the “echoes from beyond the grave.” Wordsworth sometimes fails to recognize the ambiguity of the oracle to which he appeals. The “blessed mood” in which we get rid of the burden of the world is too easily confused with the mood in which we simply refuse to attend to it. He finds lonely meditation so inspiring that he is too indifferent to the troubles of less self-sufficing or clear-sighted human beings. The ambiguity makes itself felt in the sphere of morality. The ethical doctrine that virtue consists in conformity to nature becomes ambiguous with him, as with all its advocates, when we ask for a precise definition of nature. How are we to know which natural forces make for us and which fight against us?

The doctrine of the love of nature, generally regarded as Wordsworth's great lesson to mankind, means, as interpreted by himself and others, a love of the wilder

* See, for example, Henry More's poem on the “Pre-existancy of the Soul.”

† As, for example, in the “Lines on Tintern Abbey:” “If this be but a vain belief.”

and grander objects of natural scenery; a passion for the "sounding cataract," the rock, the mountain, and the forest; a preference, therefore, of the country to the town, and of the simpler to the more complex forms of social life. But what is the true value of this sentiment? The unfortunate Solitary in "The Excursion" is beset by three Wordsworths; for the Wanderer and the Pastor are little more (as Wordsworth indeed intimates) than reflections of himself, seen in different mirrors. The Solitary represents the anti-social lessons to be derived from communion with nature. He has become a misanthrope, and has learnt from "*Candide*" the lesson that we clearly do not live in the best of all possible worlds. Instead of learning the true lesson from nature by penetrating its deeper meanings, he manages to feed

Pity and scorn and melancholy pride,
by accidental and fanciful analogies, and
sees in rock pyramids or obelisks a rude
mockery of human toils. To confute this
sentiment, to upset "*Candide*,"

This dull product of a scoffer's pen,
is the purpose of the lofty poetry and ver-
sified prose of the long dialogues which
ensue. That Wordsworth should call Vol-
taire dull is a curious example of the pro-
verbial blindness of controversialists; but
the moral may be equally good. It is given
most pithily in the lines, —

We live by admiration, hope, and love;
And even as these are well and wisely fused,
The dignity of being we ascend.

"But what is error?" continues the preacher; and the Solitary replies by saying, "somewhat haughtily," that love, admiration, and hope are "mad fancy's favorite vassals." The distinction between fancy and imagination is, in brief, that fancy deals with the superficial resemblances, and imagination with the deeper truths which underlie them. The purpose, then, of "The Excursion," and of Wordsworth's poetry in general, is to show how the higher faculty reveals a harmony which we overlook when, with the Solitary, we

Skim along the surfaces of things.

The rightly prepared mind can recognize the divine harmony which underlies all apparent disorder. The universe is to its perceptions like the shell whose murmur in a child's ear seems to express a mysterious union with the sea. But the mind must be rightly prepared. Everything

depends upon the point of view. One man, as he says in an elaborate figure, looking upon a series of ridges in spring from their northern side, sees a waste of snow, and from the south a continuous expanse of green. That view, we must take it, is the right one which is illuminated by the "ray divine." But we must train our eyes to recognize its splendor; and the final answer to the Solitary is therefore embodied in a series of narratives showing by example how our spiritual vision may be purified or obscured. Our philosophy must be finally based, not upon abstract speculation and metaphysical arguments, but on the diffused consciousness of the healthy mind. As Butler sees the universe by the light of conscience, Wordsworth sees it through the wider emotions of awe, reverence, and love, produced in a sound nature.

The pantheistic conception, in short, leads to an unsatisfactory optimism in the general view of nature, and to an equal tolerance of all passions as equally "natural." To escape from this difficulty we must establish some more discriminative mode of interpreting nature. Man is the instrument played upon by all impulses, good or bad. The music which results may be harmonious or discordant. When the instrument is in tune, the music will be perfect; but when is it in tune, and how are we to know that it is in tune? That problem once solved, we can tell which are the authentic utterances and which are the accidental discords. And by solving it, or by saying what is the right constitution of human beings, we shall discover which is the true philosophy of the universe, and what are the dictates of a sound moral sense. Wordsworth implicitly answers the question by explaining, in his favorite phrase, how we are to build up our moral being.

The voice of nature speaks at first in vague emotions, scarcely distinguishable from mere animal buoyancy. The boy, hooting in mimicry of the owls, receives in his heart the voice of mountain torrents and the solemn imagery of rocks, and woods, and stars. The sportive girl is unconsciously moulded into stateliness and grace by the floating clouds, the bending willow, and even by silent sympathy with the motions of the storm. Nobody has ever shown with such exquisite power as Wordsworth how much of the charm of natural objects in later life is due to early associations thus formed in a mind not yet capable of contemplating its own processes. As old Matthew says in the

lines which, however familiar, can never be read without emotion,—

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

And the strangely beautiful address to the cuckoo might be made into a text for a prolonged commentary by an æsthetic philosopher upon the power of early association. It curiously illustrates, for example, the reason of Wordsworth's delight in recalling sounds. The croak of the distant raven, the bleat of the mountain lamb, the splash of the leaping fish in the lonely tarn, are specially delightful to him, because the hearing is the most spiritual of our senses; and these sounds, like the cuckoo's cry, seem to convert the earth into an "unsubstantial fairy place." The phrase "association" indeed implies a certain arbitrariness in the images suggested, which is not quite in accordance with Wordsworth's feeling. Though the echo depends partly upon the hearer, the mountain voices are specially adapted for certain moods. They have, we may say, a spontaneous affinity for the nobler affections. If some early passage in our childhood is associated with a particular spot, a house or a street will bring back the petty and accidental details; a mountain or a lake will revive the deeper and more permanent elements of feeling. If you have made love in a palace, according to Mr. Disraeli's prescription, the sight of it will recall the splendor of the object's dress or jewellery; if, as Wordsworth would prefer, with a background of mountains, it will appear in later days as if they had absorbed, and were always ready again to radiate forth, the tender and hallowing influences which then for the first time entered your life. The elementary and deepest passions are most easily associated with the sublime and beautiful in nature.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

And, therefore, if you have been happy enough to take delight in these natural and universal objects in the early days, when the most permanent associations are formed, the sight of them in later days will bring back by preordained and divine symbolism whatever was most ennobling in your early feelings. The vulgarizing associations will drop off of themselves, and what was pure and lofty will remain.

From this natural law follows another

of Wordsworth's favorite precepts. The mountains are not with him a symbol of anti-social feelings. On the contrary, they are in their proper place as the background of the simple domestic affections. He loves his native hills, not in the Byronic fashion, as a savage wilderness, but as the appropriate framework in which a healthy social order can permanently maintain itself. That, for example, is, as he tells us, the thought which inspired "The Brothers," a poem which excels all modern idylls in weight of meaning and depth of feeling, by virtue of the idea thus embodied. The retired valley of Ennerdale, with its grand background of hills, precipitous enough to be fairly called mountains, forces the two lads into closer affection. Shut in by these "enormous barriers," and undistracted by the ebb and flow of the outside world, the mutual love becomes concentrated. A tie like that of family blood is involuntarily imposed upon the little community of dalesmen. The image of sheep-tracks and shepherds clad in country grey is stamped upon the elder brother's mind, and comes back to him in tropical calms; he hears the tones of his waterfalls in the piping shrouds; and, when he returns, recognizes every fresh scar made by winter storms on the mountain sides, and knows by sight every unmarked grave in the little churchyard. The fraternal affection sanctifies the scenery, and the sight of the scenery brings back the affection with overpowering force upon his return. This is everywhere the sentiment inspired in Wordsworth by his beloved hills. It is not so much the love of nature pure and simple, as of nature seen through the deepest human feelings. The light glimmering in a lonely cottage, the one rude house in the deep valley, with its "small lot of life-supporting fields and guardian rocks," are necessary to point the moral and to draw to a definite focus the various forces of sentiment. The two veins of feeling are inseparably blended. The peasant-noble, in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," learns equally from men and nature:—

Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and
rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Without the love, the silence and the sleep would have had no spiritual meaning. They are valuable as giving intensity and solemnity to the positive emotion.

The same remark is to be made upon Wordsworth's favorite teaching of the advantages of the contemplative life. He is fond of enforcing the doctrine of the familiar lines, that we can feed our minds "in a wise passiveness," and that

One impulse from the vernal wood
Can teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

And, according to some commentators, this would seem to express the doctrine that the ultimate end of life is the cultivation of tender emotions without reference to action. The doctrine, thus absolutely stated, would be immoral and illogical. To recommend contemplation in preference to action is like preferring sleeping to waking; or saying, as a full expression of the truth, that silence is golden and speech silvern. Like that familiar phrase, Wordsworth's teaching is not to be interpreted literally. The essence of such maxims is to be one-sided. They are paradoxical in order to be emphatic. To have seasons of contemplation, of withdrawal from the world and from books, of calm surrendering of ourselves to the influences of nature, is a practice commended in one form or other by all moral teachers. It is a sanitary rule, resting upon obvious principles. The mind which is always occupied in a multiplicity of small observations, or the regulation of practical details, loses the power of seeing general principles and of associating all objects with the central emotions of "admiration, hope, and love." The philosophic mind is that which habitually sees the general in the particular, and finds food for the deepest thought in the simplest objects. It requires, therefore, periods of repose, in which the fragmentary and complex atoms of distracted feeling which make up the incessant whirl of daily life may have time to crystallize round the central thoughts. But it must feed in order to assimilate; and each process implies the other as its correlative. A constant interest, therefore, in the joys and sorrows of our neighbors is as essential as quiet, self-centred rumination. It is when the eye "has kept watch o'er man's mortality," and by virtue of the tender sympathies of "the human heart by which we live," that to us

The meanest flower which blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The solitude which implies severance from natural sympathies and affections is poi-

sonous. The happiness of the heart which lives alone,—

Housed in a dream, an outcast from the kind.

Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

Wordsworth's meditations upon flowers or animal life are impressive because they have been touched by this constant sympathy. The sermon is always in his mind, and therefore every stone may serve for a text. His contemplation enables him to see the pathetic side of the small pains and pleasures which we are generally in too great a hurry to notice. There are times, of course, when this moralizing tendency leads him to the regions of the namby-pamby or stern prosaic platitude. On the other hand, no one approaches him in the power of touching some rich chord of feeling by help of the pettiest incident. The old man going to the fox-hunt with a tear on his cheek, and saying to himself,—

The key I must take, for my Helen is dead;

or the mother carrying home her dead sailor's bird; the village schoolmaster, in whom a rift in the clouds revives the memory of his little daughter; the old huntsman unable to cut through the stump of rotten wood—touch our hearts at once and forever. The secret is given in the rather prosaic apology for not relating a tale about poor Simon Lee:—

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in everything.

The value of silent thought is so to cultivate the primitive emotions that they may flow spontaneously upon every common incident, and that every familiar object becomes symbolic of them. It is a familiar remark that a philosopher or man of science who has devoted himself to meditation upon some principle or law of nature, is always finding new illustrations in the most unexpected quarters. He cannot take up a novel or walk across the street without hitting upon appropriate instances. Wordsworth would apply the principle to the building up of our "moral being." Admiration, hope, and love should be so constantly in our thoughts, that innumerable sights and sounds which are meaningless to the world, should become to us a language incessantly suggestive of the deepest topics of thought.

This explains his dislike to science, as he understood the word, and his denunciations of the "world." The man of science

is one who cuts up nature into fragments, and not only neglects their possible significance for our higher feelings, but refrains on principle from taking it into account. The primrose suggests to him some new device in classification, and he would be worried by the suggestion of any spiritual significance as an annoying distraction. Viewing all objects "in disconnection, dead and spiritless," we are thus really waging

An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls.

We are putting the letter in place of the spirit, and dealing with nature as a mere grammarian deals with a poem. When we have learnt to associate every object with some lesson

Of human suffering or of human joy;
when we have thus attained the "glorious habit,"

By which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine,

the "dull eye" of science will light up; for, in observing natural processes, it will carry with it an incessant reference to the spiritual processes to which they are allied. Science, in short, requires to be brought into intimate connection with morality and religion. If we are forced for our immediate purpose to pursue truth for itself, regardless of consequences, we must remember all the more carefully that truth is a whole; and that fragmentary bits of knowledge become valuable as they are incorporated into a general system. The tendency of modern times to specialism brings with it a characteristic danger. It requires to be supplemented by a correlative process of integration. We must study details to increase our knowledge; we must accustom ourselves to look at the detail in the light of the general principles in order to make it fruitful.

The influence of that world which "is too much with us late and soon" is of the same kind. The man of science loves barren facts for their own sake. The man of the world becomes devoted to some petty pursuit without reference to ultimate ends. He becomes a slave to money, or power, or praise, without caring for their effect upon his moral character. As social organization becomes more complete, the social unit becomes a mere fragment instead of being a complete whole in himself. Man becomes

The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel.

The division of labor, celebrated with such enthusiasm by Adam Smith,* tends to crush all real life out of its victims. The soul of the political economist may rejoice when he sees a human being devoting his whole faculties to the performance of one subsidiary operation in the manufacture of a pin. The poet and the moralist must notice with anxiety the contrast between the old-fashioned peasant who, if he discharged each particular function clumsily, discharged at least many functions, and found exercise for all the intellectual and moral faculties of his nature, and the modern artisan doomed to the incessant repetition of one petty set of muscular expansions and contractions, and whose soul, if he has one, is therefore rather an encumbrance than otherwise. This is the evil which is constantly before Wordsworth's eyes, as it has certainly not become less prominent since his time. The danger of crushing the individual is a serious one according to his view; not because it implies the neglect of some abstract political rights, but from the impoverishment of character which is implied in the process. Give every man a vote, and abolish all interference with each man's private tastes, and the danger may still be as great as ever. The tendency to "differentiation" — as we call it in modern phraseology — the social pulverization, the lowering and narrowing of the individual's sphere of action and feeling to the pettiest details, depends upon processes underlying all political changes. It cannot, therefore, be cured by any nostrum of constitution-mongers, or by the negative remedy of removing old barriers. It requires to be met by profounder moral and religious teaching. Men must be taught what is the really valuable part of their natures and what is the purest happiness to be extracted from life, as well as allowed to gratify fully their own tastes; for who can say that men encouraged by all their surroundings and appeals to the most obvious motives to turn themselves into machines, will not deliberately choose to be machines? Many powerful thinkers have illustrated Wordsworth's doctrine more elaborately; but nobody has gone more decisively to the root of the matter.

One other side of Wordsworth's teaching is still more significant and original. Our vague instincts are consolidated into

* See Wordsworth's reference to the "Wealth of Nations," in "The Prelude," book xiii.

reason by meditation, sympathy with our fellows, communion with nature, and a constant devotion to "high endeavors." If life runs smoothly, the transformation may be easy, and our primitive optimism turn imperceptibly into general complacency. The trial comes when we make personal acquaintance with sorrow, and our early buoyancy begins to fail. We are tempted to become querulous or to lap ourselves in indifference. Most poets are content to bewail our lot melodiously, and admit that there is no remedy unless a remedy be found in "the luxury of grief." Prosaic people become selfish, though not sentimental. They laugh at their old illusions, and turn to the solid consolations of comfort. Nothing is more melancholy than to study many biographies and note — not the failure of early promise which may mean merely an aiming above the mark — but the progressive deterioration of character which so often follows grief and disappointment. If it be not true that most men grow worse as they grow old, it is surely true that few men pass through the world without being corrupted as much as purified.

Now Wordsworth's favorite lesson is the possibility of turning grief and disappointment into account. He teaches in many forms the necessity of "transmuting" sorrow into strength. One of the great evils is a lack of power

An agonising sorrow to transmute.

The "happy warrior" is, above all, the man who in the face of all human miseries can

Exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, be-
reaves

Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;

who is made more compassionate by familiarity with sorrow, more placable by contest, purer by temptation, and more enduring by distress.* It is owing to the constant presence of this thought, to his sensibility to the refining influence of sorrow, that Wordsworth is the only poet who will bear reading in times of distress. Other poets mock us by an impossible optimism, or merely reflect the feelings which, however we may play with them in

* So, too, in "The Prelude: " —

Then was the truth received into my heart
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honor which could not else have been, a faith,
An elevation, and a sanctity ;
If new strength be not given, nor old restored,
The fault is ours, not Nature's.

times of cheerfulness, have now become an intolerable burden. Wordsworth suggests the single topic which, so far at least as this world is concerned, can really be called consolatory. None of the ordinary commonplaces will serve, or serve at most as indications of human sympathy. But there is some consolation in the thought that even death may bind the survivors closer, and leave as a legacy enduring motives to noble action. It is easy to say this; but Wordsworth has the merit of feeling the truth in all its force, and expressing it by the most forcible images. In one shape or another the sentiment is embodied in most of his really powerful poetry. It is intended, for example, to be the moral of "The White Doe of Rylstone." There, as Wordsworth says, everything fails so far as its object is external and substantial; everything succeeds so far as it is moral and spiritual. Success grows out of failure; and the mode in which it grows is indicated by the lines which give the key-note of the poem. Emily, the heroine, is to become a soul

By force of sorrows high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed serenity.

"The White Doe" is one of those poems which make many readers inclined to sympathize with Jeffrey's celebrated dictum, "This will never do;" and I confess that I am not one of its warm admirers. The sentiment seems to be unduly relaxed throughout; there is a want of sympathy with heroism of the rough and active type, which is, after all, at least as worthy of admiration as the more passive variety of the virtue; and the defect is made more palpable by the position of the chief actors. These rough borderers, who recall William of Deloraine and Dandie Dinmont, are somehow out of their element when preaching the doctrines of quietism and submission to circumstances. But, whatever our judgment of this particular embodiment of Wordsworth's moral philosophy, the inculcation of the same lesson gives force to many of his finest poems. It is enough to mention "The Leech-gatherer," the "Stanzas on Peele Castle," "Michael," and, as expressing the inverse view of the futility of idle grief, "Laodamia," where he has succeeded in combining his morality with more than his ordinary beauty of poetical form. The teaching of all these poems falls in with the doctrine already set forth. All moral teaching, I have sometimes fancied, might be summed up in the one formula, "Waste not." Every element of

which our nature is composed may be said to be good in its proper place; and therefore every vicious habit springs out of the misapplication of forces which might be turned to account by judicious training. The waste of sorrow is one of the most lamentable forms of waste. Sorrow too often tends to produce bitterness or effeminacy of character. But it may, if rightly used, serve only to detach us from the lower motives, and give sanctity to the higher. That is what Wordsworth sees with unequalled clearness, and he therefore sees also the condition of profiting. The mind in which the most valuable elements have been systematically strengthened by meditation, by association of deep thought with the most universal presences, by constant sympathy with the joys and sorrows of its fellows, will be prepared to convert sorrow into a medicine instead of a poison. Sorrow is deteriorating so far as it is selfish. The man who is occupied with his own interests makes grief an excuse for effeminate indulgence in self-pity. He becomes weaker and more fretful. The man who has learnt habitually to think of himself as part of a greater whole, whose conduct has been habitually directed to noble ends, is purified and strengthened by the spiritual convulsion. His disappointment, or his loss of some beloved object, makes him more anxious to fix the bases of his happiness widely and deeply, and to be content with the consciousness of honest work, instead of looking for what is called success.

But I must not take to preaching in the place of Wordsworth. The whole theory is most nobly summed up in the grand lines already noticed on the character of the "happy warrior." There Wordsworth has explained in the most forcible and direct language the mode in which a grand character can be formed; how youthful impulses may change into manly purpose; how pain and sorrow may be transmuted into new forces; how the mind may be fixed upon lofty purposes; how the domestic affections — which give the truest happiness — may also be the greatest source of strength to the man who is

More brave for this, that he has much to lose;
and how, finally, he becomes indifferent to
all petty ambition, —

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
This is the happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

We may now see what ethical theory underlies Wordsworth's teaching of the transformation of instinct into reason. We must start from the postulate that there is in fact a divine order in the universe; and that conformity to this order produces beauty as embodied in the external world, and is the condition of virtue as regulating our character. It is by obedience to the "stern law-giver," Duty, that flowers gain their fragrance, and that "the most ancient heavens" preserve their freshness and strength. But this postulate does not seek for justification in abstract metaphysical reasoning. The "intimations of immortality" are precisely intimations, not intellectual intuitions. They are vague and emotional, not distinct and logical. They are a feeling of harmony, not a perception of innate ideas. And, on the other hand, our instincts are not a mere chaotic mass of passions, to be gratified without considering their place and function in a certain definite scheme. They have been implanted by the divine hand, and the harmony which we feel corresponds to a real order. To justify them we must appeal to experience, but to experience interrogated by a certain definite procedure. Acting upon the assumption that the divine order exists, we shall come to recognize it, though we could not deduce it by an *à priori* method.

The instrument, in fact, finds itself originally tuned by its Maker, and may preserve its original condition by careful obedience to the stern teaching of life. The buoyancy common to all youthful and healthy natures then changes into a deeper and more solemn mood. The great primary emotions retain the original impulse, but increase their volume. Grief and disappointment are transmuted into tenderness, sympathy, and endurance. The reason, as it develops, regulates, without weakening, the primitive instincts. All the greatest, and therefore most common, sights of nature are indelibly associated with "admiration, hope, and love;" and all increase of knowledge and power is regarded as a means for furthering the gratification of our nobler emotions. Under the opposite treatment, the character loses its freshness, and we regard the early happiness as an illusion. The old emotions dry up at their source. Grief produces fretfulness, misanthropy, or effeminacy. Power is wasted on petty ends and frivolous excitement, and knowledge becomes barren and pedantic. In this way the postulate justifies itself by producing the noblest type of character.

When the "moral being" is thus built up, its instincts becomes its convictions, we recognize the true voice of nature, and distinguish it from the echo of our own passions. Thus we come to know how the divine order and the laws by which the character is harmonized are the laws of morality.

To possible objections it might be answered by Wordsworth that this mode of assuming in order to prove is the normal method of philosophy. "You must love him," as he says of the poet,

Ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The doctrine corresponds to the *crede ut intelligas* of the divine; or to the philosophic theory that we must start from the knowledge already constructed within us by instincts which have not yet learned to reason. And, finally, if a persistent reasoner should ask why—even admitting the facts—the higher type should be preferred to the lower, Wordsworth may ask, why is bodily health preferable to disease? If a man likes weak lungs and a bad digestion, reason cannot convince him of his error. The physician has done enough when he has pointed out the sanitary laws obedience to which generates strength, long life, and power of enjoyment. The moralist is in the same position when he has shown how certain habits conduce to the development of a type superior to its rivals in all the faculties which imply permanent peace of mind and power of resisting the shocks of the world without disintegration. Much doubtless remains to be said as to the soundness of the doctrine thus expounded; but at least it corresponds to deep philosophical principle.

It only remains to be added once more that Wordsworth's poetry derives its power from the same source as his philosophy. It speaks to our strongest feelings because his speculation rests upon our deepest thoughts. His singular capacity for investing all objects with a gloss derived from early associations; his keen sympathy with natural and simple emotions; his sense of the sanctifying influences which can be extracted from sorrow, are of equal value to his power over our intellects and our imaginations. His psychology, stated systematically, is rational; and, when expressed passionately, turns into poetry. To be sensitive to the most important phenomena is the first step equally towards

a poetical or a scientific exposition. To see these truly is the condition of making the poetry harmonious and the philosophy logical. And it is often difficult to say which power is most remarkable in Wordsworth. It would be easy to illustrate the truth by other than moral topics. His sonnet, noticed by De Quincey, in which he speaks of the abstracting power of darkness, and observes that as the hills pass into twilight we see the same sight as the ancient Britons, is impressive as it stands, but would be equally good as an illustration in a metaphysical treatise. Again, the sonnet beginning, —

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and wide,
is at once, as he has shown in a commentary of his own, an illustration of a curious psychological law—of our tendency, that is, to introduce an arbitrary principle of order into a random collection of objects—and, for the same reason, a striking embodiment of the corresponding mood of feeling. The little poem called "Stepping Westward" is in the same way at once a delicate expression of a specific sentiment and an acute critical analysis of the subtle associations suggested by a single phrase. But such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. As he has himself said, there is scarcely one of his poems which does not call attention to some moral sentiment, or to a general principle or law of thought, of our intellectual constitution.

Finally, we might look at the reverse side of the picture, and endeavor to show how the narrow limits of Wordsworth's power are connected with certain moral aspects; with the want of quick sympathy which shows itself in his dramatic feebleness, and the austerity of character which caused him to lose his special gifts too early and become a rather commonplace defender of conservatism; and that curious diffidence (he assures us that it was "diffidence") which induced him to write many thousand lines of blank verse entirely about himself. But the task would be superfluous as well as ungrateful. It was his aim, he tells us, "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous;" and, high as was the aim, he did much towards its accomplishment.

From Good Words.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT
ROYAL NAVY.

PART III.

HABIB IBN SALIM, the old trader, who housed Dr. Livingstone at Nyangwé, showed me great kindness during my stay there, but most of the other traders were very half-hearted in their welcome. Muinyi Dugumbi, who was supposed to be the head man amongst them, was full of promises of assistance, but he was so absorbed in the delights of his harem of over three hundred female slaves, that he did nothing. Some of the other traders neither promised nor did anything, and Syde Merzrui contented himself with begging for beads, instead of trying to procure canoes for me according to his agreement. My whole attention was now concentrated on the means of obtaining canoes to convey us down the Congo to the Falls of Yellala. I was at first told that I could get them at the markets, which are held every fourth day at Nyangwé, but soon found that the Wagenya (a tribe inhabiting a narrow strip on the left bank of the river, to whom all the canoes belonged) would not sell any for such stores as I had to offer, although their repugnance might have been overcome if I had consented to buy slaves from the Arabs and to purchase the canoes with them. This, of course, I was unable to do.

All my efforts, however, were ineffectual; and I was next advised to send men through the strip of country belonging to the Wagenya, to get boats from the people who built them (or rather hacked them out of logs), and who lived in the jungle, about ten miles from the river. I was unable to go myself, and therefore the opportunities which arose of buying shipping were not taken full advantage of, and at the end of three weeks I found myself with only one canoe (which was given to me by Habib ibn Salim), which might have held four or five men and their loads, and apparently with little or no chance of obtaining another.

A party of Arabs, etc., who had been away to the south of the river for some time, making war and fomenting disturbances amongst the natives, principally with the view of obtaining slaves, now returned and brought news that Tipo-tipo (alias Haméd ibn Haméd) was coming to Nyangwé to arrange peace between Russuna, chief of Maréra (a friend of his), and the traders settled at Nyangwé; who

would have attacked him (Russuna) had it not been for the intervention of Tipo-tipo.

When Tipo-tipo arrived, he advised me to give up the idea of going down the river in canoes, or of attempting to march along its bank direct from Nyangwé. He told me that if I would go with him to his camp, about ten days' march south by west of Nyangwé, I should then be able to get guides to show me the way to a great lake about fifteen marches west of it, where men came in large canoes holding from eighty to one hundred people, and the crews of which wore hats and trousers. I had already heard many reports of this lake at Nyangwé, and that the Lualaba fell into it; but now, in addition, two men, belonging to the district in which Tipo-tipo's camp was situated, assured me that they had been there, and gave the name, Sankorra; and also mentioned a small lake called Iki, situated on a river Luwembi, just to the west of the Lomâmi.

After a little consideration, I determined to go with Tipo-tipo to his camp, and thence march to Sankorra, and trust to getting boats from the trousers-wearing traders who, I hoped, would prove to be half-caste Portuguese from Cassanci or thereabouts.

I therefore cleared out of Nyangwé, the night before Tipo-tipo left there, and camped in a village of Wagenya, on the left bank of the Lualaba. I saw most of the men off myself, and as the day was very hot, left Bombay to bring the rest of the caravan and my boxes over after me; but, as usual, trusting to Bombay was like trusting to a broken reed, and he and the other men did not make their appearance till noon on the following day. In addition, several of the men, whom I had seen across myself, managed to slip back, and three deserted altogether, taking with them their guns and ammunition.

The left bank of the Lualaba is low and swampy, with many semi-stagnant backwaters, which render it a very hotbed of fever, whilst the right bank is raised and healthy. When I had got my men and stores together, and ready for the road, I was suffering from a heavy attack of fever, the effect of one night's exposure to the malaria. I managed, however, to struggle on for a long march, which, including an hour's halt, lasted from half past twelve to between seven and eight P.M., although for the greater part of the time I was reeling about like a drunken man from fever and weakness. For the last hour or so, our path led us through tracts covered

with gigantic pyramidal ant-hills, which I, in the partial delirium of fever, kept on mistaking for my tent; when at last I did arrive in camp, I was so done, that I was obliged to turn in at once, without being able to eat anything.

The next morning I was able to go on again, and each day saw me getting better. Half-way to Tipo-tipo's camp, we halted for a couple of days at Russuna's; but just before reaching his village a row took place, between some of the Wamerima from Nyangwé who accompanied us, and the natives, who, thinking that these had come to plunder them again, began a fight, which resulted in the death of two natives; but Tipo-tipo had influence enough to restore peace as soon as he heard of the affair, and made the Nyangwé people pay something to the chief.

During the two days I was at Russuna's I was an object of intense interest to his wives, who would scarcely let me have one moment to myself, and kept on turning up the legs of my *pyjamas*, to see if I were really white all over: indeed, I had to use a certain amount of restraint, or I believe their curiosity would have led to their undressing me altogether. All these wives of Russuna, about forty or fifty in number, live together in a small village formed of two rows of huts, with one hut in the middle for himself and his mother, on whom devolves the task of keeping the harem. Many of the wives were really very good-looking, and, like many other ladies, seemed quite sensible of their charms.

Between Russuna's and Tipo-tipo's camp, nothing of importance occurred. The country was very pretty and fertile with groves of nutmeg-trees, and enormous quantities of oil-palms. Tracks of elephants were very numerous, and we sometimes heard them trumpeting in the jungles.

When I arrived at Tipo-tipo's, though he had always told me only to expect a camp, I found a neatly-built and well-arranged town. There were four or five smaller traders besides. Tipo-tipo and the armed followers from Zanzibar and Unyanyembe amounted to nearly a thousand; in addition to these, slaves and native hangers-on may have raised the sum total to upwards of two thousand five hundred. Directly I got to this place I sent some of my men with guides, supplied by Tipo-tipo, to ask permission from the chief of the country to the west of the Lomâmi to pass through his territory, as none of the Arabs had been allowed to pass that way, though native traders were constantly

going to and returning from Lake San-korra, which they reported as being fifteen marches distant. In support of this story, I was shown cloths and beads obtained from traders who came there from the west, and who were the trousers-wearing people I had heard of. The cloth and beads were quite of a different sort from any brought from Zanzibar. Cowries, too, which at Nyangwé were greatly in demand, were here a perfect drug in the market, owing to the large quantities that came from the West Coast.

A couple of days after my arrival I received a state visit from Kasongo, the chief of the district. The first to arrive were drummers and *marimba* players belonging to several petty chiefs, then a sort of master of the ceremonies with a huge carved stick, followed by the small chiefs, each of whom he announced in due form, and at last Kasongo himself and two of his daughters, with a retinue of men armed with spears, and bows and arrows.

A clear space was formed, in which Kasongo and his daughters went through a sort of dance, accompanied by the musicians, and some singers who chanted a monotonous recitative. When the dance was finished Kasongo came into an open hut, which was the general rendezvous of the traders, and where they usually passed the day. It was now spread with carpets and mats in honor of his arrival.

We had a longish palaver, and Kasongo at first said he would go himself to the chief on the opposite side of the Lomâmi, and try to make terms with him about my passing through to the westward; but afterwards he hauled off, saying that he was too old to travel, and that he would send some of his head men instead, to carry on the negotiations. I waited for a day or two, and then returned Kasongo's visit, accompanied by Tipo-tipo, and most of the principal people amongst the Arabs. I found Kasongo seated in a clear, open grassy plot in the middle of his village, looking clean and tidy, in a dress of grass cloth, and a great contrast in appearance to what he was the day he called on me, when he was tricked out in tawdry, dirty clothes made up for him by the Arabs, and certainly had not then left a very favorable impression on my mind.

Whilst I was at his village both his men and mine who had been to the west of the Lomâmi, returned the answer of the chief, that no people armed with guns had ever passed through his territory, and that if any came he would resist them, and if possible destroy them. I, however, at the

same time saw many men who declared they had been both to Lake Sankorra and also to Lake Iki, and I had every reason to believe what they said.

On my return to the Arab settlement, I racked my brains to find what was best to be done, and when Tipo-tipo told me that he had heard of Portuguese traders, whom, from his description, I judged to be about two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles south-south-west from us, I made up my mind to go there and then to try to work back to Sankorra, thus avoiding the chief who had refused us permission to pass.

As soon as Tipo-tipo heard of my determination he gave me three guides, natives of Urua, under charge of Mona Kasanga, son of the chief of Kowamba (a lake on the Lualaba), to show me the road.

My men threw every sort of obstacle in my way, as they were thoroughly afraid of going on through a country where no caravans had passed; some half-dozen deserted the day I started, and although I sent back from the place I halted at, I could get no news about them. They no doubt hid somewhere near Tipo-tipo-ville, and were supported by chums amongst the Zanzibar slaves until I was well away.

Besides giving me the native guides, Tipo-tipo also sent a free man of Zanzibar to accompany me for ten days on my road, but this, although intended as a great help, was rather a hindrance, as he every day said, after about two hours' marching, that the next place at which we could possibly halt was about six or seven hours further on, and therefore we had better camp where we were. In other matters he was very useful, and perhaps his always desiring to halt early arose from an idea which, until I had practically disproved it, seemed very common amongst the Arabs, viz., that a European was unable to march far or fast in Africa.

Our road led us close along the right bank of the Lomâmi, of which we caught glimpses from time to time. We crossed numerous affluents, all of which we had to ford. The country was still fairly level, with hollows grooved out through the sand and pebbles, which formed the upper strata. In these miniature valleys there were always trees, and many very beautiful ferns and mosses; some of these were club mosses over a foot in height. My guides were now getting very doubtful about the road, and as most of the villages through which we passed had been deserted by the inhabitants from an absurd rumor that we were in search of slaves,

we were unable to get any directions from them. My guides themselves were all afraid, and kept on trying to work away to the eastward, towards the village of Mona Kasanga's father. At length one day, after having lost the track three times, I took the bull by the horns, and walked on by myself, leaving the guides and caravan to follow me or not as they liked; of course I was pretty sure that they would be much too cowardly to leave me altogether, but they straggled and wandered all over the country. We camped that night in a village near a large branch of the Lomâmi, called the Lukanzi; the guides persisted that there were no means of crossing it. I asked where the natives of the village were gone to, and was told that they had crossed the river, so I knew that there must be some way to get over to the other side, and sent the guides along a path to find if it led to a bridge. After having been absent some time they returned, and reported that the path came to an end near the river, as it only led to a watering-place. I did not believe this, so I went down the path myself, and four or five hundred yards from the camp, found a large fishing-weir bridge.

Next morning I got the men across, after a very great deal of trouble; they were all in a great fright, as the guides had been cramming them with hobgoblin stories all the night about the natives beyond the river. As soon as we were across I look the lead again, and about a mile from the river, whilst I was passing through a strip of jungle, a native lurking near shot at me, and the arrow glanced off a leathern coat I wore without penetrating. I saw the fellow bolting, and as he was between me and the open, I was able to make him break cover, and, dropping my rifle, I ran him down, and gave him a regular good thrashing.

Soon after this a lot of natives appeared on the path in front of us and wanted to prevent our proceeding any farther, but after half-an-hour's palaver, which ended in my giving them a few beads, we became very good friends, and went on to the village of a chief four miles off, escorted by a mob of black fellows shouting, yelling, and playing on large wooden horns. Here I was told that Kwarumba, a chief whose village had been described to me as lying directly on our road, was only one march distant. I expected to get information from him about the Portuguese, and therefore I was anxious to go on at once, but Mona Kasanga began to give himself airs, saying he was a chief's son,

and sorely against my will detained me for a day.

Next morning we went on our road, and after again crossing the Lukanzi by another fishing-weir bridge, arrived in the afternoon at Kwarumba's first village, which was very large and well populated. Here we halted, and I was regularly surrounded by crowds who came to look at me, and to whom the sight of a white man was perfectly novel. I believe many of the people had never even heard of one.

On the following day we marched a short distance, and camped close to the village in which Kwarumba lived. In the afternoon he came to see me, and told me that a short time before, strangers, who were not Arabs, and who wore hats and carried umbrellas, had been close by. This was good news for me, and I concluded that they were the Portuguese of whom I was in search.

After leaving Kwarumba's, the guides again began to give trouble, but I held on to my own course as well as I could until we arrived at Kamwawi, where at first we were well received. I engaged guides to take me down to the chief with whom the strange caravan was stopping, and paid them in advance, and during the whole afternoon women were in our camp selling flour, beans, etc. Next morning, however, I found that my pet goat "Dinah" was missing, and therefore went up to the village to inquire about her; so little did I suspect that anything was wrong, that I did not even take my pistol or gun with me.

I could get no answer about the goat, and the people began throwing spears and shooting arrows at us, so I had to send and get all my party together in the village, and show a bold front. For some time I would not allow my men to fire in return, as I did not know what the shindy was about, and I wanted to try every means to make all straight before I resorted to force. However, as I found the natives getting cheekier and cheekier every minute, I at last allowed some three or four of my men to return their fire, and a native was shot through the leg. Almost directly the row commenced a party of five hundred men or so came up from the road by which we had intended to go, where I believe they had been posted in ambush. When we began to defend ourselves they consented to a parley, notwithstanding their being at least ten to one.

After a few preliminaries, it was decided that the chief of the village and myself should exchange presents, and that one of

my men should make brothers with him, after which we should go on our way in peace; but before this could be carried out, another chief with a large body of men came up, and said to the chief of Kamwawi, "Don't be such a fool, they are a small party, and we shall be able to kill or make slaves of them all, and divide their beads and cloth amongst us."

In consequence of his advice the negotiations were broken off; so I, remembering Troubridge at Teneriffe, set fire to a hut and said that unless I was allowed to go in peace I would burn the whole village. On this we were told that we could go unmolested to a village where our guides said we should be received as friends, and I therefore gave orders to march for it. Notwithstanding their promise the natives hung about us, all the march, which lasted from ten A.M. till nearly six P.M., and whenever we passed through a strip of jungle they closed in and began shooting at us, and the "whit, whit" of the long arrows sounded anything but pleasant.

Just before sunset we arrived close to the village (Mkatété), which we had been led to expect would prove a haven of rest, but we were destined to be disappointed. The only answer vouchsafed to the hails of my guides, as to whether we should be received as friends or not, was a volley of arrows.

I sung out for my men to follow me, a call which was responded to by three or four, and made a dash through a strip of jungle, and across a stream into the village. The natives as soon as they saw us taking the offensive bolted, and the remainder of my men coming up, I burnt down all the village except four huts, which I utilized as the corners of a species of fortification. By dint of working all night, the morning saw us fairly protected. In this place, which I named "Fort Dinah," in memory of the goat, we remained five days, when the natives finding that we were too hard a nut for them to crack, volunteered to make peace.

On our leaving Fort Dinah we found the people apparently very friendly, all the little children running after us and saluting us, but at the same time a large number of temporary huts in the villages through which we passed showed that men had come from far and wide to join in the attack on us. The chief of the district now offered to pay us an indemnity, but this I refused to receive, but exchanged presents with him to show that no ill-will was borne on either side.

We then pursued our way with varying fortunes, leaving the valley of the Lomâmi and crossing many streams flowing directly into Lualaba itself. At a place called Mangwa Sanza I heard that the village of Kasongo (the head chief of Urua) was only two or three days distant, and that two caravans were settled there. I wanted to find a guide and go there direct, but Mona Kasanga said that the man pointed out the wrong direction, and that if we took that road we should get into trouble, and he persisted that our right course lay to the E.S.E.

When we had followed this road for three days we came to a village called Mukalombo, and there we found out the reason why Mona Kasanga and the other guides had been deceiving us. Mona Kasanga had heard that having neglected to pay his tribute his father, together with some of his sons, had been killed, and his village destroyed by Kasongo. Mona Kasanga dreading the same fate, was therefore afraid to trust himself in the clutches of Kasongo. Mukalombo was also the home of the second guide, and on this account he had joined with Mona Kasanga in trying to lead me astray. Mona Kasanga now refused to go on any farther with me, and I had to wait till the second man, Kongwé, had done a big drink, and trust to him to show me the road.

Four days' marching west by south brought me to Munza, a large district, where a good deal of iron is worked, and where I found a party of men belonging to Jumah ibn Salim (commonly known as Jumah Merikani), and they promised to give me a man to show the way to Kasongo's. They also told me that the second caravan, of which I had been told, was commanded by a Portuguese from the West Coast. The two remaining guides given me by Tipo-tipo now bolted; but for this I did not much care.

After a day's halt at Munza I went on with Ngöori, a man detailed by Kasongo to act as a sort of dragoman to Jumah Merikani, and after three days arrived at Kilemba, where I was most warmly and hospitably welcomed by Jumah Merikani. I found that Kasongo was away on an excursion to collect tribute and punish those who had neglected to pay it; in this he was assisted by many people, both from the Arab and Portuguese caravans, who were rewarded by being allowed to make slaves of all captives they could obtain.

The day after my arrival, Kendélé, as the Portuguese trader was called by the

native, came over from his camp about a mile distant to call on me. He said he was soon going west, but that he must first collect his various detached parties, which would occupy about a month, and that directly that was done he would make his adieus to Kasongo and start. I asked if he would require any payment, and he said that although he was black, he was all the same as a white man, and never told lies, and he would trust to my generosity. His proper name turned out to be José Antonio Alviz, and he was a native of Dondo on the Kwanza. He eventually proved to be trading from Bihé, though at first he said that he came from Cassanci,* owing to his having heard that I wanted to go there.

As Senhor Alviz said he was not going to start for a month, I determined to employ the time in visiting Lake Mohrya, on which I heard there were regular lake dwellings. I found it difficult to make up my party, as in consequence of my wanting to take only half-a-dozen men with me, all tried to shirk going. At last I made my start on the 30th of October, 1874, and, after marching through a pretty, though half-deserted country, arrived at the lake. This was a mere pond compared to the giant lakes of Africa, and its visible surface was much diminished by floating vegetation; but in the clear waters were the regular lake dwellings.

They were clustered together in villages; each house stood alone, though in many cases only separated a few yards from its neighbor; the intermediate space being filled up by ruined piles of former houses.

In vain did I try to obtain canoes to visit these curious dwellings, analogous to those so vividly revived by Sir Arthur Helps in "Realmah," a book which brought to the notice of modern civilized nations a fair idea of one of the phases through which their ancestors have passed. One of the chief causes of my failure was the presence of a guide furnished by Fumé a Kenna (the wife of Kasongo), who, exercising his prerogative as one of the royal household, used to rob all the country folks he came across. I often remonstrated with him on this practice, and tried to bribe him to refrain, but he said it was his right granted him by his king, and that nothing should prevent his exercising it.

The dwellers in the lake villages were

* "Cassanci" and "Cassangé" are the Portuguese ways of spelling the name; it would be more correct to spell it Kasanjí, but to avoid confusion I will use in this paper "Cassanci."

afraid to let me approach them in his company, for fear of similar outrage; but at the same time I should not have been able to have seen the lake at all unless I had been accompanied by a court guide. I contented myself reluctantly with getting as near as I could to one of the villages by walking on the floating vegetation, and taking a good look at it and its inhabitants, and their proceedings, through my opera-glasses. In addition to this I made a rough sketch of the lake, and one on a larger scale of a single hut. The reason of these lake-dwellers thus defying the power of their suzerain, was that in their insular habitations they considered themselves perfectly free from the danger of the punishments inflicted by him on others of his recalcitrant subjects.

I returned to Kilemba in two days, the second march being over five hours through drenching rain without a check or halt of any kind, and I much astonished my kind friend Jumah Merikani by having got over the distance in so short a time.

Kasongo, I learned, was still absent, and his whereabouts, and time of returning, were very dubious. Kendélé still said he would remain a month, and I therefore endeavored to get guides from Fumé a Kenna to show me the way to Lake Kassali or Kikonja,* through which the Lualaba was said to flow. Fumé a Kenna kept on promising to give me men to take me to Kikonja, and two or three times sent one, only, however, to be recalled an hour or two after he had made his appearance. At last, being tired of dawdling, I set out for Kikonja with four or five of Jumah Merikani's men, who had been there, to show the way. We arrived at Kowédi, a village about eight miles from the lake, but between us and it flowed the Lovoi, which the chief of Kowédi said he had orders from Kasongo to prevent my crossing. As I heard Kasongo was only two marches off, I sent men to find him and ask permission to cross the Lovoi. Unfortunately, before they could reach his camp, he had set off on one of his erratic cruises, and they returned without having seen him. The reason for the orders to prevent my crossing the Lovoi was that

Daiyi, a brother of Kasongo, who laid claim to the kingdom and had a considerable number of followers, was residing with the chief of the lake. I sent men back to Kilemba to ask Fumé a Kenna for guides, and also managed to send men across to Kikonja to try to get the chief there (whose name was also Kikonja) to use his influence with the chief of Kowédi to allow me to cross the Lovoi. This latter brought me back reliable reports about the lake, and also the news that Kikonja wanted to see me, but that the chief of Kowédi refused to allow me to go on till he had orders from Kasongo to that effect. One day, notwithstanding all these obstacles, I managed to get a distant view of the lake. After waiting for over three weeks for the guides from Fumé a Kenna to come, I determined to return to Kilemba, more especially as I had been very ill with dysentery, and thought that milk, with which I used to be liberally supplied by Jumah Merikani, who kept a large flock of goats, would do me more good than any medicine.

The same day that I arrived at Kilemba, I met guides coming from Fumé a Kenna, who evidently wished *apparently* to help me, whilst in *reality* she, in consequence of orders from Kasongo, was doing her best to thwart me.

On my arrival I found that during my absence Kasongo had returned and again started off, leaving orders that I was on no account to be allowed to depart without seeing him, and also desiring that notice of my arrival should be sent to him at once. Kendélé had all his ivory lashed and packed, and said that when Kasongo came back he would require a few days to say good-bye to him, and that after that there was nothing more to detain us, and that we should get to Benguella, which I now learnt was his destination, in about seventy days. Six weeks elapsed (a dreary time) before Kasongo turned up, though I sent many messengers to say I was waiting at Kilemba and wanted to get away. The only thing I had to help the time along, was the discovery that my people had stolen nearly all my beads in the vain hope of forcing me to retrace my steps. Jumah Merikani, however, stood my friend and supplied me with stores which I expected would be sufficient to last to Benguella, or at all events to Bihé, where I should be able to get enough to reach the coast. Kasongo's advent was, however, by no means the signal for our immediate departure, for he had to swagger and talk big about his greatness, and hold meetings

* In Livingstone's last journals, p. 335, vol. i., he mentions Eyele ibn Habib, saying that Lufira and Lualaba fell into Lake Kinkonza (evidently into my Kikonja, which I also heard received the Lufira). In one of his letters he also mentions the Lualaba flowing from a lake N.N.E. into Chowambe, which by many was supposed to be the Mwuta Nzigé (Albert Nyanza), but which, I think, may safely be identified with Kowamba, a small lake lying N.N.E. from east end of Kikonja, and into which Lualaba falls.

to impress me suitably. One day he held a very large levée, at which all the neighboring chiefs were assembled to do him homage, and where he made a very long speech, in which he asserted that he was the greatest man in all the world, and that the only one that could at all compare with him was Mata Yafa, his friend and relation, who is chief of Ulunda.

After this display I thought we were right for the road, but Kendélé first wanted an agreement made out as to what he was to receive for the work he was to do, and when this was arranged he began to give himself airs, and to find excuses for delaying our start. First, I heard that he was going to build a house for Kasongo, and when I remonstrated, he said that it was false, but a few days afterwards he owned that the report was true, but that it would not detain us more than a few days, as the house to be built was precisely similar to that in which he was living, and which he declared was finished in four days.

We left Kilemba for Totela, where the house was to be built, on the 25th of February, 1875, and made a very dawdling march of four days, besides halting two or three in order to give Kendélé an opportunity of stealing food, as he issued no rations whatever to any one. In fact, even he himself and his women lived on a portion of the plunder brought in by his people, and which he used to extort from them as leader of the caravan. Besides his own carriers, there were also independent bands of people of Bihé and Lovale who ravaged the country in all directions, and were under no restraint whatever. Kasongo, instead of checking these ruffians, gave them free leave to do as they liked (he even encouraged them in their atrocities) if in return they would go with him when he went to punish any of his villages, either for not paying tribute at all or whose tribute he thought insufficient. On these occasions all the adult males who could not escape were shot down like dogs, and the women and children seized as slaves.

The house was built almost entirely by my men, and under my superintendence, or it would never have been finished at all, but even when it was completed there were still more delays. A party of Kendélé's men had gone to Kanyoka, a place on the boundary between Kasongo's and Mata Yafa's kingdom's some time before I arrived at Kilemba, and as nothing had been heard of them since, Kendélé refused to start without them, and

we had to wait until men had gone and brought them back. They did not return until the 27th of May, and in the mean time Coimbra (Kendélé's second man) was off on a slave-hunting expedition, much to my disgust and annoyance.

On the 28th my camp was burnt down by the carelessness of one of my men, and I very nearly lost journals and all I possessed; but, owing to the coolness and pluck of my servant Jumah, everything important inside the tent was saved, though the tent itself was burnt.

A few days afterwards we started for Lunga Mandis, a sub-chief of Kasongo's, ten days (short marches) south by west of us. Here we were detained nearly three weeks waiting for the wretch Coimbra, and only got off at last by dint of constant growls and remonstrances. After the first march we were detained a day by slaves running away and their owners going to look for them. The next morning, just as we were packed up and ready for the road, news came that Coimbra would arrive in the course of the day, and Kendélé said we must wait for him.

Sure enough, in the course of the day Coimbra came in, driving a string of fifty or sixty wretched women tied together with knotted cords, and all heavily laden with plunder, and several with babies in their arms. These poor creatures represented twenty or thirty villages burnt down, and I am sure a population of two hundred and fifty to three hundred people utterly destroyed. About three or four hundred more may have escaped to other villages. There were now in the caravan upwards of fifteen hundred slaves, all of them obtained by plunder and murder from a country which has only lately been tapped to supply slaves for export.

From The Academy.

SECRET-SERVICE MONEY UNDER
GEORGE I.

FROM a manuscript volume of "Revenue Returns," originally, no doubt, belonging to the Treasury, but which passed in recent years from the hands of a private person into the British Museum, we get a few instructive illustrations of how the money went *temp.* George I. Under the head of "Secret Service," between the dates March 25, 1721, and March 25, 1725, we note the following entries:—

To William Lowndes Esq. 243,200l.
To John Scrope Esq. . . . 89,900l.

To Charles Lord Visct. Townshend one of his Maties Principal Secretaries of State . . .	11,650 <i>l</i> .
To John Duke of Roxburgh another . . .	13,500 <i>l</i> .
To John Lord Cartaret late another . . .	9,249 <i>l</i> . 3 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
To Thomas Holles Duke of Newcastle another . . .	2,175 <i>l</i> . 16 <i>s</i> . 5½ <i>d</i> .
To James Earl Stanhope late another . . .	1,850 <i>l</i> .
To Robert Walpole Esqr late another . . .	1,771 <i>l</i> . 19 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
To Wm. Stanhope Esqr ambassador Extrary to the Catholick King . . .	6,000 <i>l</i> .
Making a grand total for the four years of . . .	379,296 <i>l</i> . 19 <i>s</i> . 5½ <i>d</i> .

Passing by a long account of payments to ambassadors and foreign ministers between the same dates, we next come to a list of "Gifts, Rewards, Bounties, and Extraordinaries of divers Natures," which includes the following noteworthy items, besides numerous entries of money paid for the capture of highwaymen, "smugglers," etc:—

To Geo. Bamfield Esqr. for providing Goods as a present to the Indians of New York . . .	835 <i>l</i> .
To Henry Lord Herbert in lieu of a Jewell which his Majesty meant to present him . . .	500 <i>l</i> .
To Phillip Dormer Stanhope Esqr. comonly called Ld Stanhope, ditto . . .	500 <i>l</i> .
To Dr James Douglas, for his performance and publishing his Anatomical Observations . . .	500 <i>l</i> .

Douglas was a famous London practitioner, born in Scotland, 1675; noted also for a curious library of editions and translations of Horace, which passed into the hands of the Chevalier d'Eon.

To Dr Thos. Renton for making known his Art Skill & Mistery in curing of Ruptures &c. . .	5,000 <i>l</i> .
To Arthur Collins, as of Royal Bounty . . .	200 <i>l</i> .

Another entry of payment of the like amount to this person, who was doubtless the compiler of the well-known "Peerage," etc.

To Charles Maitland Surgeon for Innoculating Prince Frederick for the Small Pox . . .	1,000 <i>l</i> .
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To Gideon Harvey Dr in Physick Physician at the Tower for visiting the State Prisoners . . .	300 <i>l</i> .
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Harvey was appointed to the Tower about 1689, and is said to have been physician there fifty years. He wrote a singular work, called "The Conclave of Physicians; detecting their intrigues, frauds, and plots against their patients."

To Jacob Tonson Stationer for printing the Inventories of the Estates of the late Directors of the South Sea Company . . .	1,716 <i>l</i> . 8 <i>s</i> . 1½ <i>d</i> .
To Sir Joseph Eyles Knt. for the Young Princesses . . .	79,000 <i>l</i> .
To Wm Richards Gt for the charge of 15 persons who voluntarily went into the service of the King of Prussias Granadiers from Ireland to Berlin . . .	221 <i>l</i> . 5 <i>s</i> .

We get here a glimpse of the hobby of the great drill-sergeant, Frederick William, father of Frederick II. An Irishman, James Kirkman, it will be remembered, was one of the finest grenadiers in that famous army of giants; but he could hardly have been one of this batch, for history records that the king spent 200*l*. on him alone, for expenses in watching, guarding, and forwarding him to Berlin, after having given him 1,000*l*. to secure his service.

To Wm Pitt Keeper of Newgate for Expences &c, for the Rebels taken at Preston . . .	700 <i>l</i> .
To Chrisr Tilson Esqr and other Managers of the Lottery 1722 for their service . . .	7,250 <i>l</i> .
To Gabriel Bourdon Mercht for 26 Bustos with Marble Pedestalls for his Maty . . .	600 <i>l</i> .
To John Anthony Balaguier Esqr for expences in bringing over the Bustos for his Matie . . .	163 <i>l</i> . 3 <i>s</i> . 8 <i>d</i> .
To Robt. Saunderson Esqr for making 3 Add volumes to Rhymers Phedra . . .	700 <i>l</i> .

From Good Words.

ECCENTRICITY.

Do you flatter yourself that nobody thinks you eccentric? Do not. If there is not something about you which would

seem to others eccentric, then you have no reasonable hope of immortality, for you have no centre of individuality, nothing to show that you are a being and not a mould.

We call people eccentric whose ways are not our ways. "She is so eccentric, poor thing!" says the woman of society, speaking of some old friend. "She never goes anywhere. She says she does not receive nor pay calls. There is no use in asking her to take a stall at a bazaar. She has buried herself alive with that husband of hers and those four rough boys." Yet probably the woman who speaks and the woman who is spoken about, both say alike that home should take precedence, and all the "eccentricity" lies in the fact that the one puts her precepts into practice.

The eccentricities of genius have long been a handy theme for the leisurely comments of people of safely limited talent. The genius is eccentric, because, having discovered the diet best suited to his constitution, he keeps to it and will not eat pickled salmon, no, not even to please a lord mayor. The genius is eccentric, because he did not pay the least attention to the Countess of Dulborough, but spent the whole evening talking to that old maid, Miss Good, who is nobody at all.

The word "eccentric" is commonly applied to any deviation from custom, or from the habits and manners of others, but as they never profess to radiate from any centre, ought it not rather, in mere strictness of speech, to be applied to any deviation from the declared centre of our own existence?

Is not true eccentricity simply a wish to do an easy and plain thing in a hard and intricate way, or else to do something which had better not be done at all? To call a merely unusual or novel action eccentric is to confound eccentricity with originality and progress. The first man to build a house or to carry an umbrella was no eccentric. Any man who would persist in walking on his hands, or in going to bed in all his day-apparel, would have been always eccentric, and will be ever so.

On the other hand, what is generally called eccentricity is commonly the discovery of easier and swifter methods, or of novelties, whether in duty or circumstance. Such a man is said to be so "peculiar"—he made all his friends in such queer ways,—one friendship began in a chance conversation on a steamer, another in a meeting at an inn. Now,

everybody admits that the making of friends is perfectly legitimate and normal; only most prefer the manufacture to be carried on by an elaborate machinery of introductions, calls, cards, etc., through which all our carpets are worn out by the feet of casual comers and goers, before we hear the footfall of one who really brings good tidings of love and fellowship to our own soul. Or another is called eccentric, because, heartily believing something to be of vital good to his fellow-creatures, he invests all his money in furthering it, and spends himself in recommending it in season and out of season. His belief itself may be eccentric, or it may not; it may be in the golden rule, or in a particular pill, but his honest application of that belief is not eccentric, and never can be. At that point precisely he is at one with all the great men who have soiled and strained themselves to push the world towards God and good,—and one against the huge army of charlatans who impose burdens which they do not bear.

What a huge mass of small misery would vanish if people could dare to be eccentric in the sense of doing something which is right for themselves as individuals! How many a woman suffering under the close pinches of a narrow income, with a constant dispiriting sense of shabbiness, could be set free from her worst torture, if she gave up the use of gloves except when needed for warmth, and put their price into her general treasury! Is it best to have hands a little brown or a face worried and anxious? The real beauty of a hand is not spoiled by exposure, or even by hard work, and nothing can be more hideous than the preserved whiteness and plumpness of a coarse hand. We cannot imagine angels in gloves. We cannot imagine the old healthy heathen goddesses in gloves. The hand-clasps which we shall never forget were given by ungloved fingers.

To hide hands or face from ordinary wear and tear lest they spoil them is as bad as to starve with money in the bank lest we spend it. Hands and faces were given us to be used and worn out, and wear out they will whether or no. The true test of beauty is its long resistance and its faculty for wearing well. Who would put brown holland over Russia leather chairs? While new, they might be taken for good imitation, but when old they are undoubted.

Everybody has to be eccentric somehow. It takes many a queer twist before the infinite variety of human character

and circumstances can be reduced to a similarity almost as striking as that in a packet of pins. It was a humorous and suggestive illustration of this that a book, lately written to advise ladies of limited income how to look like their richer neighbors, hinted that in order to secure the conventional number of silk dresses and parasols, they might even wear colored under-linen!

It is often said that when poverty approaches as "an armed man," the first retrenchment is made on the table, the last in the wardrobe. This ought not to be. Is not "the body more than raiment"? Put the boy into corduroys instead of broadcloth, but spare him a good dinner, and so give him a chance of getting his own broadcloth when his turn comes, instead of wearing out yours till it drops in rags about him in some casual ward. Any linen shirts and beaver hats you can buy will soon be translated to some other sphere of matter quite beyond his use, while muscle and nerve will remain. There is nothing sadder than the study of the children of shabby-genteel families. They retain the well-moulded features and lithe forms of "good blood," long after the departure of the hot energy or cool staying power which really constituted it. To borrow a phrase from the stable, "They are good ones to look at, but bad ones to go." They are our social slaves — the drug of our labor-market, and capital shrewdly knows that it can extort any terms from them, while it does not insist on fustian jackets or white caps and aprons.

There may be table-retrenchments for which nobody needs pity. If the children get porridge instead of tea, rosy apples instead of jellies, they may bless the poverty that suggested the change. It is the poorer tea and the thinner bread and butter which is to be deprecated. Even the moderate cost of the carefully hoarded black silk dress, which deceives nobody, if put into the bread account, would relieve all tightness in that quarter for the whole period that it would wear.

Let a widowed mother make her Sabbath-best of serge, and boldly teach her lads the virtues of holland and corduroy, that she may grudge no quantity of wholesome food, no cost of merry holiday, and she may live to display the rich gifts from her eldest, and to boast that her youngest, though he does not make money, has learned to live so simply that he can easily afford to give his life to the art or science of his ambition, and so to write

the name she gave him on the best page of his country's history.

To wish to be like other people is as futile as it is fatal. We cannot be like anybody but ourselves. The more conventional we are, the more we resemble the jay which borrowed a feather from every other bird. We do not succeed in our attempted resemblance, we only spoil our own appearance and our own capacities. Nobody admires such. They are ridiculous even in the eyes of similarly bedecked jays. How the people in a theatre laugh as old Polonius prosed! There is wisdom in his words, but it is wisdom as a rose after a snail has slimed it. He knows right, wrongly. And yet we may be quite sure there are more of Poloniuses in box, pit, and gallery than there are of vacillating Hamlets, blunt Horatios, or guilty kings and queens. These belie the prince's words. These "galled jades" do not wince. Their criticism is, "This is a fool:" the moral they deduce appears to be, "Let us be so likewise."

Our use of the word "must" should be greatly in our minds when we confess that we do those things which we ought not to do, and leave undone those things which we should do. We neglect duties that should be done at any cost of will-power; we helplessly accept as duties actions which, done as such, lose all their value. How many "cannot" dismiss a servant, and open their own hall-door or dust their own shoes, even though their annual expenditure is regularly in excess of their annual income! Yet they "must" pay calls on people whom they do not like, and they "must" go to parties where two or three hours of black-hole atmosphere and ten minutes' gobble at unwholesome food leave them with a week's indigestion and bad temper. Or on higher levels it may be that we "cannot" keep a certain commandment, but we "must" believe a certain creed. We cannot serve some fellow-creature, but we must love him! It is simply a double lie, as transparent as if one should say he cannot cross a gutter, but can easily jump over the moon.

From some people's talk one might infer that public opinion was a solid body of resistless force, or at least a policeman with a truncheon. "One cannot go to two parties in the same dress," said a lady. "What prevents you?" asked her companion. "Simply do it."

What is public opinion? The aggregate of many persons' opinions, mostly

founded on their own ways. Do you acknowledge even to yourself that their ways and their opinions are better than yours? You think Mrs. S. a feather-brained creature, in fact a fool, and yet you feel it a terrible judgment if you can imagine that she is making derogatory remarks on the length of your skirt, or even the amount of beef you order from your butcher.

When you shrink from handing the dishes at your own table, or from the growing necessity that your daughters should do something for their own livelihood, whose image looms terribly before you? Is it that of the great man whose rare visits fill your house with spiritual light and warmth? Or that of the good woman whose life you know goes up as daily incense before God? Or that of the dear friend who knows all about you, even about the skeleton in your cupboard, and whose life has so penetrated your life, that you cannot realize how it was when you did not know him? No, it is that of the De Vescis opposite — about whom you delight to tell the naughty anecdote that they have a malicious cousin who subscribes his letters to Gentility Square, with the plain name of "Mr. Vesey." Or that of the Wildes, over whom there always hangs such a cloud of mystery, so that nobody has ever heard how he made his money, or what was her maiden name. Or lastly and chiefly, it is that of Lady Pompon, who twice a year kindly renews the card that you keep on the top of your card-basket, and who, could you only know it, goes to her next evening service with a happy consciousness of "acts of humility."

We should all have a "proper regard" for public opinion. Only what public opinion? Our most conventional acquaintance seeks the favorable verdict of Pluto Place, not of Black Slum. Let us think of the quality of the approval we gain rather than of its quantity. Let us dare to do what should be done, and the best will either approve us at once, or presently thank us for teaching them a new lesson. People's moral tastes, like their artistic, want educating. The greater a man is, the fewer within earshot will praise him. Condemnation is the only title of honor that some people can bestow. Mazzini's greatness was truly recognized when he was judged as an assassin by those who would have been proud of a presentation to the besotted Bomba. They saw that white was the opposite of black: they only mistook the terms. Columbus was wise when he had his fetters buried with him:

he had doubtless learned that in such a world the iron chain is a far more substantial order of merit than the most selectly distributed golden fleece. Higher yet. While the Jews made a hero of Barabbas the robber, their only possible tribute to Jesus was to crucify him.

If there be anything which we secretly long to do, could we only muster courage, then we may be sure that there are many others like us — standing still as sheep till the bell-wether moves onward. There are some slaves who achieve their own freedom long before the general emancipation act which they help to bring about. And let us remember the old proverb — it is "the hindmost" whom the devil takes. It would be a foolish cat who refused to go to the milk-pan till the other cats had licked off the cream. Yet there are people who can accept nothing till it begins to grow stale. The originality of some impulses are half their value. When they cease to be a protest against the untruthfulness and unthinkingness of habit, they are often far on the way to be untruthful or unthinking themselves. To-day, the most conventional of us are doing what was first done by some very "eccentric" forefather. Shall we drive the steeds of the car of time, or shall we toil ever behind in the dust which it raises? Shall we be slaves ourselves, or free liberators of others?

Dare to be strong: the world is very weak,
And longs for burning words which strong
souls speak,

Thirsts for the cup which ye have strength
to grasp,

Toils on the road where ye are swift to run,
Does nought itself, but worships what is done.
Spare it one hand: thine other angels clasp.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

From Nature.

RESOURCES OF SERVIA AND BOSNIA.

THE small extent of country upon which the eyes of Europe are now centred lies too far out of the beaten tracks of travellers for much to be generally known as to its capabilities or natural resources; nevertheless the country is described in the few existing works as being very fertile, and the soil might be made much more productive were it not for the idle and dirty habits of the people. In these days of "special correspondents," the breaking out of a war, even in the remotest parts of the world, is a signal for the despatch

of men of observation, whose duty it is to chronicle the movements of the opposing parties, and in some cases — we wish it were more often so — to give us glimpses into the habits of the people and the natural features of the country. Thus, we may in the course of a few weeks learn from the public press more about these matters in connection with the small districts now at war with Turkey than we are able to gain from books. The mines of Serbia and the forests of Bosnia are two of the principal sources of revenue to the countries. Both iron and copper can be obtained, not only in large quantities, but also of excellent quality. The best Bosnian iron resembles that of Sweden, and is largely used in the manufactories of Gratz, in Styria; quantities also pass into Dalmatia and Serbia. These mines are mostly worked by English companies under concessions from the authorities. In the forests are several species of oak, including the evergreen, or holm oak (*Quercus ilex*), the Turkey oak (*Q. cerrus*), *Q. ægilops*, *Q. infectoria*, and others. The first two are of little or no use economically, except perhaps for their woods, and these are not so highly valued as those of other species; the *Q. ægilops*, however, which produces large acorns seated in very large cups, is valuable for the sake of these cups, which contain a large quantity of tannin, and are extensively used by tanners and dyers, being imported to a considerable extent from the Levant under the name of valonia. *Q. infectoria* is also a valuable species, producing, most abundantly, the large shining brown galls known as Mecca galls, used for dyeing purposes, in the manufacture of ink, and in the preparation of tannic and gallic acids. The principal value of the oaks in Bosnia seems to be in their timber, the staple use of which is in the manufacture of staves for casks, immense quantities of which are exported. Amongst the pines occurring in the forests are *Pinus laricio*, *P. maritima*, *P. halepensis*, and others, as well as the Scots fir, *P. sylvestris*. Be-

sides these are other forest trees of more or less value, so that if the forests were properly worked, they would not fail to prove of great value. At present, however, the right of cutting timber is held chiefly by foreign speculators, and has proved a source of wealth to many Austrians and Frenchmen who have embarked in it.

One of the most valuable products, both of Bosnia and Serbia, as at present developed, lies in their plum-crops, many of the peasantry depending entirely on these fruits as the means of subsistence through a great part of the year. The plums, after being gathered, are mostly dried in the form of prunes, the secret or art of drying being known only to themselves. The Bosnian plums are considered of a better quality than those either from Serbia, Croatia, or Austria. A quantity of spirit is likewise prepared from these fruits. Amongst other vegetable products of the country may be included tobacco, potatoes, flax, hemp, walnuts; and amongst cereals, wheat, maize, barley, oats, rye, millet, etc. Wheat and maize are the principal food-plants consumed in the country, some of the other products being exported in comparatively large quantities.

A notice of the resources of Serbia, however brief, could not be closed without a reference to the remarkable traffic in pigs, the value of which amounts to nearly one-half of that of the entire exports of the country. In one year 472,700 of these animals were exported from Serbia, the bulk of which are fattened at Steinbruch, near Pesth, in Hungary, where more than 500,000 pigs from various parts are fattened yearly. Their value is not on account of their flesh as an article of food, but exclusively for melting down for their fat.

From these notes it will be seen that in Serbia and Bosnia are numerous undeveloped natural resources, and, under a different system than that which now prevails, both forests and mines might be made much more productive. J. R. J.

ELECTRIC COMMUNICATIONS WITHOUT WIRES. — It would seem from recent experiments that it is perfectly possible to convey a message for a certain distance along the earth without any conducting wire whatever. But M. Th. Du Moncel has explained to the French Academy (May 8) that the idea of communica-

tion without wires is far from novel, having been experimentally tested thirty years ago, both in England and America. Thus, messages were sent from Gosport to Portsmouth (and, we believe, across to the Isle of Wight), a distance of about three kilometres.

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AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

How changed the scene from that I lately sang,
 Of summer in the woods !
 When all the leafy coverts rang,
 Down to the deepest solitudes,
 With sweet bird-harmonies of song
 From the wild feathered throng.
 But now the furious wind's sonorous bass
 Sounds through the naked trees :
 Music spreads forth her wing,
 And in the air float melodies, which chase
 Each other as they please,
 And gambol as in ecstasies ;
 Each tree a harp, and every branch a string,
 Touched by a hand unseen, now low, now high,
 Outringing rapturous refrains,
 And with great heaven's own minstrelsy
 Flooding the hills and plains.
 Some tremulous leaves still hang upon the
 boughs,
 Quivering 'twixt life and death,
 And yonder willow sways and sighs and bows,
 Before the frost hath breathed her wintry
 breath,
 And the last leaf falls flickering to its tomb,—
 Relic of brightness and of bloom.
 Walk through the wood, thrilled to the in-
 most core
 By the wild concert of celestial sounds
 In God's cathedral. Hear the wondrous roar
 Of nature's organ, echoing in rounds
 From the high headland to the ocean shore.
 Magnificently grand !
 This is God's minster-choir,
 By the blue heavens o'erspanned ;
 And now the song bursts forth from harp and
 lyre,
 A hallelujah chorus loud,
 A hurricane of praise which sweeps
 Triumphant from cloud to cloud,
 As though the very heavens were bowed,
 And then in silence sleeps.
 Sweet silence ! like the cadence of a psalm :
 The storm was sudden, and the hallowing
 calm
 As sudden as the storm ;
 Not a breath stirs, and zephyr soft as balm
 Brings peace in its most lovely form.
 Only the whispering rill I hear,
 With its mild vesper hymn the trees among,
 And, beautifully clear,
 The robin's plaintive song.
 Sunday Magazine.

B.

OH ! thou, whose heart is scarred and worn,
 Whom plans bewilder, cares oppress, —
 By disappointment overborne,
 Or overjoyed at earth's success, —
 The fir woods call to thee to come,
 Their lonely depths are never dumb.

For there is never day so still,
 So lulled to sleep, but some light breeze,
 Unnoticed else, doth faintly fill
 The topmost foliage of the trees,

And those tall, tapering crests are stirred,
 And the eternal whisper heard.

And there is never day so rude,
 So vexed with blasts that howl and drive,
 But in this dark and silent wood
 The winds are hushed, or only give —
 Howe'er the tree-tops rock and swing —
 Depth to their solemn murmuring.

G. A. HOLMES.

A SUICIDE.

JUDGE not ! 'Tis past thy ken ;
 Strangely the web of destiny is ordered ;
 In highest-natured men
 The loftiest wit with depths of madness
 bordered !

Judge not ! The taper's light
 Is too small measure for volcanoes' burning ;
 This constant, feebly-bright, —
 That sudden, with wild flame, all barriers
 spurning.

Judge not ! Beyond the grave
 We shall know better the immense, great
 trial ;

This man submits, a slave ;
 The other fights, and dies, in fierce denial.

But He who views the strife,
 Calm from without, more wise than those
 within it,
 Counts the long "Yes" of life,
 Not the one "No," the single faithless
 minute.

Spectator.

TWO SEASONS.

CAN this be spring ? These tearful lights
 that break

Across wet uplands in the windy dawn
 Are paler than the primroses, that make
 Dim glories on the banks of field and lawn ;
 Wild blasts are sweeping o'er the garden beds,
 Wild clouds are drifting through the dull,
 grey skies,

And early flowers, rain-beaten, hang their
 heads ;

Can it be spring that wears this stormy
 guise ?

Can this be autumn ? Freshly green and fair
 The meadows glisten in the morning rays,
 Touches of brown and crimson, here and there,
 Are all that tell us that the year decays.
 We would not have the old year young again ;
 If this be death, we find him passing sweet ;
 Watching the soft hues change on hill and
 plain,

We wait in peace the calm destroyer's feet.
 Good Words. SARAH DOUDNEY.

From The Contemporary Review.
CLARENDON.

PART II.

AFTER HIS FIRST EXILE.

IN the summer of 1645 the military affairs of Charles went swiftly to wreck, and Sir Edward Hyde and the Lords Capel and Hopton were told off to form a council for the Prince of Wales. They fell back with the prince into the west of England, and were soon forced to leave the mainland. They first set foot on St. Mary, one of the Scilly Isles, and after a pause of a few weeks proceeded to Jersey, where the little court was broken up. Prince Charles, yielding to the commands of his mother, joined her in Paris. Hyde, with Capel and Hopton, remained in the island.

His situation was well fitted to depress or break the strongest spirit. In the prime of manhood, he saw his ambition thwarted, his professional prospects blighted, his patrimony in the hands of his enemies. Now, however, it was that his best qualities shone out. He did not sink into the angry egotistic brooding of disappointed vanity, or seek relief in vociferous execration. In patience he possessed his soul. *Qui bene latuit bene vixit*, he inscribed on his house in Jersey, and proved that, if he fell short in those kingly and conquering qualities indispensable for success in enterprises of great pith and moment, he was richly endowed with the virtues that light a man's face in the shade. Like all the noble Cavaliers, he was devoutly religious, and his Church had never been so dear to him as when her proscribed services were his solace in exile. He began a commentary on the Psalms. He walked daily on the sands of the bay with his friends, Capel and Hopton, experiencing, we may presume, that soothing influence which "Sophocles long ago," and Homer before him, and Mr. Matthew Arnold after him, have attributed to the melancholy music of the sea.

But his main resource was the composition of that historical work, in which he, being dead, still speaks to all civilized men. The month in which he landed in the Scilly Isles had not closed before he com-

menced a narrative of the events in which he had been engaged, and during the two years of his abode in Jersey he completed that part of the work which describes the beginning of the troubles, the rupture between king and Parliament, and the defeat of the Episcopalian royalists. This is by far the most important part of the whole, for in it he pronounces upon the conduct of the two great parties at the moment when the civil war broke out. The nature of his decision is well known. It is expressed in his title, — "The Great Rebellion." In these words he takes for granted exactly what he had to prove. The Parliamentary majority who engaged in war with Charles would have committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason any man who had dared to apply to them the word "rebels." Pym and Hampden made no appeal to the right of insurrection, claimed no license to break with the historic past of England. They professed to aim with all simplicity at perpetuating, under the conditions imposed by the age, the ancient liberties of their country. Their contention, logically stated, was not that they rebelled justly, but that they did not rebel at all; and it was this plea which Clarendon, by the very name on his title-page, puts out of sight.

Herr von Ranke delivers the following opinion on Clarendon:—

The effect which an historical work can have is, perhaps, nowhere seen more strongly than in the "History of the Rebellion." The view of the event in England itself and in the educated world generally, has been determined by the book. The best authors have repeated it, and even those who combat it do not get beyond the point of view given by him; they refute him in details, but leave his views in the main unshaken. Clarendon belongs to those who have essentially fixed the circle of ideas for the English nation.

It is true that in Clarendon's book there dwells, as it were incarnate, that subtle and potent persuasiveness which lured Falkland to his doom and sealed the ruin of thousands of gallant and honest gentlemen. His history may be defined as the grand mistake of his life stated in language; and if neither he nor the multitude he misled penetrated that mistake at the

time it was made, it was perhaps to be expected that several generations should fail to discern its character when set forth on the printed page. But it is not true that "the best authors" have repeated Clarendon, or have not got beyond his point of view, or have refuted him only in details. The best authors who have written on the Puritan Revolution — Hallam, Brodie, Forster, Macaulay,* Carlyle, Masson, Sanford, Bruce, Goldwin Smith, Green, and others — take an irreconcilably different view of the whole affair from that of Clarendon. Herr von Ranke states with nice precision the reverse of the fact, when he says that they refute him in details, but leave his general scheme unshaken; for they accept from him not a few matters of detail as authentic and important, but demonstrate his theory and conception of the business to be egregiously wrong. What I have described as the grand mistake of his life was vindicated by himself in a series of plausible and well-worded documents, which delighted Charles and had a profound effect upon simple-hearted, simple-minded Cavaliers; but men of strength and insight on both sides even then saw through them. The surface-logic and rhetorical varnish of those manifestoes have been reproduced in his history; but consummately able men, thorough in research, sharp and sure in judgment — men in several instances of great genius — have rubbed off the paint and displayed the canvas. No hand will ever lay that paint again.

In his powerful book on the Great Remonstrance, Mr. Forster argues that Clarendon deliberately falsified the record of those transactions in which he took part in 1641 and 1642, and Mr. Brodie has been equally explicit in his charge of untruth. While not daring to maintain against such accusers the perfect good faith of Clarendon, I believe that he was, on the whole, consciously honest. What is unique in his case is the value of his facts, as contrasted with, nay, as demonstrating, the inconsequence of his reasonings. Other historians, when they go

wrong, can be refuted only by reference to other authorities; Clarendon can be answered out of his own lips. Hallam comments thus on Clarendon's untrustworthiness: —

When he sat down in Jersey to begin his history, irritated, disappointed, afflicted at all that had passed in the last five years, he could not bring his mind back to the state in which it had been at the meeting of the Long Parliament.

This is Clarendon's apology; but it deprives of all apology the men who accept Clarendon as an historical authority. Had he risen out of the atmosphere of fiery partisanship in which his blood boiled for years — had his magnanimity and imaginative sympathy enabled him to do justice to his opponents — he would have been a Shakespeare among historians. Hallam fails, however, to explain what strikes me as the peculiar and unparalleled circumstance that Clarendon's memory and conscience escaped, or comparatively escaped, the influences which perverted his judgment. His partisanship clouded his reasoning faculty, and rendered him unable to do justice to his adversaries; but it did not destroy his recollection of facts, or prevail with him to suppress them. He propounds a theory, or delivers an opinion, with placid assurance that he is right; and then calmly jots down facts demonstrating that he is wrong.

Take, for example, that celebrated passage, perhaps the most signal illustration, in historical literature, of mock-heroic eloquence and elegiac bathos, in which he describes the England of Laud's and Strafford's ascendancy as basking in the sunshine of peace and joy, and suggests that some mysterious infatuation, like what might fall on a nation doomed of heaven, could alone account for the rising up of the English people against their saintly monarch. They had, he says, only one grievance! — it was a case of losing paradise for an apple. And then he arithmetically proves that the grievances were *three*: for he tells us that money was wrung out of the people by court favorites to an amount out of all proportion to that granted by Parliament, or paid into the treasury; he admits that the king's policy

* "Mahon tried to defend Clarendon, but was put down by Hallam and Macaulay." — "Lord Carlisle's Journal," quoted in Macaulay's Biography.

was a "total declinature of Parliament;" and the one grievance which, at the moment when he penned his threnody, he had in view, was the subjection of the law to regal power. Even if we confine our view to his one grievance, must we not pronounce it feeble and foolish to lay stress upon its being numerically one? To speak of the infatuation of a people, agriculturally and commercially prosperous, in sacrificing tranquillity rather than permit the law to be trampled down by the king, is like expostulating with a man whose habit of body is full, and whose complexion is ruddy, because he concerns himself about unquestionable disease of the heart. Clarendon knew and praised Jonson, but I have seen no proof that he ever read Shakespeare, or studied the character of Mercutio. Had he done so, it might have struck him that, as a wound need not be so wide as a church door, or so deep as a well, to let out a man's life, so a nation may have the vital spark of its freedom extinguished though its population is not wasted by famine, nor its cities given up to fire and sword. And is it not a strangely ignoble conception of what ought to rouse a nation to resistance against tyranny, which implies that revolution is folly except in the presence of gross material injuries? How far worthier is the satisfaction which May, the historian of the Long Parliament, expresses in the power of even his lowlier countrymen to discern and appreciate the bitterness of the calamity that had come upon England, in the violation of her laws and the suppression of her Parliaments! If there is one thing in the history of their country of which Englishmen may be proud, it is that England in those years refused to live by bread alone. The evidence derivable from Clarendon's own narrative, that the golden age of his exordium was a picture of the brain, becomes overpowering when we find that he acted with Hampden and his party in the first session of the Long Parliament. He gives with pomp of approbation a list of those measures by which the policy of Strafford and Laud was condemned, its instruments broken, its ministers punished.

Can we prove also, from Clarendon, that

the men who carried the Grand Remonstrance did well and wisely? Some will probably, even at this date, answer in the negative. Dark as is the roll of grievances enumerated in the Remonstrance, they had, for the most part, been redressed. Could Charles be trusted? Was the attempted arrest of the five members a mere passing caprice? Were law and liberty safe under the guardianship of an admonished and repentant monarch? Clarendon maintains the affirmative; but it is literally true that the green turf of his theory is here again honeycombed by his own averments of fact. One sufficient proof is as good as a thousand; and I submit that the heartfelt detestation with which Charles regarded what had been done in the first session of the Long Parliament, and his definite intention to effect a counter-revolution, are absolutely demonstrated by Clarendon's own account of his private interview with the king and queen *before* the accusation of the members. My conviction that Clarendon did not consciously fabricate or suppress is based largely upon his description of that interview. A mere special pleader, determined to bring out but one side of the case, would have buried the incident in the deepest cavern of his memory; and I am not aware that, if Clarendon had not reported it, we should have known anything about it, for Henrietta Maria, singularly enough, completely passes it over in her narrative to Madame de Motteville. But Clarendon does not suppress the fact though it grinds his own reasonings to powder. Clarendon the chronicler annihilates the pleas of Clarendon the advocate; Clarendon the personal attendant of the vacillating yet self-willed, the weak yet tyrannical, the tortuous, ever-plotting, slippery Charles, enables us to put together a portrait of the royal Stuart as different as possible from that which Clarendon the historian paints for us, and labels royal martyr. He calls the noble and deep-thoughted men who were engaged in working out the constitutional liberties of England miscreants and rebels for not staking their own lives and the freedom of their country on the faith of a king who, from first to last, deceived Clarendon him-

self, and who is seen deceiving Clarendon on Clarendon's own page. Charles's plots within plots startled Hyde at the time of the attempted arrest; counter-worked Hyde and the peace-party in the royal camp, in their endeavors to prevent the outbreak of the war and to bring it to an end after it had lasted for a few months; and involved Charles in connections with the Popish party in Ireland from which Hyde would have shrunk. Pym and Hampden held that, when the queen was on the Continent pawning the crown-jewels for arms, and the king was moving to the north to draw the sword, it would be high treason to England to take no measures to resist the attack; and so long as Clarendon's history remains in print, and men have eyes to see when an advocate's facts destroy his own case, the reasonableness of this opinion of theirs, and the calamitous folly of him who deserted them and joined the king, will be manifest. While it stands written with the pen of Clarendon that, at the date of the Great Remonstrance, Charles was under the influence of the queen, was desirous of removing St. John from his office, was bent upon substituting Lunsford for Balfour in the governorship of the Tower, it will be unnecessary for any one whose object it is to vindicate the memory of Pym and Hampden to pass beyond the boards of Clarendon's history. If Hyde and Falkland had stood by Hampden and Pym, Charles would indeed have ceased to be formidable to the liberties of the State; and the same united party which could have dared to deal generously with the king could have saved the Church, not indeed from reform, but from overthrow.

Clarendon's authority, totally worthless as it is, has without question been accepted, as Herr von Ranke says, by a great multitude of persons. It is a question of some interest how this has occurred. Something must be attributed to his style—to that "eloquence of the heart and imagination" which Hallam acknowledges, to that stateliness and felicity of phrase over which Professor Masson walks as if "stepping on velvet;" but perhaps not very much. Hume, who owed Clarendon a good word—for his account of the Puritan Revolution is simply that of Clarendon told by a skilful and unscrupulous literary artist—says plainly that his style is "prolix and redundant, and suffocates by the length of its periods." So it is, and so it does. More is accounted for by his anecdotic talent, his skill at an after-dinner story, his occasional chuckle of dry fun,

his grave irony, his strenuous hatreds, his love of scandal. The queen's favors were, he says, always "more towards those who were like to do services than to those who had done them." He tells us how Hollis, irritated by Ireton in debate, challenged him to cross the river and fight; how Ireton said his conscience would not permit him to fight in a personal quarrel; and how Hollis thereupon "in choler pulled him by the nose, telling him, if his conscience would keep him from giving men satisfaction, it should keep him from provoking them." He dwells with much comfort on the severe ugliness of Monk's wife, adding that the general wished well to the Presbyterian preachers "for his wife's sake, or rather for his own peace with his wife, who was deeply engaged to that people for their seasonable determination of some nice cases of conscience, whereby he had been induced to repair a trespass he had committed, by marrying her; which was an obligation never to be forgotten." Superstitious as was his reverence for bishops, he remarks of clergymen generally, that they "understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can write and read." Hard measure, surely, to be dealt out to clerical gentlemen by the historian whom they have adored. It is to the influence of ecclesiastics, more than to any other cause, that he owes his authority. It has been for the interest and honor of generations of clergymen and university dons to accept and propagate his view. They placed him on the historical bench, and told their countrymen to bow to his decision. But he has been degraded as a judge; he has been refuted as an advocate; and only in the witness-box, under searching cross-examination, can anything of value be elicited from him. His history is comprehensively fallacious, incurably wrong. Its fundamental position is that the men who, while he acted with them, were sober-minded, honorable, and discerning, became, from the time he left them, a pack of God-forsaken miscreants. An incredibility like that cannot be qualified into correctness or annotated into common sense. The time has gone by, and can never return, when Herr von Ranke could say with truth that the ideas of the English nation on the Puritan Revolution are those of Clarendon.

In the spring of 1648, when the Presbyterians were making their desperate effort to save Charles, Hyde was summoned by the Prince of Wales, to whom a large portion of the fleet had deserted, to join him

in the Downs. He sailed from Jersey. The ship was boarded by a Spanish privateer or pirate, he was roughly handled, robbed of money and clothes, and forced to remain in Ostend until Prince Charles returned to the Hague. There they met, in the month of August. In the following January the king was executed. Hyde found no congenial occupation in the threadbare court that squabbled, caballed, and plotted round young Charles. The queen's people disliked him; the party of Argyll and the Covenanters found no favor in his eyes. He had an interview with Montrose at a village near the Hague, an interview on which imagination lingers. It is easy to see from Clarendon's narrative that the great marquis tried hard to arrive at an understanding with the leader of the High-Church Cavaliers. But Montrose, though detesting the Solemn League and Covenant, had never swerved from his allegiance to the National Covenant of Scotland, and could give Clarendon no hope of Episcopal uniformity throughout the island. Clarendon does Montrose personally the justice to say that those who most loudly accused him of violence and cruelty confessed they could fix upon no one fact, apart from the slaughter of his battle-fields, on which to base the charge. But the cold Anglican, proud even in defeat, refused to make common cause with the forlorn hope of Scottish royalism; and Montrose, feeling himself deserted, turned mournfully away. Charles threw himself into the arms of Argyll; and Hyde, while his master went to be crowned at Scone and defeated at Worcester, betook himself, in capacity of the young king's representative, to the court of Spain.

At Madrid he had not so bad a time of it. He studied the language and read Spanish books. The ceremoniousness of Spanish manners was congenial to him, and he seems to have derived an enjoyment from the bull-fights unqualified by any compunctious visitings on the score of their inhumanity. A bull-fight was a bull-fight then. Sixteen excellent horses would be killed on a single occasion, and, as a fairer field seems to have been allowed the bull than is accorded by the elaborate cowardice of modern Spain, four or five men would be killed as well as the bulls and horses. His English feeling was gratified by the circumstance that one English mastiff, kept in reserve for the contingency of two of the best Spanish dogs being despatched by the bull, never failed to hold

the animal that it might receive the death-stroke.

When Charles II. was once more a fugitive, and the Spaniards became afraid to entertain his envoy, Hyde joined him. Charles now made up his mind to cultivate relations with the High-Church royalists, and accepted their chief as his monitor. Rigorous in the enforcement of his Laudian formula, Hyde insisted, when the worship of the Church of England was suspended at Paris, and the king proposed to attend divine service in the Huguenot chapel at Charenton, that he should rather abstain from public worship altogether. The queen remonstrated against such fanatical exclusiveness, aptly referring to the example of Queen Elizabeth, who countenanced the Huguenots and sent her ambassadors to their chapels. But the warm Protestant sympathies of Anglicans in the days of Elizabeth had frozen into sectarianism under the influence of Laud; and Laud's friend and disciple was inflexible. When we reflect that, within a year or two of this date, Charles had been crowned in a Presbyterian church, had sworn to maintain the Presbyterian covenant, and had seen thousands of Presbyterians go for his sake to death or to slavery, we shall admit that Hyde gave proof, on this occasion, of a rare power of ecclesiastical antipathy. The alternative for Charles was to stay at home in the society of an acquaintance he had recently made, Miss Lucy Walters, who is understood to have been not unsuccessful in consoling him for the loss of a preached gospel.

In the court of the ex-king, Hyde held the titular rank of chancellor of the exchequer. His duties, in the years intervening between the battle of Worcester (1651) and the death of Cromwell (1658), were those of a house-steward in a family in painfully straightened circumstances. There is a stern pathos, not the less real that it is too dismally prosaic to engage the tragic muse, in the shifts to which he and his royal patron-clients were reduced, in order to find bread to eat, clothes to put on, and sticks to make a fire. "I am so cold," writes this chancellor of the exchequer once, "that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot." It has been whispered that, when things were at the worst, Hyde held out signals of surrender and opened a correspondence with Thurloe; but there is no serious evidence that he ever broke the silence of hatred and scorn with which he regarded

the triumphant Puritans. In the men whose valor, energy, and genius were regarded by the rulers of France and Spain with admiring awe, he saw a mere gang of robbers. His grand hope was that Cromwell and his coadjutors "would be each others' executioners," a hope akin to that which the royal martyr entertained respecting the Presbyterians and Independents. The hope was in both instances the bitter expression of implacable spite ranking in the hearts of men unworthy the steel of heroes. Cromwell's higher officers would each and all, thought Hyde, consider themselves as deserving as Oliver, and would fiercely compete with him for ascendancy. Surprising to say, the presage was vain. Year after year went by, and Cromwell's officers did not mutiny and cut his throat. Inexplicable as the phenomenon seemed to the worshipper of Stuart kings and Laudian bishops, the Protector's fellow-soldier's did not snarl at his heels like ill-conditioned curs, or affirm, like modern charlatans, that one man was in this instance as good as another; but recognized him as their natural chief, and were loyally thankful to God and to him when they saw him occupying the place of kingliest difficulty, danger, and honor. *Detur digniori*, muttered those rough fellows, as they saw Noll wielding his constable's baton, which in his hand looked really something like a sceptre.

When Cromwell died, he left his power so thoroughly established that the change seemed at the moment rather to darken than to brighten the prospects of Charles; but so soon as the weakness of Richard became apparent, affairs began to wear a better aspect. Constitutionally cautious and schooled by adversity, Hyde conducted Charles's business with great skill, and not more than a high diplomatic average of duplicity. He possessed the confidence of the Episcopalian royalists, and advised them at every step. When Richard summoned a Parliament, abandoning, in the issue of the writs, those precautions which his father had taken to confine electoral power to Puritans, Hyde told his friends in England to make their way into the House of Commons in as large numbers as possible. They were, no doubt, required to take an oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth and of abjuration of the Stuarts; but this did not preclude their adopting the policy marked out for them by Hyde — namely, to cast discredit on the measures of the late Protector, to oppose money-grants and all that tended to settlement, to widen the breach between

the republicans and the adherents of Oliver's family, and, with a view to obviating the ascendancy of Lambert or Fleetwood, to asperse Richard's advisers and praise himself. Of armed insurrection in the royal favor Hyde was judiciously shy, and when Booth and his Presbyterians raised the standard of Charles, he did not encourage the High-Church Cavaliers to support them.

It required all the discretion and caution which either Charles or his chancellor could muster, to watch, without spoiling, the dark and hazardous game of Monk. We are, however, forcibly reminded of that incompetence, almost amounting to imbecility, in affairs of action, which characterized Clarendon and the Stuarts, when we find that the hint had to come from Monk, in obedience to which Charles left Spain, where his risk of being seized and detained as a prisoner of war had become extremely great. Clarendon exercised much self-control in forcing that hatred of Presbyterians which was one of the strongest passions of his nature to bide its time. The Presbyterians had never swerved in their devotion to the monarchy, and the return to Westminster of the members excluded by the army was the immediate prelude to the Restoration. True, however, as the Long Parliament was to monarchy, it was equally true to Presbyterianism, and one of its last votes was, that the established religion of England should be Presbyterian.

The Convention Parliament succeeded the Long Parliament, preceded the Restoration Parliament, and was in character something between the two. The royalist and Anglican reaction had been gathering force ever since the death of Oliver, and the tide continued to rise while the Convention was being elected; but opinion never changes rapidly in England; society had for twenty years been pervaded with Puritanism; and the framework of the ecclesiastical establishment was as nearly Presbyterian as Cromwell's determination, first, that it should be perfectly under the control of his government, and secondly, that Independents should share its advantages, would permit. Accordingly, the Presbyterian influence in the Convention, though not so powerful as in the Long Parliament, continued formidable, and Hyde's most delicate management was required in order to lull it into harmlessness. Charles's promises from Breda had been large but indefinite, and the Presbyterians of the Convention, sucking the honey of Hyde's music vows, did not see the necessity of

placing those promises under Parliamentary sanction. The members of the Convention took the Covenant, and as his Majesty had done the same on a still more solemn occasion, it was natural for them, by an illusion of imaginative sympathy, to transfer to Charles some part of their own zeal for Presbyterianism. The Presbyterians of that age, both in England and in Scotland, drew a distinction between an Episcopacy of order and human institution, and an Episcopacy of lordship and divine right. The latter they named Prelacy, and classed with Popery among things to be renounced and condemned; the former was not declared unlawful by the Scotch Presbyterians of 1637, was not abjured in the Solemn League and Covenant, and was studiously left without condemnation by Henderson at the Uxbridge Conference. The great body of the Presbyterians of England in 1660 had no insuperable objection to a modified Episcopacy and a revised liturgy. Charles had promised these at Breda, and a bill was introduced in the Convention to give his promise the force of law. The simplicity of the Presbyterians in not absolutely insisting that it should pass was almost criminal. Simpletons receive from nature much the same treatment as knaves; and when we find them letting the bill be lost, we feel that their punishment was that "whipping" which Iago prescribes for "such honest knaves." Meanwhile the reaction grew in strength. The loyalty of the Convention which had prepared the way for Charles was lukewarm in comparison with that of the populace when it had been driven into frantic enthusiasm by the sight of his face. To get rid of the Presbyterian Convention was evidently desirable, and Hyde was the man to organ out the members with sweet words and bland smiles. "The king is a suitor to you," he said, as he dissolved the Convention in his master's name, "that you will join with him in restoring the whole nation to its primitive temper and integrity, to its old good manners, its old good humor, and its old good nature — good nature, a virtue so peculiar to you that it can be translated into no other language, and hardly practised by any other people." If the Presbyterians had known what the speaker had in store for them, they would have required all their good nature to sit quiet.

And now the reaction reached its height. The flood which had been held back for twenty years swept over all boundaries. The Puritans either caught the prevailing madness, or fell back disconsolate; the

High-Church Cavaliers, who had never taken heart for the Stuarts since Naseby, seeing the Puritan army disbanded, rushed to the front, hustled aside the Presbyterians, whose royalism had been as vehement as their own, and elected a Parliament of furious Anglicans. Less than sixty Presbyterians obtained seats. A large proportion of the members were young ruffling Cavaliers, who, under the reign of the saints, had pined for horse-races and cock-fights, and who now signalized their loyalty by vociferous swearing. The Covenant was burnt by the hand of the hangman. The members of the House of Commons were ordered to take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Charles was startled. Even Clarendon, though he surely chuckled inwardly, gave signs of alarm at the pace. Mr. Christie states in his "Life of Shaftesbury" that, when the Commons threatened to refuse supplies unless Charles confirmed the proposed exclusion of the Presbyterians from their livings, the king answered that "if he had not wherewith to subsist two days, he would trust God Almighty's providence rather than break his word." Mr. Christie seems to believe that the Black Bartholomew, with its consignment to penury of about two thousand clergymen, many of whom had made their pulpits ring with appeals to the nation to restore the king, was too strong even for Clarendon. If Charles, however, resisted honestly, he did not resist long; and Clarendon makes no secret that, for his part, he was "very much to the prejudice of the Presbyterians." Very much indeed. The Commons were more cruel in their reactionary fanaticism than the Lords. The Upper House, with the approval of Clarendon, attempted to secure for the ejected clergy one-fifth part of their incomes, as the Commonwealth had allowed in the corresponding case, but the Lower House would not leave them a farthing. The lords spiritual alone equalled the Commons in cruelty, and, for all their trumpeting of the duty of passive obedience, reminded Charles of the limitations of his prerogative when he tried to show mercy to the Presbyterians. Years went by, and the new order of things became consolidated, but time brought no mitigation to the mean, cowardly, revengeful hatred with which the Cavaliers of the Lower House pursued their fallen conquerors. One of the earliest acts of the Parliament excluded Puritans from corporations; the Conventicle Act made their public worship a crime; the

Five-Mile Act banished them from corporate cities and parliamentary boroughs. Cromwell, yielding to the necessities of his position, had laid a heavy hand on the wealth of the malignants, and dealt summarily with insurgents taken with arms in their hands; but the persecution to which the Puritans were now subjected was incomparably more mean and irritating than that endured by the Cavaliers. The Puritans placed their yoke on the necks of their enemies with the magnanimity of conquerors; the Cavalier Parliament persecuted with the bitter spite of the slave whom circumstances, not strength or merit, have made master. "There is no passion," says Scott, "so unutterably selfish as fear."

But it is no more than justice to Charles and to Clarendon to admit that the red-hot bigotry of the Parliament of the Restoration absolves them from some considerable part of the blame due to these persecuting measures. Parliament had become irresistibly supreme in the State, and the Puritans had made it so. The Cavalier House of Commons, while putting aside with furious haste all that the Long Parliament had done to remodel the Church, appropriated with the calmest assumption its vindication of the privilege and power of Parliament. If Charles was hypocritical in his professions of a desire to obtain reasonable terms for the Presbyterians, he was certainly sincere in his wish to obtain for himself a dispensing power, to be used on behalf of the Catholics; but he failed to obtain it. He was soldier enough to wish intensely that some of Cromwell's regiments, the finest troops in Europe, should remain embodied; but the Commons would not hear of a standing army. Charles could with perfect truth have told the appealing Presbyterians, as Mr. John Sands told his drowning wife when she implored him to save her, that he could not, for they had tied his hands.

The Long Parliament was more Presbyterian than the country; the Restoration Parliament was more High Church than the country. Such is the nature of representative bodies in free States. There is always a risk of their being elected in some paroxysmal mood of feeling, and of their remaining to do work for which the nation represented is not, in its permanent thoughts and feelings, prepared. The Long Parliament was elected while England was incensed against Laud, and fiercely determined that the Scots should get as much Presbyterianism as

they wanted, if only they could be thus coaxed out of England and kept among their own brown heaths and shaggy woods. The representatives best fitted to secure this end were Presbyterians and Puritans, and accordingly a much larger proportion of these had seats in the Long Parliament than corresponded to the Presbyterian and Puritan element in English society. The Restoration Parliament was elected to shout at the coronation of Charles. Its High-Church feeling was as much above the average of English High-Church feeling as the Puritanism of the Long Parliament was above the English average of Puritanism. Hence there was a good deal in the proceedings of the Long Parliament, and a good deal in the proceedings of the Restoration Parliament, which has not been ratified by the deliberate judgment of England.

There are two ways in which the very serious drawback to the usefulness of representative bodies thus revealed might be obviated. The one is that a Parliament elected for a particular purpose should, as a matter of constitutional usage, be dissolved when that purpose has been accomplished; the other is that Parliament should never be dissolved at all, and that there should be no general elections, but that a certain proportion of seats, in addition to those vacated by death or voluntary retirement, should become vacant every year, and should every year be filled up. A standing senate, fed with new blood in this way and constantly hoarding experience, might produce a remarkably efficient government, and, while beneficently maintaining a due state of political excitement among constituencies by constantly recurring elections, might, with equal beneficence, avert the periodical fever-fit of a general election. Since, however, this method does not make it sure that sufficient impulse would be imparted to the legislature on particular occasions, when it might be desirable to effect organic changes, or to throw the whole force of the nation's excited will into a great administrative policy, the other method is probably, on the whole, the better of the two. The operation of the rule, however, that Parliament should always be dissolved after accomplishing organic reforms, could rest upon no other foundation than the will of the Parliament itself to conform to the constitutional tradition of the country; and this tradition it would be most likely to disregard exactly in those instances in which the temporary agitation under which it had been

elected was strongest. In short, it is impossible to contrive political institutions which will be infallible; and one chief use of history is to point out those defects in political machinery which may be rectified, or partly rectified, by the wisdom, self-denial, and energy of those who put that machinery in motion, and can be rectified in no other way. The civil wars might have been prevented if there had been a general election at the end of the first session of the Long Parliament; but we cannot add that, if Charles had then dissolved the Parliament, the liberties of England would have been safe.

It is now necessary for us to pause, in order to gather up a few threads in the personal and domestic history of Clarendon which we were forced to let lie while tracing the main events in that wind-up of the Puritan Revolution, in which he played so important a part.

In 1655, when the fortunes of the chancellor were at their lowest ebb, the Princess of Orange, sister of Charles, invited his daughter Anne to become one of her ladies-in-waiting. After a great deal of finesse on the part of her father, who seems to have been simply incapable of doing anything without as much finesse as could be got into the business, the offer was accepted. Anne visited Paris in the train of the princess, and had the good or bad fortune to be fallen in love with by James, Duke of York. She was plain, memorably plain, if this is the epithet for plainness so striking that people remember it, and hand down the report of it to posterity; but she was clever, vivacious, with expressive eyes and good manners. She did not repel her royal lover, but by no means lost her self-control, and obtained from James, before accepting him as her husband, not only a promise, but a written contract of marriage. Lord Campbell says that this constituted a valid marriage, and treats it as self-evident that, in these most judicious proceedings, the girl acted under the advice of her father. The affair, however, was kept secret, and not until after the Restoration, when the confinement of the duchess was approaching, and the marriage ceremony had been performed in Clarendon's house in accordance with the rites of the Church of England, did James inform Charles that Anne was his wife. Charles took the matter with his usual nonchalant good-nature, and summoned Clarendon to Whitehall, with a view to congratulate him on his daughter's marriage.

When Clarendon reached the palace, he

found Ormond and Southampton waiting in a room to receive him. He professed to have no knowledge of the cause why his Majesty had commanded his attendance, and Ormond and Southampton told him that Charles wanted to congratulate him on his daughter's being *enceinte* by the Duke of York. Hereupon Clarendon "broke out into a very immoderate passion against the wickedness of his daughter, and said with all imaginable earnestness 'that as soon as he came home, he would turn her out of his house as a strumpet, to shift for herself, and would never see her again.'" They rejoined that they "thought that the duke was married to his daughter." He replied that "he had much rather his daughter should be the duke's whore than his wife," and expressed the hope that, if she were married, the king "would immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard that no person living should be admitted to come to her; and then that an act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off her head," which punishment he would "very willingly" be the first man to propose. At this point the king entered the room, and appears to have expressed surprise at the demeanor and exclamations of Clarendon. Southampton and Ormond made the remark, which would have occurred to most people under the circumstances, that the chancellor seemed to have gone mad. Clarendon continued his passionate outcry, urging Charles to send his daughter to the Tower. James shortly came in, and tried to pacify this Roman father. At last Clarendon went home. Did he rush to Anne's room, drag her about by the hair, and finish by flinging her into the street? Not at all. He "sent his wife to command his daughter to keep her chamber and not to admit visits"! Anne received her husband by night and by day, as she had done before.

Macaulay calls the passage, of which I have transcribed the essentials *verbatim* from Clarendon, the most extraordinary in autobiography. It is almost equally inconceivable either that he should be sincere in conducting himself in such a way, or that he should hope that people would believe him to have been sincere. If he meant what he said, then a man ostentatiously religious, who interlarded his account of debates and expeditions with edifying observations on Providence, and wrote commentaries on the Psalms, preferred that his daughter should commit a sin marked with peculiar emphasis of con-

demnation in the Christian code of morals, undergoing at the same time the greatest wrong and degradation possible for a woman, rather than that she should infringe the conventional ordinance which placed royal blood apart from common humanity. Never in this world was the base maxim, *sunt superis sua jura*, so basely obeyed. I don't know whether there is record of any pagan so vile as not to have experienced some thrill of resentment when one of the scampish immortals of Olympus defiled his daughter, but certainly no pagan ever grovelled so low as to say that he wished his girl had been made a whore rather than that the divinity which hedged about her Olympian lover should be compromised by his treating her as an honest woman. The hypothesis that Clarendon was play-acting seems at the first glance obviously the right one; for the envy to which he had exposed himself was formidable in the extreme. The violence of his gestures, tearing a passion to rags so villanously that he seemed insane, confirms this view, and it is supported by the farcical mildness of the discipline by which he intimated his paternal indignation to the daughter whose deserts he had just been alleging to be prison and death. But is it not almost inconceivable that, knowing men as he must have known them, Clarendon should have believed that Charles and the court would be imposed upon by his acting? And does not the difficulty of this hypothesis reach an astounding climax when we find Clarendon in his autobiography, written some ten years subsequently, putting upon paper, without compunction, retractation, or apology, in the seeming expectation that his readers will believe him to have been sincere, every drivelling detail in this unparalleled service of king-worship?

With all its difficulties, the second is the sole credible hypothesis. Clarendon was not a sheer fool; therefore he must have been play-acting; and there is no reason to believe that Charles had any doubt on the point. But when we fully realize the fact that Clarendon could attempt to play off, first on his friends and contemporaries, and secondly on posterity, so flagrant an hypocrisy, we are most painfully confronted with the question whether there must not have been in his nature a dark reserve of duplicity and falsehood. It is melancholy to think that a man who had been on terms of familiar friendship with Hampden should write that his daughter's imaginary crime "exceeded the limits of all justice divine and human," or should tell

the coarse plebeian James that there was One as much above his Royal Highness as his Royal Highness was above Clarendon.

We have not yet done with the illustration afforded by Anne Hyde's marriage of those new modes of feeling, new conceptions of what is honorable and what dishonorable in human conduct, which came in with the Restoration. The announcement of the marriage drove the ladies of the royal family almost as frantic as Clarendon had pretended to be. The Princess of Orange stormed about the humiliation of yielding precedence to a girl who had stood behind her chair. Sir Charles Berkeley, Lord Jermyn, and other members of the circle in which Henrietta Maria and the king principally moved, bethought them how the duke could be saved from what they chose to regard as degradation. With the connivance, if not at the suggestion, of the Princess of Orange, Sir Charles Berkeley swore that he had seduced Anne; and Arran, Jermyn, and other courtly "gentlemen," corroborated his evidence. James, who with all his faults was capable of strong affection, loved his wife; but the evidence against her seemed overwhelming, and he became sad and moody. Meanwhile small-pox, the harpy bane of the period, swooped down upon the royal house, carried off the universally beloved Duke of Gloucester, and put the Princess of Orange in imminent peril of her life. While the intrigue was at its height, the Duchess of York was brought to bed. Morley, bishop elect of Worcester, kneeling in her chamber, adjured her in God's name to speak the truth as to the accusation made against her. She calmly answered that she had been faithful to her husband, and that she believed him to be, at heart, convinced of the fact. The Princess of Orange, moved by the terror of death, which seemed impending, betrayed the plot, and expressed sorrow for having countenanced it. Sir Charles Berkeley confessed that his oath had been false. The others withdrew their calumnious charges. The fair fame of Anne was vindicated from all imputation, and James, delighted with the infant son who had been born to him, dismissed all suspicion from his mind.

And how, asks the reader, did the husband and the father of the injured lady proceed? Did James drive forever from his presence the pack of infamous liars whom Berkeley had led? Did Clarendon feel the sting of noble anger? Decidedly not. James received Berkeley again into

favor. Clarendon, when Berkeley came apologizing, "was obliged to receive him civilly." Even Anne forgave him, and, if the author of the "*Mémoires de Grammont*" can be believed, made the remark, with allusion to Berkeley's desire to perform a service for James, that nothing proves more signally the devotion of a friend than to tell a bit of a lie for friendship's sake. These personal and domestic items — glimpses of the court idyl of the period — are not without historical significance. They help us to gain a definite idea of the state and tone of society which succeeded that of the manlier Puritan time.

Whatever he may have dreaded from the publication of his close relationship to the royal family, Clarendon seemed at the time to suffer no detriment on account of it. The Restoration saw him exalted to a height of fortune and of rank towards which Mr. Hyde, the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, can hardly have dared to lift his eye. Charles had presented him with £20,000. An offer of ten thousand acres in land and a garter he refused to accept. He was created Baron Hyde of Hindon and Earl of Clarendon, and while continuing chancellor of the exchequer was appointed lord chancellor of England. To no man did the king pay more deference. Having never compounded with the Puritan government, he had sold none of his land, and was able, therefore, to enter upon full possession of his estates. Neither his reason nor his conscience had ever been divested of the influence of that old persuasion — entertained by the great body of the political classes in the days of his youth — that a place in the government might legitimately be the source to its occupant of very much larger emoluments than were ostensibly attached to it; and he fiercely repelled the idea that Parliament, in addition to voting supplies in the lump, had a right to demand an account of the expenditure in detail. He was able therefore to indulge those patrician tastes which had long languished unfed, and commenced building a magnificent mansion in London. He was not the man to veil his splendor in a too gracious modesty, or to let any of his contemporaries forget who was the foremost subject in England.

But that was a time of strong passions, and many strong passions were arrayed against the magnificent chancellor. A host of enemies, a host torn by the bitterest internal animosities, made common cause against him. The Presbyterians owed him an ancient and deadly grudge.

Those Cavaliers who had compounded with the Puritans, and sold part of their estates at prices often far below their value, had found him inexorable in his determination to leave such bargains alone. To have interfered with them would, in fact, have dislocated the general framework of property in England, and Clarendon's policy has been approved by authors; but not the less did the straightened royalists impute to him as an unpardonable offence the ingratitude with which they believed themselves to have been treated by the king. It might be thought that the most High-Church Parliament which ever sat in England could not have withdrawn its favor from the friend and follower of Laud; but the Restoration Parliament scornfully repelled and resented Clarendon's attempts to confine it to what he thought its proper functions. By the nation he was cordially detested. No sooner was the business of administration fairly in the hands of the new government, than that drama of turpitude and disaster, which had been suspended during the administration of Cromwell, but which England had played under the first and second Stuart, began to be re-enacted. The reverses of the Dutch war, the sale of Dunkirk, the embezzlement of the pay of the navy, the acceptance of bribes from France, irritated a nation whose haughty intolerance of misgovernment had been one of the main causes of the troubles. The bitterness of self-contempt gives place to the sweetness of conscious virtue when we inflict upon another the punishment due to our own stupidity and baseness; and the English nation promptly avenged upon Clarendon its own preference of ignominy and defeat under Charles II. to honor and predominance under Oliver. Clarendon was implicated in the general maladministration only in the sense that he possessed no practical genius, and was incapable either of devising or conducting a great policy; but he was held guilty of all. He incurred the dangerous enmity of the king's mistresses because, though he meanly tried to prevail on Queen Catherine to receive Lady Castlemayne as one of her "maids" of honor, he drew the line somewhere, and would not let his wife visit the ladies of the royal seraglio. But he might possibly have weathered the storm, if he had not given mortal offence to Charles. The Portuguese princess whom the king had espoused was childless; he had fallen in love with pretty Fanny Stewart, and, finding that she was not otherwise accessi-

ble, had thought of marrying her in the event of his being able to procure a divorce from Catherine. Before he had matured his scheme, Miss Stewart married the Duke of Richmond, and Charles believed that Clarendon, bent on securing the throne for his grandchildren, had brought about the match. Charles was clever and cool-headed, and had enjoyed unusual opportunities of knowing men and of knowing Clarendon; it is unlikely that he would be wrong on this point. Wrong or right, he believed that Clarendon was playing a dark and profoundly selfish game, and the court became aware that the frown of the sovereign had fallen inexorably upon the minister. A thousand painful experiences then informed him of the change that had taken place. The Whitehall beauties tittered at him; Buckingham and Killigrew mimicked his strut and gestures. There was something in the atmosphere of the court of the Restoration intensely alien, even in its frank and honest badness, to consequential and sanctimonious virtue. It was hard to convince Clarendon that he was in danger. He loved England, and clung to her as a vigorous boy of six might cling to a nurse or mother who, having received him back with caresses after he had been long from home, suddenly changes her mood into fury, and attempts to cast him from a precipice into the sea. If the king had stood by him, he would probably have run all hazards of meeting the fate of Strafford rather than leave the country. But Charles had made up his mind that he should go, and it at last became plain to him that he must choose between exile and death.

He embarked at Erith on the 29th of November, 1667, and sailed for France. He was tossed about for three days and three nights before setting foot on shore. The continuation of his journey by land was still more calamitous. Between Dieppe and Rouen, his coach was stopped by armed men, and M. le Fond, an officer of the French court, informed him that he must leave France, but offered to conduct him to the frontiers. With much difficulty he obtained permission to live at Avignon, and proceeded in the direction of that town under M. le Fond's escort. At Evreux he halted to take some rest, and to seek alleviation of the gouty maladies by which he was tormented. A number of English sailors were employed at the place in connection with the French artillery service, and when they heard that the great English minister was in

the town, they came clamoring for their arrears, and threatening to take his life. The door of the room in which he lay in bed was secured, but the infuriated men entered by the window, inflicting several dangerous wounds upon M. le Fond, who stood in the breach and displayed signal courage until overpowered by numbers. The frantic ruffians now rushed upon the fallen statesman. One inflicted a sword-blow on his head, which deprived him of his senses. His trunks were broken open, his clothes rifled; and he was in the act of being dragged out to be murdered in the courtyard when the magistrates of Evreux, with the city guard and the French officer in command of the artillery, effected a rescue. The incident affords curious illustration of the universality and intensity of the hatred with which Clarendon was regarded by his countrymen.

He never ceased to wish and to hope that he might return to England, and humbled himself so far as to beg piteously for permission to do so. In 1671 he wrote to Charles from Moulins, imploring that he, "an old man who had served the crown above thirty years, in some trust and with some acceptance," might die in his own land amid his children. In 1674, from Rouen, he uttered a last wail of entreaty, using the argument that "seven years was a time prescribed by God himself for the expiation of some of his greatest judgments." Charles took no notice of either of the letters — he might surely, even if unable or unwilling to recall the outcast minister to England, have let fall a drop or two of comfort into the cup of one who had served him so well. It was a grave addition to Clarendon's distress that his daughter Anne professed herself a Papist, finding probably that life with her obdurate and uxorious bigot would otherwise prove intolerable. He wrote to her in a tone of earnest expostulation; and in his letter there is a warmth of Protestant feeling which, during the long and internecine war in which he had been engaged with Protestants of a different type from his own, might be thought to have cooled down or to have died away.

And yet Clarendon was not beaten. Amid exile, obloquy, bodily pain, old age, — with the edifice of his ambition lying shattered round him, — denied a hole in his dear England wherein to die, — he held the fortress of his soul invincible, and showed that a man true to himself can smile at fate. In a fine form, without conceit or arrogance, he exhibited in those

years that humor which is the habitual mood of reason, the very bloom and aroma of practical philosophy—a humor which has little or no connection with fun, or wit, or audible laughter; but consists in an unsubduable capacity to make the best of things; a clearness and azure serenity of the soul's atmosphere which *cannot* be clouded over; a steadfast realization, against optimists and pessimists alike, that life on earth is neither celestial nor diabolic, but, under all conditions possible for a wise man, is worth having. Ready to welcome any enlargement, any dawn of royal favor, he did not pine for the want of it, nor did he court the delusive but subtly seductive opiate of egotistic brooding over his virtues and his wrongs. He addressed himself to wholesome labor, wrote his autobiography, studied the languages and literatures of Italy and France, carried on his commentary on the Psalms, and, looking up his controversial harpoon, attempted to fix it in the nose of leviathan Hobbes. He felt and wrote of his dear Falkland with a poetic tenderness which almost makes one love him. In his loyalty to the laws of a universe which had not been for him a garden of roses, and his filial reverence for a Divine Father who had, he believed, afflicted him, he presents a notable illustration of the tendency of sincere religion to promote mental health. He "was wont to say"—the words are his own—"that of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to confer upon him," he "esteemed himself so happy in none as in his three acquiescences" or "vacations and retreats" from political business; the first in Jersey, the second in Spain, the third in France. This last, which to common observation seems the most desolate of all, he describes as "his third and most blessed recess in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of his mercies towards him." Though he "entered into it," he tells us, "with many very disconsolate circumstances, yet in a short time, upon the recovery of a better state of health, and being remitted into a posture of ease and quietness, and secure from the power of his enemies, he recovered likewise a marvellous tranquillity and serenity of mind, by making a strict review and recollection into all the actions, all the faults and follies, committed by himself and others in his last continued fatigue of seventeen or eighteen years; in which he had received very many signal instances of God's favor, and in which he had so behaved himself, that he had the good opinion and friendship of those of

the best fame, reputation, and interest, and was generally believed to have deserved very well of the king and kingdom." He died in France in 1674, but was laid in Westminster Abbey.

"In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried," it was perhaps well that he should rest; though the work of his life was not reconciliation but profound and malignant division, and the clash of controversy has rung around his grave. To him, more than to any one man, it was due that the policy shadowed forth in the Grand Remonstrance, a policy of magnificent breadth and far-stretching consequence, never came to an experiment. Statesmen of consummate ability, and of loftier moral character than any who have helmed affairs in Great Britain, were prepared to constitute a patriot ministry, which might have finally wedded the liberty and law of England to the forms of her ancient monarchy; placed the Church of England once and forever, without destruction of her Episcopal framework, at the head of the Protestant Churches; and passed an Act of Union binding England and Scotland together in links of enthusiastic amity. It seems impossible that Clarendon, if he had possessed but a little more strength of intellect, a little more magnanimity of heart, should have frustrated, instead of promoting, all this. Not much was required of him. It was only to refuse with sharp decision to be ruled by the suicidal wilfulness and foolish irritation of Charles—to post himself and his party in the Parliamentary arena, where they might have stood impregably—to tell the silly king that, if he and his wife were resolved to fight, they must storm the batteries alone. Clarendon missed the right path narrowly, but he did fatally miss it. Lacking intrepid clearness of insight—wavering as a wave of the sea—he moaned and drifted into ruinous blunders. Bewitched by Laud with superstitious fancies about the divine right of bishops and kings, tempted by the forbidden fruit of the premiership, he deserted the good and great men with whom he had long acted, stole to midnight interviews with Charles and the queen, and devoted all the energies of a genius powerful at least in persuasion to the task of painting up a cause which his own facts prove to have been bad, and his own words declare to have been hopeless. In all except the re-establishment, at the Restoration, of Laudian Episcopacy, his statesmanship was a failure. He may be described as an

abstract of the weaker parts of two strong men, Strafford and Laud. He had some of the nobleness of both. He escaped the eternal infamy of a prosperous and applauded career like the time-server Whitelock's. Let amplest justice be done him; but let it not involve injustice to Pym, to Hampden, to Cromwell, to Vane, to any of those patriots whom he opposed in the matter of the Grand Remonstrance. They were wiser, better, greater men than he, and they deserve at our hands that we should vindicate them from the calumnies with which he attempted to blast their names.

PETER BAYNE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE REV. ADAM CAMERON'S VISIT TO LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT SENT THE MINISTER TO LONDON.

THE REV. ADAM CAMERON, the minister of Kinkell, was simply the minister; that is, he had no degree as a doctor of divinity, though such degrees existed in his Reformed Presbyterian Kirk. But it is very doubtful whether any titular distinction, up to that of Archbishop of Canterbury, could have added to the esteem and honor in which the minister, in spite of a prophet's having no honor in his own country, was held in his parish by the members of a strict denomination. This was a protesting offshoot from the main Kirk of Scotland, which even in its most lukewarm days had always gone into a white heat at the bare idea of bishops, deans, and vicars, or anything save plain presbyters among its clergy.

The Rev. Adam Cameron's lines had fallen in pleasant clerical places, though his stipend had been small and his work hard for the long forty and odd years during which he had, as he himself would have said, "been privileged to labor in the ministry."

Kinkell was as remote, out-of-the-world a parish as could be found in the Lowlands and not the Highlands of Scotland, but the remoteness was not without its advantages. The primitive inhabitants consisted almost entirely of tenant farmers and their "hynds," "bondagers," or "cottars," with a laird or two who belonged to a man to the bigger branches of the Kirk, or who had been so far left to themselves as to secede from the Kirk of their fathers, not for the purpose of join-

ing any of its purer branches, but to lapse Erastianly and unpatriotically into prelacy and attendance at the small exclusive English chapel, situated in one corner of the parish. Those of the natives of Kinkell—the salt of the earth, as they were fain to consider themselves—who constituted Mr. Cameron's charge, and met for worship in the barest, most barn-like of the kirks which might benefit, but could hardly be said to adorn the district, were not only kept considerably out of harm's way by their distance from the busy world, with its revolutions and antics, they were supposed to preserve their loyalty to their minister intact. To them, notwithstanding their true-blue Presbyterianism and rabid hatred of what they considered priestcraft, he was still hedged round with a reflection of divinity. They were not an unintelligent section of the community: the old Scotch love of learning lingers in the oddest and homeliest quarters, while the polemical cast of mind that continues to distinguish the veritable descendants of the Covenanters begets a certain amount of shrewdness and sagacity, as well as of self-conceit and stubbornness.

But the knowledge of Mr. Cameron's Kinkell was limited largely to two fields—those of agriculture and religion. Into the first Mr. Cameron, not being an Established Kirk minister, and therefore not owning a "glebe," did not intrude; but over the second, with all due respect for, nay, with a proud jealousy of any infringement of the right of private judgment, he was allowed a solemn pre-eminence. If his people had not unanimously regarded him as qualified to minister to them in spiritual things, they would not have kept him among them, paying his stipend by voluntary contributions, which the most poverty-stricken and the closest-fisted did not grudge to pay.

Of every other field Mr. Cameron remained the undisputed master. He was still what the best ministers in England and Scotland were to a great extent to their country parishioners two or three hundred years ago—the wisest, wittiest, alike the most scholarly and capable man among them. Withal, his gifts—even his secular gifts—were very much at his people's disposal. Silver and gold he had none beyond what was absolutely wanted for the needs of his frugal household; but such as he had he gave freely. He and his wife knew personally, visited intimately, counselled, comforted, and rejoiced with, doctored, lawyered, and mothered every

living soul belonging to their denomination in that region.

Neither did familiarity breed contempt in this case. Whether the exception proceeded from some amount of natural dignity along with a few foibles in Mr. Cameron, or from genuine rare simplicity both in the man and the community, or from that curious side of Scotch character in which its hard sharpness is balanced by romantic loyalty, the result remained the same. Beyond a little affectionate playfulness — lumbering and uncouth in such quarters, and which might possibly have been misunderstood by a short-sighted bystander who had never been behind the scenes for scorn and ridicule, as when some brisk young yeoman or stalwart ploughman named Mr. Cameron by his nicknames of "Auld Aidam" or "Wee Cammy" — for the minister was small of stature — not a word undervaluing his gifts and graces or impugning his prerogatives was ever heard in the humble Reformed Kirk circles of Kinkell.

Mr. Cameron's brethren, the portly and the lean ministers of the other Presbyterian kirks, with the slim representative of Episcopacy in Kinkell, did not fare in this respect a tenth part so well. Is not the statement borne out that Mr. Cameron's lines — the lines of an honest, self-respecting, devoted old man — had been cast in pleasant places, and that not chiefly with regard to his little country manse, with its fine garden and the free sweep of purple moor, green plantation, and meadow land which surrounded it, but in the far wider and to him infinitely more momentous sense, of his flock, to whom he sought to break the bread of life?

The very cause of Mr. Cameron's visit to London was his parishioners' regard for his gratification and zeal for his honor. The fashion of ministers' holidays and tours had spread even to out-of-the-way Kinkell. Dr. Dalrymple, the minister *par excellence*, the legal pastor of the parish, a middle-aged man, distinguished by great anti-Catholic activity as well as by classical studies and proclivities, had, with the consent of his parishioners, received leave of absence from his presbytery and a nomination from a committee of his assembly to preach the gospel for three months in Rome, under the pope's very nose, and had only lately returned, laden with trophies from his double campaign. Mr. Farquhar, the other Presbyterian minister, a young man, was afflicted with a clergyman's sore throat, and happened to be an accomplished naturalist. He had been

sent by his sympathetic congregation, at their own cost, to escape the spring winds, which blew bitterly at Kinkell for six weeks at a time, to the shores of the Mediterranean, and had come back wonderfully recruited, the happy possessor of a perfect little museum of natural curiosities. As for Mr. Maple, who was known and looked upon half-suspiciously, half-satirically, and a little admiringly — the last by the young sprigs of grace among the descendants of John Knox and Jenny Geddes — as "the English minister," he was in the unhappily uncommon circumstances for a curate, of possessing a private fortune, so that his alleged fasting on Friday was entirely an act of free-will. He found no difficulty in vacating his carved eagle of a reading-desk, his tiny shell of a pulpit, and his florally decorated altar, to a like-minded spirit in the college which Mr. Maple had only recently quitted, and in setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as some said, to seek the last hidden vestige of the true cross, wherewith to supply the finishing consecration to his oratory. If Mr. Maple was to a large extent independent of his flock, it could also be said that there would not be many of them left to miss him, since he judiciously suited the period of his pilgrimage to the beginning of the London season, when even Kinkell was affected by the yearly migration of its upper ten thousand, who departed to roll in the Park, ride in the Row, be presented at court, and fan themselves in a desperate resource for a breath of fresh air on the crowded staircases of Mayfair.

The *esprit de corps* of Mr. Cameron's congregation, no less than their regard for their minister, became rampant. Why should he be left behind in the race after recreation and novelty? True, he was not specially anti-Catholic and classic in his tendencies; he did not suffer from any weakness in the larynx, neither was he remarkable for his love of weeds and worms; he had no modern High Churchman's or ancient Crusader's excessive reverence for the East. But in his people's eyes he had only served them the more faithfully because of these deficiencies; and was he not to be rewarded, in his turn, for putting his congregation and their requirements before every other attraction and proving himself engrossed by them during these forty and odd years?

That there should be any suspicion of neglect in Mr. Cameron's stationary position, suddenly cast a severe reflection on each member of his church — not to say of his session — and from that moment it

grew the personal concern of every man, woman, and child to bring about a holiday and a trip for the minister in some degree proportionate to his merits.

The whole parish became aflame on the subject. It was discussed privately and publicly, yet with a degree of mystery and secrecy in the nearest approach to publicity, since there was a magnanimous obligation on the part of the conspirators to conceal the scheme from the minister till it was ripe for execution. But this mystery and secrecy only added a delightful charm which tickled the imagination of the doucest of the plotters.

There were meetings and discussions in farmhouses and cottages, in the "smiddy," that open rural club. The matter was canvassed on the very Sabbath day, at the risk of an accusation of sacrilege, in a room in one of the cluster of cottages near the kirk, hired by a few of the farmers, and where they and their wives and families met in the short interval between the forenoon and afternoon services, with their elaborate doctrinal lecture and equally elaborate but more practical sermon, and refreshed themselves with bread and cheese and ale for the mental and 'bodily exertions which still lay before them.

Nobody would consent to be left out. Jenny with her penny fee risen to three times that of her grandmother — but not rendering Jenny the richer, save in comfort, on that account, since her social requirements, like those of her neighbors, have risen in proportion — took a proud pleasure in contributing after her mistress. The "halflin'" Sandy, who had but last year been promoted from "herd-in'" and "crawin'" to the manly dignity of quitting his father's house to face the hardships and temptations of a "bothy," followed suit with the responsible foreman, Saunders, who not only worked his pair of horses, but was bound to keep his eye on the other men and hands of the farm. Sandy threw his sixpence with the air of a prince, albeit a sheepish lout of a prince, on the back of Saunders's shilling, and felt himself still ascending in the social scale.

It did not matter that Sandy's own travels — until the tide of agricultural unions, with their demonstrations and emigration, overflowed to distant Kinkell — were not likely to extend beyond the nearest midsummer and Martinmas markets, and in the course of years and growing responsibility, with the burden of many "head" of cattle, to metropolitan Hallow Fair and pastoral St. Boswell's. Still, he was

able to lend a hand to send his minister, who had catechised him as well as Jenny, and was preparing him for "the ordinance," on a bold flight — whether to those Low Countries and that France and Spain of which Sandy had heard principally in the old songs that had descended to him and his fathers as a rich inheritance; or to Ireland, of which he had a natural doubt, seeing that he associated the green island principally with the lawlessness and the miseries of Irish shearers; or to that great city of London, the modern might and renown of which had penetrated even to a rude, slumbrous Kinkell bothy, and of which Sandy had vaguely glorious conceptions.

Widow Suttie and her "old sister" Katie Macbryde, who were only kept from being recipients of the charity of the Established Kirk session by being placed among the more aged and infirm receivers of the contents of "the plate" that stood at Mr. Cameron's kirk-doors and modestly awaited the alms of the congregation, insisted on emulating the widow of Jerusalem who threw in a mite, all her living, to the service of the temple. They pushed forward tottering, with their pennies, to "the minister's testimonial."

Of course the offering in this case was purely ridiculous, a taking from Peter to give to Paul; but since there was some truth in the emphatic representation that as nobody was more obliged to Mr. Cameron than these two were, it would be a shame to leave them out; and as the deed fell in with the enthusiasm of which it was a proof, Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde had their way. None crowed more loudly than the ancient women crowed and mumbled over their coarse weak tea, bread with its scraping of butter, and occasional morsel of red herring, and over what were to be the grand doings of their "Maister Cameron as gin he werena fit to gang on his travels, as weel as any warl'y auld Moderate, or flichty Free Kirker, or stickit Paupist."

The business would, save for one powerful reason, have certainly taken shape in a popular kirk meeting, at which, amidst much speechifying, and as near an approach to a thunder of applause as could be permitted even in the most unconsecrated of kirks, Mr. Cameron ought to have been overwhelmed with the manner in addition to the matter of the gift.

The kirk of which Mr. Cameron was a minister was very partial to such meetings; indeed, they were very nearly the members' sole authorized gaiety — the

strictness of their tenets forbidding almost every form of general gathering for which business or religion could not be pled as an excuse. The objection in this case to a soirée — it could not yet be an anniversary — at which Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde might have successfully urged their title as subscribers to the present, and to munch their cake and fruit with their richer brethren and sisters, was the very tangible objection, that the utmost economizing of the slender funds would be necessary to enable them to accomplish their desired end.

The subscribers, therefore, not without a little struggle, which impressed them still more with the magnitude of their kindness and with the high deserts of the minister which had called it forth, waived the opportunity for courting publicity in the eyes of rival kirks, or having a "ploy" of their own out of the minister's "ploy," and entrusted the business to be managed privately by the kirk session.

That influential body, made up individually of two farmers, a farm griever, a retired tradesman, and a wright, but in their collective capacity equal to any question which could come before them, behaved with the wariness and decorum which might have been expected from them. They sounded, in strictest confidence, Mrs. Cameron — not that they intended her to share in the minister's excursion, seeing that the finances would by no means cover a double outlay — but because she was not only entitled to a conjugal voice in the matter, she was also known to possess what some considered an overweening influence over the minister. Was it not written in the Scriptures that each bishop and deacon — terms Mr. Cameron's parishioners understood in some occult sense, totally distinct from the ordinary English definition of the words — was not only enjoined to have but one wife, but was bidden to rule her as summed up in his household?

Mrs. Cameron, whether she were ruled or no by the fiery yet gentle old minister, was very gracious and propitious to the deputation from the session waiting upon her with an intent so flattering to her husband. She spread out her skirts, smoothed her brow, even more furrowed than that of the minister, bent from her height — she was a tall large woman, while he was a little spare man — and lent the deputation valuable aid in their researches. Certainly the minister — he was conscientiously the minister to her, even if she bent him a little to her will, as to the sim-

plest of his charge — would be the better for a change, and he could take it with the easier mind that, as his friends and elders knew, young Mr. Inglis had just got his license, was at home waiting for "a call," and would be only too happy to take the pulpit and display his gifts in the minister's absence. As for the prayer and missionary meetings, she herself would see, with the session's help, that there was no falling off permitted in them. Mr. Cameron had never been in London, and there was the Exhibition, which the whole world was running to see. When the minister was a younger man he had taken a lively interest in cities, and in whatever keenly concerned his fellow-creatures. Perhaps this late opportunity, so considerately and gratifyingly given him, of visiting London and its Exhibition, would recall his original interest, and restore to him the spirit which in the course of years had been somewhat heavily tried.

It was evident that Mrs. Cameron was right, as Mr. Cameron could have told his friends he often found her, even when she was most rugged and least suave. London was one of the greatest sights in the world to one who had never visited it before. As for the Exhibition, the minister had quoted it in the very last Sabbath's lecture, as affording an illustration of what might have been the collected riches in merchandise of Tyre, Sidon, and Babylon, had such a collection been dreamt of and ticketed in the far-off ages. Would he not like to verify his illustration, and to see for himself those marvels of manufacture which had drawn some of his richer rural hearers from their grain and cattle markets? They began to feel it as a shame that money should have so far triumphed in their persons as to have carried them first to the queen and mart of nations, while their minister, whose instruction they craved, and to whose erudition they bowed, had been left so long uncomplainingly and ungrudgingly in the background.

Mrs. Cameron had distantly hinted at a subject of regret which had been patent to all the kirk members old enough to be sensible of the loss. Though many years had passed in the interval, the minister had never entirely recovered from the effects of his only daughter's death, and still less from those of his only son's ruin.

What had his people been thinking of that they had not before devised means, at whatever cost, which might restore the old fire to match with what had never

failed in the minister's faithful discharge of his duty, and constitute him even at this late date — so fulfilling the promise of his youth — the ablest, most deservedly famous and coveted minister within the bounds of their Kirk, one who should reflect glory on his people and parish, and the Kirk itself? Some of the older members remembered when Mr. Cameron had been fit to hold up his head and fight with the best the battles of secession against any minister or member of an opposing Kirk; but he had been content for many a day to plod at his work and to reserve his eloquence for exhortations to individual repentance and righteousness. The idea suggested to the deputation from the session added a spur to their zeal in the trust assigned to them.

When the news at last reached the minister in the privacy of his study and bedroom in one, he was far too much touched to be able to disclaim the compliment. He accepted it with a strong sense of the responsibility attached to it. "I am going as the representative of every hard-working, thrifty carle and lucky among them; ay, and of the open-hearted, open-handed callants and lasses that are like my bairns," he reflected, with a sigh. "They are waring their hard-won gear on me, and though I can never pay back, and would not wish to do it if I could, the thoughtfulness and kindness of the notion, I must do my best to make them amends in part, so that all the generosity may not lie on their side. I must brush myself up, try to see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and bring them back such instructive and entertaining accounts as they will like to receive, and as will serve to divert them in a course of lectures delivered gratis in the schoolroom — the master and Dr. Dalrymple will not refuse to be neighborly and lend it — during the long winter nights."

"My friends, you are too good to me," the minister sought to say in a parting address, "and I can do nothing save take your goodness as it is offered with a full heart, and promise my poor endeavor to do you what credit I can away among strangers, and to bring you back such grand tales of London and the Exhibition as shall make you all feel that you have been there yourselves instead of practising the noble self-denial of sending your old minister in your stead."

The address was highly approved of, and Mr. Cameron's own heart was so penetrated with tenderness and gratitude, and with the unselfish desire to give pleas-

ure to others, that long-silent pulses began to stir again. The eager anticipation of any new agreeable experience which had once formed part of the man's disposition showed signs of revival. The minister took to studying, with hopeful zest, maps and guides as his share of the extensive preparations for his grand tour; Mrs. Cameron would suffer no hands less capable than her own to pack his portmanteau and put up a little box of provisions, since she had heard oatmeal was not to be had in London, and the minister liked and was not in his usual health without his porridge, while Mrs. Cairns had sent a store of new-laid eggs along with Miss Crichton's "comforter," which the minister was to wear in his night journey, notwithstanding the season was the middle of summer.

Mr. Cameron had never thought to be so excited, nay, elated, with regard to any personal matter again. He doubted that it was indicative of weakness in an old man well upwards of sixty. Yet on the other hand he was not sure whether it might not be the working of a wholesome, healing instinct, implanted in us by God himself, impelling us to take what he gives to-day, and rejoice in it with humble thanks, and not look back uncomforted on the losses of yesterday.

It did seem as if the ulterior intentions of the promoters of the minister's jaunt were to be in some measure fulfilled.

CHAPTER II.

FOES IN KINKELL; FRIENDS IN LONDON.

THE minister had got over his long, fatiguing journey, and arrived safely at his destination, which, so far as the shelter of a roof went, was lodgings in Tottenham Court Road, which had been recommended to him with all due precaution by the cousin's cousin of one of the farmers in Mr. Cameron's congregation.

Mr. Cameron never thought of disputing the destination assigned to him. He knew that he should hurt the feelings of his ruling elder if he did so; but far from it the minister was meekly satisfied that Tottenham Court Road had all those advantages of respectability and economy desirable for him. He did not murmur at the din, which was what he had come to see and hear, or because his landlady was unequal to making his porridge — that, no doubt, had been an unreasonable expectation — and made havoc among his fresh eggs before she got his cold beef to cut and carve upon. He was ready to smile at such small deprivations and annoyances.

He had recovered from the first stunning, dazing effect of his transport from the quiet country roads and few familiar faces of Kinkell to the roar of traffic and the strange crowds of London. He was prepared to be impressed as he ought to be with the great city of the empire. He was setting out wonderfully fresh and keen, only a little perplexed with the *embarras de richesses*, to accomplish all the sight-seeing which lay before him. He had brought several letters of introduction, but he thought that he was at liberty to consult his own pleasure as to the time of delivering them. He was sure that it would be more for his pleasure and enjoyment to have it in his power to go his own way, and make his own observations, before he summoned his friends' friends to his aid. "His pleasure and enjoyment" — but he was quite free to employ the terms, since he did not go in for a service of self-mortification, yet it was long since the considerations belonging to the words had entered into his thoughts and made part of his calculations, and their very sound struck him oddly.

The minister did not feel the solitude of a stranger in London press upon him heavily. With the exception of his wife, there had not been one of his people with whom he could hold equal converse, save on religious questions. He was accustomed to live a good deal alone with his thoughts, and when that is the case it does not signify very much whether the "alone" be in a man's own little study or in the thronged streets of a city wholly new to him. Mr. Cameron did pause now and then, to realize with a little start that it was the minister of the little Reformed kirk of Kinkell and no other who was passing along in the exhaustless stream of human beings, amidst the incessant patter of feet, through the endless labyrinth of streets, over which the smoke from thousands of chimneys hung in a sully haze between him and the clear blue sky; and that even while he was walking there, away in distant Scotland and Kinkell leisurely farmers whom he knew were striding deliberately through their red-flowered clover, and between the rows of their potatoes, while their work-people were pulling plant by plant the wild mustard from the wheat-fields, and pausing to look up with interest and mark the hour of the day by Jock the post wending his way on foot from farmhouse to farmhouse, the single moving figure along the field-path. At the manse Mrs. Cameron and her single handmaid were busy with

the morning's household work, the sweeping, the dusting, the dinner-cooking, or the extra cleaning inaugurated by the minister's absence, and counted it something out of the common if they were made aware of any other sound — either as an accompaniment or an interruption to their occupation — than the shrill crow of a cock from the nearest farmyard, the distant bleating of sheep undergoing the processes of clipping and washing, the song of the thrush from the cherry-tree in the garden, or the muffled bark of the old dog Nip hunting in his dreams.

The minister was not without a dim consciousness, which did not seriously trouble him, that he was an incongruous figure in these London streets — so incongruous that some of the passers-by, even in the hurry and rush which bore them on to be lost in ever-recurring eddies, looked at him with inquisitive, half-smiling speculation. It had not occurred to Mr. Cameron, or, what was more to the purpose, perhaps, to his wife, that he should be furnished with any other travelling-suit than his second-best suit of black, a little rusty in color, and white at the seams, but still, as those excellent judges considered, perfectly presentable alike at kirk and market.

Mr. Cameron wore black, loving the color of his cloth, at the market as well as at the kirk. To adopt a coat of grey tweed or of "heather mixture," however comfortable and convenient the adoption, would have struck both him and his parishioners in the light of a proceeding as indecorous and undesirable as his finding leisure to throw a line into the Beltane Linn, or to fire a shot on the Kinkell Braes. Mr. Cameron's best black clothes — the procuring and maintaining of which in the integrity of their glossy black proved so heavy a claim upon his small income — were not to be thought of for wearing promiscuously in London. That coat and those breeches were consecrated to his sacred edifice like priests' garments. The minister wore them only when he preached on the Sabbath days (his denomination went so far in its strife with carnal distinctions as to eschew the Geneva gown), and when he prayed over the joined hands of a couple entering the holy state of matrimony, or with the mourners by the coffin which was about to be carried out to its resting-place in the kirkyard. Mr. Cameron's black clothes — best and second-best — were both of them a little antique and uncouth in cut, as he felt bound to employ a Kinkell tailor who was a member of his congregation. The minister uniformly

wore a white necktie, which, like his out-of-date extensive display of shirt-front, was spotlessly white, Mrs. Cameron being a good housewife, and washing being cheap in the country. This necktie, conspicuous among its present surroundings, was apt, however, to hang a little limp and dishevelled from the scraggy, drooping neck which it was meant to enfold. Mr. Cameron was not one of those good men who have a genius for order in their very garments; on the contrary, he had what Mrs. Cameron considered, and sometimes inveighed against, as quite an unfortunate faculty for getting his necktie, his wristbands, his very coat-tails, as well as his grey hair, in admired disorder, in the heat of his arguments and the earnestness of his exhortations. His grey hair — somewhat thin and straggling, in keeping with his tanned bony cheeks and lantern jaws — was surmounted by a hat, the worse of the wear, like his coat, and worn on the back of his head. To complete his costume the minister was careful to carry an obese, baggy, alpaca umbrella, his inseparable, trusty companion in his long parish walks in the northern region, where showers might be more depended on than sunshine.

His very gait was peculiar. He was loosely knit, while his quick, irregular movements indicated a highly-strung nervous temperament. His walk was a swinging trot — slightly sidling, and having the body inclined forward till it gave the idea of the minister's toppling unwittingly on his nose in the middle of his meditations.

It was just possible that the minister, but for his pronounced sunburn, might have been mistaken for an eccentric, seedy old club-waiter. But the person who had made the mistake would certainly have corrected it if he had stayed to remark the cultivated intelligence and lively interest with which the supposed waiter took his bearings and gazed on the landmarks around him.

Happily Mr. Cameron was too well broken to work, including pedestrian work, to feel easily fatigued. He stood the rise of the thermometer fairly. Like the din, it was what he had bargained for; he would have felt disappointed on the whole if he had experienced none of that summer heat of London, of which north-countrymen are wont to complain, and for which he had come prepared. True, the glare from shops and houses, and the stony hardness of the pavement, were trying even to a man who had borne the dazzling light reflected from the Kinkell Loch when

he had skirted its margin on a brilliant sunshiny day, and who had waded through a bog-moss. He was fain to reflect a little ruefully on the vanity of the old Adam lurking in Mrs. Cameron, and working by proxy, which had caused her to induce him to invest his feet at starting in a pair of bran-new boots. He was tempted to envy for once the superior advantages of the old ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, as by law established, in those days when one of the mutifarious offices of its bealds was to wear the new shoon of the ministers till they were softened into yielding accommodation to the bumps and callosities of the sacerdotal feet.

But the strain to his eyes, and the ache to his feet, were but flea-bites and crumpled rose-leaves in the improvement of his holiday to the brave, patient old minister.

Mr. Cameron was approaching St. Paul's, the Strand, and Fleet Street. He was saying to himself, as a distinguished American had said in similar circumstances, were these the places so long known and endeared to him by their associations? Was he in truth regarding with his mortal eyes what he had entertained infinitely less hope of viewing in the body than he cherished the faith of one day beholding in the spirit — the streets of the New Jerusalem? There rose the vast dome of Sir Christopher Wren, beneath which lay Nelson and Wellington. Travelled folk declared that it dwindled to a molehill before the incomparably vaster dome of St. Peter's in Rome. Verily, it was not in the plain of Shinar alone that men sought to rear temples whose tops should reach to heaven. Here had stood the old mansions of the nobility, with the gardens reaching to the river, and the barges which had borne in turn a Wolsey and a Cromwell; yonder, Dr. Johnson had walked, with his hands behind his back, working his shaggy brows, as he talked to himself and counted the paving-stones. Close at hand was Temple Bar, where the last Scotch head, cut off for poor Prince Charlie, had blackened in the English sun.

Mr. Cameron would have stood still to ponder and realize the situation if there had only been room or leisure for standing and musing in the whirl of the concourse around him. He attempted to cross the street, in order to get into the comparative seclusion of St. Paul's churchyard, and narrowly escaped being knocked over and crushed before what he was inclined to call the wheels of Juggernaut in the shape of a brewer's van. He was recovering his dizzy footing on the pave-

ment, and re-brandishing his umbrella for further progress, when a circumstance befell him which, in the excited, pre-occupied state of his mind, struck him as hardly less marvellous than though Sir Christopher, the cardinal, and the lexicographer had stepped, the one down from the cathedral, the other up from the river, and the third out of Fleet Street, and presented themselves in material fashion before his astounded eyes.

A familiar face—a Kinkell face—caught Mr. Cameron's eye in the crowd of strangers. Somebody whom Mr. Cameron knew, somebody from his parish, sprang lightly across the street in the teeth of two huge omnibuses, bristling within and without with human beings, and drawn by four driven-desperate horses; and having come out of the jaws of death scathless, held out a frank and friendly hand to the minister.

"Geordie Da'rymple!" cried the minister, taken aback, in the suddenness of the shock forgetting his manners and using the free-and-easy title accorded by the ruder tongues of Kinkell to the individual in question.

"Ay, just Geordie Da'rymple, at your service, Mr. Cameron," replied the young man addressed with cordial gaiety.

In the mean time Mr. Cameron had recovered from his amazement, and with his recovery experienced a twinge of shame for the solecism into which he had been betrayed. The six-feet-in-height, red-bearded, handsome young man before him was the youngest son of the Established Kirk minister of Kinkell, between whom and Mr. Cameron there existed an armed neutrality, softened a little in recent years by those misfortunes which had befallen the latter, and by the quiet dignity of suffering with which they had been borne, that had not only lent the Dissenting minister a pitiful immunity in the local battles of the various kirks, but had rendered it less difficult for more prosperous men to bear the contradiction of him and his congregation. In the main, Dr. Dalrymple and Mr. Cameron had mutual sympathies, as being both worthy men according to their respective lights. Neither are the lines between the Established and Dissenting Churches in Scotland by any means so broad and deep as those which sever church and chapel in England. Still, Dr. Dalrymple and Mr. Cameron were no more to each other than honorable foes, who had each a certain respect and liking for his adversary; and Mr. Cameron, while he challenged the political

foundation on which Dr. Dalrymple's kirk was built, was too sensible a man to refuse to acknowledge the superior worldly position of his enemy. For that matter, every seceder in Kinkell held, openly or secretly, a simple and exaggerated estimate of the rank which he had resigned.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. George," said Mr. Cameron, swaying himself to and fro on his stout umbrella and coloring through the brick-red of his country sunburn, "but it is a treat to see you in London."

"And it is a treat to see you here, Mr. Cameron," echoed the young man. "What have you come up about, may I ask? There is not another meeting of divines at Westminster, with my father left out? You are not one of the revisers of the Bible assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber? Where are you to be found when you are not abroad? Will you allow me to call for you?"

It was wonderful the influence that London had on an old and a young Kinkell man stumbling against each other in its streets, though any influence which existed could not have had the force of novelty to George Dalrymple. He had spent the last half-dozen years for the most part in London, reading for the bar, eating his terms, practising with what briefs his seniors and the public would entrust him, and eking out his income by the profits of such literary work as he could come across. Yet, as it struck Mr. Cameron not unpleasantly, Mr. George was congratulating himself on the accident of their encounter, and was prosecuting his inquiries so as to ensure the two meeting again with an energy almost unaccountable in a young man who had never been within the doors either of Mr. Cameron's kirk or manse in Kinkell. He had been perfectly content that the acquaintance between the Established Kirk minister's son, and the Dissenting minister in his proper person should limit its expression to a bow, or at most a "Good morning," when George Dalrymple was down at Kinkell for his vacations, and when, in driving his mother and sisters in his father's phaeton, or in riding his own hired horse, or in walking about the country, he happened to come upon the minister trudging to visit some sick Dissenter.

It was London that had caused this change—London, and the fact that this fine strapping young fellow, of whom Mr. Cameron had heard down in Kinkell that Mr. George was very clever and doing well in his profession—the flower of Dr. Dalrymple's sons (the minister stifled a

sigh when he considered the young man altogether)—kept a leal Scotch heart within his breast.

It was with an answering glow of friendly warmth that Mr. Cameron gave his card, with the address of his lodgings written on it, to his countryman.

That very evening George Dalrymple availed himself of the permission to invade the minister's well-won repose. So excellently did the young man acquit himself in the conversation which followed, so much information did he show without any perceptible effort, so readily did he adapt himself to his companion's tone, that Mr. Cameron was willing to allow the intercourse was thoroughly worth the rousing of his tired body and mind which it had cost. In reality, contact with even a fairly intellectual young man was so rare an occurrence with Mr. Cameron, that he was inclined to over-value it accordingly; and George Dalrymple was more than fairly intellectual—he was long-headed, hungry of knowledge, and adventurous in spirit, after the old Scotch fashion; and he had a fervid imagination and sympathetic soul, which are by no means the possession of all Scotchmen.

At last what had been to the minister a very agreeable and interesting hour came to a close. George Dalrymple looked at his watch and rose to go.

"I am very much obliged to you for your visit, Mr. George," said the minister, with old-fashioned politeness; "I am afraid I cannot hope to encroach upon your time again."

"I shall be only too happy to come again, if you will let me. Do you know, Mr. Cameron, that I consider it was one of the luckiest hits in my life, coming across you as I did to-day?" protested George energetically; and then, as if a little doubtful of the sound of his own protestation, he muttered something about Kinkell people seldom coming up to London.

"If you show the same favor to all that you have shown to me," said the minister, graciously, "you will soon have a host of our country-folk besieging you. I have been detaining you from company," he added, glancing at George's evening dress. "What fine party are you going to at this time of the night?" The freedom of their talk authorized the question, and some of the neighboring church bells chiming at that moment, sounded late hours to the minister.

George Dalrymple hesitated in the middle of his brisk flow of speech, and col-

ored with an ingenuousness quite remarkable in a young man and a barrister, then he said abruptly, "I am not going to any party; I am going to one of the theatres to see an excellent and gifted young lady act in a good play."

"I am sorry to hear it, Mr. George," said the minister slowly and gravely, drawing back, and with all the easy indulgence of his last sentence going out of his voice and manner. He durst not refrain altogether from plain speaking. At the same time he reflected, in the first place, that this sheep was not of his fold, and that to his own father young Dalrymple must answer for his indulgence in worldly dissipation; in the second place, Mr. Cameron was aware that the standards of Dr. Dalrymple's kirk were not so rigid as those of his own in the question of recreation—such as promiscuous dancing, or card-playing. Still the minister could not but think that the doctor would condemn, even in his favorite son, a license so daring and dangerous as a habit of going to the play-house, for Mr. George had not alluded to his visit to the theatre as if it were an exceptional one, or an experiment to be tried and relinquished after the first trial.

"Now, what do you know of the theatre, Mr. Cameron?" George Dalrymple had the coolness to defend his purpose—not that he defended it coolly, for he was actually waxing indignant and bitter. "Were you ever there? How can you be guilty of the unfairness of condemning on hearsay what you never tested for yourself? It is you and my father, and more like you, who have been the ruin of the theatre, who have driven sober-minded people out of it, and done what you could to convert what might have been an instrumentality for good, next to that of your pulpits, into a machinery for evil."

"The theatre had time to show what was in it long before your father's day and mine, sir," said Mr. Cameron with some sternness, but still temperately, when he saw the young man's rising heat, which the minister construed into the burning smart of an accusing conscience. "If your father and I have been able to testify aught against it, at our respective posts, we have done a good work," the minister could not resist adding, with calm satisfaction.

"No," George Dalrymple objected, with bold decision. "I may tell you my mind, which I am accustomed to speak and write, as you are accustomed to utter yours, and since I am forced to include my own father in the condemnation. You

have lent yourselves to Puritanical, Pharisaical prejudices without even pausing to investigate their origin, and the amount of injustice and inexpediency which is bound up in their exercise; and you have only succeeded in driving into lower channels, and so far contaminating, an expression of human feeling which, as it is pre-eminently human, can never be checked. The experience of every country in Europe during the time of the Reformation movement, which you are so fain to exalt, might have shown you what the theatre is worth. The impartial opinion of such modern Christians as Bunsen might modify yours."

"I shall not argue with you, Mr. George," said Mr. Cameron, with an old man's exasperating quietness and fixedness of opinions which have not only existed more than half a century, but have been inherited unimpaired from honest ancestors; "I have simply this to say, that when young men, in place of being silent before their elders, sit in judgment on them, I am reminded of Absalom, and Rehoboam and his foolish councillors. As for the Puritans, when you find better men than they to rule the councils of the nation, then you have my leave to condemn the brethren of Baxter, sir, and Bunyan, and John Milton."

The minister's quietness had not prevented him from standing up and beginning to preach on the floor of the London lodging-house parlor. As he preached he involuntarily assumed the peculiar tone and action to which the people of Kinkell were so accustomed, that they had come to look upon it as the proper pointing of each substance of the discourse. He had a certain groaning intonation, half nasal, half grating, which marked the difference between his speaking and his preaching, he leant forward and rose with each sentence and clause of a sentence, as by a spring, on the tips of his toes, descending again with a like jerk, ludicrously at variance with his grey hairs and the general gravity of his aspect.

George Dalrymple was forced to smile behind his beard, but the smile vanished entirely when Mr. Cameron, subsiding from preaching to talking as rapidly as he had risen in the scale, and overcome by a sudden tumult of recollection which had come across him, as he gazed wistfully at the young man, laid a shaking hand on George Dalrymple's arm, and implored the minister's erring son.

"Oh! think better of it, Mr. George. It does not need my threescore and more years to tell what will be the end of such

reckless courses. I have seen it too surely with my own eyes in a case I can never forget. Do not let another poor mother's heart be broken, another father's grey hairs go down with sorrow to the grave, another servant of the sanctuary be shamed before his people and the world, and made cry shame on himself as a second Eli, who had wrought fresh destruction on Israel because he could not repress the froward spirit of his child, while the child was yet subject to the weak and culpable father."

"You are altogether wrong, Mr. Cameron, you may be sure of it, when I freely forgive your harsh suspicions made under a total misconception," protested George Dalrymple, solemnly; "if you would only see and judge for yourself—would that be asking too much in any other disputed question? Come to the theatre with me this night, I beg of you. I pledge myself that you will not regret it."

"Geordie Da'rymple!" exclaimed the minister, discarding decorum a second time, in the extremity of his wrath at the audacity of the proposal, and stepping back, while he strode to the utmost bounds of the small apartment, "how dare you even ask me to put my foot within a play-house? Never! never! I could not have believed it of your father's son, though he is a minister in a Kirk which I call Erastian. Farewell, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Cameron." George took his dismissal with the high hand of injured innocence, putting his crush hat on his head, and in doing so giving an additional offence to his old Kinkell neighbor's formality and propriety, while he prepared to say a final word in self-assertion. "I am grieved for more sakes than my own that we are parting thus. You will live to wish it had been otherwise, but you may think better of it."

"Never! never!" asseverated the old minister.

CHAPTER III.

THE MINISTER'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MR. CAMERON was considerably disturbed by the scene with George Dalrymple, but it was not the first time that he had engaged in such a struggle between age and youth, wisdom and folly, and he shook off the impression before next morning, and prepared to set out with renewed enthusiasm on another day's exploration.

Now the thoughts of Mr. Cameron's

parishioners — from Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde upwards to Mr. Andrew Cairns, the principal farmer and cattle-dealer — had tended to, and settled in, the gorgeous bazaar atmosphere of the Exhibition. Even Mrs. Cameron, who was a reasonably well-read and intelligent woman, having been a Dissenting minister's daughter, had given Mr. Cameron her particular charge with regard to what he was to observe for her special benefit in this and that department of the wonderful conglomeration of shops, so dazzling to the imagination of Kinkell, which had only one small shop of "all wares" betwixt it and the next market-town, and even there the shops were pronounced fifth-rate by those people of weight in the parish whose business or friendly connections took them occasionally to Dumfries or Jedburgh, not to say to Edinburgh. Mr. Cameron had an imposing — almost alarming — array of commissions which he had cheerfully undertaken to execute, and which he was expressly instructed were to be fulfilled in the Exhibition; for however its glories might have palled on the Londoners, it was still the wonder of the age to unsophisticated country people. The minister had also a little store laid aside in the purse, which he was half affronted to think he carried in a secret breast-pocket devised and manufactured for the occasion by his prudent wife, in the lining of his vest. He fondly calculated that this narrowly-achieved surplus would suffice in the Exhibition, where there were goods great and small, dear and cheap, to furnish him with those presents, from a gown for Mrs. Cameron to a bonnet-riband for the manse lass Christie, which, save for lack of means, he would fain have stretched from his household to the family of the farthest cottage within his control. In the circumstances, he had to fall back on the winter lectures for his general acknowledgment of the bounty which had been conferred upon him.

But what, after all, was the Exhibition in the minister's eyes compared to the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, above all Westminster Abbey, to which his Presbyterian feet were irresistibly drawn, in the light of his cultivated intelligence, and of what was considered in Kinkell the depths of his erudition, as well as of the dash of a poet in his temperament?

To Westminster Abbey the minister must needs go on the second day of his stay in town. As he walked he thought of St. Giles and of the Greyfriars, where the old peers and the commons of Scot-

land had met and signed the Solemn League and Covenant. The sight of the venerable stone crown of the one, and the weather-beaten walls of the other, had impressed him in his college days, more even than the castle on its rock — fit termination to the High Street — or the palace of Holyrood, presiding like a queen in her court at the end of the Canongate. He fortified himself by this recollection, but when he approached the magnificent pile and entered the great door of the Abbey, bending his stiff old Scotch neck, and uncovering his head without a sign from a verger, he stopped short, overwhelmed by the grandeur of pillared aisles, nave, chancel, windows, roof, altar, screen, all seen under the dim religious light which best become them. St. Giles was nothing to it. He had been able to say in his patriotism yesterday that he had seen no street in London to compare to Prince's Street, looking across its green gardens to the high houses of the old town, with the castle in the air, frowning down over all, or even to Queen Street, when the weather was clear enough to permit the broad blue Frith and the fair hills of Fife to be distinguished in the distance, stretched at the royal city's feet. But he could no longer, as he was a true man, dispute the unrivalled pre-eminence of the grand Gothic abbey.

The awe, admiration, and delight with which Westminster Abbey inspired the minister even shook for a moment his life's creed. He had to think who he was, an indirect descendant of that Richard Cameron who was slain a witness for the truth, by rough-riding, bloodthirsty dragoons in the wild heathery swamps of Airmoss, and over whose grave — not then marked by the stone inscribed with the Bible and sword — another persecuted man had sighed forth the weary wish, "Oh, to be wi' you, Richie!" He, Adam Cameron, had been fully as proud in his day of that lofty lineage of his as any ancient baron who slept till the crack of doom in one of yonder chapels of his well-charged knightly shield, making him free to so stately a resting-place.

In the right of his ancestry, Adam Cameron could bear to recall in Westminster Abbey his life-protest against prelacy.

The minister felt it jar on his state of emotion when he had not merely to descend to details, but to submit himself to a verger, to join a party of indifferent, glibly chattering sight-seers in order to be conducted, as a piece of business, through each chapel and nook, including Poet's

Corner, and to hear recited by rote the annals that he knew by heart.

However, he was a much-enduring man, disciplined to meekness; he trod as lightly and noiselessly as his years and his boots would permit, listened patiently, and looked with what interest was left him at Pitt and Fox's monuments, and Mary and Elizabeth's tombs.

The minister had ceased to be so engrossed as to fail to be conscious of a little group, consisting of a lady and two gentlemen, who did not belong strictly to the party under the verger's guidance, and who did not seem to be looking with any observation at carved oak and fretted stone, yet who hung on the outskirts of the gazers, and followed them pertinaciously from point to point. At last Mr. Cameron recognized, with a little start, that the taller gentleman of the two was George Dalrymple. Doubtless his being in Westminster Abbey, which he must have seen many a time, on the same occasion as the minister was a simple coincidence. On the other hand, Mr. Cameron had a dim recollection that he had spoken of going to the Abbey the first thing this morning, in the course of last night's visit, which had terminated so unpropitiously.

Mr. Cameron lost the thread of the verger's discourse on the royal bones that had been found at a particular spot, and as he bowed from a distance of stiff, perforce condemnation, as well as of space, to George Dalrymple, the minister glanced quickly at the young man's companions, to see if by any wild chance they also were from Kinkell.

But they were complete strangers. The young lady in the plain black hat and quiet grey gown was not one of George Dalrymple's sisters; the gentleman, with a stoop as of an elderly man, and wrapped up against the chill of the Abbey even on a summer day, with an overcoat—the collar turned up to his bald head like an invalid—was, as far as the minister could distinguish, nobody he had ever seen before. Some friends from an English country neighborhood, or even from a London suburb, of George Dalrymple's. Poor young man, they had much call to seek to abate his rashness and self-confidence, and bring him back to the right way. But Mr. Cameron had nothing whatever to do with them.

The minister sought to recover the lost clue to the verger's narrative, which he was recounting with the steadiness of a judge, but by no means with the energetic

springs and jerks and the groaning anxiety to impress his hearers of Mr. Cameron in his line of pulpit eloquence. In the search, the minister suddenly discovered that, strong old man as he was in the accustomed work to which his life was devoted, the last few days' unusual excitement in the pursuit of pleasure had been too much for him. He was seized with one of those attacks of giddiness to which he had been liable since a sad crisis in his history.

Mr. Cameron did what a modest man strongly objecting to be conspicuous or to give trouble would naturally have done under the circumstances. He left his party, staggered out of a side chapel into the main body of the building, and sat down on the nearest seat, trusting to a little rest and quiet to restore his lapsing senses.

But he was not unnoticed and unaided. Even before he had entirely recovered his consciousness he was dimly aware of people hurrying to him, of a friendly voice in his ears, a strong arm supporting him, and tender, womanly hands bathing his forehead with eau-de-Cologne. When he was still more come to himself, he saw that it was George Dalrymple who was bending over him, full of kindly anxiety. But although the passing faintness was wearing off, the minister remained full of doubt with regard to his own condition; for how could he have become possessed even for a moment with the incredible idea that it was his daughter Maidie, his little girl, dead in her eighteenth year these five-and-twenty years ago now, whose loving grey eyes had been looking into his, while her warm breath had been on his cold cheek, unless indeed he were suffering from the threatening of some much more serious illness than any of his old fits of giddiness?

He desired earnestly that he were at home again, under his wife's nursing, if it were to come to the worst—at the best it would be his greatest earthly consolation; and he should like to see home faces, some of his people, his kirk, were he only propped up in bed, out of his room window, once more. But the will of the Lord be done. And he was still so thrilled with the unreasonable notion of his contact with Maidie as the little girl he had known her, instead of the saint who had long taken precedence of him in the kingdom of glory, that, while he trembled in every limb with the very sweetness of the conviction, he forced himself to rise and

look in the face of George Dalrymple's companion, in order to disabuse himself of the vain imagination.

Of course it was not — it could not be. The pleasant young face was not even very like what Maidie's might have become had she lived to be a full-grown woman, and not died in the exquisite delicacy of her budding girlhood. There was just such a resemblance in the color of the brown hair and grey eyes, and the shape of the nose and mouth, as a distempered fancy might lay hold of to build on it "the baseless fabric of a dream." Shy, timid Maidie, who had been accustomed to have her mother to do everything, and who had only looked out on the world from the secluded homely windows of a country Dissenting Kirk manse, would have been the last girl in the world, though she had been brimful of good-will for every living creature, to come forward with perfect self-command and ready self-resource, to minister in a public place to the needs of any strange man, young or old.

"You are better now, my dear sir — you are a great deal better; you have been overdoing yourself a little, that is all. You well-off country folks have no correct conception of the toils of London sight-seeing. Stay; you must on no account stir till you are quite fit for us to remove you to a more suitable seat than one in Westminster Abbey. Happily, it still wants full twenty minutes to the hour of morning service," George Dalrymple was hastening to reassure himself, the minister, and all whom it might concern.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. George, for coming to my assistance," said the minister with a little shamefacedness, in spite of his own innocence, because of the terms on which the two had parted the night before, that George Dalrymple seemed to have completely forgotten. "You are right; I have been overdoing myself, to begin with, while I ought to have had more sense. I suppose I had better give up sight-seeing for this day and return to my lodgings in Tottenham Road. I can get up and go to the door of this grand place," he added with reviving independence, observing that George Dalrymple looked doubtfully and questioningly at the young lady and beyond her at some person standing out of the minister's sight. "I apprehend there will be no difficulty in getting a cab, and I'll afford myself a carriage and ride in state for once. No, Mr. George, I had rather not wait to join in the service. What

would my presbytery say, man?" concluded the minister, attempting to be jocular.

"It is a long way to Tottenham Court Road," said George, lifting up his eyebrows and looking hard beyond Mr. Cameron. "We came here for the very purpose of introducing ourselves — some of us, that is — to you, and of asking you to go with us to a friend's house close at hand. I think you are able for it, Mr. Cameron. Forgive me if you consider that I am taking an unwarrantable liberty. There are circumstances in which a stranger — though Heaven knows I don't feel like a stranger," broke off the young man, impulsively — "is the best master of the ceremonies. You were not aware, in coming to London, that your son, whom you have not seen for many years, is here. He came with me to the Abbey this morning on the mere chance of seeing you again — himself unseen — if he could not make up his mind to ask you to forgive old offences, and be reconciled to him. This young lady is his daughter — your own granddaughter — Mr. Cameron."

Mr. Cameron was so stunned and bewildered that he could not for a second take in the statement. When he did so, he forgot Westminster Abbey and its pomp, and lived over again miserable hours spent in a different scene. He was back in his little country manse on the dark day, though it was in the month of May, when the news reached him — not quite a year after his daughter's death (he remembered he had still worn white cuffs on his coat, and his wife had on a black gown and black ribands in her cap) — that his son, who was in a position of trust as secretary to an insurance company in one of the larger towns, had been found guilty of the crime of embezzlement, and had fled before the detection of his guilt. Close on the announcement had come the culprit, turning, in the maze of his misery, to take refuge, like other hunted creatures, in his early home.

It was then that in the just wrath and cruel agony of the first moment's revelation the outraged father and clergyman had denounced the fraudulent deed which had brought shame on his honest hearth and sacred calling. He had spoken words which had driven the sinner forth never to return, never even to send tidings whether he fared well or ill to the mother who had borne him and the father whose pride the young man had been in his boyish days, long before he had acquired those extravagant tastes and careless habits which,

joined to weakness of will inherited neither from father nor mother, had proved the snare that entangled his feet till they hurried to destruction.

Mr. Cameron had lived to recall those bitter words in part, and to mourn that he had ever said them. He had never prayed one clause of the Lord's prayer, or read the parable of the prodigal son, or even the lesson taught to King David by the wise women of Tekah, for many years, without experiencing a pang from his tender conscience because of his unspeakable yearning over the only child that had been left him, of whom, nevertheless, the minister had lost sight and sound for the last five-and-twenty years. The lad might be sleeping, for aught his father could tell, in that grave where — whether honored or dishonored, the grave of the rich man or the pauper — “the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” There alone the elder man — who remembered the younger oftenest now as the merry, sweet-tempered boy, whose pranks and winning ways had made glad the sober, almost stern little manse, and of whom his little sister had been so fond — might hope to meet him.

Mrs. Cameron, with all her alleged despotism, had never once reproached her husband for undue, unreasonable harshness, the consequences of which had doubly wrung her faithful mother's heart. She was too good a woman and minister's wife to forget herself so far in what would have been, after all, only idle recrimination. But well he knew that day and night she bore about in her strong heart and on her silent lips the name which was rarely mentioned between husband and wife, and never spoken before third parties; and that while she might sometimes cease for days together to think of Maidie, her dead young daughter, sleeping in the shadow of her home, as it were, with father and mother to be laid beside her, in a corner of the Kinkell kirkyard, where Church and Dissent met for once in peace, the minister's wife never for a single hour forgot her son Adam, who might be living and wandering far away. It was the constant burden of memory, with the reticence partly of nature, partly of position, which had ploughed so many furrows in Mrs. Cameron's once full, comely face, and left her apparently so dry and hard in her truth and goodness. The minister had a sure instinct that the effect wrought by good tidings of his son, even on the outward aspect of the poor mother, who had so long contained herself, and borne the burden and heat of the

day uncomplainingly by her husband and minister's side, would be like the striking of the rock in Horeb, when the waters gushed forth and the stony aridness vanished, leaving the wilderness to blossom like the rose.

The minister was saved from that wretched paralysis of terror of the law which he had once already suffered on his son's account. The defrauded company had shown themselves lenient from the very beginning. They had taken into consideration old favor for the wrong-doing servant, together with the character and position of the father, who would fain have made up the deficiency in the accounts, and they had also thought of the uselessness, save as affording example, of legal retaliation. They had refrained from prosecuting, and done what they could to hush up the miserable story. Young Adam was in no peril from his country's long-delayed vengeance on his delinquency.

A throng of memories were vividly present, as in certain abnormal conditions men have found their minds become supernaturally alive and acute, to the old minister sitting in the nave of Westminster Abbey, recovering from his attack of indisposition, rising feebly still, though he had been so stout of heart and full of spirit only yesterday, to stand upon his feet and to cope with the situation, looking round for his son who had been lost and was found. “Is my son Adam here?” he inquired, in a hurried, husky voice. “You take no liberty, Mr. George, in bringing a son to his father; and this Abbey is a house of God, whatever else it may be, where estranged friends may fitly meet and be reconciled. Adam, I am glad to see you again, at last,” said the minister, distinguishing and fixing his eyes upon the stooping, bald-headed figure, all the while standing apart in painful embarrassment and hesitation. Mr. Cameron stretched out his hand to give the grasp — wonderfully strong for the palsy of agitation that continued to shake him — which is the warmest token of regard, complacent or relenting, bestowed by a Scotch father on a son, while even as the minister's brown, long fingers closed with something of a man's grip on the white, shrunk, quivering fingers of his son, Mr. Cameron was saying to himself, in rueful wonder, “Woe's me! he looks ten years older than I looked when I saw him last. I have a hantle more hair on my head, bleached as it is, and a straighter back at this day. He is no better than a silly (sickly), spent invalid. Can this be Adam,

my bold, bonnie lad? His very mother will never know him."

"Father," young Adam was saying, eagerly, with the shamefaced bluster of an erring and repentant but, above all, a weak man, "you will come home with me. Janet and the younger children are waiting for you there, if you will come to our house. Father, you have not noticed my daughter; this is my Maidie—a good daughter, though I should not say so—the stay and support of her family."

Then it had been a "Maidie Cameron," his Maidie in heaven's near kinswoman, and bearing a share of her looks in ripened perfection as well as her name, who had helped to recover him from his attack of illness. Adam, in his exile, had remembered and named his daughter for his little sister—a simple act, yet which, more than anything else his son had said, went to the minister's softened heart. He gazed through a mist of gratitude at this Maidie, and owned that she was fair and looked good, as her father described her, worthy to bear the name by which she was called. He acknowledged that there was a great grace in the brightness, frankness, and ease of speech which had not belonged to her girlish predecessor, with which she came forward, at her father's words, and said, "Grandfather, will you some day let me be a granddaughter to you indeed? Will you make me know my father's mother, and let me try to serve you both? I do hope you will learn to love me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SMALL HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER, AND WHAT THE MINISTER HEARD THERE.

GEORGE DALRYMPLE had quietly withdrawn from the family group the moment his presence had become unnecessary and an intrusion.

Mr. Cameron quitted the Abbey without casting a backward glance on its architectural glory or its historic renown, and went with his son and granddaughter to their house in the neighborhood. When the minister entered it he looked round with perplexity and with rising dismay mingled with his wonder. In reality it was a small, old-fashioned place enough, in a side street; but to Mr. Cameron, recently come from his smaller, plainer, and infinitely more meagre Dissenting Kirk manse, or even from his Tottenham Court Road lodging, the little house in Westminster appeared a dwelling full of luxury and refinement. The differences

were not much greater than those of Brussels for Scotch carpets, of morocco for horsehair, and of walls painted smoke-color instead of being covered with papers of decided pattern and tint. And the changes struck Mr. Cameron intuitively as signal improvements. There were a few pictures, and statuettes, with books and music, all of which the minister would have liked to look at and handle, if his mind had been at ease. There was a bust of his granddaughter which caught his eye at once, and which he was told afterwards was the gift of a friendly sculptor. The minister could not help coveting it, since in the marble features, more than in the living face, he could see the likeness between the first and the second Maidie. But when he came to think of it, he was glad that the bust was the gift of a friend, though for that very reason it could not be lightly parted with, because the only modern thing of the kind like it, that he had seen, was in the house of a county member, when Mr. Cameron had breakfasted there, along with "ministers of every denomination," shortly before the last election.

The sentence of his son's ruin, freshly revived in the minister's mind, was yet vibrating in his ears. A hot flush rose unbidden in his cheek, as he could not escape the recollection of what had occasioned the wreck, and the questions were forced upon him, where did this abundance and elegance come from? who or what provided it?

But the minister was happily prevented from dwelling on this care by the entrance of his daughter-in-law, and the necessity of resuming their long-interrupted relations. Mr. Cameron had not in the old days entertained so poor an opinion of his son's wife as had been held by her mother-in-law. He had always been aware that she was no more than a pretty, thoughtless girl, who did nothing to check, if she did not rather do all in her power to encourage her husband's spendthrift propensities. But if the minister had ever grudged his son to her, he had come to think that she might have done better, had probably fared the worse in the luckless marriage, and that with a husband of firmer principles and greater wisdom, she might not only have had a happier fate, but have proved a worthier woman. The misfortunes of Janet, with her deterioration lying at his son's door, had been an additional sharp thorn thrust into the minister's sensitive flesh by Adam's wrongdoing.

It was therefore, on all counts, a distinct relief and satisfaction to see Janet not nearly so fallen off in appearance as her husband was, but still comely and pleasant to look upon, in her plump matronliness, with her dress in the reigning fashion, and of good silken material.

Janet, who in her geniality was shallower even than her husband, and who was destitute of the compunction and mortification from which he could not altogether escape, was able to meet her father-in-law without awkwardness, and as if they had parted but yesterday.

Upon the whole, her unconsciousness was a great lightening of the difficulties of the situation, and Mr. Cameron felt tempted to be much obliged to her for it, as well as for the old constitutional good-nature with which she seated him in the most comfortable chair, heard with apparent concern of his recent indisposition, went herself for wine and brandy and Scotch whisky — which he might prefer — and besought him to tell her what he would take for luncheon.

The men, so much more intimately connected, and in their different degrees so much more deeply moved, were glad to gloss over what was trying and discomfiting in their reunion by the surface prattle of the woman.

Yes, it was something, it was even a good deal to Mr. Cameron, in the long dead and buried hopes and ambitions which he had cherished for his son, to see him alive; and if an ailing man, still capable of not only possessing but enjoying those comforts and embellishments of life with which he was freely surrounded in his home, if only they were honorably come by.

The emotions which belong to kindred and household life began to stir powerfully in the minister's breast. It was like a cordial to the old man, this very morning childless, to have not only his prodigal son restored to him in such a condition as his most sanguine anticipations would not have dared in all these five-and-twenty years to dream, but to have his daughter-in-law Janet waiting kindly upon him, inquiring for her mother-in-law, asking what changes had taken place in Kinkell. And after she had talked to him of her grown-up daughter, she introduced to him two younger children whom he had never seen — pale little Londoners, certainly, and with a great break, signifying trial and death, between them and their elder sister, who, as the minister could guess, had been born shortly after the family's down-

fall, but in their pretty, simple, hopeful childishness making the grandfather suddenly a rich man.

If only the sinner sitting there, a prematurely aged and broken man, bearing a part of his penalty, were sincerely penitent — if he had turned altogether from the error of his ways, even though he had not proposed to make that reparation to the company he had injured which his father had five-and-twenty years before volunteered to provide in the room of his son, in time, out of his pittance of a salary, when the proposal had been declined with thanks and respectful sympathy and commiseration — then the minister would be not simply grateful, but strangely glad. The doubt, which was the cloud on the day's adventure, was nearly dissipated by Mr. Cameron's intercourse with his granddaughter Maidie.

The second Maidie had in the middle of her perfect womanliness, and along with the bright intelligence which distinguished her, such an air of simple steadfastness, of tried and tempered faith and courage, which had never been found wanting, that it lent to her young womanhood a positive dignity which the minister felt and of which he approved, though he could not analyze or explain the innocent, unconscious self-respect. He was sure that his granddaughter formed a tower of strength in herself; he was more and more drawn to her, even while he perceived that the likeness to her girl aunt, which had originally attracted him, belonged solely to the features and to an occasional tone of the voice, and was almost altogether lost in the play of expression which characterized the more womanly face before him.

Nevertheless, when Mr. Cameron talked aside to his granddaughter, in order to enable his son and daughter-in-law to complete their future arrangements in regard to him, he was induced to mention the traits which the two Maidies had in common, and to allude to the singular impression which these had made on his mind, taken unawares and disordered by illness.

His granddaughter proved an excellent listener, quiet, earnest, with an electric comprehension of his feelings. "I *am* a Maidie Cameron," she said, "though, alas! but a poor representative of the old Maidie. Papa has often told me of her; he has spoken more of her than of his other relations, naturally, because she was his contemporary and companion," she added, with a quick fear of wounding the father, which would not have occurred to her mother, and hardly to her own father.

"I am proud of both my names. We have not Maidie given for Magdalen in England, and Cameron has an echo of Lochiel and Lochaber."

"It is not from any Lochiel that you are descended, child," said the minister, mounting his hobby, "or if he came of the Inverness Camerons, Richard Cameron was as far beyond them in Christian faith and moral worth as a civilized man is beyond a savage, or the least saint who ever came out of great tribulation to enter into the rest prepared for the people of God is beyond a poor unregenerate sinner in the highest places of this earth. Your Aunt Maidie could have told you all about Richard Cameron. When she was but a toddling wee thing, rather than hearken to fairy tales, she would ask for his story, and that of the wife of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, she who said she was prouder of her man as he lay at her feet murdered in the cause of Christ and the Covenant, than she had ever been of him when he stood by her side a brave bridegroom, and who sat a whole night on the lonely hillside, with the dead head of him that had been her stay and shield lying in her lap, and nothing near her save whaups and peaswits and her God; and he, to be sure, was all around her."

The second Maidie Cameron's grey eyes glistened and deepened wonderfully while she looked at the minister. "That was a heroine," she said, with a heroic ring in her own clear, flexible voice; "and your Maidie must have been very good and saintly, like Queen Esther or Joan of Arc."

"I do not know about Queen Esther," said the minister, slightly puzzled, thinking altogether of his Bible, and not at all of Racine's play. "Mordecai reared her to be as a dutiful daughter to him; but I never read that she was so very saintly before she was raised up to work out the deliverance of Israel; indeed, the chances were against it, in the captivity, in a heathen land, with its heathen abominations. As for Joan of Arc, a crazy Papist lass, with her visions of the Virgin Mary!" exclaimed the minister, with gentle contempt, "I don't know that to have saintliness like hers would have been any very great boon. No; you mean well, my dear, but you must find a different comparison than to a Persian queen — though she was a good Jewess and a devoted woman, I'll not deny that — or to a haunted young Romanist for my Maidie," said the minister, clasping his hands across his knees, and gazing before him with a soft, far-away look in his old eyes. "I'll tell

you more nearly what she was like: a young servant of the Lord, who had known as little evil as a sinful mortal can know in this wicked world; a creature who had been cared for and guarded in her quiet corner, maybe too much so; but she was our one bit lassie, very gentle and delicate both in mind and body, so that she was never out of her mother's sight, and very rarely out of my thoughts, I confess it, during the seventeen years of her earthly life."

"I think I can see her, grandfather," said Maidie, wistfully; "the dear good little home daughter, who was so cared for, who had never even seen or heard of coarse, foolish manners, mean, fierce spite and strife, and hard, worldly levity. I can fancy her in the country manse and parish which were her world, as busy as a bee and as blithe as a bird all day, moving softly as a mouse the while, helping her mother to keep house, to bake, to brew — if you brew yet down in Scotland — walking with you and carrying dainties for your sick poor, stealing with her seam into your study, to sit beside you while you wrote your sermon, singing to you old songs and hymns in the gloaming, joining with a quiet, devout heart in your prayers, loved and looked up to, and with none to make her afraid."

"Just so," acquiesced the minister, with a fond sigh; "you are a wonderfully good guesser, bairn; one would think that you had lived in a country manse and in no other home all your days;" and he turned from contemplating the tender memory of the dead to regarding with complacency the sympathetic, living woman beside him.

"I? Oh no, no; I have had a different experience," said the young woman, shaking her head with a certain sad wisdom of superior knowledge. "Perhaps I was not fit for the other. God did not see me fit for it, and set me in another lot. But she must have been a happy girl."

"I think she was happy while she was here; but what is such happiness to her everlasting portion?" asked the minister, with reverent, ardent faith and hope. "And if you have not known a country manse before, Maidie," he continued, lingering upon the name while he gave the conversation a lighter turn, "you must soon learn to know it, and to know it well too. I think your grandmother will be greatly taken with you," he concluded, speaking to himself meditatively, as pleasant visions flitted across his mind of abundant communication in time to come between him and his son's family, with young

faces and young steps — this winning Maidie Cameron's prominent among them, glancing and flitting lightly once more in and out of the manse parlor.

The minister did not say, however, why he thought his wife would take kindly to Maidie — that she was unlike her mother.

"Ah! if I could," remarked Maidie, speaking low and slow, with doubt in her accents, and a shade of sensitive pride and pain and something like reproach in her expressive face. She made a little change in the subject the next moment. "Mr. George Dalrymple — papa always calls him Mr. George," she said, with a little laugh and an increase of color in her pale, fair face — "has often told me of Scotch manses."

"Ah! well, his father's is another sort of manse from mine," observed the minister, careful to prevent misconception. "The doctor's manse is not so far behind a laird's mansion, with its attempt at an avenue and a lawn, and flower and kitchen gardens. But my place is only a smaller kind of farmhouse, without the offices. We Dissenting ministers left the loaves and fishes behind us in the Establishment; not that I take credit for what my fathers did, or think myself other than well off — far better than I deserve. And, Maidie, when you come to Kinkell, though my manse is not a fine house like this, I can promise you a big, old-fashioned garden to daunder about and sit down in, and a grand view to look at, such as you never saw in London."

"I dare say not," said Maidie, gaily.

"You know Mr. George Dalrymple?" Mr. Cameron suggested inquisitively, divided in his own mind between gratitude to Mr. George for his recent service and doubt whether in view of Mr. George's lax habits as a frequenter of theatres, which he had not scrupled to expose and even to defend to the minister, he was a fit companion for the minister's young granddaughter.

"Oh, yes! we know him very well," said Maidie Cameron, this time without any fluctuation of color or infinitesimal change of manner. "He has been very good to me; his articles have been of great service to me." Then she stopped, and knitted her smooth brows as at a perpetually recurring obstacle which she did not know how to overcome.

"Do you mean that Mr. George contributes articles to the newspapers or magazines which it is of such benefit for a young woman to study?" pressed the minister, at once mystified and inclined to

question the inference. Without doubt Maidie might find a fitter and safer literary guide than a young man of uncertain and unsound opinions.

Maidie was saved from the difficulty of replying. The conversation was interrupted by her father's coming forward and saying, with the perceptible bluster which, while it contrasted oddly with his invalid looks, was his mode of plunging headlong into the centre of a trouble, "Father, of course you will remain with us while you stay in town. We shall be only too happy to have you here, and you will be able to get acquainted with the bairns. You see I do not forget my Scotch — little chance of that, even if Janet were not at my elbow, and Maidie hankering after her mother-tongue and everything Scotch, with Mr. George Dalrymple to refresh our memories with the pure Doric. You ought to save the hire of your lodgings, but if you have engaged them for the whole time, never mind the money — I flatter myself that we can make you a thousand times more comfortable and happier here. Janet, and Maidie when she has spare time, will lionize you to your heart's content. I am not good for much, but I need not say that you may command me for anything I can do. Father, indeed it is good to have you here. If only my mother had accompanied you; but that may come next," said the rescued prodigal, with more feeling in his voice and his eyes than he had yet shown. "I shall leave it to yourself," he began again, rapidly, "to decide whether you will go and see Maidie. I can assure you she — none of us — will take it amiss if you stay away, though, of course, she and the whole of us should like you — would look upon it as a high compliment if you made up your mind to go. At this distance, in this great city, where any fellow, young or old, can do what he likes, and nobody is known — above all, with your near relationship to Maidie — I cannot see that the most rigid critic would find any objection."

"I have not the smallest idea of what you are driving at, Adam," said the minister, staring at his son, and striving in vain to make anything out of his long, disjointed speech. Was the confirmed bad health, for which Janet had accounted by attributing it to the lasting effects of a terrible experience of ague which Adam had gone through during his short stay in America immediately after he left Scotland, an affection of the brain after all? Did it leave the younger Adam Cameron to a certain extent irresponsible for all his

actions, past, present, and to come? There was a grain of consolation along with much pain in the notion.

"Is not Maidie here?"—the minister pursued his effort at arriving at an explanation. "Have we not been good company to each other—is not that true, my dear—for the last half-hour? What should take me elsewhere to see her?"

"But it is one thing to see Maidie in private and another to see her in public," said her father, with a forced laugh and a restless movement, which went some length to confirm the minister's terrible suspicion. "Only a few favored friends have the privilege of doing the first, and if she grants the second distinction to a wider circle, I am sure it is a great boon to them, as well as a gain to her. I said something within the first few minutes of our meeting, father, of how much we all owed to Maidie. I have to tell you that this house, which I think has impressed you favorably; the rest and quiet which is all that a poor little-worth, laid-aside dog like me can so much as crave; her mother's peace and comfort, the young ones' rearing and their future prospects, are all due to, all secured by, Maidie. You will not, in spite of your cloth, refuse to acknowledge that she is the best of daughters and a good woman, though her vocation is the stage and her calling that of an actress."

"Adam!" cried the minister, too horrified to be incensed, "I cannot believe it. Have you sunk so low as to suffer your daughter to be the sacrifice for your shortcomings—to buy your rest and the advantage of the family by her exposure and degradation? I had hoped better things of you even yet. I could not—would not—be a party to this cruelest unfatherliness, though I had not the boast of being a clergyman in a Kirk which, as you well know, holds the play-house to be the resort of the profligate and wanton—the house of the devil, as opposed to the house of God." The minister caught up his hat, and made a blind stumble towards the door.

"Stay, father, and hear reason," urged his son.

"Indeed, Mr. Cameron, you are very illiberal and very unkind," said his daughter-in-law glibly, in her rare resentment. "You know I never contradicted you in my life before, because you are an old man and Adam's father—not to say a minister of the gospel. But what would become of us all, I should like to know, if we were as prejudiced and hard as you?

Who is more respected and praised than our Maidie—that I should have to insist upon it? Whole columns of the newspapers are written about her; she is applauded and encored every night. She could have her choice of valuable bracelets, as well as lovely bouquets, if she were not so proud and particular a girl—too particular, I tell her. She has never yet gone to or come from the theatre unattended by some of her own people. She is our daughter, sir, whom we have a good right to be proud of."

"You think of your own temporal welfare, when you should think of your child's eternal interests," groaned the minister. "You live at ease on the wages of sin. Such wretched praise and miserable bribes as you reckon up are no honor, but a blistering shame——"

"Grandfather, hear me," said Maidie, coming forward as one who had a title to be heard, and speaking with such simple authority that even her grandfather deferred to her and listened to what she had to say. "You are an old and a good man; and, believe me or not, I reverence your grey hairs and sorrows, and would love you—yes, dearly—if you would let me now. Still I must speak. Have you a call to judge and condemn others who must hear and obey their own consciences and their own reading of the Bible—not yours, else they would cease to be free creatures—to whose own Master they must stand or fall? Has not Wisdom many children, and are not their ways very various? Is it not possible to stand on high and slippery places and yet have the feet kept from falling, if men and women are true to themselves and God? I do not say that it is right for them to choose difficult paths, but is the choice always given them? Is it not so far made for them by the gifts which they have received and the circumstances in which they find themselves? Whether is it better for men and women to accept the situation and be content with and resigned to circumstances—which are not in themselves or of necessity evil—striving hard to make the best of them, or to waste time and strength in sighing after the unattainable and the impossible? I know that a great deal of what you said has its foundation in the false and base conditions which, alas! are too apt to cling to an artist's life when it has to do with green-rooms and footlights, and great mixed multitudes; but are the poor actors and actresses alone or even principally to blame for these conditions, and can they

not be resisted like other wrong surroundings, to death if need be?"

"Child," said the minister, "you are too young and — God help you! — I trust — I cannot but think, too innocent to judge of such things; but I imagined you a fitting namesake of another Maidie Cameron. Adam Cameron, how dared you drag that name through the mire of a theatre?" he turned fiercely to accuse his degenerate son.

"I did not, father; I assure you I have never done so," Maidie's father urged eagerly, glad to have it in his power to clear himself on one point. "I remembered the people she was come of, and what they would think. Besides, it is not customary for a young actor, or at least for a young actress, to go on the stage by her real name. She is not Maidie Cameron there and in play-bills; her stage name is Jane Mortimer. The secret of her identity has been carefully preserved: only our own little circle of a few private people who are personal friends — George Dalrymple among their number, and he is sworn to secrecy — know Jane Mortimer as Maidie Cameron. But whatever others may have been guilty of, she has done nothing to disgrace the name. Most impartial judges would consider she has cast lustre upon it."

"Lustre, forsooth!" cried the minister, with stern sarcasm. "Secrecy, an alias where a young woman is concerned! — what does that bode?"

"What would you have had me do? what could I do to this day?" remonstrated the son, half indignantly, half sullenly. "We were poorly off for years and years after I returned from America. We were dragging out a miserable existence in a country town in the south of England. All we could do to keep soul and body together was summed up in my getting law-papers to copy, when I was not too full of the shivers to hold a pen, at half-price, as a favor, in our wretched lodging; and in Janet's working as an untrained dress-maker between the times of slaving about her sick husband and half-starving children. It was then that we lost our second girl and eldest boy. Then Maidie caught the fancy of a gentleman who lived in a good house near ours, and with whose children, of her own age, she had picked up an acquaintance. Before we had been reduced so low, she had been sent to the best schools we could afford her, and she read well, and had a trick of reciting, as we held, wonderfully for her years. The gentleman heard her, and came to me with

a proposal. He was a retired tragedian of some note, and I may tell you a man of unblemished reputation. He told me that he believed he had found in my little girl a genius that, if properly trained, would adorn the stage, restoring its palmy days, and make the fortune of her family. He offered to teach the child, for love of his art, all he knew, and afterwards to advance the money requisite for her thorough education. He desired to send her to a dramatic college in France; there was nothing that he would not have done for her. It was a great opening for a family almost in the last extremity of distress. But I did not close with it at once; I consulted the best friends I had in the place, including the respectable lawyer I worked for, who had recognized that I had seen better days. I took counsel with the child's mother; I sounded Maidie herself. At last I came to the conclusion that, under certain restrictions, I could not do better for Maidie any more than for the rest of us. Who or what was I that I should stand in the way of the development and employment of her fine and delightful faculty? Had my own training — forgive me, sir," asked the younger Adam, with his curious half-humility, half-bluster — "answered so well that I should have an insuperable objection to another? I required only that the child should not be parted from us, her natural guardians, whose love might supply all other deficiencies; and neither was she, unless during the season that she attended the foreign dramatic college, and then she was under the special care of a German actress known to and vouched for by our English friend. I believe, had it been otherwise, Maidie was too engrossed with her art, too bent on attaining eminence in it, to have sustained injury. Have you forgotten, father, that to the pure all things are pure, and that even among the corrupt there may remain a human respect for, and not a devilish hatred of, innocence? I have never had cause to regret my decision. Maidie, as Jane Mortimer, is one of the most accomplished, admired actresses in London — nay, one who in her little day can do something for the stage by introducing and interpreting to the dullest, most clouded comprehension nobler parts and better plays. I wish you heard Mr. George Dalrymple on this point. She is also, as Maidie Cameron — I can venture to say it to her face — not only a dear, true, most generous daughter — see, her mother is crying at the mention of the child's truth and generosity — she is a virtuous, honorable and honored, noble

young woman. Father, is it not more creditable to meet and conquer temptations than not to encounter them at all? Is ignorance innocence? Cannot a woman in the world — an actress, let us say, granting that she is more exposed and the struggle is harder — if she only continue God-fearing and upright, be a Christian as well as a nun, or a girl who lives like a nun? Was it God or man who said, 'Thou shalt not enter into a play-house — not to purify and elevate it; thou shalt not employ on the stage in the service of virtue the peculiar talents which can be used with effect there and there alone'?"

"Touch not the accursed thing," said the minister, setting his face like a rock, and planting his foot heavily on the floor, as if he took his stand on the words and defied all assailants. "'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

"You have no mercy on us," cried Janet, beginning to sob. "You ought to have seen the straits we were in, and then you might have been well pleased to have had us get our heads above water again, instead of taunting us like this. Any other grandfather in the world would have been proud of such a granddaughter, with her talents and beauty, though I say it that should not, who could ride in her carriage if she would, who is as much run after (though she cares so little for such notice) as if she were the queen. You may be a Presbyterian minister too pure to remain in the Established Kirk, but you are very little of a Christian in my opinion, with your dogmas and doctrines. I am thankful that I have got beyond them and that I go to the Church of England nowadays."

"Be quiet, Janet," interrupted her husband excitedly and at the same time querulously, for he was fatigued by the strenuous effort he had made to justify his conduct. "My circumstances alone were and are sufficient warrant for what I have done. What would have become of us? What would have become yet of my family without Maidie's gift? As for myself, I agree with you that I may go and die in the streets or in the poorhouse any day, for all the loss it would be to you, or my children, or the world. I cannot, any more now than thirteen years ago, work to any purpose. I cannot beg, or steal." He ended abruptly, with a still greater fall of the countenance, and with the moisture gathering on his brow.

"Adam," said the minister more gently, "come to me one and all of you. Trust to me."

"Impossible, father," cried the younger

Adam impatiently, "even if it were not too late, we should have you and my mother dragged down to starvation and disgrace as well as ourselves. You have a paltry enough pittance as it is. You have suffered sufficiently already for the faults of others."

"Grandfather," said Maidie again, "I am of age; I have worked for myself, and it has been my pride and pleasure to work for poor papa and mamma and the children for years. Surely I have some right to decide for myself, though I am a woman. Neither can I relinquish my calling without being convinced that it is forbidden, any more than you, pardon the simile, could relinquish your preaching. I know that the stage is not what it might be, but I do not know that it never can be what it ought. I know that there are grave and grievous reproaches brought against it justly, which those who belong to it and have its interests at heart must deplore, more heartily than any others can deplore them; but I am not aware that the stage will never, in any state of society, rise triumphant over its worst enemies. Its own children must often be of the number, else it could never have been sentenced and condemned as it has been. Good people — it would be little matter if our accusers were bad themselves — say all manner of evil against us, not always falsely," said Maidie, with a rush of ingenuous color over her face — "want of reverence, want of truth, of honesty, sobriety, modesty — and when all these wants have been recorded, it is hardly worth while adding to their number, but want of forethought, self-denial, and prudence have been abundantly ascribed to actors and actresses, from Shakespeare's time downwards. There must have been some ground for these heavy imputations. Papa's Scotch proverb says, 'There's aye water where the stirk's drowned.' I suppose the stage, as it has been managed, has presented special facility for the greatest display of such worthlessness. And yet there have been — even you, sir, will not deny it — shining and striking instances of not a few actors and actresses who have also been good men and women, good sons and daughters, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, friends and citizens, all of them reverent, truthful, honest, sober, modest, and as prudent as they were generous — for generosity, like good-fellowship, has never been the quality in which the poor, branded, light-headed wearers of the sock and buskin," broke off Maidie with proud humility, "have

been found wanting. When all other virtues have been denied to the stage, brotherly kindness and charity have been allowed to flourish on its boards. Such numerous honorable exceptions speak volumes for the stage and what it might be. I cannot tell whether they are pioneers or leaders of a forlorn hope, but I shall stand by them and cast in my lot with them, so long as I am my own mistress and own no other ties save those here, which lead me to, rather than withdraw me from, my calling," said Maidie, rearing her slender throat, and standing erect, with a panting breast, and a fine flush on a face which had become absolutely beautiful. "All the same, grandfather," she finished, letting her voice sink suddenly, and shaking her head a little ruefully, "I count that my Aunt Maidie's was a blessed youth, and I could wish that mine had been the same. But it was not to be, and we can no more change the present to suit what we would fain have had for our antecedents than we can alter the past itself."

"I must have room to think," said the minister, speaking vehemently, as if he were encompassed on every side, and pressed hard by warring agencies. "You must let me go," he urged, well-nigh piteously; "this has been a great blow to me, coming quickly after a great boon. This has been a strangely marked day in my life. Don't fear that I shall not return; I have no wish that we should lose sight of each other for another quarter of a century, whatever comes of this — this painful discovery and the strife it has stirred up between us. Forgive me if I have run against your views and wishes. I am a minister of God, as well as an old man, and cannot change my principles."

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THE TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF
RUSSIA.

I HAVE chosen as the subject of the present article the territorial expansion of Russia, because there seems to be at present a tendency to resuscitate the old legend about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian Bear which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring unfortunate Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey — so runs the legend — she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese Empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her west-

ern frontier. Already one well-known Continental publicist has declared that Russia is the great sphinx of modern times, and that Europe must guess her riddle or consent to be devoured. The riddle, if I read the allegory aright, is her expansive power, and it must be confessed that at first sight this power seems truly marvellous, not to say alarming. For a thousand years she has gone on steadily and irresistibly widening her borders. An insignificant tribe or collection of tribes which once occupied a small territory near the sources of the Dnieper and western Dwina, has gradually grown into a great nation, with a territory of more than 370,000 geographical square miles, stretching from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the Caspian. And the process of expansion is still going on with unabated rapidity. Truly there is here a riddle deserving to be solved. What is the secret of this expansive power? Is it a mere barbarous lust of territorial aggrandizement, or is it some more reasonable motive? And what is the nature of the process? Is annexation of territory followed by assimilation, or do the new acquisitions retain their old character? Is the empire in its present extent a homogeneous whole, or a conglomeration of heterogeneous units held together by the outward bond of administration? These and similar questions ought to have for us at the present moment more than a purely theoretical interest. If we could discover the nature and causes of Russia's territorial expansion we might determine how far annexation strengthens or weakens her, and form some plausible conjectures as to how, when, and where the process of expansion is to stop.

By glancing at the history of Russia from the economic point of view we can at once detect two prominent causes of expansion. These are the result, not of any ethnological peculiarity, but simply of the fact that the Russo-Slavonians have always been an agricultural people, employing merely the primitive methods of husbandry. All such people have a strong tendency to widen their borders, and for a good reason. The natural increase of population demands an increased production of grain, whilst the primitive methods of cultivation rapidly exhaust the soil and diminish its productivity. Thus the ordinary course of life increases the demand for grain, and at the same time diminishes the supply. With regard to this stage of economic development the modest asser-

tion of Malthus, that the supply of food does not increase so rapidly as the population, falls far short of the truth. The population increases whilst the supply of food decreases, not only relatively but absolutely.

When a people reaches this point in its economic development, it must necessarily adopt one of two expedients: either it must prevent the increase of population, or it must increase the production of food. The former of these two alternatives may be effected in a variety of ways. A large number of the young infants may be exposed, or a despotic ruler may occasionally order a massacre of the innocents, or the surplus population may emigrate to foreign lands, as was done by the Scandinavians in the ninth century, and as is done by ourselves at the present day. The latter alternative may be effected either by extending the area of cultivation or by improving the system of agriculture.

Amidst all these various expedients the Russo-Slavonians had no difficulty in choosing. Indeed, it may be said that their geographical position relieved them from the necessity of deliberately making a choice. To the eastward they had a boundless expanse of thinly-populated virgin land, and accordingly they easily extended the area of cultivation. This was at once the most natural and the wisest course, for of all the possible devices for preserving the equilibrium between population and food-production, increasing the area of cultivation is the easiest and most effective. High farming is a thing to be proud of when there is a scarcity of land, but it would be absurd to attempt it when there happens to be in the vicinity abundance of virgin soil. It is only when further extension is impossible that intensive culture is adopted.

The process of expansion thus produced by purely economic causes was accelerated by political influences. The oppression and exactions of the authorities made many move eastwards. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this oppression reached its climax. The increase in the numbers of officials, the augmentation of the taxes, the merciless exactions of the voyevods and their subordinates, the transformation of the free peasants into serfs, the ecclesiastical reforms and consequent persecutions of the Old Ritualists, the frequent conscriptions and violent reforms of Peter the Great—these and similar burdens made thousands flee and seek a refuge in the free territory where there were no proprietors, no voy-

evods, and no tax-gatherers. But the State, with its army of officials and tax-gatherers, followed close on the heels of the fugitives, and those who wished to preserve their liberty had to advance still further. Notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to retain the population in the localities actually occupied, the wave of colonization moved steadily onwards.

For this kind of colonization the Russian peasant is by nature peculiarly well adapted. Peace-loving, good-natured, long-suffering, having always at hand the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and possessing a power of self-adaptation which we headlong, stiff-necked Britons know nothing of, he easily makes friends with any foreign population among whom his lot is cast. He has none of that consciousness of personal and national superiority which so often transforms law-respecting, liberty-loving Englishmen into cruel tyrants when they come in contact with men of a weaker race or a lower degree of civilization. Nor has he any of that inconsiderate proselytizing zeal which makes pagans so often fail to recognize in British Christianity the religion of love. Each nation, he thinks, has received from God its peculiar faith, and all men should believe and act according to the faith in which they have been born. When he goes to settle among a foreign people, even when his future neighbors have the reputation of being inhospitable and unfriendly to strangers, he takes with him neither revolver nor bowie-knife. He has no intention of injuring others, and does not see why others should do him any bodily harm. In his diminutive, loosely-constructed, four-wheeled cart, drawn by an uncouth, shaggy pony as hardy as its master, he will start on a journey of several hundred miles, with nothing but his hatchet, his iron kettle, his light wooden plough, and a stock of simple provisions sufficient to sustain life till the first crop is raised.

The vast territory which lay open to the Russian colonist consisted of two contiguous regions separated from each other by no mountain or river, but differing widely from each other in many respects. The northern region, comprising all the northern part of eastern Europe and of Asia even unto Kamtschatka, may be roughly described as a land of forests, intersected by many rivers, and containing numerous lakes and marshes. The southern region, stretching away into central Asia, is, for the most part, what Russians call a steppe, and Americans term a prairie.

rie — a flat country scantily supplied with water, and scantily covered by vegetation. The whole of this great territory was formerly occupied by what ethnologists loosely call the Turanian family of mankind — the forest region being thinly inhabited by Finnish tribes, who lived by hunting and agriculture, and the steppe being held by Tartar or Turkish tribes, who led a pastoral or nomadic life.

Each of these two regions presented peculiar inducements and peculiar obstacles to colonization. In the forests agriculture was for the first settlers a very laborious operation. The *modus operandi* may still be studied by observation at the present day. In spring, when the leaves begin to appear on the trees, a band of peasants proceed with their hatchets to the spot fixed on for a clearing. First the large trees are attacked, and when these have been laid low, the young ones are felled likewise. Each tree is allowed to remain as it falls, and when all have been felled, the hardy woodsmen return to their homes, and think no more about the clearing for several months. In the autumn they return to the spot in order to strip the fallen trees of their branches, to pick out what is fit for building-purposes, and to pile up the remainder in heaps after taking what is required for firewood. The logs to be used for building are dragged away as soon as the first fall of snow has made a good slippery road, and the remainder is built up into enormous piles, standing close to each other. In the following spring these are stirred up with long poles and ignited. First flames appear at various points, and then, with the aid of the dry grass and underwood, rapidly spread towards each other till they join and form a gigantic bonfire, such as is never seen in a civilized country. If the fire does its work properly, it covers the cleared space with a layer of ashes, and when these ashes have been slightly mixed with the underlying soil, the seed is sown, and then covered by means of a primitive harrow composed of the branch of a pine-tree. In the autumn the sowers who have thus cast their bread upon the ashes may expect their reward. In ordinary years barley or rye will probably produce at least six or seven fold, and it is quite possible, if the season be favorable, that as much as twenty-five or thirty fold may be produced. Unfortunately this artificial fertility is very short-lived. It may be exhausted in two or three years if the natural soil be poor and stony, and even where the soil is comparatively good, not

more than seven or eight tolerable harvests will be obtained. On the whole, therefore, this primitive system of agriculture does not give a very high remuneration for the labor expended.

Much simpler and less laborious is the system of agriculture practised on the steppe. Here the squatter had no trees to fell, no clearing to make. Nature had cleared the land for him and supplied him with a rich black soil of marvellous fertility, which centuries of cultivation has now only in part exhausted. All he had to do was to scratch the land and throw in the seed and he might confidently look forward to a magnificent harvest. Why then, it may be asked, did the Russian peasant often choose the northern forests, where the soil was poor and could not be used without a considerable expenditure of labor in felling the trees, when he had, at an equal distance from his home, rich, fertile land already prepared for him by nature? For this apparent inconsistency there was a good and valid reason. The Russian peasants had not, even in those good old times, any passionate love of labor for its own sake, nor were they by any means insensible to the facilities and advantages of the steppe system of agriculture. Had they regarded the subject from the purely agricultural point of view, every one of them would have preferred the southern steppe to the northern forest. In reality certain collateral circumstances had to be considered, and therein lies the explanation of the phenomenon. The colonist had to take into consideration the fauna as well as the flora of the two regions. At the head of the fauna in the northern forests stood the peace-loving, laborious Finnish tribes, little disposed to molest settlers who did not make themselves obnoxiously aggressive; on the steppe lived the predatory nomadic hordes, ever ready to attack, plunder, and carry off as slaves the peaceful, agricultural population. These facts, as well as the agricultural conditions, were perfectly well known to the Russian peasant, and he naturally took them into consideration in determining where he should settle. Fearless and fatalistic as he is, he could not entirely close his eyes to the dangers of the steppe, and many chose rather to encounter the hard work of the forest region.

Though the colonization of the northern forest was not effected without bloodshed, its general character was pacific, and it accordingly received little attention from the contemporary chroniclers. The col-

onization of the steppe, on the contrary, forms one of the bloodiest pages of European history. From the earliest times the great plains to the north of the Black Sea and the Caspian were held by various nomadic hordes, and a continual border warfare was carried on between them and the sedentary agricultural population. "This people," says a contemporary Byzantine writer, "have no fixed place of abode, they seek to conquer all lands and colonize none. They are flying people, and therefore cannot be caught. As they have neither towns nor villages they must be hunted like wild beasts. They can be fitly compared only to griffins, which beneficent nature has banished to uninhabited regions." Their raids are thus described by an old Russian chronicler: "They burn the villages, the farmyards, and the churches. The land is turned by them into a desert, and the overgrown fields become the lair of wild beasts. Many people are led away into slavery; others are tortured and killed or die from hunger and thirst. Sad, weary, stiff from cold, with faces wan from woe, barefoot or naked, and torn by the thistles, the Russian prisoners trudge along through an unknown country, and weeping say to one another, 'I am from such a town, and I from such a village.'" And in harmony with the monastic chroniclers we hear the nameless Slavonic Ossian wailing for the fallen sons of Rus: "In the Russian land is rarely heard the voice of the husbandman, but often the cry of the vultures, fighting with each other over the bodies of slain, and the ravens scream as they fly to the spoil."

For centuries this struggle of agricultural colonization with nomadic barbarism went on with varying success. At one time the agriculturists advance steadily; at another they are driven back and the whole of Russia becomes an *uluss* or tributary state of the Mongol emperors; then the movement forward recommences, and finally the nomads are expelled or pacified. This final result has been only very recently attained. At the middle of the last century thousands of Russians were still sold annually in the slave-markets of the Crimea, and the practice went on till the Crimea was annexed to the Russian Empire by Catherine II. Even then the kidnapping did not entirely cease. Indeed, it was still practised in our own day by the khan of Khiva and other potentates who had succeeded in maintaining their independence. These two different kinds of colonization naturally

produced different kinds of colonists. In the north the colonists were all agriculturists or traders; in the south, besides the agriculturists and traders, was formed a peculiar hybrid class of men, half colonists and half soldiers, known under the name of Cossacks.

I have been so often asked what a Cossack is, that I consider it well to take this opportunity of explaining. In old times, when the struggle above mentioned was still going on, it was necessary to keep always a large number of light irregular troops on the southern frontier in order to protect the sedentary population against the raids of the nomadic Tartars. These troops were recruited sometimes in the usual way and sometimes by sending to the frontier the inmates of the jails, and the name Cossack was commonly applied to them. But these were not the Cossacks best known to history and romance. The genuine "free Cossacks" lived beyond the frontier and possessed a certain military organization, which enabled them not only to defend themselves against the Tartars but even to make raids on Tartar territory and repay in some measure the barbarities which the Tartars committed in Russia. Each one of the rivers flowing southwards—the Dnieper, the Don, the Volga, the Yaïk or Ural—was held by a band of these free Cossacks, and no one, whether Russian or Tartar, was allowed to pass through their territory without their permission. Officially they were Russians, professed champions of orthodoxy, and loyal subjects of the tsar, but in reality they were something different. Though they were Russian by origin, language, and sympathy, the habit of kidnapping Tartar women introduced a certain mixture of Tartar blood. Though professed champions of orthodoxy, they troubled themselves very little with religion and did not submit to the ecclesiastical authorities. Their political status cannot be easily defined. Though they professed allegiance and devotion to the tsar, they did not think it necessary to obey him, except in so far as his orders suited their own convenience. And the tsar, it must be confessed, acted towards them in a similar fashion. When the tsar found it convenient, he called them his faithful subjects; and when complaints were made to him about their raids into Turkish territory, he declared that they were runaways and brigands, and that the sultan might punish them as he thought fit. At the same time, however, even when they were declared to be brigands, they regularly received ammu-

dition and supplies from Moscow, as is amply proved by recently published documents.

The most celebrated of these strange military communities were the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Cossacks of the Don, which differed considerably from each other in their organization. The former had a fortified camp on an island in the Dnieper, and here a large number of them led a purely military life, somewhat after the manner of the military orders in the time of the Crusades. Each *kurén*, or company, had a common table and common sleeping-apartment, and women were strictly excluded from the fortified inclosure. The latter—those of the Don—had no permanent camp of this kind, and assembled merely as circumstances demanded. But the two communities had much in common. Both were organized on democratic principles, and chose their officers by popular election. Both were ever ready to make a raid on Turkish territory with or without a pretext. Both sent forth occasionally fleets of small boats which swept the Black Sea, devastated the coasts, and sometimes took towns by storm, precisely as the Normans did in western Europe during the ninth century.

These various Cossack communities had not all the same fate. The Cossacks of the Dnieper were forcibly disbanded by Catherine II., and in part transferred to the north bank of the Kubán, where for several generations, under the name of Black-Sea Cossacks, they guarded the frontier and kept up an incessant border warfare with the turbulent tribes of the Caucasus. The Cossacks of the Volga disappeared without leaving a trace. Those of the Don and the Ural were gradually transformed into irregular troops, and they still fulfil this function at the present day. The final results of the colonization in the northern and southern regions have been as different as the modes in which it was effected. In the north, the Russians have to a great extent assimilated and absorbed the native population; in the south, on the contrary, the native population has been simply held in subjection or driven out. The explanation of this interesting fact may perhaps throw some light on certain dark historical problems.

The chief obstacles to the amalgamation of two contiguous races living under the same government are partly economic and partly intellectual; in other words, the obstacles lie partly in the mode of life, and partly in the fundamental, hereditary intellectual conceptions or religious beliefs

and observances. In the northern region the Russian colonists found a population in the same stage of economic development as themselves. The Finnish tribes were already agriculturists, and possessed a superabundance of land. They had therefore no reasonable motive for opposing the mode of colonization, and the colonists could settle amongst them almost unperceived. Thus the first step towards amalgamation was effected.

In the south, on the contrary, the native races were still pastoral nomads, that is to say, they were in a lower stage of economic development than the colonists, and the natural consequence of this was a war of extermination between the two races, such as that which has been going on for generations in America between the Redskins and the white settlers. Nomadic tribes have always a strong tendency to attack a neighboring sedentary population. Their love of booty urges them to make raids, especially if they have at their back a convenient market for the sale of slaves. Besides this, the simple instinct of self-defence compels them to resist the advance of the settlers, for extension of the area of agriculture means a diminution of the pasturage and of the flocks. There is a curious illustration of this in the history of the Don Cossacks. When they lived by sheep-farming and pillage they prohibited agriculture under pain of death. The prohibition is commonly explained by a supposed desire to preserve the warlike spirit of the community, but this explanation seems to me much too ingenious to be true. The reason, in my opinion, was simply this: the man who ploughed up a bit of land infringed thereby on his neighbors' rights of pasturage.

The struggle between an agricultural and pastoral race may be long and bloody, but the final result is never doubtful. The agriculturists are, for reasons which I may at some future time explain, invariably the victors in the long run. The nomads must gradually retreat, and when further retreat becomes impossible they must change their mode of life under pain of extermination. All this has been fully illustrated in the history of Russian colonization. The nomadic tribes have been forced to emigrate, or have been driven to the outlying corners of the empire. And even there they are not left in peace. The area of agriculture is steadily and surely widening, and soon there will be no longer land enough to allow of purely pastoral life. In some of the tribes I have myself witnessed the first attempts at tilling the soil.

Even if these Tartar tribes had been agriculturists they would not have amalgamated with the ever-advancing Russian colonists, for there was another and equally serious obstacle to amalgamation: the Russians were Christians and the Tartars were Mahometans. Any one who has lived on friendly terms with Mahometans, must have noticed that they are utterly inaccessible to the influence of Christianity. They are proud of their Mahometanism, and look down upon Christians as polytheists. "We have," they say, "but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. You too believe in God, and you had a great prophet in Christ, whom we also respect, but you deified your prophet, and you added a third God, we know not whence. You say that your prophet is the equal of Allah. Far from us be such blasphemy!" The truth is that Mahometanism is, like Christianity itself, a monotheistic religion, possessing a doctrinal theology and an organized priesthood. Any religion which possesses these requisites is pretty certain to withstand the proselytizing tendencies of other faiths. This may perhaps be best illustrated by explaining how the Finnish tribes, who did not possess a religion of this kind, were imperceptibly Christianized.

The old Finnish religions, if we may judge of them by the fragments which still exist, had like the people themselves, a thoroughly practical, prosaic character. The theology consisted not of abstract dogmas logically coördinated and subordinated, but of simple prescriptions for insuring material well-being. At the present day, in the districts which have not yet been Russified, the prayers are merely plain, unadorned requests for a good harvest, plenty of cattle, and the like. Some of the worshippers—at least, among the Tcheremiss—have, since falling under Russian domination, acquired the habit of adding a petition for money to pay their taxes. The ceremonies usually employed are for the most part magical rites, which are supposed to avert the influence of malicious spirits. The Tchuvash use, besides these, certain ceremonies for the purpose of freeing themselves from the unwelcome visits of their departed relatives, and here the practical, common-sense character of the people comes out in a striking way. Instead of indulging in mystic rites, they simply place near the graves a plentiful supply of food, and pious souls believe that this is eaten during the night, not by the village dogs, but by the famished spirits. This is, be it parenthetically re-

marked, a more humane way of laying ghosts than the habit of erecting tombstones—a custom which, perhaps, had originally the same intention.

Such a religion presented no obstacle to the gradual reception of Christianity—especially the Christianity of the Greek Orthodox Church. If Yumala and the other good deities did not send plentiful harvests, it was surely prudent to ask the additional help of the Madonna or "the Russian God." If the ordinary magic rites and incantations did not suffice for warding off the pernicious influence of evil spirits, why not adopt the custom of making the sign of the cross, which the Russians use effectually in moments of danger? Even formal admission into the Church by the sacrament of baptism did not awaken any resistance or fanaticism in their simple minds—at least during the summer months. The religious significance of the ceremony entirely escaped them, and they must have had great difficulty in explaining to themselves why the Russian authorities should reward them with a shirt and a rouble for simply submitting to be bathed. Many of them, however, did not trouble themselves with such abstruse questions, and presented themselves a second and a third time in view of the promised reward. Sometimes the missionary work was undertaken by men imbued with the true missionary spirit, and in these cases an attempt was made to convey a certain amount of religious instruction; but more frequently it was entrusted to ecclesiastical officials or officers of rural police, who merely counted the number of the converts.

This simple-minded, religious eclecticism produced the most singular mixtures of Christianity and paganism. At the harvest festival Tchuvash peasants have been known to pray first to their old deities and afterwards to the "Russian God" and "the god Nicholas"—Nicholas, the miracle-worker, being the favorite saint of the Russian peasantry. Sometimes the *yom-zy*—half-magicians, half-priests—recommend their believers to try the effect of a prayer to the Christian deities, in which case the invocation may be couched in some such familiar terms as the following: "Look here, O Nicholas-god. Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If so, don't listen to him. I have done him no ill and wish him none. He himself is a worthless boaster and a babler, and does not really honor you, but merely plays the hypocrite. I, on the con-

trary, honor you, and, behold, I place a taper before you." Occasionally the mixture of the two religions is of a still more wonderful kind. I know of one case, for instance, where a Tcheremiss, in consequence of a serious illness, sacrificed a young foal to Our Lady of Kazan!

These few facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, will be sufficient to show how Greek orthodoxy glided gradually into the Finnish tribes without producing any intellectual revolution in the minds of the converts. And Greek orthodoxy, it must be remembered, is in this matter equivalent to Russian nationality. Community of religion leads naturally to intermarriage, and intermarriage to the complete blending of the two nationalities. In very many villages in the northern half of Russia, it is impossible to say whether the inhabitants are Finnish or Slavonic. This process of Russification could not take place among the Mahometans, who have a doctrinal religion and a regularly organized priesthood. Even those Mahometans who are agriculturists and settled in villages, have remained unaffected by Russian influence. I know villages where one half of the population is Christian and the other half is Mahometan, and in all of them the two races have remained perfectly separate. It must not be supposed, however, that they live at enmity with each other. Though they live apart, each race preserving scrupulously its own faith and customs, they are inspired with no aggressive fanaticism, and coöperate in all communal matters as if no difference of race or religion existed between them. Sometimes they elect as village elder a Christian, sometimes a Mahometan, and the village assembly never thinks of raising religious questions. I know of one instance in the province of Samara, where the Mahometan peasants voluntarily assisted their Christian fellow-villagers in transporting wood for repairing the parish church. Thus, we see, under a tolerably good administration Mahometan Tartars and Christian Slavs can live peaceably together in the same village community.

I have hitherto represented this eastward expansion of Russia as a purely spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. This is a true but at the same time an imperfect representation of the phenomenon. Though the initiative unquestionably came from the people, urged on by economic wants, the government played an important part in the movement. In early times, when Russia was merely a

conglomeration of independent principalities, the princes were all under a moral and political obligation to protect their subjects, and when the grand princes of Moscow in the fifteenth century united the numerous principalities under their own sceptre and proclaimed themselves tsars, this obligation devolved upon them. In the north the obligation was easily fulfilled. A few military stations, separated at great distances from each other, sufficed to maintain order, and even those after a certain time ceased to be necessary. In the south, on the contrary, the task was one of great difficulty. There the agricultural population had to be protected along a frontier of enormous length, lying open at all points to the incursions of nomadic tribes. It was not enough to keep up a military cordon to prevent the raids of small marauding parties. The nomads often came in enormous hordes which could be successfully resisted only by large armies. And sometimes the whole military strength of the country was insufficient to resist the invaders. Again and again during the thirteenth and fourteenth century Tartar hordes swept over the country, burning the towns and villages — Kief and Moscow among the number — and spreading devastation wherever they appeared. For more than two centuries the whole country formed part of the Mongol empire, and had to pay a heavy yearly tribute to the khan. Under these circumstances the government could not remain inactive. It had not only to protect its subjects, but also to maintain its political independence; and those objects could only be attained by constantly pushing forward the frontier.

At the present time our public seem unable to understand why the Russian frontier should be continually moved forward, and habitually attribute the fact to Russia's insatiable desire for territorial aggrandizement. They appear to imagine that the tsar might any morning say to his minister, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and that all difficulties would be thereby satisfactorily solved. This view is not likely to be held by any one who has lived near a frontier such as that which Russia formerly possessed in Europe, and still possesses in Central Asia. To protect effectually such a frontier without interfering in any way with those who live immediately beyond it, one of two expedients must be adopted: either a great wall must be built, or military colonies must be planted at short distances apart, and military patrols constantly kept

up between them. The former of these expedients, though adopted with some success by the Romans in Britain, and by the Chinese on their north-western frontier, is of course not to be thought of. The latter, which was adopted by Russia against the Circassians and other marauding tribes of the Caucasus, is scarcely more feasible. This military line, stretching from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian, was comparatively short, and ran through a well-watered and extremely fertile country; and yet it demanded an enormous expenditure of men and money, and was only very partially effectual. In spite of all precautions, bands of marauders broke through the lines and too often returned unpunished and laden with booty. After many years of experience the Russians found that the only way of preventing these incursions was to settle the marauding tribes in villages over which a strict supervision could be exercised. If this system of military colonies thus proved enormously expensive and very ineffectual in the country to the north of the Caucasus, we can easily imagine how difficult it would be to realize it fully in central Asia, where the frontier is incomparably longer and in many parts utterly unfit for agricultural colonization. Nomadic tribes can be made to keep peace only when they know that they may be attacked and punished on their own territory, and that there is no asylum to which they can flee.

From all this it is evident that the idea of a neutral zone between the Russian and British frontiers in Asia is an absurdity, fit only to amuse diplomatists, and unworthy of being entertained by practical statesmen, unless indeed it were possible to find a broad uninhabited zone which would serve the same purpose as the Great Wall of China. If it be habitable, it will inevitably become an asylum for all the robbers and lawless spirits within a radius of many hundred miles, and no civilized power can reasonably be expected to accept such neighbors. If such a zone had been established, Russia might justly have spoken to England in this fashion: "I object to have at my door this refuge for rascality. Either you must preserve order amongst the inmates, or allow me to do so."

"Where then," asks the alarmed Russophobist, "is Russian aggression to stop? Must we allow her to push her frontier forward to our own, and thus expose ourselves to all those conflicts which inevitably arise between nations that possess contiguous territory?" To this

I reply, that Russia must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a government which is able and willing to keep order within its borders, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbors. As none of the petty states of central Asia seems capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends upon ourselves. If we do not wish her to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. As to the complications which inevitably arise between contiguous nations, I think they are fewer and less dangerous than those which arise between nations separated by a small state incapable of making its neutrality respected, and kept alive simply by the mutual jealousy of its neighbors. Germany does not periodically go to war with Holland or Russia, though separated from them by a mere artificial frontier; and France has never been prevented from going to war with Austria, though separated from her by a broad intervening territory. The old theory that the great powers may be prevented from going to war by interposing small independent states between them, is long since exploded; and even if it were true, it would be inapplicable in the case under consideration, for there is nothing worthy to be called a state between Russian territory and British India.

In consequence of the active part which the government has thus taken in the extension of the territory, it has frequently happened that the process of political expansion got greatly ahead of the colonization. After the Turkish wars and consequent annexations in the time of Catherine II., a great part of southern Russia was almost uninhabited, and the deficiency of population had to be corrected by organized emigration. The Russian diplomatic agents in western Europe were ordered to use all possible efforts to induce artisans and peasants to emigrate to Russia, and special agents were sent to various countries for the same purpose. Thousands accepted the invitation, and were for the most part settled on the territory which had formerly been the pasture-ground of the nomadic hordes. This policy was adopted by succeeding sovereigns, and has been continued in an intermittent fashion down to the present time. The emigrants thus collected, together with the other inhabitants, now form an ethnographical conglomeration

such as is to be found nowhere else in the Old World. The official statistics of New Russia alone — that is to say the provinces of Ekaterinoslaff, Tauride, Kherson, and Bessarabia, enumerate the following nationalities: Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Servians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Germans, Swedes, Swiss, French, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Mordva, Jews, and Gypsies. The religions are almost equally numerous. The statistics speak of Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Gregorians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, Menonites, Separatists, Pietists, Karaïm Jews, Talmudists, Mahometans, and numerous purely Russian sects such as the Molokani and the Skoptsi. America herself could scarcely show a more motley list in her statistics of population; it must, however, be admitted, that the above enumeration does not convey a correct idea of the actual population. The great body of the population is Russian and orthodox, whilst many of the nationalities are represented only by a small number of souls. Of the colonists of foreign nationality, by far the most numerous and prosperous are the German Menonites, and by far the least prosperous are the Jews. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a Menonite and a Jewish colony. In the former we find large, well-built houses, well-stocked gardens, fine, strong horses, fat cattle, agricultural implements adapted to the local conditions, and there is in general an air of prosperity, comfort, and contentment; in the latter we are too often reminded of the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet. The other colonists must be placed between these two extremes. The ordinary Germans and the Bulgarians approach the former type, whilst the Tartar-speaking Greeks approach more nearly to the latter.

As Scandinavia was formerly called *officina gentium* — a foundry in which new nations were cast — so we may call southern Russia a crucible in which the fragments of old nations are being melted down so as to form a new and composite whole. The melting, however, proceeds slowly. If I may judge from my own observation I should say that national peculiarities are not obliterated so rapidly in Russia as in America or in British colonies. In America, for instance, I have often seen Germans who have been but a short time in the country, trying hard to be more American than the natives, but among the German colonists in

Russia I have never witnessed anything of the kind. Though their fathers and grandfathers may have been born in the country, they look down on the Russian peasants, fear the officials, preserve jealously their own language, rarely or never speak Russian well, and intermarry among themselves. The Russian influence acts more rapidly, however, on the Slavonic colonists — Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins — who profess the Greek Orthodox faith, learn more easily the Russian language, have no consciousness of belonging to a *Culturvolk*, and in general possess a nature much more pliable than the Teutonic.

In the Asiatic part of Russia, where the frontier has always been pushed forward more easily and more rapidly than in Europe, there are still at the present day vast territories almost entirely uninhabited. Some of these are by the nature of their soil and climate unfitted for agriculture in its primitive forms, and could not be made available without the expenditure of enormous sums for irrigation; others are well adapted for agriculture and are already being colonized. On the whole, the Russians have in this part of the empire much more land than they can possibly utilize, and the possession of it must for a long time to come be a serious burden on the national exchequer.

If we turn now from the east to the west we shall find that the expansion in this direction was of an entirely different kind. The country lying to the west of the early Russo-Slavonian settlements had a poor soil and a comparatively dense population, and consequently held out no inducements to emigration. Besides this, it was inhabited by warlike agricultural races, who not only were capable of defending their own territory, but were strongly disposed to make encroachments on their eastern neighbors. Russian expansion to the westward was, therefore, not at all a spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. The annexed provinces are still inhabited by foreign races, and still by no means socially Russianized. Poland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces, and Finland are Russian merely in the political sense of the term, and their annexation was effected by diplomacy based on military force. It must, however, be admitted that if national self-preservation forms a valid plea for aggressive conquest, Russian expansion in this direction has a certain historical justification.

No sooner had Russia freed herself in

the fifteenth century from the Tartar yoke than her political independence, and even her national existence, were threatened from the west. Her western neighbors were, like herself, animated by that national tendency to expansion which I have above described, and for a time it seemed doubtful who should ultimately possess that vast level tract of country which is now known as the Russian Empire. The two chief competitors in the sixteenth century were the tsars of Muscovy on the one hand, and the kings of Poland and Lithuania on the other. For some time the latter seemed to have the better chance. In close relations with western Europe, they had been able to adopt many of the improvements which had been recently made in the art of war, and with the help of the free Cossacks of the south they succeeded in overrunning the country. But when they attempted to accomplish their purpose in a too hasty and reckless fashion, they raised a storm of popular fanaticism which ultimately drove them out. Still the country was in a very precarious position, and its more intelligent rulers perceived plainly that, in order to carry on the struggle successfully, they must import something of that western civilization which gave such an advantage to their opponents. This was, however, no easy matter, for they had no direct, easy channel of communication with the west. In the year 1553 an English navigator, whilst seeking for a short route to China and India, had accidentally discovered the port of Arkangel on the White Sea, and since that time the tsars had kept up an intermittent diplomatic and commercial intercourse with England. But this route was at all times tedious and dangerous, and during a great part of the year it was completely closed. All attempts to import "cunning foreign artificers" by way of the Baltic were frustrated by the Livonian order who at that time held the east coast, and who considered, like certain people on the coast of Africa at the present day, that the barbarous natives of the interior ought not to be supplied with arms and ammunition. Under these circumstances, the possession of the Baltic coast naturally became a prime object of Russian ambition.

For the possession of this prize there were other two competitors, Poland and Sweden. Russia was inferior to these rivals in the art of war, but she had one immense advantage over them. Whilst they were torn and weakened by political factions, she possessed a strong, stable

government, and could easily concentrate her efforts for a definite purpose. All that she needed was an army on the European model. Peter the Great created such an army and won the prize. After this the political disintegration of Poland proceeded still more rapidly, and when that unhappy country was broken in pieces Russia naturally took for herself the lion's share of the spoil.

The following table shows the rapid expansion of Russia from the time when Ivan III. united the independent principalities and threw off the Tartar yoke, down to the accession of Peter the Great, in 1682:—

In 1505 the tsardom of Muscovy contained about	37,000 square miles
" 1533	47,000 "
" 1584	125,000 "
" 1598	157,000 "
" 1676	257,000 "
" 1682	265,000 "

Of these two hundred and sixty-five thousand square miles about eighty thousand were in Europe, and about one hundred and eighty-five thousand in Asia. Peter the Great, though famous as a conqueror, did not annex nearly so much territory as many of his predecessors and successors. At his death, in 1725, the empire contained, in round numbers, eighty-two thousand square miles in Europe, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand in Asia. The following table shows the further expansion:—

	In Europe and the Caucasus. sq. miles.	In Asia. sq. miles.
In 1725 the Russian Empire contained about	82,000	193,000
" 1770	84,000	210,000
" 1800	95,000	210,000
" 1825	105,000	210,000
" 1855	106,663	245,000
" 1867	106,951	248,470

In this table is not included the territory in the north-west of America — containing about 24,210 square miles — which was annexed to Russia in 1799, and ceded to the United States in 1867. Regarding the amount of territory acquired by Russia in central Asia since 1867, I do not at present possess any statistical data.

When once Russia has laid hold of territory she does not readily relax her grasp. She has, however, since the death of Peter the Great, on four occasions ceded territory which she had formerly annexed. In 1729 she ceded Mazanderan and Astera-bad to Persia; in 1735 she ceded to the

same power that part of the Caucasus which lies to the south of Terek ; in 1856, by the treaty of Paris, she gave up the mouths of the Danube and part of Bessarabia ; and in 1867 she sold to the United States her American possessions.

So much for the past. Let us now consider the probable future expansion — a subject that has a peculiar interest at the present time. It will be well to begin with the simpler, and proceed gradually to the more difficult, parts of the problem.

Towards the west and the north Russia has neither the ability nor the desire to push forward her actual frontiers. Towards the north expansion is physically impossible until new habitable lands in the polar regions be discovered, and westward expansion is almost as unlikely. By the conquest of Finland in 1809, Russia obtained what may be called her natural frontier on the north-west, and it is scarcely conceivable that she should desire to annex any part of northern Scandinavia. In the direction of Germany conquest is neither desirable nor possible. Russia cannot desire to have a disaffected German population on her western frontier, and if she did desire it, she could not realize her wish, for Germany is strong enough to defend her own territory.

Towards the east and south-east the problem is by no means so simple. The recent sale of the American territory may be taken as a conclusive proof that Russia has wisely determined to remain on this side of Behring's Straits ; and though she may covet certain islands of the Japanese group, there is little chance of her obtaining them. She has, it is true, recently annexed Sagalien — or more properly Sakhalin — which lies near the Amoor territory, and formerly belonged to Japan ; but this acquisition, except for the purpose of a penal settlement, is a burden rather than an advantage, and any further advance in this direction can be easily stopped. Encroachments on the Chinese Empire could not be so easily prevented. How and when they will be made, must depend to a great extent on the Chinese government. Russia already possesses near the Chinese frontier far more territory than she can possibly utilize for many years to come, and, therefore, she has no inducement to annex new land in this region, provided the Chinese prevent their subjects from committing depredations. It may happen, however, that China will be unable to fulfil her police duties towards her neighbors, and in that case it is not at all un-

likely that Russia may find annexation less expensive than the maintenance of a strong military cordon. When land is required for agricultural colonization, the tendency to encroach is always, *cæteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio to the density of population, for where the inhabitants are scarce, the land is more plentiful and less exhausted by cultivation. Where, on the contrary, land is not required for cultivation, as on the Chinese frontier, the temptation to annex new territory is always directly proportionate to the density of population. An uninhabited territory not required for colonization is simply a burden, for it necessitates expenditure and gives no revenue ; whereas a territory with a tolerably dense population furnishes new tax-payers and new markets for the national industry, and thereby compensates, or more than compensates, for the expenses of administration. If the vague accounts of the inordinate density of population in China be correct, Russia has less reason to restrain her expansive tendency in that direction.

With regard to the new markets for the national industry, it may be well to insert here a few words. Russia aspires to become, not only the greatest of military powers, but also a great industrial and commercial nation, and she firmly believes that by means of her great natural resources and the enterprising character of her people, she will succeed in realizing this aspiration. Herein lies a permanent source of enmity towards England. England is at the present time like a great manufacturer who has outstripped his rivals, and has awakened in the breasts of many of them a considerable amount of jealousy and hatred. By means of her ruthless "*politique d'exploitation*," it is said, she has become the great blood-sucker of all less advanced nations. Fearing no competition, we preach the invidious principles of free trade, and deluge foreign countries with our manufactures to such an extent that native industries are inevitably overwhelmed, unless saved by the beneficent power of protective tariffs. In short, foreign nations in general — and some of our own colonies in the number — have adopted, in no friendly spirit, the theory quaintly expressed by the old poet, Waller : —

Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims ;
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap where others
sow !

In no country are these ideas more fre-

quently expressed than in Russia. As revolutionary politicians when in opposition systematically attack all restrictions on the liberty of the press, and systematically adopt these restrictions for their own benefit as soon as they come into power, so the Russians habitually assail with impassioned rhetoric our commercial and industrial supremacy, and at the same time habitually seek to emulate it. The means they employ, however, are different from ours. Knowing that free competition and "the ridiculous principles of free trade" would inevitably lead to defeat in the struggle, they raise, wherever their dominion extends, a strong barrier of protective tariffs. In this way they protect their newly adopted subjects from the heartless exploitation of England, and consign them to the tender mercies of the manufacturers of Moscow and St. Petersburg. By a mysterious logical process, which foreigners—and also, it must be added, many intelligent Russians—are unable to understand, it is satisfactorily proved that the economic influence of Moscow, which sells dear, is infinitely less baneful and burdensome for the native populations than that of Manchester, which sells cheap!

Whatever we may think of this logical process, it is quite certain that Russia will not abolish her protective tariff, and therefore we must take into consideration her zeal to support commercial interests, in endeavoring to estimate her expansive tendencies. As her industry is still insufficient to supply her actual wants, she will certainly not, for the present at least, annex new territory for the simple purpose of obtaining new markets; but even at present, whenever she happens to have other reasons for widening her borders, the idea of acquiring new markets may act as a subsidiary incentive. We saw lately an instance of this in the Khiva expedition. If the khan had conscientiously fulfilled his international obligations, the expedition would not have been undertaken; but when the expedition was successful, certain clauses in the convention showed that Russia was not unmindful of her commercial interests. Wherever the Russian frontier advances, the possible area of British commerce will be diminished, and the advance of the frontier in the direction of India depends, as I have already explained, on ourselves. Sooner or later the Russian custom-houses, with their protective tariffs, will be within gunshot of our sentries.

Proceeding westward from Afghanistan,

we come to a district where Russian aggression is perhaps more imminent than is commonly supposed: I mean the northern provinces of Persia. Russia already holds undisputed sway on the Caspian, and might easily appropriate any part of the territory near the coast. As I am not aware, however, that she has at present any particular reason for extending her dominion in this direction, we may at once pass to the region towards which the eyes of Europe are at this moment directed.

The aggressive tendencies of the Russians in the direction of Constantinople are nearly as old as the Russian nationality, and much older than the Russian empire. The Russo-Slavonians, who held the valley of the Dnieper from the ninth to the thirteenth century, were one of those numerous border tribes which the decrepit Byzantine empire attempted to ward off by diplomacy and rich gifts, and by giving daughters of the Imperial family as brides to the troublesome chiefs, on condition of accepting Christianity. Vladimir, prince of Kief, accepted Christianity in this way, and his subjects followed his example. Russia thus became ecclesiastically a part of the Byzantine patriarchate, and the people learned to regard Tsargrad—as the Imperial city is still called by the peasantry—with peculiar veneration.

In the fifteenth century, the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, whilst Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars. The grand prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek Orthodox Church, and in some sort successor to the Byzantine tsars. To strengthen this claim, he married a member of the old Imperial family, and his grandson went a step further in the same direction by assuming the title of tsar and inventing a fable about Rurik, the founder of the Russian dynasty, being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus.

All this would seem to a lawyer a very shadowy title, and it must be added that none of the Russian monarchs—except perhaps Catherine II., who formed the fantastic project of resuscitating the Byzantine Empire, and caused one of her grandsons to learn modern Greek in view of the high destiny that awaited him—ever seriously thought of claiming the imaginary heritage; but the idea that the tsar may some day take Tsargrad and drive out the infidel usurper, has become deeply rooted in the minds of the common

people. As soon as disturbances break out in the east, the Russian peasantry begin to think that perhaps the time has come when a crusade will be undertaken for the recovery of the holy city on the Bosphorus, and for the liberation of their brethren in the faith who now groan under Turkish bondage. I do not at all mean to imply that such a crusade is desired. The Russian peasant's desires are generally confined to the sphere of his material interests, and he strongly dislikes all war, unless he hopes thereby to acquire new fertile land, because it takes him away from his peaceful occupations. Still, if he found that a crusade was undertaken and that he could not easily avoid the conscription, it would be easy to awaken in him a certain amount of enthusiasm. As to the bands of Russian volunteers of which we at present hear so much, I venture to predict that, if they ever acquire an objective existence, they will contain very few peasants. The conceptions, sympathies, and aspirations of the educated classes are of a different kind and derived from a different source.

After the fall of the first Napoleonic empire, a violent popular reaction took place all over Europe in favor of national independence and republican institutions; and the discoveries of comparative philologists, together with other influences, suggested to political theorists certain grand confederations of peoples founded on ethnological distinctions. All the existing political units would, it was thought, group themselves into three categories, the Romanic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic; and the principle of political federation, whilst satisfying the demands of ethnology, would leave to the individual nations a sufficient amount of local autonomy. I have already made too large demands on the reader's patience to enter here on a description of the development of these ideas and of their influence in Russia. Suffice it to say that they supplied to the Russian educated classes new motives for sympathy with the Slavonic populations of Turkey and Austria, already bound to them by community of religion.

We must bear these facts in mind, if we would understand the present state of public opinion in Russia. Englishmen are too prone to suppose that Russian sympathy with the Slavs is merely a thinly disguised desire to gain possession of Constantinople. This supposition is not only uncharitable but unjust. The recent accounts of Turkish atrocities have awakened in Russia, as amongst ourselves, genu-

ine feelings of indignation against the oppressors and sympathy with the oppressed; and in Russia these reports have fallen on much more inflammable material. Russians know much better than we do the oppressive character of ordinary Turkish misrule, and they have at the same time religious and political sympathies with the Slavs, which we do not possess and can with difficulty comprehend. The acquisition of Constantinople is generally regarded by Russians as simply a possible contingency of the distant future, and this possibility has little or nothing to do with the present excited state of public opinion.

Still it must be admitted that this excitement, whatever be the real cause of it, actually exists, and may produce armed intervention, which might possibly lead to annexation of territory. But the policy of the government depends entirely on the tsar's personal decision. Now what is his personal decision likely to be? As a Russian surrounded by Russians, he naturally sympathizes with the Slavs, and as tsar he must desire to retain their sympathy and good-will; but all we know about his personal character militates against the supposition that he will endeavor to take the matter into his own hands and cut the difficulty with the sword. Of a naturally pacific disposition, he is free from all military ambition. His phlegmatic temperament, and his strong, sober common sense, render him impervious to the seductive suggestions of panslavists and other political dreamers. Even if his ambition were much greater than it is, it would be amply satisfied by the important part which he has already played in the history of his country. In the course of a few years he emancipated forty millions of serfs, reformed the imperial administration, created a new system of local self-government, covered the country with a vast network of railways, replaced the old rotten judicial organization by new courts with public procedure, and effected many other valuable reforms. These great enterprises have been on the whole successful, but there has been enough of failure to dispel many youthful illusions, and to teach the important lesson that a tsar, though he may be autocratic, is not omnipotent even within the limits of his own empire.

As to distant future possibilities it would be hazardous to speculate. Very many Russians firmly believe that the natural and irresistible course of events will sooner or later transform the Black Sea

into a Russian lake, and perhaps some future tsar may attempt to realize at once what is supposed to be the will of fate. For the present, however—though Russia would very much like to hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and would certainly not allow any strong power to take possession of this outlet to the Mediterranean—there is, I believe no desire either in the people or in the government to accelerate by war the so-called natural course of events. Alexander II. has already done much in the interests of peace, and shows no signs of changing his policy. Perhaps Great Britain would play more effectually her part of peacemaker, if her statesmen would, without relaxing their vigilance, think a little less about petty diplomatic triumphs, and show a little more confidence in the pacific intentions of the tsar. D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

From Chambers' Journal.
NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE
"STRATHMORE."

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

THE "Strathmore" was an iron vessel of one thousand four hundred and ninety-two tons, and acknowledged to be as fine a ship of her class as ever left the port of London. Her commander, Captain MacDonald, besides being a worthy man, was an experienced and careful seaman. His first officer, Mr. Ramsay, was also a sailor of the right type; but of the crew, generally, that could not be said, although there were some good men among them. We mustered a crew of thirty-eight, men and boys; passengers of the three classes, fifty-one; in all, eighty-nine souls. This was the clipper's first voyage, and our destination was Otago, New Zealand. The ship's cargo was principally railway iron; but along with other things we had candles and spirits, and a still more inflammable item, immediately to be mentioned. We left the docks on the 17th of April, 1875, and dropped down the river below Gravesend to complete our cargo, by taking aboard twenty tons of gunpowder, which having been stored, all the arrangements for sailing were complete; and, heaving anchor, we bade farewell to England about midnight of the 19th of April.

We got very pleasantly out of the Channel, and, owing to the course we steered, we in a great measure avoided that landman's terror, the swell of the Bay of Biscay. A head-wind now came on, which

continued for a fortnight, driving us right across towards America. When that had ceased we had a fair wind, but so slight that at times we did not make more than a quarter of a mile an hour. After a time more fitting breezes blew; we had now somewhat settled down to life on board ship, the weather had become exceedingly hot, and we betook ourselves to such light amusements as suited the temperature; some to reading, some to whist and backgammon, others "spinning" or listening to a yarn.

I and three friends occupied one cabin; Fred Bentley, and two brothers, Percy and Spencer Joslen. Our meals were always welcome, agreeably breaking the monotony of life at sea. When we had been out about ten days the routine was rather unpleasantly varied by the discovery that the crew had broken into the cargo and abstracted a couple of cases of spirits. This might not have been so soon found out, had the knaves not got so helplessly drunk that they were incapable of work. For a day or two they were insubordinate, and the passengers had to assist in working the ship. This matter, however, blew over, and things fell into the ordinary course. So reckless were these men that they were seen (as we afterwards learned from a third-class passenger) in the vicinity of the gunpowder with a naked candle!

On the 20th of May we had a thunderstorm so terrific, that from its exciting effects some of the ladies were confined to their berths nearly all next day. To me and my companions it was a scene grander of the kind than we had ever witnessed in our northern latitudes. No ordinary language could describe it.

On the following day, May 21st, we were hailed by the "Loch Maree," homeward bound, and short of provisions; latitude 4° 20m. north. Our captain having supplied this ship with such stores as he could spare, we sent letters home by her. We were spoken by the "Borealis" on the 27th of May, and for the last time by the "Melpomene" on the 8th of June. We had this vessel in sight for two days.

Passing over the amusements incidental to crossing the line, nothing of importance occurred while proceeding in a southeasterly direction, till we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and got fairly into the Southern Ocean. This vast expanse of sea, between latitude 40° and 50°, is dotted with several groups of small desolate islands, requiring to be shunned with all the care of the navigator. At mid-day of the 30th June we were eighty-seven

miles from one of these dangerous groups, called the Crozet Islands; and running at the rate of six knots an hour, we expected them to be in sight by next morning, the 1st of July. A good look-out was kept. But two circumstances baffled every precaution. There was an error in the compass,* and a fog settled down on the horizon; the result being that the captain believed we were ten or fifteen miles farther south than we really were. Hence the dreadful fatality that ensued. At a quarter before four in the morning of the 1st July, when in my berth, I felt the ship strike on one of these wretched Crozet Islands. I hurriedly dressed, and my friend Bentley went to warn the ladies, whom he already found up and hastily attired. The ship had got wedged in a cleft in the rock. This, our partial escape from destruction, appeared to us little short of a miracle, for had she struck a few feet on either side, our ship, good though she was, must inevitably at once have gone down. She hung by the forepart, with a list to starboard, her stern being submerged in deep water.

Bentley and I with others made for the port-quarter boat, but we could not get it off the davits, as a sea broke over us and washed us forward to the hand-rail of the poop. All from the poop forward was now rapidly getting under water to midship. The captain, seemingly greatly distressed, yet with characteristic disregard of self, gave orders as to the boats, directing that the women should be looked to first; his chief officer, Mr. Ramsay, another fine fellow, also doing all that was possible in the short time left to them. Unhappily for them and for us, the second or third wave that washed over the ship carried away these good men, all of whom were respected and lamented. A number of the people got into the port lifeboat, including Mrs. Wordsworth (the only lady saved), and Messrs. Bentley and Spencer Joslen. A sea came and took this boat off the chocks. She fell back and partly stove in her bottom, but rose and floated across the poop, and finally left the ship, to the wonder of every one, without capsizing. It was in endeavoring to leap into this boat that our poor friend Percy Joslen was lost. The gig, with others of the crew and passengers, followed in charge of the

second mate; and after her the dinghey in charge of the third mate, about nine o'clock A.M.

To resume my personal experience. The boats left us going towards the rocks, which we saw in front of us about one hundred yards off, rising like a wall several hundreds of feet out of the water. I should have mentioned that, for the time, having parted company with Bentley, I, to save myself, took to the mizzen rigging. There I remained with others until day-break, by which time the ship had gone under water, all but the fore-castle head. On day breaking, I got along the mizzen top-gallant stay to the mainmast; and from there, down the mainstay, to the roof of the deckhouse. There was a heavy swell, but every wave did not break over us. Several others scrambled to the same place. We then went on to the fore-castle.

Late in the afternoon the gig returned and took away five passengers whom we had not before seen, and who had been clinging to the mizzen-top. They went off, and we were left shivering in the cold, the lateness of the day rendering it impossible for the boat to return. We passed a miserable night. Our position was one of great peril, as we felt the vessel rising and falling with the flowing and receding wave; we not knowing but that the next wave would liberate and sink our ill-fated ship—as was the case a few hours after we left her. We had nothing to subsist on but a few biscuits, and were almost frozen by the wet and extreme cold. About ten A.M. of the second day, the gig returned, bringing back the hope of life which had almost left us. This boat took us all off, the last remaining being myself, another passenger, and nine of the crew. The sea had now become more calm, and we got to the landing-place, about a mile and a half to the south-east of where our ship had struck; this place had been discovered by the first boat; and a rope had been fixed to the cliff, by which we climbed up the rock.

As the morning of the wreck was nearly pitch dark and the incidents were too crowded, many occurred which did not come under my personal observation. Miss Henderson was swept from the deck by an early wave; her brother survived, to die a more lingering death on the island. Mrs. Walker fell a victim to her maternal feelings, as she would not enter the boat without her child. It had been taken by the second mate, and placed in charge of the second steward in the rigging. One

* The error may have arisen from the proximity of the ship to the Crozets, whose rock-bound coast abounds in compass-deranging ironstone. Or the compasses of the ship—which perhaps was not properly "swung" before leaving port—may have been affected by her cargo of iron.

of the ship's apprentices, much to his credit, gave up, on request, a life-buoy to one of the passengers. Terrible as the circumstances of this sad morning were, it is surprising the outward composure that was maintained throughout. I did not hear even one scream from the women. Mrs. Wordsworth showed great self-possession. When all landed and collected, we found forty lives had been lost, including one entire family of ten. George Mellor, a third-class passenger, died ashore of exhaustion the second night, and was buried in the sea.

Upon landing, I was regaled with a leg of a young albatross (of which and other birds there was fortunately a considerable store on the island) roasted; and after having been thirty hours on the wreck, I need scarcely say that I never tasted anything sweeter. A glance at the sterile rock on which the fates had driven us, and on which we were to live if we could for an indefinite time, showed that, compared with it, Crusoe's island was as the garden of Eden. We were on Apostle Island, which, to judge by the guano-deposit, must have been the home of sea-birds for ages, and on which, very probably, the foot of man had but seldom if ever trod.

Before entering on the subject of our life on the island, it may be as well to give a brief account of the group of islands of which ours was one. The Crozet Islands are a volcanic group to the south of the Indian Ocean, lying between Kerguelen's Land on the east and Prince Edward's Islands on the west. They take their name from Crozet, a French naval officer. Apostle Island, on which we were, was the largest of the reef of rocks called the Twelve Apostles, forming part of the group. Large and small, islands and rocks inclusive, are twenty-six in number.

We spent the first and second nights ashore very miserably, owing to the cold and damp. My first night—the second since the wreck—I, along with five others, lay under a rock; next night we all got into a shanty which had been built, but we were so closely packed that it was not possible to sleep. Therefore next night, Bentley, Henderson, and I went back to the rock, under the ledge of which we slept for several weeks. Before we got more sheltered, by building up a wall of turf, we were sometimes, in the morning when we awoke, covered with two or three inches of snow. Little of any value was saved from the wreck; some clothes were got out of the fore-castle; and a passen-

ger's chest, containing sheetings, blankets, table-covers, knives, forks, spoons, and a few other things, was picked up on return to the ship by the life-boat. The boats picked up, floating, a cask of port wine, two cases of gin, two cases of rum, one of brandy, one of pickles, some fire-wood, and a case of ladies' boots, which were not of much use to us; also a case of confectionery, the tins of which became very serviceable as pots for culinary purposes.

Two barrels of gunpowder also were found, and matches; also some deck-planks and other pieces of timber were secured, which were useful for our fires. When the wood was exhausted, we discovered that the skins of the birds made excellent fuel. During the night of the 3d July, the boats moored to the rocks broke away and were lost. This was greatly deplored at the time; but I consider it a fortunate circumstance, for, the ship having sunk, the only flotage that would have been recoverable was spirits, which perhaps we were better without. And for another reason: with the boats we might have been tempted to visit, and perhaps remain on Hog Island, which appeared about six miles off. We should have had a greater variety of food there, and probably altogether less privations and discomfort than we were subjected to on Apostle Island; but we would have been more out of the course of ships going to Australia or New Zealand, so that our rescue might have been much longer delayed.

The want of controlling authority was soon apparent in our small community. There was no one capable of exercising that influence, which by judgment, firmness, and a sense of justice, supported by the well-disposed, would have kept in check the troublesome spirits, who, however, were a small minority. Disciplinary power being wanting, the turbulent element was on the ascendant for some weeks after our landing. At length matters subsided into comparative order; but there never was perfect confidence. It was found advisable, for the general advantage, that we should be separated into parties; subsequently, into as many as six squads. This segregation was effected by a kind of natural affinity in the combining elements.

Mrs. Wordsworth lived for a considerable time in the large shanty, until a smaller one was given up for the sole use of her and her son. This lady was ill during nearly the whole time of our sojourn on the island, but bore the privations she

was subjected to with great fortitude. Little could be done to alleviate the hardships she suffered; she received such attention as the limited means at hand afforded; and was throughout treated with general respect. For instance, when dinner was served, each man passed his hat for his share of fowl; Mrs. Wordsworth's was handed to her on a piece of board.

A Bible had been saved, which was read aloud, and psalms sung from time to time with great fervency; and early teachings, which had lain long latent, were revived with great force in their application to our present condition. These readings had a peculiar solemnity when we were laying our dead in their graves. The emotions thus produced were with some probably transient, although at the time heartfelt; with others the impressions may be more lasting.

We found our island to be about a mile and a half long by half a mile in breadth; no wood grew on it, indeed a considerable part of it was bare rock; the rest of it was covered with rank grass, and an edible root with a top like a carrot, but not in any other respect resembling that useful esculent. We found this of great service to us, as it was our only vegetable, and grew plentifully; we ate the stalk at first, and afterwards the tops only; sometimes boiled, sometimes raw. It has been said that he was a brave man who first ate an egg; if that be admitted, I think some claim to courage may be made by our quartermaster "Bill," who, notwithstanding some warning jokes, first tested this plant, very much to our future benefit.

We were also fortunate in discovering an excellent spring of water, somewhat impregnated with iron, but imparting a quality which I believe was very favorable to our health. In our frequent and very necessary ablutions we used, in lieu of soap, the yolks of eggs and birds' livers; some made use of their blood for the same purpose, which I did not much incline to. When we landed on the island there were about two hundred of the albatross, young and old, and notwithstanding the warning of the ancient mariner, we killed many of these fine and, to us, useful birds. We agreed, however, not to meddle with the eggs, that we might in due time have the benefit of the young birds. There were several hundred of "graybacks" (knot), a very few small white pigeons, sea and land ducks, and lots of "whalers" (ivory gull) and divers — birds about twice the size of a sparrow. These make their

nests in the ground, about a foot or two deep. Mutton-birds were found for many months; they also make nests underground, but are rather more particular in selecting dry spots. They are about the size of a small hen, black-feathered, and coated with fat, which, even raw, we considered a luxury. The molly-hawks (fulmar petrel) came in about the middle of August: there were several hundreds of them. As soon as one lot was killed others came in; in all, there must have been five thousand, if not more. The first penguin was killed by the cook, I think on the 29th of September; only a few were seen within the next three days, but every day after that they came in hundreds. There must have been from time to time fully a million of these birds. We killed upwards of fifty thousand without making any apparent impression on their numbers. The albatross, which had left, returned to the island before we were taken off. This fine bird, that "holds its holiday in the stormy gale," I had heard say was fourteen feet in the expanse of its wings; but we had specimens on our rock that were seventeen feet from the extreme points of their extended pinions. Captain Carmichael (Linn. Trans. vol. xii.) says that the great albatross raises no nest, but merely selects some cavity for the reception of a single white egg; whereas those on our island raised a very fine high nest. It nourishes its young by disgorging the oily contents of its stomach. The cock-bird comes to land first, as it were to select the spot for the hen-bird to deposit the egg; which, when laid by the hen, he sits on for days, while the lady bird goes to sea.

The penguin, which feeds its young in the same way as the albatross, is a curious bird, having, in place of wings, two membranes which hang down at each side like little arms. It cannot fly. Its mode of walking is very singular, something between a waddle and a hop. As our rock was precipitous on all sides, the penguins came in where the rock was lowest, riding on the crest of the beating wave, often failing in their first attempts to land. When they touch the ground they march landward in Indian file, keeping good order; but are received as intruders by those already on shore. In fact their reception is most inhospitable; they are pecked at, and made to understand that they are not wanted; however, there is no blood shed, and they soon unite with the original settlers, in turn joining them in the assault on the next comers, or invad-

ers, as they seem to think. They sit for about two months apparently without eating, and then return to the sea greatly emaciated. The penguin makes no preparation for the egg, dropping it anywhere. Their patient endurance is remarkable. They often sit on the egg until their tails, covered with icicles, are frozen to the ground. This strange bird appears quite in keeping with the remote and lonely islands in which it congregates and has congregated for untold generations. The molly-hawks too, fine large birds, rendered us good service as food.

The killing of the birds was at first very repugnant to us. The albatross was easily despatched; but the penguin was more tenacious of life, and though a harmless bird if left unmolested, at times showed fight. The tedium of our life was mitigated by the necessity we were under in hunting these birds for our daily food; and the eggs which lay in hundreds around us were a very acceptable and nutritious article of diet, and contributed greatly to keeping up our strength.

We had recourse to many odd devices for table-articles, such as gin and other bottles for drinking-cups, as long as they remained unbroken; then bladders, and penguin-skins made into bags, into which we dipped a long hollow bone and imbibed the water, sherry-cobbler fashion. When we melted the fat of the birds it was poured into one of my sea-boots to cool, after which we put it into the skin bags to keep. My other boot was used to hold salt water. Bentley's boots were taken to the spring for fresh water, and were the best pitchers we had. When we had to resort to the feathers for fuel, the food took a long time to prepare, and one meal was scarcely finished ere cooking was begun for the next. Each man was cook for a week at a time. In our shanty we cut off the foot of a sea-boot and used it as a drinking-cup. Bentley was very handy; he made needles out of wire, part of the rigging. As for thread, we drew it from a strong counterpane, and when that failed, we used dried grass. A knife was made from hoop-iron from a gin-case, one side of the handle from the top of a powder-keg, the other side from the blade of an oar, riveted with wire from the rigging, the washers being made from a brass plate from the heel of my boot; also hands for a watch were fashioned from a plate likewise taken from my boot—all the work of Bentley. Our present abode was as truly the Rock of Storms, and as deserving of that title as ever the Cape

was. The island was ever more or less tempest-beaten. Our hardships from cold, rain, and snow were very severe; in fact, we were never warm, and hardly ever dry.

As time passed on from days to weeks, and from weeks to months, without succour, we thought somewhat sadly of the anxiety of our friends at home; yet in our shanty at least, we never despaired of being ultimately rescued. We kept up our spirits as well as we could, holding our Saturday evening concerts—the song with the loudest chorus being the greatest favorite. We had among us a cynic, whom we knew to be engaged, and who prophesied that all our sweethearts would be married by the time we got home! We had sighted four ships, two of them coming near; one so near that we saw the man at the wheel. The captain of this ship made no sign of seeing us, but we afterwards learned that he *did* see us, but did not even report that he had, when he got into port. This behavior on the part of one of our own countrymen contrasts painfully with the generous conduct of the gallant Americans who subsequently rescued us.

It would be bootless to narrate how from day to day we kept anxious watch; the record would be little more than a monotonous detail of disappointment, cheerless days, stormy weather, and bitterly cold nights. Our day on the look-out, which we took in turns, was a most wearisome duty. We had lost other four of our companions—five in all since we came ashore. Mr. Stanbury, a young man from Dover, died on the 19th of July of lockjaw. Mr. Henderson, who had been our companion on board ship and in our shelter under the rock, and who had become endeared to us by his good disposition, died of dysentery, after a long illness, on the 3d of September. We rendered him what assistance we could, but that was little. On the 23d of November, William Husband, an elderly seaman, died. On Christmas day, Mr. Walker's child died. This was the last death on the island. It is curious that all the bodies after death were quite limp. I do not know whether this can be accounted for by the diet or some peculiar atmospheric condition. I have heard that death caused by lightning is followed by the same result. Another curious observation I made was that, if we cut ourselves, however slightly, the bleeding did not altogether cease for a couple of days. The antiseptic effect of the guano was shown somewhat curiously. It was rumored that one of the dead had

been buried with a comb in his pocket; and one of our party wishing to obtain it, two months after the interment, found the body with no sign of decay.

January, 1876, had now come. In view of the future, we had collected and stored over a hundred gallons of bird-oil for the use of our lamps, which we kept burning all night, the wicks made from threads drawn from sheets and other articles. We had also gathered many penguin-skins for fuel. We had now to some extent become acclimatized, and were in better health than we were last year. We were put to great shifts for cooking-utensils, our kitchen ware being nearly worn out, though we found some hollow stones, which we used as frying and stew pans. We had, soon after landing, erected flag-staffs, on which we placed a counterpane or blanket to attract the attention of ships that might come near us.

Early in January we resolved to build, on an eminence, a high square tower of turf, for the double purpose of drawing the notice of passing ships and serving as a shelter for the man on the look-out. The digging of the turf was a great difficulty, our only implements being our hands and a piece or two of hoop-iron. We were greatly retarded in our building by the unfavorable weather, the rain coming down heavily. A vessel passed us on the 14th of this month, but no notice was taken of our signals.

January the 21st was an eventful day: deliverance was at hand! About six o'clock in the afternoon we were all startled by a cry from the man on the look-out: "Sail, ho!" We did not long delay in rushing up towards the flagstaff; we hoisted two flags, consisting of a piece of canvas and a blanket, one on the flagstaff and one on the unfinished tower; we kindled two fires, the smoke of which we calculated would be seen a good way off. The vessel did not at first seem to regard our signals; we were probably too impatient. She, however, soon made head towards us, when we became greatly excited; some, in their delight, cutting strange antics, in fact a genuine "break-down." When about a mile from our rock, to our great joy, she lowered two boats. They tried to effect a landing on the north side, but it was not possible. One of the boats coming nearer the rock, our sail-maker leaped into the water, and was hauled aboard. They then pulled to the point where we originally landed. Captain Giffard was in one of the boats. Night coming on, he told us that he could

not take us off until next morning, but that he should leave us some bread and pork. However, upon being told that there was a lady ashore, he gallantly brought his boat as close to the rock as he prudently could, and took aboard Mrs. Wordsworth, her son, two invalids, and the second mate. We spent this our last night on the island with little sleep, but with tumultuous feelings of joy and hope—for we were yet to see the friends who had long mourned us as dead.

Next morning, the vessel coming nearer, three boats came ashore for us. The carpenter having made four crosses of wood, they were placed to mark the graves of our unfortunate companions whose fate it was to rest in this lonely isle in the Indian Ocean, which we left with beating hearts and no regrets, and where we had spent six months and twenty-two days under very unusual conditions. I believe that the most thoughtless among us will remember with sobered feelings, and to his latest day, his sojourn on Apostle Island.

We were received on board the ship with the greatest kindness, being all provided with complete suits of new clothing taken from the ship's stores. Mrs. Wordsworth received every attention from Mrs. Giffard, the captain's wife. The ship which relieved us was the "Young Phoenix" of New Bedford, an American whaler, commanded by Captain Giffard. Of this kind-hearted and generous sailor it is impossible for us to speak in terms too laudatory: we would be ungrateful indeed if we did not keep him in lasting remembrance. I would fain hope that means will be found to reimburse him for the large pecuniary loss that, otherwise, his profusely unselfish generosity must involve.

On the 26th January we sighted the "Sierra Morena" of Liverpool, Captain Kennedy, bound to Kurrachee. As we overcrowded the "Young Phoenix," Captain Kennedy willingly agreed to take twenty of us to Point de Galle, Ceylon; where, after an agreeable passage, he landed us on the 24th of February. Our thanks are due to Captain Kennedy for the treatment we received on board his ship.

Our rescue had been quickly made known in England: on the 29th of February I received a telegram from home. I should have observed that Captain Giffard, for the time giving up the object of his cruise, steered for the Mauritius; but on the afternoon of the day we left, falling in with the "Childers," bound for Rangoon,

the remainder of our companions were transferred to that vessel, and subsequently shipped for home. We spent some time most agreeably at Point de Galle, receiving great kindness from the district judge, the ship's agent, the Church of England minister, the collector of customs, and other gentlemen. We were, in fact, treated more like friends than castaways, and are not likely ever to forget the attention we received.

I am again in England, and at home, endeavoring to look back upon the wreck of the "Strathmore" merely as an unpleasant dream.

G. D. C.

From Nature.

WHEWELL'S WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

WE frequently hear the complaint that as the boundaries of science are widened its cultivators become less of philosophers and more of specialists, each confining himself with increasing exclusiveness to the area with which he is familiar. This is probably an inevitable result of the development of science, which has made it impossible for any one man to acquire a thorough knowledge of the whole, while each of its sub-divisions is now large enough to afford occupation for the useful work of a lifetime. The ablest cultivators of science are agreed that the student, in order to make the most of his powers, should ascertain in what field of science these powers are most available, and that he should then confine his investigations to this field, making use of other parts of science only in so far as they bear upon his special subject.

Accordingly we find that Dr. Whewell, in his article in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" on "Archimedes and Greek Mathematics," says of Eratosthenes, who, like himself, was philologist, geometer, astronomer, poet, and antiquary: "It is seldom that one person attempts to master so many subjects without incurring the charge and perhaps the danger of being superficial."

It is probably on account of the number and diversity of the kinds of intellectual work in which Dr. Whewell attained eminence that his name is most widely known.

* *William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.* An account of his Writings, with Selections from his Literary and Scientific Correspondence. By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of St. John's College. London: Macmillan and Co., 1876.

Of his actual performances the "History" and the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" are the most characteristic, and this because his practical acquaintance with a certain part of his great subject enabled him the better to deal with those parts which he had studied only in books, and to describe their relations in a more intelligent manner than those authors who have devoted themselves entirely to the general aspect of human knowledge without being actual workers in any particular department of it.

But the chief characteristic of Dr. Whewell's intellectual life seems to have been the energy and perseverance with which he pursued the development of each of the great ideas which had in the course of his life presented itself to him. Of these ideas some might be greater than others, but all were large.

The special pursuit, therefore, to which he devoted himself was the elaboration and the expression of the ideas appropriate to different branches of knowledge. The discovery of a new fact, the invention of a theory, the solution of a problem, the filling up of a gap in an existing science, were interesting to him not so much for their own sake as additions to the general stock of knowledge, as for their illustrative value as characteristic instances of the processes by which all human knowledge is developed.

To watch the first germ of an appropriate idea as it was developed either in his own mind or in the writings of the founders of the sciences, to frame appropriate and scientific words in which the idea might be expressed, and then to construct a treatise in which the idea should be largely developed and the appropriate words copiously exemplified — such seems to have been the natural channel of his intellectual activity in whatever direction it overflowed. When any of his great works had reached this stage he prepared himself for some other labor, and if new editions of his work were called for, the alterations which he introduced often rather tended to destroy than to complete the unity of the original plan.

Mr. Todhunter has given us an exhaustive account of Dr. Whewell's writings and scientific work, and in this we may easily trace the leading ideas which he successively inculcated as a writer. We can only share Mr. Todhunter's regret that it is only as a writer that he appears in this book, and it is to be hoped that the promised account of his complete life as a man may enable us to

form a fuller conception of the individuality and unity of his character, which it is hard to gather from the multifarious collection of his books.

Dr. Whewell first appears before us as the author of a long series of text-books on mechanics. His position as a tutor of his college, and the interest which he took in university education, may have induced him to spend more time in the composition of elementary treatises than would otherwise have been congenial to him, but in the prefaces to the different editions, as well as in the introductory chapters of each treatise, he shows that sense of the intellectual and educational value of the study of first principles which distinguishes all his writings. It is manifest from his other writings, that the composition of these text-books, involving as it did a thorough study of the fundamental science of dynamics, was a most appropriate training for his subsequent labors in the survey of the sciences in their widest extent.

It has always appeared to me [says Mr. Todhunter] that Mr. Whewell would have been of great benefit to students if he had undertaken a critical revision of the technical language of mechanics. This language was formed to a great extent by the early writers at an epoch when the subject was imperfectly understood, and many terms were used without well-defined meanings. Gradually the language has been improved, but it is still open to objection.

In after years, when his authority in scientific terminology was widely recognized, we find Faraday, Lyell, and others applying to him for appropriate expressions for the subject-matter of their discoveries, and receiving in reply systems of scientific terms which have not only held their place in technical treatises, but are gradually becoming familiar to the ordinary reader.

"Is it not true," Dr. Whewell asks in his address to the Geological Society, "in our science as in all others, that a technical phraseology is real wealth, because it puts in our hands a vast treasure of foregone generalizations?"

Perhaps, however, he felt it less difficult to induce scientific men to adopt a new term for a new idea than to persuade the students and teachers of a university to alter the phraseology of a time-honored study.

But even in the elementary treatment of dynamics, if we compare the text-books of different dates, we cannot fail to recognize a marked progress. Those by Dr. Whewell were far in advance of any former

text-books as regards logical coherence and scientific accuracy, and if many of those which have been published since have fallen behind in these respects, most of them have introduced some slight improvement in terminology which has not been allowed to be lost.

Dr. Whewell's opinion with respect to the evidence of the fundamental doctrines of mechanics is repeatedly inculcated in his writings. He considered that experiment was necessary in order to suggest these truths to the mind, but that the doctrine when once fairly set before the mind is apprehended by it as strictly true, the accuracy of the doctrine being in no way dependent on the accuracy of observation of the result of the experiment.

He therefore regarded experiments on the laws of motion as illustrative experiments, meant to make us familiar with the general aspect of certain phenomena, and not as experiments of research from which the results are to be deduced by careful measurement and calculation.

Thus experiments on the fall of bodies may be regarded as experiments of research into the laws of gravity. We find by careful measurements of times and distances that the intensity of the force of gravity is the same whatever be the motion of the body on which it acts. We also ascertain the direction and magnitude of this force on different bodies and in different places. All this can only be done by careful measurement, and the results are affected by all the errors of observation to which we are liable.

The same experiments may be also taken as illustrations of the laws of motion. The performance of the experiments tends to make us familiar with these laws, and to impress them on our minds. But the laws of motion cannot be proved to be accurate by a comparison of the observations which we make, for it is only by taking the laws for granted that we have any basis for our calculations. We may ascertain, no doubt, by experiment, that the acceleration of a body acted on by gravity is the same whatever be the motion of that body, but this does not prove that a constant force produces a constant acceleration, but only that gravity is a force, the intensity of which does not depend on the velocity of the body on which it acts.

The truth of Dr. Whewell's principle is curiously illustrated by a case in which he persistently contradicted it. In a paper communicated to the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, and reprinted at the end

of his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," Dr. Whewell conceived that he had proved, *à priori*, that all matter must be heavy. He was well acquainted with the history of the establishment of the law of gravitation, and knew that it was only by careful experiments and observations that Newton ascertained that the effect of gravitation on two equal masses is the same whatever be the chemical nature of the bodies, but in spite of this he maintained that it is contrary not only to observation but to reason, that any body should be repelled instead of attracted by another, whereas it is a matter of daily experience, that any two bodies when they are brought near enough, repel each other.

The fact seems to be that, finding the word weight employed in ordinary language to denote the quantity of matter in a body, though in scientific language it denotes the tendency of that body to move downwards, and at the same time supposing that the word mass in its scientific sense was not yet sufficiently established to be used without danger in ordinary language, Dr. Whewell endeavored to make the word weight carry the meaning of the word mass. Thus he tells us that "the weight of the whole compound must be equal to the weights of the separate elements."

On this Mr. Todhunter very properly observes:—

Of course there is no practical uncertainty as to this principle; but Dr. Whewell seems to allow his readers to imagine that it is of the same nature as the axiom that "two straight lines cannot inclose a space." There is, however, a wide difference between them, depending on a fact which Dr. Whewell has himself recognized in another place (see vol. i., p. 224). The truth is, that *strictly* speaking the weight of the whole compound is not equal to the weight of the separate elements; for the weight depends upon the position of the compound particles, and in general by altering the position of the particles, the resultant effect which we call weight is altered, though it may be to an inappreciable extent.

It is evident that what Dr. Whewell should have said was: "The mass of the whole compound must be equal to the sum of the masses of the separate elements." This statement all would admit to be strictly true, and yet not a single experiment has ever been made in order to verify it. All chemical measurements are made by comparing the weights of bodies, and not by comparing the forces required to produce given changes of

motion in the bodies; and as we have just been reminded by Mr. Todhunter, the method of comparing quantities of matter by weighing them is not strictly correct.

Thus, then, we are led by experiments which are not only liable to error, but which are to a certain extent erroneous in principle, to a statement which is universally acknowledged to be strictly true. Our conviction of its truth must therefore rest on some deeper foundation than the experiments which suggested it to our minds. The belief in and the search for such foundations is, I think, the most characteristic feature of all Dr. Whewell's work.

J. CLERK MAXWELL.

From The Economist.

THE TURKISH ATROCITIES.

FOREIGN policy does not easily seize hold of the imaginations of Englishmen, and it is with great difficulty that either the intellectual interests or the moral sympathies are fixed upon the confused and complicated incidents of a warfare, such as is now being waged upon the borders of Servia. But when a view of any such controversy does get hold of the popular mind, it is apt to be fierce and persistent, for it is not modified by any direct weighing of evidence. It is most frequently through the emotions that such a view of distant events acquires power, and being almost beyond the pale of reasoning, it is likely to become a dangerous force in politics. Thus, we believe, the Crimean War was the direct consequence of a popular impulse, which had its root in the inaccurate judgment of the English people upon some ambiguous acts and expressions of the emperor Nicholas, for the explanations and modifications of which no hearing could be obtained. We are not without apprehension that the present temper of the public mind is now as dangerously bent upon the opposite course. The moral effect produced by the history of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria has been rarely paralleled in this country. While foreign critics, who generally miss the point of popular movements in England, are declaiming against the English government as the protector and patron of the Turk, the real danger is not that England may plunge into war or involve herself in diplomatic meshes in defence of the Ottoman government, but that she may be forced into a military or political

intervention, abounding in risks and responsibilities, for the humiliation or subjection of the Turks; and this is a penal measure to satisfy the boiling anger and indignation of our countrymen. We need not say that we trust so injurious and ill-considered an impulse will be resisted as well by the leaders of the Liberal party as by the Conservative ministry. It must be admitted that the danger is not imaginary when distinguished Liberals below the gangway insist that it is Mr. Disraeli's duty to send the British fleet at once from Besika Bay to the Golden Horn, there to punish or terrify the ministers of the Porte. The debate raised by Mr. Anderson on Monday was renewed by Mr. Ashley on Friday, and in the interval Mr. Bourke had to reply to a searching question addressed to him by Mr. Ritchie. The agitation out-of-doors is even now significantly vigorous, and if the stories of outrages like those perpetrated by the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, in Bulgaria, should be repeated during the progress of the Turkish invasion, we may see the ministry forced by an irresistible wave of public feeling into a war, with aims and issues that never entered into their calculations. We can only hope that those who influence the popular sentiment will now be firm, sober, and careful in their estimate of consequences; that the ministry will take precautions to free itself from any further responsibility, such as has been perilously incurred by Mr. Disraeli's levity of language, and Sir Henry Elliot's apathy or incompetence; that the government at Constantinople will see the necessity and possess the power of restraining the armies that have invaded Servian territory from the abominable practices which disgraced the irregulars let loose upon Bulgaria; and finally, that with the least possible delay the truth may appear. It is essential that the whole story should be disclosed in all its detail as soon as may be, and we cannot understand why, for the public interest and for their own, they have not hastened the publication in this country of Mr. Baring's full and final report. The telegraph is as much at the disposal of the government as at that of the newspapers, and if Mr. Bourke could present a complete statement of what Mr. Baring declares he ascertained for himself, he would silence much conjectural, but not less injurious criticism.

But whatever means may be taken to allay the public excitement upon this ques-

tion, and to prevent its exacerbation, ought to be taken at once. The crimes charged against the Turkish irregular troops in Bulgaria, are of a kind against which the manly nature of Englishmen revolts with a sickening repulsion, not easily overcome or forgotten. Torture, massacre of defenceless prisoners, outrages on women, the sale of children into slavery and infamy—these are things that make English blood boil, and if one-tenth of what has been reported from Bulgaria be true, the Turkish irregular soldiery have been guilty of all these things and worse. Even Mr. Baring's first impressions were fatally damaging to the Turks; he wrote in his first despatch: "Till I have visited the villages, I hardly dare speak, but my present opinion, which I trust hereafter to be able to modify, is that about twelve thousand Bulgarians have perished. Sixty villages have been wholly or partially burned; by far the greater portion of them by the Bashi-Bazouks." But in this account, and in the official reports of the Turks, the worst abominations are denied or slurred over. It would be more in the interest of the Porte to confess them frankly, and to show a desire to expiate them by the punishment of the guilty, and a sincere endeavor to suppress any similar atrocities in other quarters. It is said that the Turks, in reply to the repeated remonstrances of our government, have given assurances that they will do, that they are doing, all in their power to mete out exemplary punishment to the criminals, and to suppress sternly any further outrages at the seat of war, or in the districts where the insurrection has been subdued. But even if these assurances should be found untrustworthy, as so many Turkish promises have been before, we hope it will be remembered that the effect of an English menace to the Turkish government, such as Mr. Jacob Bright and Mr. Whitwell call upon the government to use, would be to dissolve at once the whole fabric of Turkish government, to set half-a-dozen new wars and insurrections on foot, and to compel us to undertake responsibilities in the restoration of peace, the cost of which we have not calculated. Our intervention would probably, in the first instance, lead to a vast increase in the destructiveness and the horrible character of the war in the East, and would involve us in risks for which we see no compensating advantage to the victims of Ottoman oppression.

From The Pall Mall Budget.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN FROM A CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.

THE other day a learned judge, charged with adjusting the more serious differences that arise between married couples, delivered a long disquisition on the marked change that has taken place of late in the habits and manners of young persons of the softer sex. Ladies, in his opinion, are gradually assuming a freedom of action and demeanor from which a little while ago they would have shrunk with wholesome aversion. Unfortunately, however, he indicated no remedy for this state of things, although few persons are better qualified to offer advice upon a subject so closely connected with domestic happiness. Had he the requisite leisure he might employ it with advantage in the compilation of a work similar to one which, it seems, enjoys high favor among the Chinese. It is known as the "Nuu Shun; or, Instructions to Women," and has lately been brought home to us in a French translation.

In this popular *vade mecum* the whole duty of woman is set forth with all the minuteness of detail dear to the natives of the Celestial empire. At the beginning young ladies are cautioned how needful it is for them to observe the duties of politeness, to implicitly regard the injunctions of their parents, never to act from caprice, and to learn to make due distinction between persons of different positions. Young girls are, moreover, enjoined always to preserve a seemly demeanor, not to look round while walking, invariably to retire when male visitors make their appearance, and, above all, not to regard the latter too curiously. They are prohibited from going to the pagoda, counselled always to be provided with a lantern when unavoidably out at night, and enjoined to rise in the morning at cock-crow. Hilarity is evidently not considered becoming, giggling young ladies being but little esteemed by the Chinese. Neither is garrulity approved of, gossips creating, we are assured, not only mischief among others but ample annoyance for themselves.

Reading and conversation are treated of at length. "If," says our mentor to his disciples, "you do not read the books of saints and sages, how will you know the rites, the duties, the four virtues, and the three obediences" — namely, of the young girl towards her parents, of the wife towards her husband, and the widow towards the eldest of her sons? And he cites the example of Isoun, who threw

herself against the sword that threatened her husband; of the mother of Ao, who, being too poor to buy books, taught her son to read by tracing letters on the sand; and of other worthy examples. "Women," he observes, "should know how to keep accounts in order to be capable of managing a household," a circumstance well understood out of China. And women, he insists, "should study books of filial piety and morality in preference to amatory poetry, should not store their memories with songs and anecdotes, nor listen to relations of romances;" in other words, should eschew Mudie literature. He is evidently sensible of the difficulties of the task he seeks to impose, for he observes that "effort upon effort must be made to follow these injunctions." "The merit of a woman," remarks this Celestial Solomon, "consists, above all, in being reserved, and not meddling too much in other people's business. A man should not speak of his home affairs, nor a woman of outside matters." "There are circumstances," he admits, "under which a woman ought to speak;" but he advises her to do so "with softness and moderation, and never to let bad or angry words escape her." The Chinese golden rule that "to speak little is a fine accomplishment," will be unwelcome to European or transatlantic belles with a reputation for brilliant small talk; but in these days of lath and plaster villas the wisdom of the recommendation that "if a visitor is in the drawing-room the mistress of the house should be careful not to speak too loud in the kitchen," will be very generally recognized.

Our Chinese mentor expresses himself briefly but to the point on matters relating to the toilette, and English husbands will certainly approve of his maxims: "Study simplicity and neatness. If you are painted and dressed in bright-colored garments, men will stare at you. Do not use rouge and powder every day. Be not too fond of gold, silver, pearls, and jade — all very expensive articles. Be careful of your embroidered and silk attire, and do not wear it excepting when necessary." A careful woman will dress usually in cotton stuffs, but we are not so sure that she "ought not to throw them aside even when they become soiled." She might wash them at least.

Parental respect is strongly inculcated. "The brother and sister, though of different sexes, owe the same respect to their parents; they should behave towards them both morning and evening in an amiable manner, ask them if they are warm or

cold, bring them their food, and supply them with new shoes when necessary; they must obey their orders and endure their anger without replying." A young lady when grown up and married is enjoined not to forget the benefits she has received from her parents. "Once or twice a year she ought to ask her husband's leave to go and see them." Nothing is said, however, on the subject of return visits on the part of the mother-in-law. Ample directions are given as to the bride's behavior towards her husband and the members of his family. "From the remotest antiquity to the present time the rule in marriage is that the husband commands and the wife obeys. In all matters it is the husband who will decide, and it is the duty of the wife to conform to his decision." Not only is the wife to obey her husband, but she is to be even more attentive and respectful to his parents than towards her own. "She must inquire after their health night and morning, help them to go in and out, always meet them with a smiling countenance, obey their orders, bring them food and drink at appointed times, and joyfully offer to wash their clothes, caps, and sashes. She must furnish them with new shoes, new clothes, and new blankets, fulfil all their wishes without delay, and make every effort to satisfy them. Your new parents," she is told, "have the right to scold you if you are in the wrong," and under such circumstances she is only at liberty to reproach herself, and not to utter a single word against them. Younger sisters residing with their married brothers are enjoined neither to hate nor deceive their sisters-in-law, and if the latter have faults they are to conceal and not divulge them. For it is remarked that "young girls are too fond of telling everything, thereby causing serious misunderstandings."

A very delicate section, but one which has no application in this country, is that treating of "the consideration to be shown towards the second wife." If the first wife has not the happiness to give birth to a male child, the husband chooses a person whom he loves, in order to have a son who will continue his race. In these circumstances, remarks the sage, it does not do to give way to sentiments of jealousy, for it is necessary that all who live in the same house should maintain amicable relations. But he concludes by recording the sad fact that "nowadays great dissensions exist between first and second wives. Out of a hundred first wives scarcely more than one or two are of a mild and affable character." For this reason he considers

it all the more necessary to impress upon such of his fair readers as have to yield their places to second wives the desirability of controlling their feelings.

The rules laid down for the management of children are very few. They are to be kept clean, they are not to be allowed to eat and drink gluttonously, nor to play too much for fear of contracting idle habits; and whenever a visitor arrives the girls are to be sent away and the boys only presented. Here also there are rules for summoning servants of both sexes. Their master is to exhibit towards them a serious air, and to forbear jesting with them on any pretence; but if they have committed a fault they are on the first occasion to be called to account—on the next they may be beaten. Paterfamilias, after reprimanding his butler for making too free with the '32 port, is afterwards justified in kicking him downstairs. The calculating wisdom of the Celestial crops out in the advice given to feed servants well, "since if you are sparing of their food they will be sparing of their exertions." As regards one's neighbors the having of a good understanding with them is held up as "a magnificent thing," and elsewhere "unity between neighbors" is proclaimed to be an "inestimable jewel."

The section devoted to "woman's work" may possibly not find favor in the eyes of the advocates of woman's rights. Chinese women are enjoined to rise early, since "as spring is the most favorable season for the work of the year, so is the dawn for that of the day." They are, moreover, bidden to take care of the hemp and the mulberry-trees; to spin with zeal silk and cotton for their own use; to learn to cut out and make their own garments, and not to have recourse to assistance elsewhere; to wash these when they get soiled in order not to become an object of repugnance to others; while such leisure time as they can find is to be devoted to making shoes for their husbands and children, their fathers and mothers in law. Mr. Buckmaster and other professors of the school of cookery will be pleased to learn that in China the care of the kitchen is regarded as one of the first of the wife's duties. Morning and evening she has to prepare the necessary dishes of fish, meat, soup, and vegetables, taking care that they are neither too salt nor too sour, and that the cups and plates are always clean. When a guest arrives tea and hot water are to be at once served, the one for internal, the other for external use. The wife is enjoined always to fall in with her husband's

wishes when it is a question of pressing a visitor to stay to dinner. On such occasions the eatables and drinkables are to be the best that the house can afford, although we are assured that it is of little moment what is offered if it is only offered with politeness. And no doubt it is true that "the husband of a woman who knows how to receive a visitor is certain of being well received elsewhere."

A concluding section of the work relates to the libations and offerings accorded to the dead. Mourning for a husband and for a father or mother in law lasts for three years. During this time the wife has to wear garments unhemmed at the bottom, and of a sad color. To laugh in the presence of funereal hangings exposes the offender to universal contempt. "In spring and autumn offerings have to be made to the dead, and this established rule is not to be lightly disregarded." "The porcelain utensils reserved for this purpose must be of the best quality and scrupulously clean." The wife is required to prepare all with her own hands, "letting her zeal testify the sincerity of her sentiments." Conjugal fidelity is expected of her not only during her husband's lifetime but after his decease. She is adjured to emulate the virtuous heroines of antiquity—the wife of Ven-tchiang, who cut off an ear to disfigure herself; the spouse of Wang-i, who cut off her arm to escape a seducer; the lady of Koung-Kiang, who "took an oath as tough as a boat of cypress wood;" and the widow Soung, who refused to quit her husband's tomb. Finally, she is told "not to imitate faithless women who transgress their duties, but to keep her heart, hard as stone and iron, always pure."

From The Examiner.

ON TALKERS.

A GENTLEMAN well known in literary circles for his inexhaustible flow of words was one day lamenting the decay of good conversationalists, when a very clever lady remarked that what she most regretted in the present day was the decay of good listeners. We fear the decay of good listeners is a sad and momentous fact, and proves the demoralized state of mind of the men and women of the present generation. It is not easy to be a good listener, for it requires certain high moral qualities. A man to listen well must be unselfish, he must be willing both to give and take.

He must have powers of self-control, for he must be ready to give his mind for a moment into another man's custody. He must have a certain amount of deference and humility, which the man who accompanies your words with a running commentary of protest or contradiction does not possess. The person who lets his eye wander while you are talking to him shows that he is deficient in the first element of good breeding, courtesy. The eye of the good listener is one of the eyes which the poet and novelist have not remembered to extol. It is always serene, patient, and intelligent. It is sad to think how few persons will take the trouble of learning the art of attention in its simplest form. The majority who will not listen, however, do not hesitate in constantly demanding of their neighbors what Mark Antony asked as a favor of his countrymen, to "lend him their ears." When you have gratified their request they do not hesitate to inflict the greatest injury on those sensitive and much-abused organs. The sermons of Mr. Carlyle, preached in innumerable large volumes, on the text, "Silence is golden," have borne but little fruit. It is said of the elder Matthews that he suffered from a painful disease of the tongue, from having talked so much and so fast; we have often wondered that the disease is not more prevalent in the present day. No doubt, if the majority of people were more silent life might possibly become a little more dull, but it would be prolonged. The companion who is ever talking is no better than a murderer, and in a healthy state of society he would be hanged. The saddest part of the matter is that most men talk, not because they have anything to say, but because they have a dread that the world will discover that they have no great wit. If they would only read a book much despised in this clever age, but which contains many wise sayings, they would find it there stated that "even a fool when he holdeth his tongue is counted wise." How many a man has gained a reputation for having a great deal in him by the simple process of holding his tongue. It is, however, now rare to meet with any one who ever thinks of ruling that member. But still, although talking goes on in the world without intermission, conversation in its proper sense is fast dying out. Our talking, like our writing, is serious and dull, and is unrelieved by wit and brilliancy. There is no greater nuisance than when a company at dinner is forced to listen to two literary lions, who try to

be clever and smart. No doubt it is pleasing to them, and to them only, but it is not conversation, because all present do not share in it. Nothing is more annoying than to find two men interrupt the easy flow of talk by a hot argumentation. As De Quincey says, "Mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequester, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit in sad civility, witnesses of a contest which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management." There are a small class of men who mistake declamation for conversation. Coleridge was a good talker, but he spoilt it by too much declamation. The declamation of Coleridge was, however, instructive and brilliant, but the declamation of the modern *littérateur* can hardly, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered one or the other. No conversation was ever so delightful as that of Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson. But then the famous club was composed of clever men who conversed freely on every subject, and who had steeped their minds in literature. In the present day most men limit their reading to their own writings. There are men whose sole conversation consists in putting forth the one idea they have borrowed from the leading article in the morning. But they are not nearly so disagreeable as the pretentious talker who talks his own article in a loud and authoritative voice. The leader-writer's talk as a rule consists in making pungent and exaggerated remarks on most topics. He carries his professional art into social life. It is not conversation, but it is amusing if not carried too far, and it is useful at times. The writer of social articles is a man who earns a miserable pittance by making bricks without straw, and he acquires the painful art of going on talking for any length of time about absolutely nothing. He is horribly vapid on nearly every subject, but he prattles to his unfortunate listeners like a giant rejoicing to run his course. Among young ladies in the country he can, however, generally ensure both attention and applause. The most spurious kind of talker is the middle-aged college don who has spent his vacation on the Continent, and who steals his new views and interpretations from foreign magazines. This is a very easy road to a reputation for sound learning in one of our universities. The most affected

talker is the young college don who solves the enigma of free-will and constructs a philosophy of being in twenty minutes. He is fond of parading his small knowledge of Hegel and Herbert Spencer, and he is always expressing his deep regret that the university does not allow him a large endowment for the purposes of research. He is a man whom only an esoteric audience can appreciate or bring out to his best. To the common vulgar herd he is only a bore. He does not converse, but he expresses his opinions in a serene, confident voice. If you speak to him of Shakespeare he gives a sickly smile, and asks you if you have read Rossetti. He informs you that works of art can only be "appreciated by loving and reverent criticism," and that if you wish to understand an author you must get behind his soul. He will not discuss anything so vulgar as politics; but on green paper and china plates he can be eloquent. His language is nicely chosen, but it would be inconsistent with his genius to call things by the same names as are used by inferior men. There is only one thing of which he is ignorant. He is not aware that display of vanity is one of the most annoying of the minor social sins. A large view of life, however, ought to teach all of us to be tolerant of all things — even of the young Oxford prig and his talk.

From The Leisure Hour.
SERVIA.

SERVIA is about one-fifth smaller than Scotland, and sparsely inhabited by 1,352,000 inhabitants. Like Scotland, it is a land of mountains. On the south-west the mountains consist of offshoots of the Dinaric Alps, and elsewhere the branches of the Balkan chain. One of these, gathered into a knotty group in the centre of the country, forms the Rudrik Mountains. Another, running northwards, meets a range of the Carpathians, and with it forms the "Iron Gates" of the Danube. Nothing can exceed the wildness and stern sublimity of this celebrated portal, through which the great river flows. Generally speaking, Servia is traversed from south to north by extensive mountain ridges. These form valleys, which nowhere expand into plains. In its physical features the country is not unlike Bosnia and the Herzegovina, but with its green and well-wooded hills it is in striking contrast to the bare and sterile region of Montenegro.

As Montenegro was the unconquered remnant of the old Servian empire, therefore the little principality in the Black Mountain may, in that sense, be held as its truest representative. Modern Servia however, on account alike of name, resources, and geographical position, claims continuity of national life with the Servia of the fourteenth century. The motto of the princes of the present house of Obrenovitch is, "Time and my right." Their arms represent a white cross on a red field, and on the cross are inscribed two dates, 1389—1815; between them lies a drawn sword. The first date commemorates the fatal fight of Kossova, when the Servians, overthrown by the Ottoman arms, became a subject people; the second marks the year when Milosch Obrenovitch went from his dwelling among the mountains of the interior to the church of Takovo to raise anew the standard of

revolt. The drawn sword between the dates may be taken to indicate that the attitude of the subject Serbs on the Danube during four long centuries of Turkish rule was not one of servile submission, but of a nourished antagonism. What gives importance to the revolt of 1815 is that it resulted in the permanent acknowledgment of Servia by the Porte as a self-governing though still tributary power, under native rulers. Servia, restored to the Serbs, brought back with it the hope at some future time of entire independence, and of an extension of territory co-extensive with the old Servian kingdom. Nor do the free and warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountain entertain any jealousy of the national aspirations of their brethren on the Danube. The two Serb powers are in close alliance, and between the families of the respective princes there exists a cordial friendship.

THE MAMMALS OF THE ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES. — The Rev. W. Houghton, who is a well-known contributor to this journal, recently read a paper on the above subject before the Society of Biblical Archæology (May 2, 1876). Beginning with the order Quadrumana, Mr. Houghton said two species were represented. He referred to the absurdly human appearance of the monkeys of the sculptures: the face is that of a man with a fringe of whiskers round it neatly trimmed, but one figure more true to nature indicates the species of monkey—viz., *Presbyter entellus*, the hoonuman of India, or some closely allied species. There was also another species, the *Macacus silenus*. The Assyrian word for monkey was *u-du-mu*, the same as the Hebrew word *Adam*, "a man;" compare our "anthropoid ape." Of the order *Ferae* there are mentioned the lion, the hyena (in Accadian *lig-bar-ra*, "striped dog"); the bear, *Ursus Syriacus*, especially as being of various colors, and the leopard. Other wild animals were the hare, *Lepus Sinaiticus* (*ka-zin-na*, "face of the desert"); the wild bull, which was clearly a *Bos* and not a *Bubalus*, most probably *Bos primigenius* of the tertiary period; the wild goat (*Capra Sinaitica*), the Asiatic steinboc or ibex; the wild sheep (*Caprovis orientalis*), the wild deer (*Cervus Mesopotamicus*), and other species, *Cervus elaphus* and *Cervus Maral*, or Persian deer; the gazelle (*G. dorcas*); the wild ass (*Equus hemippus*); the elephant (*Elephas Indicus*); the rhinoceros, or, as it is called on the black obelisk of Shalmaneser, "the ox from the river Saceya;" and the wild boar (*Sus scrofa*).

Popular Science Review.

THE VISIBLE HORIZON. — A point of some scientific interest has just been argued in the High Court of Justice. It was contended by the solicitor-general that the three miles' limit of territorial waters was of modern origin, and by Sir R. Phillimore that it was due to that being the distance a cannon-ball would reach from the shore. There can, however, be no doubt that the limit was recognized long before the invention of gunpowder.

Three miles is the distance of the *offing* or visible horizon to a person six feet in height standing on the shore. It is natural to suppose that the early maritime peoples of Europe would lay claim to the sea as far as the eye could reach. This distance they would find by experience was just *three miles*, and it can be proved mathematically to be correct. Measured by this standard—a tall man, usually taken as six feet high—the distance is invariable for all time, places, and peoples; measured by a cannon-ball, it is constantly varying, and now ought to be five miles rather than three. The fact that the distance depends on both ocular and mathematical demonstration, and is not subject to improvement in gunnery, is the best explanation of its origin and application.

B. G. JENKINS.

Dulwich, May 8.

Nature.

PROVOST CAZENOVE has retired from the editorship of the *Church Quarterly*, but will continue to contribute to that periodical. The new editor is Canon Chichester. *Athenæum*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been
learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here
have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with
lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were
right,
And how what seemed reproof was love
most true.

And we shall see, how while we frown and
sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth
good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's
wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and
shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings
see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white un-
fold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may
rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the
best!"

MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

IVY.

ILL canst thou bide in alien lands like these,
Whose home lies overseas
Among manorial halls, parks wide and fair,
Churches antique, or where
Long hedges flower in spring, and one may
hark
To carollings from old England's lovely lark!

Ill canst thou bide where memories are so
brief,
Thou that hast bathed thy leaf
Deep in the shadowy past, and known strange
things
Of crumbled queens and kings;
Thou whose green kindred, in years half for-
got,
Robed the gray battlements of proud Camelot!

Through all thy fibres' intricate expanse
Hast thou breathed sweet romance!
Ladies that long are dust thou hast beheld,
In dreamy days of eld;
Watched in broad castle-courts the chafed
steed fret,
The glittering knight, the gaudy banneret!

And thou hast seen, on lordly ancient lawns,
The timorous dappled fawns;
Heard pensive pages with their suave lutes
play
Some low Provençal lay;
Marked beauteous dames through arrased
chambers glide,
With lazy, graceful staghounds at their side!

And thou hast gazed on splendid cavalcades
Of nobles, matrons, maids,
Winding from castle-gates on merry morns,
With golden peals of horns,
In velvet and brocades, in plumes and silk,
With falcons, and with palfreys white as milk!

Through convent casements thou hast peered,
and there
Viewed the meek nun at prayer;
Seen through rich panes dyed purple, gold or
rose,
Monks read old folios;
On abbey-walls heard wild laughs thrill thy
vine
When the fat, tonsured priests quaffed ruby
wine!

O ivy, having lived in times like these,
Here art thou ill at ease,
For thou art one with ages past away,
We are of yesterday!
Short retrospect, slight ancestry is ours;
But thy dark leaves clothe history's haughty
towers!

Youth's Companion.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

From The Quarterly Review.
SOCIAL RELATIONS OF ENGLAND AND
AMERICA.*

IT is hardly egotistical, when the lapse of time and the mutations of men and things are considered, to refer to the article on "Works on England" in the fifteenth volume of this review (1816), where "A Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland in the years 1805-6," by Benjamin Silliman, an American gentleman who visited Europe with a commission to purchase philosophical and chemical apparatus and books for Yale College, in Connecticut, is analyzed with much commendation. It is in these pages that occurs the often-cited passage, that, for Americans of education and reflection England is "what Italy and Greece are to the classical scholar—what Rome is to the Catholic, and Jerusalem to the Christian world;" words, no doubt, of high pretension, but written by one the early dream of whose life was to become himself a pilgrim to the New World in search of a higher and freer social existence. How this poetic and philosophic venture, with which the names of Southey and Coleridge are associated, failed on the eve of its accomplishment is recorded—not, perhaps, with historical accuracy—in a stanza of "Don Juan," and the lapse of these young enthusiasts into a very different, and even contradictory, order of opinion is no new phenomenon in literary psychology.

But the sentiment thus expressed sixty years ago, when the communications between the United States and Europe were comparatively rare and difficult—when on one side the complete surrender of a

British squadron, and on the other the conflagration of the American Capitol were rankling in the minds of men—when England, at what future historians may well regard as the apogee of her European greatness, was establishing what her statesmen believed to be the permanent pacification of the Continent, and which did last nearly fifteen years—is still well worth consideration, and we propose to examine its present reason and its applicability to current events.

The American government and people have this year invited the various nations of the world to a competitive festival of industry and art, organized with a magnificence and completeness unparalleled by any one of the great exhibitions, of which our "domes of glass" in Hyde Park, now commemorated by the Albert Monument, were the origin and material ensample. In all these enterprises the powers and possibilities of human skill have been abundantly illustrated, and the consequent development of commerce largely advanced. But it is the avowed purpose of the United States to combine the demonstration of wealth and genius with historical interests and with a certain demand on the admiration and gratitude of mankind. The millions of delighted visitors will not only unite pleasure and instruction, but will assist in a centenary celebration of the foundation of the American republic; and of the foreign guests, the most numerous, and not the least honored, will be the parent people of the revolted colony. Such is the irony of history!

The very site of the exhibition recalls the contradiction. It stands where the old Bingham mansion and pleasure-grounds overlooked the deep banks of the Schuylkill River; and the family of that name, no longer American, is mingled with the British peerage. To an American intent on the more modern history, the vicinage will recall the military vicissitudes that some hundred years ago threatened to nullify the freshly-issued Declaration of Independence—the defeat of Washington on the Delaware, with his associates, Lord Stirling, Count Pulaski, and the young Lafayette—a strange combination of European names—followed by the apparently

* 1. *The American Genealogist; being a Catalogue of Family Histories and Publications containing Genealogical Information issued in the United States.* Arranged chronologically by William H. Whitmore. Third edition. Albany, 1875.

2. *Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution*, with an Historical Essay. By Lorenzo Sabine. 2 vols. Boston, 1864.

3. *The Old Streets of New York under the Dutch.* A Paper read before the New York Historical Society by J. W. Gerard. New York, 1875.

4. *Puritan Politics in England and New England.* A Lecture delivered before the Lowell Institution by Edward E. Hale. Boston, 1869.

5. *The Rise of the Republic of the United States.* By Richard Frothingham. Boston, 1873.

important, but in the end profitless, capture of Philadelphia itself; while the mind of the English visitor will revert to a former century, when, by an improbable concurrence of events, the son of a distinguished British admiral won, out of the very despotism that threatened the religious liberties of his own country, the means of establishing the freest and most continuously prosperous of American colonies.*

Nor is the present aspect of the adjacent city less suggestive of mixed associations. Its decorous and handsome uniformity is the model of unostentatious wealth and of all such comfort as unimaginative and restrained desire may command; while the numberless small tenements will remind our countrymen of the persistent individuality of the English artisan, with the addition of white marble steps to his red-brick homestead, and Mr. Child's *Daily Ledger* bringing him, every morning, the news of the world.

If, then, the ordinary English traveller in the United States is continually amazed and perplexed by the large similarities of principles and character and the comparatively small diversity of manners and institutions, feeling himself generally so much at home that even insignificant differences strike him the more as unexpected exceptions, it is probable that, in the pres-

ence of the many nationalities that this great celebration will bring together, he will find the sense of brotherhood with his hosts stronger than when they meet individually as man to man. He will hear the language which, in comparison with what would be the variety and confusion of expression, tone, and pronunciation in an assembly where the inhabitants of the English counties, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, were brought together, may truly be called identical with his own; he will have about him an abundant literature, only too imitative of that with which he is familiar, and to a great extent dependent on the appreciation and approval of the English public for its success at home; and, whatever be his religious denomination, he will be seated the Sunday after his arrival in some commodious edifice, among men with whom he can exchange serious sympathies and discuss common opinions, with no sectarian detraction or possibility of social inferiority.

But it is to the hospitality of the American people that the visitor will justly look for his main enjoyment, and how large that will be to all guests they have already shown. Why the "ancient enemy" may fairly expect to be received with special cordiality is a question we shall be glad to illustrate by some considerations of the more recent intellectual and moral influences that have been brought to bear on our cognate nature.

Among the later literary developments of the Americans there is none more suggestive than the increased interest in genealogical researches. Of this the work we have placed at the head of this article is at once a proof and a result. It is a *catalogue raisonné* of six hundred and nine family histories and genealogical writings published in the United States, chronologically arranged, and it is executed with much skill and an elaborate industry. The author is able to indicate only one such record written before the period of Independence — it is "A Genealogy of the Family of Mr. Samuel Stebbings from the year 1707 to 1771," printed at Hartford at the later date — a bibliomaniac curiosity, indeed, if still in existence — not seen by Mr. Whitmore, but

* The following letter is, we believe, unpublished:

"To Major-General Lord Stirling.

"MY LORD, — The principal reason for halting the army here to-night is, that the enemy, from every information I have received this day, have not advanced towards Philadelphia. It follows, I think, evidently (especially if it be true that part of them are at Bonner's House, where we dined) that this army, and not the city, is their object; and of course that we should not be too far advanced towards them till our strength is collected. I have only to add, therefore, that my wish is that your lordship would, if possible, have their present position watched, to see if any movement this way or towards Philadelphia takes place, that I may be early advised thereof; and that you will take every necessary precaution for the security of the whole troops in that quarter — Ireland's, Maxwell's, and Potter's. Should I advance with this army, and the enemy turn upon us and oblige us to retire, the consequences would be bad; to avoid which it is that I halt here this night.

"Count Pulaski goes to you with the Horse, and is instructed to send out parties for observation.

"I am, your lordship's most obedient servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

"Endorsed 'From Gen. Washington,

"Sept. 24, 1777.'"

referred to in an article by Mr. Daniel Stebbings in the fifth volume of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register." There is only one other notice of any production of the last century, the descent of the Chauncy family from the roll of Battle Abbey, through the Rev. Charles Chauncy, president of Harvard College, compiled by Nathaniel Chauncy, his great-grandson, in 1787. The first local record of this nature is the "East Haven Register," including the names, marriages, births, and deaths of the families settled there from 1644 to the time of the publication, 1824; and this was followed in 1829 by Farmer's "Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England," an elaborate work, which remained for many years the chief authority in the family history of the Northern States. Among the many succeeding notices of general interest are Elisha Thayer's "Family Memorial" (Dedham, Mass., 1835); Hodge's "Record of the Families of New England" (Cincinnati, 1837), containing a letter from Mr. Noah Woodward, who, in 1833, remembered seeing two sons of William Hodges of Taunton, the first settler in 1638; Mitchell's "History of the Early Settlement of Bridgewater in Plymouth County, Mass.," one of the chief colonizing towns (Boston, 1840), recording the descents of numerous families, with the dates and circumstances of their emigration, chiefly into Maine and the western parts of the state; the first memoranda respecting the families of Quincey and Adams, now historical names, written and published for the amusement of the author and a few private friends in Havana in 1841, by a Mr. Grace of Baltimore, illustrated with the emblazoned shields of Robert de Quincey and Roger de Quincey, Earls of Winchester; and the register of the name and family of Herrick, from the settlement of Heneri Hericke in Salem, Mass. (Bangor, 1846), connecting them with the Herricks of Leicestershire, and deriving direct descent from Henry, fifth son of Sir M. Herrick, ambassador to Turkey, knighted in 1684.

These British relationships have been frequently accompanied by claims on

property, some of which have been followed up with much trouble and expense. Two, especially, became notorious; one on the estate of John and Ralph Houghton, emigrants in 1850, for the recovery of which a company was formed, and an agent, Mr. J. M. Rice, sent to England; and the other, that of the Gibbs, which was prosecuted by the Acting Gibbs' Association of Vermont (1847-48), under the management of a Mr. Columbus Smith, who seems to have made a profession of the discovery of American heirs to English fortunes, but in no case, we believe, with a successful issue. A more recent excitement, and which we believe has not yet altogether subsided, was raised by the descendants of Timothy Ingraham, whose right to "the great Ingraham estate in the kingdom of Great Britain," was set forth by a Mr. G. R. Gladding, in a pamphlet printed at Providence, R. I., in 1859, and investigated at considerable cost. This property was supposed to be inherited from a certain Joseph Wilson, of Yorkshire, through an only daughter, married to Edward Cowell, who emigrated, and whose only daughter again married the said Ingraham, of Bristol, R. I. We never heard of this claim coming before our courts, though the Ingram family of Temple Newsome (as we now spell it) have some American connections through the second brother of Lord Irwin — among others, the excellent Bishop Ingraham Kip, of California, of "Vigilance Committee" notoriety, who came over to this country some years ago to claim the relationship, which was duly recognized. The family of Holt have also made a formal agreement to prosecute their claim on the property of Chief Justice Sir John Holt, who died in 1719; and the Lawrences, of Buffalo, promise a similar attempt on an estate, derived from a Mary Townley, who emigrated in 1716.

On the other hand, English estates have occasionally been disputed on account of the difficulties of tracing branches of the family who have emigrated to America; and the claim to at least one English peerage — that of Scrope of Masham, by the Mynill family — depends on the discovery

of the extinction of a line of the family which has passed over to the United States.

It might seem that such works as Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," to which the learned and conscientious author has devoted fifteen years of life, and in which he has embodied the results of an immense correspondence, supplemented by the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" (published quarterly since 1847), which has been the channel of numberless communications, corrections, and suppositions on the subject, would have sufficed to gratify the appetite for these investigations. But so little is this the case, that from 1850 to the present time curiosity in this direction seems to have increased in geometrical progression, till there is hardly a family in the Northern States that has not its own monograph, in most instances handsomely printed, and in many illustrated with engravings and coats of arms; recalling such English works as the "Stemmata Botfieldiana," or the still more elaborate Scotch collections of the Stirlings, the Maxwells, the Lennoxes, and the Carnegies. The "Historical and Genealogical Essay upon the family and Surname of Buchanan," by William Buchanan of Auchmar, out of print in Scotland, has been reproduced at Cincinnati in 1849.

Some of these registers have been compiled to commemorate domestic gatherings, silver weddings, or centenaries, where, from various and widely distant homes, oftentimes on that Thanksgiving-day which in Puritan times superseded, and still in many homes supersedes, the English Christmas, progenies of all occupations and ranks of life meet, if not under an ancestral roof-tree, yet in a locality familiar in name and hallowed by tradition. Fortunate then is the household which is able to blend its name with men who have illustrated their generation in their own country; still more so that which can trace its blood up to the brave wanderers who sought a refuge and founded a nation; but perhaps most so, that which can connect itself in an unbroken chain with a well-known British race, whose ancestor's home they may some day visit, and whose heraldic bearings they can point to and exhibit as historic testimonies. It would be pragmatical, and, indeed, unphilosophical, to object in the abstract to this desire as inconsistent with republican principles, with the republics of old Rome, of Venice, and of Florence in our mem-

ory; and it would be both unnatural and impolitic not to welcome this return to national kinship with interest and affection. Thus in this book the records of the Brewsters, the Bradfords, and the Mathers, are intermixed with those of the Temples of Stowe, now represented by the grandson of Sir John Temple, the Hon. Thomas Winthrop, of Boston; with the Montgomerys, of which Sir James T. Montgomery of Philadelphia and Eglington is the present lineal male representative (the earldom in England being held by a younger branch); the Pierreponts, to whom the present American minister in this country belongs, tracing a common ancestry with the Manvers from the Dukes of Kingston, and equally proud of a grandfather the pastor of the first church in New Haven; and the Fairfaxes, of whom Dr. John Fairfax is the eleventh baron. In the two notices here given of the Moody family, we may remark that no mention occurs of the baronet, Sir Henry, who, according to the amusing picture of New York in 1645, as drawn by Mr. Gerard, the present State Senator of New York State, in his tract, "The Old Streets of New York under the Dutch," while a young man, accompanied his mother, Lady Moody, to New Amsterdam, when driven out of Massachusetts and Detroit on account of her opinions on infant baptism; nor have we any account of the Tildens, who now boast a probable future president, who in a late visit to England renewed his connection with his relatives the Tyldens of Kent. Sometimes, indeed, the American and English distinctions come together, as in the pedigree of the Eliot family (New Haven, Connecticut, 1854), where the descendants of the Rev. John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, can connect themselves both with the English patriot and with the house of St. Germain; and in that of the Vassalls of Massachusetts, who come direct from the Puritan who first refused to submit to the tax of tonnage and poundage, and who might have claimed cousinship with the historic lady of Holland House.

The last notable discovery is the American descent of the present Earl of Rosebery, who has personally acquired much popularity in the United States, which connects him with the Shermans of New England; one of whom migrated to Madras in the middle of the seventeenth century, and had a daughter married to Sir Henry Vincent, who became through the Howards of Effingham the progenitrix of Lord Rosebery, who would thus own

relationship with Mr. Evarts, the head of the American bar and the chosen orator of the Centenary.

Mr. Winthrop, in the exercise of his critical duty, is occasionally compelled to throw doubts on the veracity of some of these pedigrees, and brings forwards one crucial instance to justify his demand for a greater care in such investigations. In Baker's "History of Northamptonshire," the descent of George Washington from Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, in that county, is given at length, and has been hitherto accepted without hesitation. So completely were these facts assumed, that the late Lord Spencer sent Mr. Charles Sumner facsimiles of the tombstones in Brington churchyard, which were presented by the American statesman to the State, and placed, by a vote of Congress, in the Doric Hall of the State-House, where they now perpetuate a genealogical error. For whatever may have been the relation of the first president to the families of Sulgrave and Brington, it is conclusively shown by Colonel Chester—whose zeal for these inquiries is equally directed to English and American sources—that the two sons of Lawrence—the elder, knighted in 1622, and the younger, the ejected minister of Purlleigh in Essex—never emigrated. In George Washington's own time the tradition was that his branch of the family came from the north of England.

It must be noted that, with few exceptions, this summary is confined to the one district of the Union; and it is singular that few similar interests seem to have existed in the South, although the satisfaction of good descent is there proverbial, without reference to wealth or even decent rank in life. In Pennsylvania the "Historic Genealogy of the Kirk Family" (Lancaster, 1872) may be cited as a rare instance of a continuance of this taste outside of New England. Even in New York, since Holgate's "American Genealogy" (Albany, 1848), there has been comparatively little study of the connection with Holland, although in that city the old Dutch families claim a more distinct and exclusive social position than any other class elsewhere. There is, no doubt, much difficulty in eliciting accurate information from the records of the early settlers, as Mr. Berger's "Monograph of the Long Island Families" (New York, 1866) sufficiently proves. The few French descents—such as that of the Gaylords or Gaillards—seem difficult to determine, but the Abbé Tanquay's "*Dictionnaire des Familles Cana-*

diennes" (Quebec, 1871) and the "*Grandes Familles*" of Canada, also published by M. Seneril, supply much collateral information. We miss, however, any notice of the Bayards—the, so to say, hereditary senators of the State of Delaware—a family which has offered (though with few apparent chances of success) to the country a candidate for the presidency at the forthcoming election, who, apart from political considerations, would be very acceptable both at home and abroad, from his personal qualities and unblemished reputation.

The comparative novelty of this ambition for European kinship is very intelligible when we consider the circumstances of America even before its political rupture from England. Most rare in these family records is the notice of the return or visit of any settler, or a matrimonial connection with the country of his origin. The distance, the rarity of the habit of travel, the necessity of regular labor and close attention to business in a frugal society, all kept the peoples apart, and the bonds of literature and common culture must have been of the slightest. The first printing-press, indeed, had been set up in a building that bears the appropriate name of Cambridge, as early as 1639, but it seems to have been confined to public documents, of which one of the earliest and most memorable was the "Freeman's Oath," which, in accordance with the political change in England, omitted the king's name, and swore fidelity to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay, and raised its own flag, but, as is recorded, "in deference to some English sea-captains," kept the royal standard floating over the fort till the news of the king's death arrived. The personal interest felt in the American settlements by the leaders of the Great Rebellion is illustrated by the circumstance of Sir John Eliot in the Tower transcribing Winthrop's "Nine Reasons," justifying the New Plantations, and sending it to Hampden for his study. The increasing closeness of the connection, founded on Puritan sympathies, is well put by Mr. Hale, a descendant from Adrian Scrope, who voted for the king's death and lost his head for having done so, in his interesting essay, giving a fresh color to the old supposition of what would have happened if Oliver Cromwell had emigrated to America.

Had Cromwell come, he would have arrived here just before the first commencement of Harvard College; he would have arrived just as the General Court was striking the name of

King Charles off the oath; he would have arrived just as the short-lived standing council was disarmed; he would have arrived just as the position of the Lower House first came into discussion; he would have arrived just as the free colonies were arranging their confederation. At the election-day of that year, John Winthrop was chosen governor for the first year of his third term. Would he have yielded his seat the next year to Oliver Cromwell? Would Oliver Cromwell have been the sixth governor of Massachusetts? or would he have led a company to Strawberry-Bank, to the Connecticut, or to the Mohawk, and become himself the protector of an infant commonwealth? (P. 15.)

It was this union of the Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven colonies that had its mighty reverberation one hundred and twenty years after in the United States of America. So intimate, indeed, was the religious connection, that the Independence party in the Westminster Assembly strongly urged the attendance of Cotton, Hooker, and Davenport, the chief ministers of Boston, Hartford, and New Haven, to support them against the Presbyterians; and it is from this association that comes the peculiar word "Independent," in its relation to the American States—a word not found in the Bible or in Shakespeare, but in the religious politics of England alone. Mr. Hale is very urgent that a statue should be raised in Boston, face to face with Chantrey's statue of Washington, to Oliver Cromwell, "sovereign of England for ten years, and the friend of New England through his life," reminding his countrymen that Newbury and Worcester Streets in that city recall those great English battles, and that in the memory of man the Protector's head was a common tavern-sign.*

There is a passage in a pamphlet, or rather speech, of a certain William Hooker (1641), entitled "New England's Teares for Old England's Teares," cited by Mr. Frothingham, which touchingly illustrates the relations of the countries at the time. It seems to have been spoken in America, though printed in London:—

* Mr. Hale mentions as an earlier link that King James the First, on his journey from Scotland to London, had rested at the Scrooby manor-house, where Brewster, the Plymouth elder, resided, and held his private services, and was so taken with the place, that in his first letter to the Archbishop of York, he wishes him to sell it him for his hunting in Sherwood Forest. This picturesque incident is perhaps not altogether accurate. The king would have naturally lodged in the archbishop's palace, or hunting-box, at Scrooby (where Wolsey passed his last night on his way to Leicester), Brewster being then the postmaster of the district, residing in the adjacent manor-house, and not improbably coming into contact with his new sovereign.

We are distinguished from all the nations in the world by the name English. There is no nation that calls us countrymen but the English. Did not that land first bear us, even that pleasant island—but for sin, I would say that Garden of the Lord—that Paradise! And how here they always looked after our welfare, ebbing and flowing in their affections with us! And when sometimes a New England man returns thither, he is waited upon, looked after, received, entertained; the ground he walks upon beloved for his sake, and the household the better where he is. How are his words listened to, treasured up, and related frequently when he is gone!

But although the Long Parliament in 1642 declared in an act freeing New England from certain duties, etc., on merchandise entering its ports, "that the plantations in New England, by the blessing of the Almighty, had good and prosperous success, without any charge to the State, and are soon likely to prove very happy for the propagation of the gospel in those parts, and very beneficial and commodious for this kingdom and nation," the "Commission of the Lords of Trade and Plantations," created in 1643, of which Vane, Pym, and Cromwell were members, assumed powers just as plenary as the "Board" of Charles I., which they superseded, and received petitions from aggrieved persons, charging the colonies with aiming at independent sovereignty, and asking for the nomination of an English governor over all the States. The governor and company of Massachusetts were officially summoned in May, 1646, to answer complaints of this nature. How Governor Winslow reasoned against and disallowed these appeals is an important episode of American history; but the claim itself shows that the favor shown to the then local self-government of the colonies was due to other than political sympathies, and perhaps chiefly to the neglect incidental to a new and dubious government.

The Restoration necessarily brought some change in the spirit of the colonial policy. New England became the refuge of the regicides, and Whalley and Goffe are still legendary personages of New Haven romance. Nothing, however, occurred to justify any suspicions of disaffection towards England; the Navigation Act was rigorously executed; Eliot's tract, "The Christian Commonwealth," was condemned by the court of Massachusetts; Connecticut, in one petition, implores the king to accept that colony as his own colony—"a little branch of his mighty empire." But the American historian may perhaps forgive this lapse in the liberties

of his country in consideration of the original enterprise of William Penn, whom Lord Macaulay could never bring himself to forgive for the favor of the Stuarts, and of the capture of Manhattan during peace from the Dutch, then a friendly power. Thus America gained, from the worst period of British politics, the second commercial city of the world and the theatre of the Philadelphia Centennial.

The growth of independent government in the new as well as in the older colonies during the latter portion of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries is shown by the great variety of their institutions, and their action during the Revolution of 1688 showed how far this could go without any apparent inclination to sever their connection with the mother country. They not only made a defensive federation against the Indians, but levied war against the French and their Indian allies, capturing Acadia and Port Royal, and only failing in their designs on Quebec by a military blunder; and local faction raged so freely that Jacob Leisler, the enthusiastic proclaimer of William and Mary, and chief of the Protestant cause, was put to death by the opposite party, after a trial which the British Parliament pronounced a legal murder. Yet, curiously enough, the speculation of the possible independence of America was continually floating on the other side of the water, showing itself in political suspicion and literary imaginations: as early as 1684 Sir Thomas Browne had foreshadowed the time

When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But enjoy it at home in American pleasure;
When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords, but their fellows in trade.

It is also noticeable that the smaller colonies were most signally independent. In 1704 Montpesson, the chief justice of New York, wrote to Lord Nottingham that, "when he was at Rhode Island they did in all things as if they were out of the dominions of the crown;" and Lord Cornbury, son of Lord Clarendon, writing to the Board of Trade, about the same time, of the state of opinion in Connecticut and Rhode Island, says "that they hate anybody who owns any subjection to the queen." The words of this eccentric governor may, however, be taken with some qualification when we remember that he received the official world at Albany on the queen's birthday, dressed in female attire, imitated from the robes of his royal

mistress, and was so pleased with the notion that he had himself painted in that costume.*

This "law of diversity," as it is accurately named by Mr. Frothingham in his well-argued but partial work, may be said to have been prominent for some seventy years. During that time the population had increased to a million and a half, — French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes mixing freely with the British; the most notable emigration, and that which has had the most intellectual and religious significance, being that of the Scotch-Irish in the reigns of Anne and George I. Various schemes were suggested to procure more unity of administration, from that of Robert Livingstone, of New York, in 1701, dividing the existing colonies into three distinct governments, to that of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in 1752, which recommended the formation of two great political divisions, north and south, connecting it with a scheme to incorporate all the Indians under the British government. In the same year Archibald Kennedy, receiver-general of New York, proposed that commissioners from all the colonies should meet annually to determine on the quotas each should contribute to the general defence, and that they should be exacted by acts of Parliament. These and several other combinations were regarded as quite practicable, without in any degree impairing the imperial connection. The question of an hereditary nobility was also much agitated, but met with little favor.

Some acts of arbitrary power were exercised by the mother country which require more explanation than they have hitherto received. Why did the writ of *habeas corpus* not run in America as in England? Why should the press have been under such strict censorship that all matter was required to be submitted to the colonial secretary, and that there should be extant an order, signed by Addison himself, directing the governors in America to allow of no publication or printing without license? This did not, indeed (and American publishers may rejoice in this antiquity of their craft), prevent entirely the reproduction of English works, but retaining the English imprint.

The vicinage of Canada was a cause of continual trouble. Three colonial wars had so wasted American blood and money, that the declaration of hostility between

* The picture is at present in the possession of Lord Hampton, and has been photographed by him for the Philadelphia Exhibition.

France and England, in 1756, was the signal for an outburst of gratitude and patriotism. Never had the connection between the countries been more cordial and affectionate. "Let us," said Colonel Washington at Winchester, in carrying out the governor's orders to make the proclamation, "show our willing obedience to the best of kings, and by a strict attachment to his royal commands, demonstrate the love and loyalty we bear to his sacred person; let us, by rules of unerring bravery, strive to merit his royal favor, and a better establishment as a reward for our services;" thus implying his belief that the expulsion of the French by British arms was a necessity for the safety and comfort of the colonies.

When the conquest was secured, the Massachusetts Assembly (August, 1760), dwelling on "the inexpressible joy of the present time," said of the British Constitution "that it exceeds itself; it raises new ideas for which no language has provided words, because never known before. Contradictions are become almost consistent, clamorous faction is silent, morose good-natured, by the divine blessing on the councils and arms of our dread sovereign in every quarter of the world. He has become the scourge of tyrants, the hope of the oppressed; yet in the midst of victories prophesying peace."

Another practical reason for believing in the benefits of the imperial rule at that period is to be found in the political, commercial, and even religious antagonism of the separate colonies. Franklin loudly lamented that "such was their mutual jealousy that they would not even unite for purposes of common defence;" and a sensible traveller in 1759-60 does not scruple to write that, "were they left to themselves, there would soon be a civil war from one end of the continent to the other"—a prophecy of which the fulfilment lay deep in the womb of time, and which was accomplished under far other conditions, and with far other results, than could have passed through the imagination of the writer. In another and more immediate sense the prediction was entirely justified in the very contest that ended in the rupture with England. For in truth the war with the mother country was not only a civil war, as being between two peoples of the same race and speech, but in the complete divergencies of opinion and hostilities of action that it provoked among the inhabitants of the colonies themselves. Mr. Sabine's two carefully compiled and most interesting

volumes on the subject of the American loyalists are a memorial of the patriotic devotion of a very large number, if not a majority, of our then fellow-subjects to the imperial cause. They were written on the eastern frontier of the union, where the writer had around him in every direction the graves and the children of the loyalists, and thus obtained access to family records that else would have remained unexplored; and while he regrets that entire correctness and fulness of detail in tracing the course and in ascertaining the fate of the adherents to the crown are not even within the power of the most careful and industrious historian, he is fully justified in believing that he has added a very valuable chapter to the annals of the Revolution. Here are not only stories of individual courage and suffering for a cause, as honorable and as pathetic as ever made romance out of human violence and gave virtue to passion among the Cavaliers of England, the Jacobites of Scotland, or the royalists of La Vendée, but, what is more important for the judgment of posterity, here is irrefragable proof that the motive power of the Revolution was not the sense of English oppression, or of disgust at colonial dependence, or even the development of local liberties into national patriotism, but the incompatibility of the material interests of the colonies with those of the mother country according to the political knowledge and ideas of the time.

It has been so much the fashion of English historians to speak of the conduct of England to America in the last century as a national disgrace that it would be only consistent with the attitude we have assumed to have sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition a statue of Britannia clothed in sackcloth and ashes. In the second volume of our review (1809) the contest is described as "that unhappy war for which we have cause to feel shame," "but they (the Americans) perhaps will have most reason to feel sorrow;" and in the most recent publication of "Epochs of Modern History" the writer "thanks God that England should have failed in a task unworthy of herself, and which she should never have undertaken."* In this otherwise efficient compendium the war is described "as a duel between Washington and George III., a statement so far true that to the individual persistence of the American general,

* The War of American Independence, 1775-83. By John Malcomb Ludlow.

amidst, to use the words of his own letters, "the distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition of affairs," "the party disputes and personal quarrels that are the great business of the day," "the increasing rapacity of the times," and "the declining zeal of the people," the ultimate success was due, to an extent that justifies the national idolatry; but it is equally certain that in all his action towards his American subjects, George III. represented the will and feelings of the British people in their determination to preserve the integrity of the empire. As late as 1783 the coalition coming into power shrunk from the unpopularity of peace with America, to which the king had ultimately consented, although glad enough to put a close to the Continental war. The present successful preservers of the unity of the United States will not depreciate these sentiments.

The large landholders of Virginia, who resembled, as far as circumstances permitted, the feudal proprietors of Europe — the monarchists of the Carolinas, whose local institutions were moulded on the English model, and in many of whom the spirit of loyalty was so strong as to transfer to the Guelphs the very sentiments for which they had incurred loss and exile in the cause of the Stuarts — the aristocracy that had held for generations the soil of New York with tenures-at-will as dependent as in Great Britain — the proprietary governors of Pennsylvania, who numbered among them such men as John Buchanan, the eloquent and unwearied assertor of American rights from 1765 to 1774, but the zealous opponent of the Declaration of Independence — the majority of the professional classes in Massachusetts itself, as represented by the eleven hundred who retired with the royal army at the evacuation of Boston and by the other emigrations, on the whole not less than ten thousand, that took refuge in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and England — these were the vindicators not only of the right, but of the duty of the British Parliament not to surrender the colonial dominion as long as it could be retained by policy or by arms.

To these large bodies of men the imposition of the stamp-duty, however unwelcome, could not have appeared anything strange or novel. Money had been freely voted by the Provincial Assemblies in assistance of British arms in America, and it would have seemed no anomaly that, as long as the colonies were defended from aggression by the imperial power,

they should contribute to its maintenance. The resistance of the British Parliament to the arbitrary imposition of taxes by the crown had nothing to do with the resistance of a portion of the people — and such the colonies were considered — to taxes imposed by Parliament. The distinction drawn by Mr. Pitt in 1800, "that Great Britain had no right to tax the colonies, notwithstanding that its authority is supreme in every circumstance of government and legislature whatever, because taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power, and the taxes a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone," astonished the House of Commons as much as it delighted the Americans. When the condition of the representation of the people at that time is remembered, this theory must be taken at its own value, and was probably estimated at the time as one of the great orator's superb rhetorical assertions. It is, however, an example of what both English and American historians justly regard with indignant regret — the use that was made of American troubles in the disputes and intrigues of English politicians. Ingersoll, the delegate from Virginia, has recorded the scandal of 1767, when Grenville defied the government to tax America. "You are cowards! You are afraid of the Americans!" "Cowards!" replied Charles Townshend; "dare not tax America? I dare tax America." And Grenville, again, after a pause, "Dare you tax America? I wish to God I could see it!" And Townshend crying, "I will, I will!" No wonder, when such affairs were debated in such a temper, that on both sides the voice of reason was silenced, and every calamity made possible. It is little consolation to cast the eye down the stream of history and to find in 1812 the parallel of these political misdeeds, when the sagacious Randolph called on Congress not to let their own party-feelings guide their foreign politics; and remarked "that there were two young men present (Clay and Calhoun) who thought they saw their way to the presidency through a war with England."

But if neither the stamp-tax nor the tea-duty, nor even the famous "Preamble," were sufficient provocation for a rebellion which aimed at what, in the political estimate of the time, seemed the degradation of Great Britain in the rank of nations, it would be unjust to forget what were the restrictions on the industry, that is to say, on the public wealth, and on the private comfort of the American people; not, in

truth, the work of kings or Parliaments, but the inevitable consequence of the colonial system as then understood throughout the world. The colonies, indeed, without representation, were very little worse off than the industrious classes of Great Britain itself, with such representation as they had. But the grievance was, no doubt, more severely felt from the distance and invisibility of the power that inflicted it. We cannot state it more forcibly than in Mr. Sabine's summary of the laws that affected especially the mercantile and maritime interests of the northern colonies.

They forbade the use of waterfalls, the erecting of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; they set the king's arrow upon trees that rotted in the forest; they shut out markets for boards and fish; they seized sugar and molasses, and the vessels in which those articles were carried; and they defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as wore the British flag. (Vol. i., p. 4.)

Again, —

The commercial code was so stern and cruel that an American merchant was compelled to evade a law of the realm, in order to give a sick neighbor an orange or cordial of European origin, or else obtain them legally, loaded with the time, risk, and expense of a voyage from the place of growth or manufacture to England, and thence to his own warehouse. An American ship-owner or ship-master, when wrecked on the coast of Ireland, was not allowed to unlade his cargo on the shore where his vessel was stranded, but was required to send his merchandise to England, when, if originally destined for, or wanted in, the Irish market, an English vessel might convey it thither. (P. 11.)

There was no want indeed of the natural concomitant of, and ultimate remedy for, such restriction — the smuggler. Nine-tenths of all the tea, wine, fruit, and sugar consumed in the colonies were smuggled, and if the final revolt was due to any one cause, it was to the determination of the English government to use all the force in their power to put down the illicit traffic. The revenue-officers, largely increased in efficiency, and aided by ships of war, carried consternation into every fireside in the North; the commanders on the stations were commissioned as officers of customs, and had a right to a large share of the confiscations; the courts were presided over by single judges, paid by fees on their own condemnations, and every inducement was given to the governors and magistrates to enforce the law to

the utmost. Thus it came about that at one moment there were twelve ships of war stationed in Boston harbor for revenue purposes, and on the fronting shore stood a populace, seething with indignation at this interference with the traffic and profits and interests of their daily life, and among them fourteen resolute men, bred to trade, in command of ships, who, in association with the covert hero and statesman then — "the upstart tobacco-planter of Mount Vernon" — afterwards formed a fourth of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Now this position forced certain conclusions on the serious minds that looked beyond the hour. Acts of Parliament might be repealed; the will of a sovereign might be conciliated; the interests of America might be completely identified with those of England, but it was this very identification which was at the root of the evil. American ships could never trade freely with the rest of the world while English ships could not do the same. America could not dispose as she would of the produce of her own soil while it was but an extension of the soil of Great Britain. America could not enter into reciprocal commercial engagements with other powers as long as her supposed national interests were those of Great Britain; there were practical benefits which apparently nothing but independence could secure. And yet, supposing that by some divine foresight America could have anticipated the present condition of our English colonies, who not only trade freely, but restrict freely the very productions of the mother country, would they have made the venture? Separation brought with it not only the loss of the prestige of British power, but an isolation from European civilization such as no transatlantic people had attempted; as yet no part of America settled and inhabited by the white man had stood by itself; the New World consisted wholly of outlying provinces of one or other European dominion. It was, besides, no pleasant prospect to have to resist and finally subdue the then numerous and powerful native races, exacerbated by war, and in all probability protected and assisted by England in Canada.

"The Whigs," writes Mr. Frothingham, "traced by the lineage of principles, had an ancestry in Buchanan and Languet, in Milton, Lisle, and Sidney, but the students of such doctrine were a few political scribes, not the working local politicians." It was not till after Colonel Barre's famous tirade that the parades of the "Sons

of Liberty" came into existence, and the term "patriot," though largely used, carried with it no conception of an independent country. The sentimental humanity which was beginning to impregnate France had little hold on any section of the people, and it was not till Thomas Paine (an Englishman) had thrown the theory into a hard, logical form, that the small party of Independence derived strength from the generalization of the rights of man. And in the first draft of the Declaration Jefferson had written, "We might have remained great together."

There can be no advantage in recalling the mutual inhumanity of the Revolutionary War, nor even the fierce and pitiless measures of repression and penalty for which the Whigs or patriots may claim the urgency of the situation. The employment of the Indians in military service had been habitual in American warfare, and was one of the chief resources of the French. But that such a statute as the Conspiracy Act of 1779 should have been deemed necessary, carrying with it the wholesale confiscations of estates, and followed by the uprooting, transportation and extinction of many of the wealthiest and worthiest families, is a painful reminiscence, and it is difficult to imagine any desire of familiar intercourse, much less of any sense of kinship, for a considerable time after such events.

In the terms of peace we threw our unhappy allies on the mercy of their opponents, and they found little or none. In both Houses of Parliament the expression of sympathetic indignation was unbounded. Mr. Sheridan "execrated the treatment of these unfortunate men, who, without the least notice taken of their civil and religious rights, were handed over as subjects to a power that would not fail to take vengeance on them for their zeal and attachment to the religion and government of the mother country." Lord Loughborough said, that "neither in ancient nor modern history had there been so shameful a desertion of men who had sacrificed all to their duty and to their reliance upon British faith." It was not calculated to soften the feelings on either side when Lord Shelburne replied, "I have but one answer to give the House: it is the answer I give my own bleeding heart. A part must be wounded, that the whole of the empire may not perish. If better terms could be had, think you, my lords, that I would not have embraced them? I had but the alternative either to accept the terms proposed,

or continue the war." The ultimate issue of this affair was very sad. It may be that the determination of so many claims was necessarily a long affair; but it was not till 1790 that the indemnity awarded by government was distributed. It amounted to about three millions three hundred thousand pounds, against losses reckoned above eight millions, distributed among some four thousand sufferers, over a thousand claimants having perished from privation and misery. The greater part of the exiles fled to our American possessions, but there were enough distributed about England to keep up the national animosity. Besides those who might fairly be considered victims of the Revolution, there were many men of letters and of various professions settled in America who would in due time have added to its intellectual, legal, or military distinction. Thus England gained and the colonists lost such men as George Chalmers, clerk of the Privy Council, memorable for writings which range from his "Political Annals," published in 1780, to his "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," published in 1822, and especially for his "History of the Revolt of the British Colonies," issued in Boston in 1845, after having been suppressed from some unknown cause in England, and which opens with the words, "Whether the famous achievements of Columbus introduced the greatest good or evil by discovering a New World to the Old, has in every succeeding age offered a subject for disputation;" as Lindley Murray, the legendary English grammarian, who left New York with an ample fortune, wrote his grammar (published 1795) at Holdgate, near our York, and died there in 1826; as Colonel John Chandler, grandfather of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, who, from the conspicuous moderation of his claims for compensation, was spoken of as "the honest refugee," and died in London in 1800; as William Franklin, last royal governor of New Jersey, illegitimate son of Benjamin, who, having been treated with such severity that he was not allowed to visit his dying wife (as is recorded over her monument in St. Paul's Church, New York), was released by exchange, and is, with Sir William Pepperell, the leading figure in West's picture of the "Reception of the American Loyalists by Great Britain in 1783;" and Sir William himself, who, when Colonel Pepperell, had captured Louisburg, "the Dunkirk of the New World," in 1745, and was created a baronet in the following year, the only New Englander who had received that

honor. There were ladies, too, conspicuous by their courage and their persecution; notably Mrs. Morris, who, with her sisters, was attainted of high treason, having had the strange destiny, as Miss Mary Phillips, to have attracted the love of Colonel Washington in New York in 1766, and who has left in her family, from the force of her character, the tradition that had she accepted him, the current of history might have been changed. There are, indeed, some rare instances of the return of the refugees after residing in the English possessions: such as Judge Ogden, who had so little belief in the permanence of American independence, that in his exile he devised the probable constitution of America after her submission to Great Britain "which he deemed certain to happen if proper measures were not neglected;" a scheme which established "a lord lieutenant, and Lords and Commons of the British Colonies in North America," as is now realized in the Dominion of Canada.

The mention of this our great loyal colony brings strongly before the imagination the possible condition of the British empire, if the American revolt had been avoided or subdued. The latter contingency is hardly within the range of conjecture. America once aroused, once united, once victorious, subsequent disasters would have only had the effect of indefinitely prolonging a contest that would have become odious to humanity. But that the war might have been prevented in 1775, and could have been terminated with honor to both parties in 1776, is the opinion of the judicious historian; and the concessions required were exactly of that nature which would have tended towards the same material progress which took place under independence. Indeed, in one point of view, it would have been greater; for the estrangement which lasted till the close of the century excluded all systematic emigration from any part of Great Britain, and the conditions of trade were as restricted as ever. Had terms been arranged, the commercial liberty, which would necessarily have been conceded, must have reacted in the mother country, and Adam Smith might almost have seen the realization of his principles in his lifetime. The peopling and introduction to civilization of the territory that became the states of Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, was a physical consequence of the insufficiency of profitable land in the older provinces, and the colonization might have been conducted with more system

and future advantage. Nothing now strikes a traveller more than the poverty of the land almost in the neighborhood of large towns, which careful industry could easily have relieved, had it not been tempted away to distant richer soils. This evil has been increased by the facility of railway communication with the West, so that large tracts of country within easy access of the chief cities are uncleared, their mineral wealth undeveloped, and their sparse population cut off from the benefits of civilization. On the other hand, it was a certain advantage for America not to be mixed up, as she might have been, with the affairs of Europe during the Napoleonic wars, and to have been enabled during the early part of this century to have pursued a policy of peace, with the single exception of the very unnecessary brush with England in 1812.

What would have been the effect on the mother country of the gigantic offspring is another and more difficult supposition. Our only factors in this calculation are the relations we hold with the large, diverse, and distant communities still under the English flag. Our nearest way to many of them is across America, and our last acquisition is much nearer America than England. The theory of colonial independence of forty years ago, on which Charles Buller and Sir W. Molesworth mainly rose into political repute, has been gradually passing from the minds of men, till no one thinks any more of the separation of Canada than of that of India, and the cession of the Ionian Islands is generally felt to have been a political blunder, which has brought no advantage to their inhabitants, and to us the loss of commercial and naval stations that might be very useful in the coming complications of Eastern affairs. On the part of the colonists themselves, with the exception of the small parties headed in Canada by Mr. Goldwin Smith, and in New Zealand by Sir George Grey, both Englishmen, there is not a symptom of desire to abandon the connection with the English crown, and in the more practical question of the union of adjacent or neighboring colonies, for legislative and commercial purposes, that of the Dominion has been accomplished quite as much by the influence and advice of the mother country as by internal organization or native zeal. The confederation of the Cape is still a laborious project of the future, under the inspection and direction of the Colonial Office, and that of Australia is for the present almost without an advocate in the southern hemisphere.

There must, indeed, always be some difficulties in the details of an imperial connection, but with good-will on both sides, they afford no ground for serious apprehension. Some of our colonies have passed laws in relation to marriage, to which, as being matters of manners rather than of principle, the home government has not thought it right to object; and, in consequence, a man married to his deceased wife's sister in south Australia would commit bigamy in England without being subject to penalty; and, on the other hand, certain conditions of the new Merchant Shipping Bill may impose penalties for new offences binding on colonial ships, though not sanctioned by colonial legislation. But it is to matters of such small gravity that the possible grievances of our fellow-subjects across the seas are now happily limited.

To revert to the condition of affairs after the independence of America was established, there was yet one connection between the alienated countries which must not be overlooked, and which showed itself prominently in those still hostile times. Among the classes which had most valued the imperial rule, and on whom therefore persecution had fallen the heaviest, were the Episcopal clergy — with many of whom loyalty was a religious duty, binding them, according to their own expression, "perpetually to the king," and with the majority of whom the relations they had so long and so continuously held with the English clergy made the political separation very painful. They resolved, however, that whatever might be the secular division, they would maintain the sacerdotal relation as far as possible. But, under the new state of things, this was not easy. By the English law no person could be consecrated to the office of bishop without the king's license for his election to that office, and the royal mandate under the great seal for his confirmation and consecration. How, then, was the succession to be kept up? There were probably American bishops enough to have complied with any canonical regulation; but it was with the English Church — the indivisible Church and State — that they desired to remain in full community. We do not know what was the process of negotiation, but the result was the Act of 1786 (26 Geo. III. c. 84), empowering the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for the time being to consecrate to the office of a bishop persons being subjects or citizens of another State out of his Majesty's dominions. The introduc-

tion of the word "citizen" is curious for its novelty and for its anticipation of the *citoyen* of the coming revolution in France. But the king's constitutional rights were safe-guarded by the proviso that the name of every such person, the country to which he belonged, and the church to which he was to be consecrated, together with a certificate of his sufficiency in good learning, the soundness of his faith, and the purity of his morals, should be presented to him before the license for his consecration was granted.

Now, indeed, that by the constitution of the American Episcopal Church this legislation is no longer necessary, nor, indeed, applicable, the prelates who so frequently receive and enjoy the hospitalities of Lambeth and Bishopthorpe do not forget this consideration for the feelings and associations of their spiritual forefathers, and can combine a filial reverence for the great establishment of the Reformation with a just pride in their own efficient and useful organization. They have, too, adopted, as a means of spreading their influence in foreign countries, what is commonly called the "Jerusalem Bishopric Act," that gave so much offence to the High Church party that Dr. Newman states it as the Erastian climax that forced him to secede from our communion, and thus have lately established episcopates *in partibus*, among others a bishopric of Africa. It may not be out of place here to express the satisfaction of all moderate English Churchmen at the few and judicious alterations they have thought right to make in the English liturgy and ministrations.

The simultaneousness of the political action of America and France in the establishment of free institutions is remarkable; and it should never be forgotten how the English tradition of the combination of liberty and order had the effect of giving to the American Constitution a character of stability that has proved positively inconvenient in practice; while, in France, one constitution denounced another, till freedom itself was lost in the *mêlée*. The Constitution of 1787 has been an object of lover-like attachment and filial reverence of which any monarch might have been proud; nor does the democratic spirit itself appear to have gone farther than in some degree to have altered the relation of government to manners and coarsened the general tone of society. There is an evidence of this in the disuse of the decent pomp that surrounded the presidencies of Washington and

Adams, which is gracefully transmitted (though with some artistic embellishment) in Mr. Huntingdon's picture of the court of Lady Washington — a title given to her in popular parlance, evidently in remembrance of that borne by Lady Cromwell. The full dress of all the personages introduced is in the English fashion of the time, and she, not the president, is the main figure in the reception. Singular indeed is the lot of this lady in history. She is the one woman continually associated with her husband in all representations of heroic reverence, and while the very physiognomy of Lady Cromwell is unfamiliar, and neither Josephine nor Marie Louise have their habitual places on the wall by the side of the French demigod, it is rare to see his picture unaccompanied by hers, and this, as far as we know, without any striking individuality about her to have captivated the popular imagination. Jefferson, who was by tone and temperament more distinctly under the earlier influences of the French Revolution, affected the greater simplicity of life, which has since remained, with little alteration, the rule of the White House. There is, of course, no *à priori* reason why the public state of the president of the United States should not be analogous to that of Maréchal MacMahon. Indeed, while the natural proceeding would be to adapt the life and surroundings of the head of the executive to that of the best order of society, the stranger is at present rather shocked than gratified by the careful avoidance, in the surroundings of the president, of any of the accustomed decorations and graces which he sees in profusion, not only in the habits of the larger cities but in the higher circles of Washington itself. He is inclined to connect with this disregard of form to some extent the disrespect too often exhibited to the office and its holder, which is in fact a condemnation of the popular choice, and a censure on democratic institutions. The president, knowing himself more powerful than an English sovereign, probably cares little about the external difference, but the contrast strikes an Englishman as something more than a matter of ceremony.

The "American Annals" of Mr. Holmes, of Cambridge — a name that still illustrates New England — reviewed in our fourth number, in 1809, recall the singular proposal to adopt the name of "Freden," to be raised into "Fredonia" for poetic use, not less sonorous, as the author suggests, than that of "Britannia," instead of America, which, however, did

not meet with much acceptance. The *animus* of the article is to insist on the dissimilarity between Americans and Englishmen, but the facts asserted lead to an opposite conclusion. The writer, Robert Southey again, admits that the English race has there preserved its entire individuality, apart from Indian contamination, and even from German settlements, and thus, while asserting that the family likeness has been lost, simply because an American is usually distinguishable from an Englishman, he adds, "God forbid that the family feeling should be lost also!" and closes with the words, "Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies, why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?" It is remarkable that so world-wide an observer of human nature and historian of the earlier times of nations should speak of the "trace of savage character" in the Americans as being anything else but the inevitable adjunct of the continuous emigration to the West, and the accretion of extensive territory, then forest or prairie, and now abounding in all the comforts of civilized life. Somewhat later (vol. xix., p. 58) Mr. Birkbeck, an intelligent traveller, observes that Old America is breaking up; and a correspondent from Cambridge (Mass.) "expresses his regret that our towns and cities on the salt-sea shores are not improving so fast as our interior. During the Revolutionary War the physical and intellectual power of these colonies might be compared to a wedge, the broadest end of which was then in New England and the thinnest in Georgia; but now, alas! the wedge is turned end forward, and the thickest is in the south-west." If this was the prognostication of seventy years ago, no wonder that now, when the whole breadth of the continent has been grasped, California and Nevada should think and speak of the eastern cities as portions of Europe, and place the America of the future beyond the Rocky Mountains. We on our side wish for nothing better than to look on Boston, New York, and Philadelphia as differing little more from our own cities than they do from each other.

The peace of Europe brought some travellers to Europe, and an example of how well and readily they were received is given in another article in this number of our review.* Mr. Ticknor was then a young man of good talents and education, but of no political importance, and yet he

* See LIVING AGE, No. 1680.

was at once admitted to the choicest society England had to offer. Mr. Rush's interesting volume, "The Courts of London from 1819 to 1825," is full of demonstrations of reciprocal good-will. Speaking of Mr. Monroe's congratulations on our royal marriages, he writes, "England's prosperity flows over upon us as ours upon England; and thus international courtesy, while assuming this form, embodies international wisdom." The continuance of these feelings is expressed with much pathos in the dedication of the new edition of this work by Mr. Rush's worthy son to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, to whom both countries owe a deep sense of gratitude for the judgment with which he conducted their relations during a time of unprecedented difficulty.

The matrimonial connections between English and American families at this period were uncommon, though the young Mr. Baring, then employed to transact the monetary arrangements of the sale of Louisiana, brought back the wealthy Miss Bingham (a descendant, through the Willings, of the regicides Harrison and Mayne), who, as Lady Ashburton, dispensed for so long the hospitalities of Bath House with a most friendly courtesy. Mr. Jeffrey took Miss Wilkes of New York to reign over the writers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the three daughters of Mr. Caton, of Baltimore, were associated in the English peerage with the high names of Leeds, Wellesley, and Stafford. In later times the alliances of English and American blood have been frequent and welcome, and within the last few weeks an English ducal house has received a beautiful American bride.

But while the stream of American travel directed itself rather to Paris than to London, a more serious intercommunication took place in the growth of American literature. Washington Irving came to us as the reviver, in a novel and appropriate form, of the great age of Queen Anne: a second "Spectator," from the banks of the Hudson, extending his pleasant and educated vision over the Atlantic with a friendliness that familiarized both countries with the elder manners of each. Fenimore Cooper found in the "Neutral Ground" as much food for romance as Walter Scott in the Jacobite Highlands, and threw over the Indian race a glamour that has not yet wholly faded away. Bryant, who still from the chair of the Century Club, surrounded by two later poetical generations, or from his beautiful retreat on Long Island, holds out his patriarchal

hand to the English man of letters, Longfellow, so thoroughly acclimated in English homes that his very nationality is doubted, and Whittier, whose venerable voice has been heard above the tumult of the present Centenary—these arose simultaneously (as literary generations are counted), with that interesting outgrowth of tender, pious, and philosophic verse, that has had such an enduring effect on the English heart and mind. And from that time downwards to this day, the common influences of letters have been in action till the English railway-stalls contain more American than native productions—Bret Harte and Mark Twain shouldering Thackeray and Dickens, and Miss Wetherall and Miss Alcott making our different classes more intimate with American domestic life than they are with that of any class among their countrymen beyond their own.

That during the last half-century harsh and unkind words have been spoken, and unjust and one-sided books written about America is only too true, but the serious occasional ill-will they have excited comes mainly from the assumed solidarity of all classes in America as towards the foreigner, while there are no people more critical—it may be said more sarcastic—than they are among themselves. That the chief theatres of New York have this last year been crowded to see the abuse of trial by jury, and the lobbyings of the Washington legislature handled with savage ridicule, is more creditable to the good temper than to the political delicacy of the citizens; but it is only an example, among many, of the readiness of one class to take advantage of the vices or follies of another, without regard to the effect on the national reputation. But while in this free censure of political defects and of social extravagances there is an excuse for a similar liberty of judgment on the part of the foreign critic, there was no doubt a period in which the English traveller and novelist made much and profitable capital out of the differences and apparent eccentricities of American society. When a spirit of caricature is once allowed to prevail it passes very readily into libel and calumny, and the real key to this inclination in most "Travels in the United States" seems to us to be found in the facility afforded to the English observer by the identity of language and the general similarity of habits and conditions of life. To report, or even to ridicule, the peculiarities of any Continental nation with any success, implies a knowledge of their

speech and a perception of national distinctions. But the English visitor, though probably not seeing about him half as many discrepancies and oddities as he would have done if he had travelled with the same intentions of noting and writing down what he saw in any portion of Great Britain and Ireland that has preserved its provincial peculiarities of diction and usage, is naturally impelled, by the abundance of what is like to exaggerate what is unlike, and thus to repeat in the relative position of England and America the very error that Americans now commit in their hard judgment of themselves. Try by this test the writings of literary pioneers of the rank of Mrs. Trollope, of Captain Marryat, of Charles Dickens, even of such well-informed and friendly travellers as Sir Charles Murray, and it is clear that they are describing rather another England than a foreign nation. We may take some credit to ourselves in having consistently held this view, notwithstanding the deeper differences of opinion incidental to the *raison d'être* of our literary existence, as early as 1832, when we asked one of these writers if it was intended to present the vulgarities produced "as a serious delineation of the society of America, or only a laughable lampoon? If the latter, it might be successful enough; if the former, it simply differed altogether from all our experience of American men and women." In 1839, again, we congratulated the upper classes of the two countries on becoming better acquainted with each other than they had been since the gentry of our old colonies laid aside the custom of sending their young men to be educated in the schools and universities of England, and, writing of steam-communication, then in its infancy, we said:—

Already we begin to gather the fruits of this mighty innovation. Americans of mature years and tastes, of high attainments, character, and honor mingle already among us, and will continue more and more to do so . . . In return America will be visited by abundance of English gentlemen and ladies also, who have no intention of turning a penny by a tour. The result will be that nobody on this side of the water will affect to doubt the existence of a refined class of society on the other, numerically as large in proportion to the rest, and as nearly on a par with the social aristocracy of Europe as any rational person could have looked for. (Vol. lxiv., p. 316.)

And in truth this is so, and if Americans have preferred the social intercourse of the Continent to anything we had to

offer them, assuredly the fault is not ours. We are not so selfish in our nationality as to desire that Americans should content themselves with the society of England alone, but we might have been fairly affronted at the immense preference accorded to Paris, where not one, but half-a-dozen, American colonies established themselves, rivalling one another in splendor of existence, and emulating the French themselves in their gayest and most prosperous times. It has been the good fortune of all the world to connect the names of Power and Story and Hawthorne with Italy, and the later fictions—Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson," and Joaquin Miller's "One Fair Woman"—continue to exhibit the profound impression which classic Europe makes on the cultivated minds of the New World. It is something different from, and naturally more intense than, the effect even on the most scholarly European. Though in America the study of Greek has become the privilege of the lettered class—numbering among them, indeed, many ladies—the knowledge of Latin, from the common-school system, is more widely spread than in England with all its time-honored establishments. So one sees that, to an American, Italy is a fairy-land of art and nature, undimmed by the later historical and ecclesiastical associations that beset it among ourselves. An odd republican may rave of Garibaldi, and a pious Catholic may lament the imprisoned pope, but to the mass of Americans the one is little more than Walker of Nicaragua, and the other the Great Lama over the sea. Thus they enter the Gardens of the Hesperides with the delight of the discovery of a glorious yet familiar home of thought and sight, and their verse and prose and sculpture give us the happy results. Nevertheless we have heard an American own that the locality that made on him the strongest impression in the world was the, to us, familiar town of Chester: it was the first "walled city" he had seen, and that peculiarity brought on him at once all the associations of his Old Testament education, and the Roman *Castrum* became to him as Jerusalem. A similar connection of the chief scenes of British history with what he has read in a literature which he regards as his own, must be to such a man a continual realization of ideas, which under no other circumstances it can be given to an inhabitant of this globe to experience, because no other country but England has had such an outgrowth as the United States, and no other out-plant-

ed people has had such a parent tree as England.

On the other hand, the number of English travellers in America has not increased proportionally with that of the Americans in Europe. It was some time ago the fashion for any young member of either House of Parliament, who aspired to political distinction, to make an American journey, very much as their grandfathers made the grand tour on the Continent. But there are now many of our public men, past, present, and future, who have not crossed the Atlantic. Nor, indeed, in any time can we boast of such serious political students of American institutions and manners as the foreign statesmen and publicists, at the head of whom still stands the fine analyst of human nature and charming writer, Alexis de Tocqueville. Indeed, there will be no more interesting historic retrospect than a well-considered comparison of the truth and error of his foresight as to the future of the American republic, as seen in the great catastrophes of later years.

It is fair to say that till the great extension of railway communication the transit over the large cultivated or barren districts of the West was sufficiently monotonous, nor is there much variety in the construction or position of the lesser towns. In a Continental town the language, dress, and habits of the people of the country afford amusement, even without natural attractions, but the continual resemblances to his own life, of which we have often spoken, give to the ordinary traveller a discouraging impression. In this respect, indeed, the amount of interest is not increased. The very peculiarities which diversified the daily journey are fast diminishing; Americans are growing more like one another, and all more like Europeans. The late terrible events have had a palpable effect in sobering down the vivacity, in checking the familiarity, in dignifying the demeanor of the community. You hardly meet with a man of mature life who has not been under arms on one side or the other, and the general military bearing is conspicuous. There is none of the very natural garrulity of the olden time, which sprang from a good-natured curiosity as to the conditions of existence in what was almost another planet, but which is now familiar to thousands. The general commodiousness also affords no opening for the small comments and discussions incidental to the discomforts and chances of travel in a less civilized country. The railway car-

riages are supplied with conveniences to which ours are strangers; indeed, iced water is not a luxury but a necessity, which the Americans most sadly miss in a European summer; * the unexampled cleanliness of the masses (in Philadelphia alone the town supplies water for forty thousand baths, most of them in what we should call artisans' dwellings) carries with it a physical self-respect that preserves a general decorum, and the offensive habit, of which so much has been said, but which was in the United States just the same and no more than in Germany and in other tobacco-smoking populations, is now kept under due restraint, and there is nothing to remind us of the American traveller of some twenty years ago who was so indignant at the affectation and prudery of English men and women in this respect, that though, as he stated, his medical adviser had desired him to abstain from it in consequence of his consumptive tendency, he never lost an opportunity of practising it in England to show his contempt for our aristocratic insolence. The traveller has nothing to grumble about except the expense of the hack-carriages, which he will compare with our cabs, whereas they really correspond to the *remises*.

When, indeed, on the other hand, there still remains any novelty that especially amuses or surprises him, the Englishman will do well to look for its meaning and origin, and he will find that the speech, the manners, and the general demeanor of the Americans are just as much matters of social development as our own have been, and that to subject them to the arbitrary judgment of time, and to condemn them because at any one particular moment they do not exactly agree with our own, is as stupid as unjust. Where would our grandfathers and grandmothers have been in a "spelling-bee" a hundred years ago? They had not the advantage of any such competition, which originated in a chance custom of rural life. The profit of bees depends on the judgment with which a swarm is collected, and when emigrant families were settled at accessible distances, it struck some one that it would be well to give to their occasional bee-meetings an educational purpose, and orthography, in truth a very factitious standard, was adopted as the readiest. We have seen reports to our charitable bodies from the Dominion of Canada in which young

* At Cincinnati there is the finest fountain in America, raised by the benevolence of a wealthy citizen, and so endowed as to pour out iced water through four great mouths for the use of the people forever.

emigrants recount their victories at a spelling-bee as guarantees for their social and literary status. And thus the custom spread till it became a favorite diversion first in America and thence in English cities, till cabinet ministers joined, and, it is rumored, were distanced in this innocent contest. Another analogous custom arose in the scantily peopled districts of the West, and has passed to the highest centres of American civilization. The farmers at some market meeting agree that they would have a social gathering at the house of one of their friends, and one morning the pioneer of the prairie in his lonely labor is astonished by the sudden and almost simultaneous arrival of wagons from different points of the compass, filled with joyous friends, and each bringing their due share of provisions and liquors for a collective feast. This rare adventure in the lonely and austere existence of the settler, translated to the artificial life of the sister cities, becomes the "surprise" which is in New York one of the customary forms of social gallantry. It is there mysteriously intimated to some popular heroine of fashion that she must not be surprised if on a certain evening her abode is "surprised." In fact it is violently taken possession of by the upholsterer, the *restaurateur*, the musician, and any other caterer for public amusement. No regard is paid to the inmates of the house, parents, or domestics. Furniture is removed, the ball-room is constituted, the kitchen is transmuted, and at a certain hour a party arrive, generally masked, pay their homage to the young lady, who, somehow or other, happens to be dressed at her best, and a delightful entertainment takes place, of which the cost is defrayed by unknown (though sufficiently familiar) donors, and the next morning the invaded domicile is by the same agencies restored to its normal order and tranquillity.

But the presence which above all others affects an Englishman in America, as indicative of the still-enduring influence of the mother country, is that of English law throughout that immense and composite people. From the Supreme Court of the United States, the most powerful tribunal that any government has ever constituted, for it is above the legislature itself, to the police court of the smallest town, the principles of our judicature, and the procedure of our courts, are in most cases authoritatively adopted, and everywhere respectfully regarded; still further, we are inclined to believe that Judge Lynch disposes of the border horse-stealer or inveterate

gambler with forms that an Old Bailey practitioner would recognize, and that a well-organized "vigilance committee" has many resemblances with quarter-sessions. The changes and development of our civil and criminal legislature are followed with deep interest, and often imitated in practice; the dicta of our judges are not only appealed to as legitimate exponents of opinion, but are generally decisive of the merits of the case; and on the other hand, the judgments of Story and of Wheaton have with us the weight and character of our own authorities. When the readiness with which the French code and its accompanying procedure has been adopted in various states is remembered, remaining, as it does, the one cosmopolitan memorial of the great Revolution, it is most noteworthy that all the natural attraction that it would have had for the American republic, both from its revolutionary origin and its appearance of completeness, failed to supersede the traditional common "law of England, broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent," and the long procession of statutes that represent the chequered course, but constant progress, of British justice and liberty.

There could be no more interesting illustration of this phenomenon than the liberty of testamentary disposition that exists throughout the United States, contradicting all experience as to the correlation of manners and legislation. We have seen the advance of not only democratic but constitutional institutions in Europe so uniformly accompanied by the introduction of the compulsory distribution of property after death, even against the wish of the large landed proprietors — as most recently in Italy — that the power of such capitalists as the late Mr. Astor and Mr. A. T. Stewart to devise their wealth in any manner they pleased would seem not only contradictory to the fundamental ideas of democratic quality, but dangerous to the republic itself. So far from this being the case, the former of the two millionaires made it his profession to administer the family estate in such a manner as to increase it to the utmost by frugality and judicious investments, and this without incurring popular jealousy or private ill-will. "Real estate," the ordinary American phrase for freehold property, is accumulating in individual hands to an unprecedented extent, but the forcible division of it by legal process on the demise of the owner seems to form no part of the programme of any serious party of radical reformers in the States any more than

amongst ourselves. This retention of private rights in the two countries assuredly lies deep in some common sense of personal liberty which other free peoples have not been able to combine with their conception of duty to the public good, but in America no doubt it requires to be so administered as to be in conformity with the habits and feelings of the masses. This public opinion is strong enough to check any considerable difference of inheritance among the children from caprice or pride, and in one direction it secures the family from an injustice which in this country has grown up to an extent that shocks not only the foreign observer, but the Englishman, who is impressed with the later notions of civilization. The disproportion of the fortunes allotted to the daughters of an English household, especially in noble and wealthy families, strikes an American not only as ungenerous in itself, but as injurious to the best interests of society. The women of the United States not only share equally with their brothers, but there is a strong disposition to regard the sons as the more able to provide for themselves when once fairly educated and started in life; and it is by no means unfrequent to find the daughters enjoying a larger share of the patrimonial estate. It is a great social good that early marriages may be contracted without imprudence, and professional men may have in the incomes of their wives a security from destitution and sickness or ill-fortune. On the other hand, an American father is usually unwilling to withdraw any large portion of his capital from advantageous, or it may be perilous, investments during his lifetime, for the purpose of settlement; and thus the son-in-law is often implicated in the commercial troubles of his wife's family, while he is pretty sure to be a gainer by its prosperity. An indirect advantage has come from this greater independence in fortune of the women of America that has not resulted from their participation in this forced distribution of property on the Continent. They have succeeded in establishing a code of manners for young persons of both sexes, which makes their country the paradise of girls, as much as England is the paradise of wives, or France the paradise of mothers. The entire safety of the free intercourse of young men and women with nothing but mutual advantage is not only a highly moral result of liberal institutions, but adds largely to the comforts of life in a country often requiring the adaptation of personal convenience to general exigen-

cies. That a young woman can travel alone from one end of the Union to another without a possibility either of insult or neglect; that she can join in all amusements with any male friend without a shadow of suspicion, and with a certainty of delicate perception and arrangement if any deeper feelings come into play on either side, is a triumph of manners due to the honesty of social opinion, and to an education combining the habit of personal independence with a knowledge of the value of self-restraint.

And as with social customs, so with language in the United States. We, with many other exponents of English literature, have called attention to the survival of many English words across the Atlantic which have here fallen into disuse. It has been the same with the French in Canada to a still greater extent, so that M. de Tocqueville has remarked that when there he thought himself in the France of Louis Quatorze. Some American has suggested that the English-speaking race will some day have circled the world, and will meet at Greenwich "meridian-point one;" and, in a more modest spirit, an English verse-writer, in an "Envoy to an American Lady" has expressed what we all feel in this wonderful continuance of our speech over that immense range of humanity.

Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where forest glooms the nerve appal,
Where burns the radiant Western fall,
One duty lies on old and young, —
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward
The glory of the English tongue.
That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
Preserve its force — expand its powers;
And through the maze of civic life,
In letters, commerce, even in strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours.

There is a word here used which has, perhaps, been always latent in British literature, but which is at present vernacular only in the United States, the expressive and pathetic designation for the year's decline. We are glad to cite a recent poem of Mr. Swinburne, to show by its melodious use the advantage of its adaptation and recovery: —

AUTUMN RONDEL.

From spring to *fall* the year makes merry
With days to days that chant and call:
With hopes to crown and fears to bury,

With crowns of flowers and flowers for pall,
 With bloom and song, and bird and berry,
 That fill the months with festival
 From spring to fall.

Who knows if ever skies were dreary
 With shower and cloud and waterfall?
 While yet the world's good heart is cheery,
 Who knows if rains will ever brawl?
 The storm thinks long, the winds wax weary,
 The winter comes to wind up all
 From spring to fall.

An educated Englishman in America has often been told that he spoke so well that he would not be taken for a native of the old country. But when it is remembered how many emigrants bring with them their peculiar dialects and their misuse of the aspirate (unknown to any one there born and educated), there is a sound meaning in the compliment. The linguistic character of Americanisms has been of late so much discussed that it is soon understood that when not old English they are the accidental outcoming of civil or class requirements, generally very curt and expressive, or the adaptation of some academic *argot* to existing events, as in the ironic translation of *σκεδῶ* into "skedaddle," after the disaster of Bull Run. Even these are becoming gradually rarer, and the phrases that strike the British ear as novelties will soon either have passed into common usage or disappeared altogether. The visitor may, perhaps, be asked "if he has had a good time?" a question he will decidedly answer in the affirmative; and he may be called "bright" or "lovely" if he has any pretensions to cleverness or sensibility. There are certain other epithets that have a different sense from what we now give them, but they will all probably be found in good English authors.

It requires no great ingenuity to deduce from these pages the feelings with which we regard the present celebration of the American Centenary. Generally speaking the practice of anniversaries belongs to young communities as to individuals. We seldom keep our birthdays in later life: the present lies too heavily on us, and we do not relish the contrasts of the past. The stranger in America hears much of the youth of the country, and it is brought forward in the double capacity of an explanation of its energy and an excuse for its defects. Now we would rather adopt for the United States the analogy of that pleasant age when the first freshness of youth has passed into the maturer charm and more intelligent expression of which the delightful fiction of M. de Balzac is the memorable portraiture. Therefore

while we willingly admit and admire the energy, we do not allow the apology. No one would wish to fasten on a nation the individual errors of political men or even political parties that have lately shocked and angered the American people as much as the European world, and which we willingly believe to have been the result of that social disorganization which many writers, from Thucydides downwards, have designated as the natural consequence of civil disaster. But beyond this the condonation of mankind will not go. America is the heir of European experience, and it becomes her rather to profit by the faults and mistakes of the Old World, than to accept the plea that she only imitates them. The standard of morality she has raised is very high, and she must expect to be judged by it.

We must expect a repetition of these festivals on a smaller scale till the year 1883 brings about the centennial of the peace with England. At that festival (if it takes place) we will most willingly assist. But the revival of the memories of local conflicts is of doubtful utility. A touching incident took place lately at Concord, the pleasant student residence of Emerson, of Alcott, and of Hawthorne. At the end of an avenue just out of the town is a brook and a bridge which the English troops marching on Lexington had to pass, and where the first resistance was made. The opponents were the agricultural working-men of the vicinity, who armed themselves as they could, and fired on the king's troops. This event is commemorated by a spirited statue, executed by Mr. French, a native sculptor, representing a young rustic with one hand on the plough, and the other with sword upraised. It is an image that recalls the beautiful words of Pliny, "*gaudente terra, laureato aratro, triumphali aratore.*" On the near side of the bridge, along the path to the village, is a simple stone plinth, erected to the memory of two English soldiers who fell there, and whose remains were recognized by their English buttons — a pious work of some English manufacturing artisans employed in the neighborhood. They, too, had died for their fatherland.

It is very difficult for such celebrations to have a true issue, for there are few events in history of which something is not to be said on both sides of the question. The resistance to an unprovoked invasion might seem an exception, and yet there will hardly an hundred years hence be a celebration of the battles of Wörth

or Gravelotte. We no longer color with religious solemnities the death of King Charles or the preservation from the Gunpowder Plot. Waterloo Day died with the Duke; and in the later victories of British arms there was a certain public repugnance to the distribution of the captured Russian cannon among the chief English cities, from the feeling that it tended to keep up natural resentments that had better be forgotten. And this just and honorable sentiment has found its best expression in the absence from the Centennial of any sign or symptom of the Northern victory, and in the solemn reconciliation over the hostile graves.

A few years ago the attention of an English officer who happened to be at Spithead on the 4th of July was attracted by the firing of a salute from a solitary ship, which bore upon her bows the still uneffaced letters G. R.; she was one of the prizes of 1812, and here, in British waters, she was celebrating her nation's separation from England. And now at this last commemoration the English commissioner to the great solemnity is the minister of Great Britain. Pleasant anomalies, no doubt, but deriving their interest from their very historical contradiction, and by the possibility of their occurrence impugning the sincerity of the occasion. Surely it would be well for us, and no worse for America, if for the future, without any formal break with the past, these anniversaries could fall into gradual disuse, as already the Evacuation Day of New York has done.

Will you deprive us, then, of our only mythology? an American may ask; and the practical European will reply that customary beliefs or spontaneous festivals are different things from official celebrations. The tradition of a nation must take its course; a legendary haze has long collected round the name of Washington, and so fast does fable grow among a sensitive people that a controversy was lately heard between two colored men as to the person of President Lincoln. "When I see Lincoln," said one. "You never see Lincoln," interrupted the other; "Lincoln walk with Jesus." Such legitimate products of the popular imagination do not carry with them a serious falsification of history any more than the stories of King Arthur or William Tell, or encourage any really acrimonious feelings if left to themselves, and the Fourth of July may remain a universal holiday for the delectation of childhood, till its very foundation is forgotten. Some years ago, Captain Hall related that on a visit to a high American

school he was entertained by the two head boys making him orations in abuse of England; and Mrs. Trollope, vindicating her own criticisms, cited a speech made on some such occasion by the venerable Mr. Rush, one of our best friends, recounting all our vices, and gloating over our certain decline. Such things continue to our day, for they are the natural and indeed inevitable consequences of the fancy of a nation being guided and supported by the State, in manifestations that flatter the patriotic sentiment at the expense of the judgment and love of truth.

In Mr. Bayard Taylor's spirited ode, the main theme is the wide embrace within the lands of the American republic of all the diverse nations of Europe; for the greater part of these the canonization of those distant days must be totally unmeaning: they live in the present and the future, having found, each according to his faculties, a home and mart, such as no other portion of the world can offer, from the intensely busy cities of the eastern coast, on, over the lofty plains of the Rocky Mountains, so pure of air that they say they have occasionally to shoot a man to establish a cemetery, to the young and venturesome community that

sits by the Golden Gate,
Not demanding much, but inviting you all,
Nor publishing loud, but daring to wait,
And great in much that the days deem small.
And the gate, it is God's, to Cathay—
Japan,
And who shall shut it in face of man? *

That there should be any check to this good promise; that there should be a race which from its very industry and frugality makes itself obnoxious to more self-indulgent populations, and threatens to tempt the open-handed and free-harboring American into accepting an inhospitable legislation, must impress the most buoyant mind with the sad sense of the ever-recurring problems that, under the most favorable circumstances, accompany the progress of mankind. These hundred years of independence have not taught the American republic how to blend heterogeneous races into one common life, any more than the institutions of the older world. The aboriginal owners of the soil remain in sullen discontent, or burst into violences that now seem to approach the bitter end. Congress may decree civil rights to the colored race, but sentiment and manners will not ratify the act, even

* Joaquin Miller, "Songs of the Sunland." Boston, 1873.

among those who have made the largest sacrifices in the cause of free humanity. It is not for us, with the West-Indian outbreak in our memory and the East-Indian enigma before us, to indulge in any invidious comparisons: perhaps we should be the humbler of the two.

Again: although it was believed, and with much truth, that in the complete education of the people America had made a decided advance on Europe, yet the reconciliation of intellectual development with the religious requirements of different sects, and especially with the demands of the Roman Catholic Church, is becoming so critical a question, that it may turn the presidential election. So also with the intimate relations of capital and labor: while the space of the United States gives, as it were, a means of escape from the difficulty that is existing in our crowded and depressed population, the maintenance of human freedom against collective tyranny will require there, and here, as much sagacity and courage as was ever shown by our forefathers in their contests against monarchical or aristocratic despotism. It is difficult, indeed, to say in which of the political, financial, or moral elements of the future we have not a common interest, and may not exchange our experiments and experiences, until by combined intelligence, benevolence, and honesty of purpose, we may enable the next "Centennial" to pass unobserved in the united history of England and America.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE REV. ADAM CAMERON'S VISIT TO LONDON.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT DREW THE MINISTER TO THE PLAYHOUSE.

THE minister was suffered at his own earnest instance to depart. He wandered about the streets aimless — he could think no more of sight-seeing. His heart had been stabbed, his brain made to reel in the very moment of his joy at the recovery of his son with Janet and their children, by the scandal and outrage inflicted on his stringent sense of right by the knowledge of their situation.

What could be done? How was he to enter the breach again and deliver them — Maidie above all from a gulf, which in his morbid, fanatical prejudice he was tempted to regard as worse than that into which

her father had fallen five-and-twenty years before?

The minister's granddaughter an actress? Maidie's namesake a painted, scantily-clad, tinsel-crowned stage queen, such as Mr. Cameron had been wont, without any suspicion of austerity on his part, to liken to all that was vile. Ten thousand times rather would he have found her the humblest, hardest-toiled maid-of-all-work in this great city, which in its unbroken rattle and roar of traffic that did not admit of a moment's lull to let a funeral pass by, seemed that day brutally indifferent to the welfare of her children. Sooner would he have known her lying in a coffin, and borne in the ghastly nodding hearse, which had struck him, even in the midst of his pre-occupation, as offering so jarring a contrast to the din and tumult of life around, to one of the dismal, reeking churchyards of which he had read, to sleep unheeding among the nameless multitude huddled together there, instead of resting like the first Maidie at home, in her "daisy chamber," only friends and neighbors for fellow company, and with the green fields, the purple moors, and the waving trees for her curtains, and the blue sky for her canopy.

The fever of the minister's mind and body increased as the day wore on, until he was driven to a desperate resolution. He would enter this playhouse where his granddaughter — the young woman whom he had fancied so "discreet" in his old-fashioned phrase, so gentle, must languish and chatter, rage and bemoan herself for the idle gratification of an abandoned crew. He would snatch her from her degrading occupation, though he had to proclaim its baseness, and brave the fury of the audience, and the strong arm of the law perverted to support the authority of the theatrical manager. He would rise up, alone though he was, a poor old man of little consideration in this world of wealth, power, and fashion, but mighty in the simple majesty of his office, and of the truth which it called upon him to utter, and cry, "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, repent lest ye perish in your sins."

The minister was not content with entertaining so frantic a project; he took steps to render it practical. He went into a chop-house and supplied the physical waste caused by his long fast and the agitation which he was enduring, with food and drink convenient for him. He fortified himself for the duty he had to do before he sent out a waiter commissioned

to bring the minister all the playbills within reach. He studied them till he found in large characters which caught his eye at once, while his heart smote against his side, and he hung his head, the name of Miss Jane Mortimer. She was announced to play that night in a theatre with a title having a Greek origin. Greek and heathen associations were indeed the proper attributes of such places.

The waiter, who had been slightly impressed by his old clerical customer's taste for the drama, noticed the pause at the word which flashed out before the minister's eyes as if written in letters of fire.

"Miss Mortimer, sir! very fine hackress," observed the condescending waiter; "draws great 'ouses, and brings them down. I've gone and seed her myself — quite the superior sort, that royalty, and plenty of nobbs, and the press 'olds up and sets no end of store on, and as does not let her face figure in every winder. Lots of ladies and family parties are in the boxes, and a sprinkling of white chokers — I mean of your kind, sir, only younger as a rule — are in the pit when Miss Mortimer acts."

The information was a confirmation of the depravity of the age, Mr. Cameron reflected gloomily, as he set himself to wait for the hour when the particular play should be represented. He took out his old silver turnip of a watch many times. He had a respect for that watch, not only for its solid, steady-going works, but for its history. It had belonged to Mr. Cameron's father, a respected elder in the same church of which the son was a minister, and to his father's father, a godly minister, in his turn, before it had descended to Mr. Cameron. It had chronicled faithfully in its time the assemblage of many a solemn diet of public worship, and many a serious prayer-meeting, but never before — as it struck the minister with a strong recoil and spasm of shame — had it been called on to note the hour when a playhouse was to receive its votaries. To what profane uses might it not descend? To the pointing to the moment when the racecourse should swarm with cursing jockeys, lairds and lords, and their train of thieves and vagabonds; to the tolling of the bell that should announce to the callous savage mob outside the grim prison walls, that a lost wretch had gone to his account within the barrier?

Punctually at the hour mentioned in the bill — which happened to be that of "wor-

ship" in his manse at home, where in his absence his wife would be conducting the family devotions, and remembering him faithfully in her prayer — Mr. Cameron entered a cab and drove to the theatre.

When he arrived at the building, and glanced sternly at its outer walls, he could not say that they bore any marked indication of depravity. The groups hanging about the pit door were not, even in the minister's jaundiced eyes, notably disreputable; on the contrary, the people looked many degrees more orderly than Mr. Cameron had seen natives of Kinkell, even attenders on his ministry, at the close of fair-days in the neighboring towns. The winding entrance did indeed appear like a deceitful labyrinth, and an odor of gas was full of suspicion; yet when Mr. Cameron came into the full blaze of the house, with its tasteful decorations and effective drop-scene, his simple eyes were for a moment dazzled by the splendor of the iniquity. He had to shut his eyes against what was to him the unrivalled brilliance and gaiety around him, while he shook his head in sorrowful recognition of the temptations presented to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life — nay, to the innocent joy of youth and strength, with which sober righteousness had to cope haltingly and painfully. He could not help admitting that the dingy little parish school-room down in Kinkell, and his lectures, however carefully prepared and elaborately lightened and seasoned with quaint quips and jests adapted to the taste and comprehension of Jenny at her porridge-making, and Sandy at his harness-cleaning — even of Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde at their stocking-darning — presented to the eye of sense a shabby substitute for this magnificent display; all the more reason that the minister should manfully resist and protest against the glamour, and fight and conquer it with those spiritual weapons which, if they were but wielded loyally, were warranted never to fail.

As the house filled, the boxes and stalls presented a show of what the minister called grand and noble company. There were many young, handsome, fashionably-dressed women and young men in evening dresses, like George Dalrymple, with even an easier, higher-bred air than Mr. George had. Mr. Cameron was prepared for the sight; for were not the great and noble, who had seldom any wholesome hard work that they knew of to do, and who had no bracing hardships to endure, for that very reason the most susceptible to the

allurements of the senses? And were not the young and thoughtless of both sexes sure to flock to the chosen haunts of dissipation? But the minister was staggered and perplexed by signs of deepening and farther stretching corruption in the spectacle of many motherly-looking elderly women, whether in shawls of cashmere or plaid, in tiaras like queens or homely bonnets; and of fatherly-looking elderly men, some of them as old as himself, whether in faultless black like his own, only more correct in the cut and without any whiteness about the seams, or in rough tweeds and rougher moleskins, and who sat composedly and unblushingly in the boxes, the pit, the galleries, and kept the young and foolish in company.

The performance of the band, with the exquisite harmony of its overture and the desperate earnestness of its conductor, was another shock to Mr. Cameron. Could such heavenly music be devoted unreservedly to the service of the devil? Were his servants as conscientious as this frowning, violently gesticulating man? Mr. Cameron thought of his precentor rising to raise the psalm-tune, with a cough and a wandering helpless look round the little kirk, where each member regarded it as his or her unquestioned privilege to take up the strain in the individual's separate key and intonation, for if the congregation sang from the heart what more was wanted?

The music stopped, the curtain rose, the minister set his teeth for the tug of war. Now were to commence those mock-heroic, spuriously sentimental, vain, and vicious scenes, which, apart from his granddaughter's concern in them, it pained him keenly that such a mass of reasonable beings, of men and women with souls to be saved, and those not even of the dregs of the people, but many of them, as far as he could judge, honorable and respectable in their different degrees, were gathered together to witness.

The minister stared stonily before him, his heart throbbing with something like fierceness at the idea of detecting and challenging Maidie, no longer in her modest home dress, no longer with her safe home surroundings, but in some fatally compromising guise, in some wretched mockery, of high life, falsely so called, or court life, or camp life, or life among picturesque savages.

He looked away the next moment with a mystified air in the midst of his reprieve. Maidie was not there. But it was not the gaudy glitter and glaring untruth of any

theatrical scene which he saw. It was merely an eating-house, such as he had left, with its side tables and waiters. The very pair of men who began to speak in ordinary tones, were such a pair as the minister might easily have had in his company without paying particular attention to them, that evening,

Mr. Cameron, taken unawares, could not help curiously examining and admiring the lifelike resemblance of the scene to that in which he had lately borne a part. He almost expected to see a copy of himself seated alone, brooding over his great grief in the distant corner.

As he listened mechanically to the two men's talk, in which there was no swagger or rant as yet, though the young countryman who took the principal share in it was, as the minister was almost sorry to see, decidedly the worse of his town experience, flushed with drink, and with his natural carelessness converted into recklessness, Mr. Cameron grew interested in the pathetically unequal encounter of wits, between the exposed and defenceless young hopeful of some country home, and his sharp and crafty town assailant. At the moment that the honest young fool was made to pass the forged money, the minister started as if he had been stung. He detected a subtle resemblance between the unwitting forger and his own son Adam— young Adam, as he had looked more than five-and-twenty years before — at the epoch when he had become intimate with the specious, unscrupulous companions who had drawn him into extravagance, and lured him into speculation to supply the heavy strain of the extravagance, and who had left him to make up his losses by the madly criminal appropriation of the funds of others—always to be replaced, and always found wanting. Then the minister's son Adam had been athletic and ruddy, frank and confiding, like this lad, and not a sickly, wan, and querulous invalid.

When once the impression had laid hold of the minister he could not shake it off, it took possession of him and caused him to follow with a species of desperate fascination the story that was not acted, but lived again before him. Under the power of the impression which amounted almost to a hallucination Maidie's appearance did not rouse the burning indignation which he had counted on feeling, and did not impel him to interpose, were it by violence, on her behalf. It seemed even a natural thing which he ought to take as a matter of course, that she should come

into the true story happening every day, and moving the bystanders, not stage-play acted before an audience. And Maidie herself was no tawdry stage queen or mock fine lady, but such a poor girl in a ragged shawl as he might have expected to see her in the ordinary sequence of events. She was weeping bitterly for some separate trouble, till she came in contact with the man who was like her father in his youth, and who, in the manliness and generosity which balanced and in a measure redeemed his weakness, comforted and aided her.

The minister sat spell-bound. He did not interfere to prevent Maidie's presence there, did not proclaim their several identities and claim her as his granddaughter, while he denounced her employers and patrons as he had purposed to denounce them.

Everything was so unlike what he had anticipated. This was not acting, it was reality down to the policeman lurking in the background, and coming home to his own experience in a startling coincidence and with an irresistible power. He was disarmed, overcome. He, who in his austerity had not only condemned but despised all histrionic gifts, of which he had been profoundly ignorant, followed, with more intense interest than that felt by the most inveterate play-goer present, the course of the narrative. He watched the arrest of the inadvertent forger and his trial, with shuddering appreciation. The minister went with the culprit to prison and came out with him, bearing his terrible brand to the light of day, which shone with a difference from its old radiance. The minister entered with breathless sympathy on the fallen man's desperate struggles to regain an honest livelihood, and sank back with him time after time baffled and baulked, taunted and rejected by the lowest and vilest on every side, till the once overflowing milk of human kindness in the man's breast turned to gall, and the outcast stood in sore danger of becoming the brute and devil he was so freely believed to be.

The minister had only one comfort as he sat there, white and shaking with emotion, craning his gaunt neck to see all that was happening of such vital moment to him, his neckerchief hanging limp, his grey hair dishevelled, his eyes glistening, his bony hands clasped tightly on his knees; it was the faithful woman with the look of Maidie, who clung to the sinner, and strove to save him, who as Janet could

not, but as instinct told Mr. Cameron Maidie might have done, played the part of guardian angel, and entered the breach once and again to deliver the man, body and soul, from the clutch of the destroyer.

Once in the interval between two of the acts, when the crash of music broke the stillness, the minister apprehended where he was, and that he was beholding a shadow, not a reality, a living, speaking picture combined with matchless skill, and no actual version of his son's fortunes. He tried to rouse himself to look around. The company were quiet and subdued as ever he had seen his congregation after one of his most earnest sermons. Some of the women showed traces of having been crying softly, even men's eyes were moist, while other men hung their heads, or set their faces sternly, as men will set them at crying injustice and cruel persecution. The next moment the minister was recalled to the tragedy occurring before him, and when somebody sitting near him, at leisure to observe his rapt interest in the business of the stage, courteously offered him an opera-glass, the poor minister was guilty of thrusting it aside without any expression of gratitude, as an impatient interruption.

It was with a heartfelt sigh of relief and the sense of a great burden lifted off him that the minister shared in the gradual clearing up of the cloud and the deliverance of the victim of excess and fraud.

Before Mr. Cameron could ask himself what it all meant—why he had broken his resolution and failed in his purpose, why, in place of having had to writhe under a sense of outraged morality, he should feel as if he and all around him had received a lesson in virtue as impressive as it was salutary—the minister found himself suddenly discovered and surrounded by friends. There was George Dalrymple, come round from a critic's point of vantage to congratulate the minister warmly yet delicately on the independent, liberal step he had taken; there was the minister's son, as he was to-day in his invalid wraps, with his daughter-in-law in her matronly bravery, from the stage-box put at their disposal, reproaching and thanking him in a breath. Why had he not come to the box to which he had the best right, where he would have been so much more comfortable, and as private as he could have chosen? How good and kind of him it was to come after all—Maidie would be so pleased and proud. And did he not think that Maidie acted

well? Could anything have been truer or more tender than her representation? But he should see her in other and more important characters, in which she was quite as good. The press allowed it universally; her enemies — well, yes, alas! an actress, however innocent and high-minded, perhaps just because of her innocence and high-mindedness, always had her enemies — could not deny it.

The minister paid no heed to, could not, indeed, take in their assertions. He had thought of no liberal step, but of a dire necessity, when he entered the theatre. He did not care for, he was altogether above base distinction and privacy of a stage-box. He had seen no acting that he would call acting; he had witnessed the living similitude of one of the many dangers and wrongs befalling humanity on every side of him.

There was one thing in which Mr. Cameron stubbornly opposed the advice of all his friends. He would not quit the theatre, now that the play in which Maidie had borne her part was over. He would sit out and judge; as far as his thrilled nerves, confused senses, and shifting conclusions would let him, the remainder of the entertainment.

Mr. Cameron did as he wished, and he heard and saw much that carried him back to his old estimate and threatened to reverse the late revolution in his opinions. Here, in very truth, were the silly conceits, the gross burlesques, the foolish talking and jesting which were not convenient, the forced laughter like the crackling of thorns which Mr. Cameron had classed with the loftily poetic but often impious heathen tragedies of his college reading — the one representing the tinsel, the other the sheet-tin thunder, which he had taken to be the characteristic properties of the stage. The minister was revolted at last; was driven to blush — the faint but significant blush of age — for those who knew no blushes for themselves, though he had given up all idea of a public protest against the licentiousness.

But through all the later offence there was left the rooted impression of what had gone before it: the hushed, affected assembly, the tale told it, with wonderful effect, of error and of repentance struggling to redeem its lost inheritance, well nigh in vain; of strength vouchsafed in the end, and constancy reaping its final reward; and of the perishing sinner even in his bitter despair caused to come triumphant out of the crowning trial of his integrity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MINISTER'S CONFESSION TO HIS PEOPLE.

THE minister was like a man in a stupor — rather in a dream — after the night at the theatre. He took no further interest in the object of his holiday. He refused to go back to the playhouse to witness any more of Maidie's creations, though he was very gentle with his granddaughter; did not utter another remonstrance against her calling, even said to her on one occasion, "Maidie, this is a world full of great and grievous contradictions; but as for your part in our dispute, it is right I should tell you that you have triumphed."

He lost strength and appetite; he pined to return home, with his holiday but half spent and his commissions not half executed. He would not listen to his daughter-in-law's mysterious hints that there might be a great event impending for which his presence in London, and at the little house in Westminster, would be incumbent.

One fine morning he announced briefly that he should set off for home that very night; and though his natural temper presented an alternation of mildness after generous heat — the heat being for public grievances, the mildness for private wear and tear — so that what his maid-servant said of him was fully endorsed by the general conviction of his people, "The minister was like a lamb in his ain manse" — he would not in this instance be turned from his intention.

For that matter, the minister's nearest relations, and George Dalrymple, who put himself forward and displayed the liveliest concern in Mr. Cameron's welfare, hesitated to detain him, fearing that some constitutional crisis dangerous for a man of his years was at hand, that the first symptoms of serious illness, which might be averted, or at least subdued, if he only reached home and returned to his old routine in time, were showing themselves unmistakably.

Thus the minister was escorted to one of the northern stations by a consenting anxious company, had his third-class ticket changed for a first, while he was passive in his friends' hands, and was seated in the most desirable corner, with Janet fussing about him and Maidie standing silent with her hand on the carriage window, while George Dalrymple was coolly tipping the guard before the minister's unheeding eyes. At the last moment the minister's son pushed aside Maidie and stepped into the carriage, beseeching his

father in an undertone, "Will you not let me go down with you, sir? I am quite equal to it; it would do me good, I dare say, and I should see my mother."

But the minister waved him off gently. "Not yet, Adam — not yet, my man; your mother must be prepared. There are many things which must be seen to first."

The minister took his manse by surprise when he walked slowly and heavily in, unannounced, the following afternoon. But he could not come too soon; and the fact of his return a few days earlier than had been expected struck the simple souls as a flattering proof of what required no proof, namely, how true the minister's heart was to his country home and his work, how soon he had tired of any recreation which left them out of count.

Even Mrs. Cameron was inclined to regard her husband's fagged, haggard looks, and the preoccupied, troubled air visible in the middle of his expression of heartfelt satisfaction to be at home again, which might seem to quench the hopes of restored life and spirit that had been founded on his holiday, as the effects of his fatiguing journey, which would pass away and leave the good consequences to come to light in due time.

But before the minister could have recovered from his exhaustion — before he had made his first public reappearance in his pulpit in order that he might return thanks there, in the name of himself and his people, for his happy home-coming, as was fitting — he announced his intention of summoning a meeting of the congregation in the borrowed schoolroom. "I have something to tell them," he said, "and I cannot wait till the Sabbath day be past; it must be said before I mount the pulpit again, if ever I mount it. No, Margaret, I'm not ailing; at least I'm not more out of sorts than might be looked for. I have no cause to hope that my master is about to call me to that better world, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"But where is the hurry, Adam?" urged Mrs. Cameron with a little discontent. She was not accustomed to find herself a cipher in making such an arrangement. Yet all the while she had a distinct perception of that rare something in the minister's eye, which, whenever it had looked out upon her, she had never ventured to contradict. "Some of the head folk are from home. The Crichtons have gone a jaunt to the Highlands. The Cairns have taken the bairns to the seaside. They seized the opportunity of your absence,

for although the probationer lad did well enough, and I am willing to believe he has the root of the matter in him, still he is young and is something of a college stick still in the delivery, he is far from like you. I can tell you I had a fell fight to keep the attendance at the prayer-meeting up to the mark, not to humble us in the eyes of the other kirks and the world. Could you not be satisfied with giving me your cracks, Adam? I have heard none of your stories save what you wrote the first week," suggested the wife a little reproachfully.

"I should prefer to speak out to the whole parish at once," said the minister, with a feverish excitement upon him; "but I have something for your ear, Margaret, that will make you not mind hearing anything more. I have seen our son Adam in London. He is broken in health, but is likely enough to live out his days as well as ours, and he has many solaces. Janet is with him, he has a daughter Maidie, grown to woman's estate, and a little lad and lass besides. Their circumstances are more than comfortable as far as the world is concerned. I cannot tell you more, woman, now, but you'll wait for the rest."

Yes, she could wait. She had not even listened to all the few particulars he had given. Her son, her only son Adam, alive in London, and not in misery, seen by his father, and to be seen by her before her eyes closed on this world! That was enough for her, enough to take to her heart and brood over, praise God for, and grow younger upon, for a day and a night and another day, without asking questions or pressing the minister for fresh enlightenment.

Mrs. Cameron ceased to be surprised that the minister should look engrossed and harassed and had forgotten his commissions. When his people heard, they would make allowance as they had done ere now; and the omission admitted of rectification with Adam in London. What did it matter now though the minister either shut himself up in his room or spent the greater part of the intervening time in pacing backwards and forwards in the garden, failing to remark the roses which he was wont to care so much for, or to pluck the woodruffe planted beside the garden seat ready to be plucked and crushed in the hand and smelt for refreshment, or to take advantage at sunset and moontide of the fine view which his wife had been hitherto tempted to think he made only too much of. He

went beyond his garden bounds for none save the shortest walks, and these were directed where he might, as far as possible, see nobody till the meeting in the schoolhouse was over. The walks were repeatedly turned towards the parish kirk—standing with its spire in the centre of the kirkyard, and which was common to all denominations—to that corner of it where he had laid to rest the fair young body of the daughter who had been so dear to both father and mother.

But after his single explanation, Mrs. Cameron was not surprised or apprehensive because of anything the minister said or did, till the Saturday night of the meeting.

The fact was, that the minister's tender conscience was not only racked with difficulties, he felt that in the light of the views which he and his people had till now held together uncompromisingly, he had violated and abused the confidence and kindness lavished upon him. He must lay the affair before his people and hear their decision—of which he could form no previous conception. Not only he could not say what he would have done in their place, he could not even make up his mind what he would have them do. For it was no light matter for a clergyman of his persuasion to create the scandal not merely of having entered a playhouse and sat out the entertainment there without having borne a crushing testimony to its wickedness, but of possessing a granddaughter an actress on the stage, which he could not command her to abandon, on the pain of his forever disowning her.

He had only arrived at one conclusion. If his people showed the slightest disposition to exact the sacrifice, he should resign his charge, even lay down his license as a minister and preacher of the word on the spot, and go away into obscurity, an old man well spent in the service of his Master and brethren, to earn his own and his wife's living as he best could. It would break his wife's heart as well as his own, but what then? It was the course of conduct which his people—between whom and him there had formerly reigned such a proud and happy unanimity of opinion—had a right to expect. It was his simple duty, and when that was said there was literally nothing more left—where the minister was concerned, to be said or done.

While this pent-up storm was raging in the minister's breast, his people, summoned by the exertions of the beadle,

were thrown into an agreeable flutter by the news of their minister's return. Like his wife, they took it as a well-chosen compliment that he should have cut short his holiday and hastened back to them, even while they pretended to cry, "Houts! what's the auld man seeking hame so sune? Couldna he have gane the length of his tether? Did he think we couldna do wanting him? We're no just so dependent upon instruments. We could have tholed another thin discourse from the young birkie. But the minister, honest man, is welcome hame, and certainly it was considerate, handsome, and like himself not to grip at the last day and hour of his holiday, which is mair than can be said of what the doctor and the ither ane did at the end of their terms of absence, when they took, as we are creditably informed, an additional Sabbath and sax days forby to their bargain. Moreover, it is very hearty of the minister to ca' us a' thegither at aince, to get the gude of his travels and hear his tales when they are fresh, and how he found the truth of the gude auld Scots proverb,—

Seek east, seek west,
Hame's best."

The country folk could not make up their minds, while they allowed their fancy full play, what might be the minister's first subject on which he should expatiate to their itching ears. Would it be the thronged streets, or the grand palaces, or the wonderful Exhibition, with its treasures, at once? Would it be that he had stood and looked his fill, in peaceful gardens, at wild beasts such as Paul had fought with at Ephesus? Or that he had met the queen in her coach taking an airing and lifted his hat to her, while she might well have done more than nod back to him in return, since everybody knew that she had a "fell wark" with Scotland, and was not "bigottet" like her royal ancestors to black prelacy, but lent a blink of the royal countenance to Presbyterianism—granted that it was only the "cauld, wersh" Presbyterianism of the Establishment—the worse for her gracious Majesty? Or would the minister judge it more becoming and improving after all to give them his first lecture on what he had witnessed of the formality of the prayer-book, and the mummery of the surplice—to which the Geneva gown was a light offence—or on the Popish snare of the organ, such as their godly "forbears" had resisted to blood?

In this determinedly complacent mood,

any whisper that the minister was looking ill and seeming hardly himself, instead of greatly improved by his jaunt, was met by the smiling assurance that it showed how the minister's heart was in his parish when no place agreed with him like Kinkell. Luckily the season was approaching the lull before harvest, when everybody was at liberty to attend the lecture. The weather was fine and the daylight long for such a walk as the minister proposed to many members of his congregation. Master and mistress, man and maid, flocked to the intellectual treat which they had earned for themselves. There was Mrs. Cairns, come home days sooner from her seaside lodgings, for the purpose, wearing her stiff poplin and her bonnet — the flowers in which emulated the weediest of her husband's fields, since the female descendants of the Covenanters are no Quakers in dress, but take out in it compensation for the severity of their tenets generally. Mr. Cairns bore her company, with his face several shades nearer mahogany color than the minister's when he started for London, yet he had crowned his grizzled head with a white hat in utter defiance of the state of his complexion. There was Saunders, uplifted like his master with the certainty of a favorable season, and feeling indued with a double strength to undergo his customary toil and have a little power left in him to clean himself and walk to the schoolroom to hear the minister describe that great London, which was as far removed from Saunders as was ancient Babylon, without falling into a dead sleep of sheer exhaustion. There were Jenny and Sandy — Jenny actually in a coquettish round hat, replacing her grandmother's mutch, and Sandy in a smart Glengarry, they who had contributed in their turn to the minister's stock purse, and had still not got over the dignity of the deed, but were loth to keep in the background and appear as if they had not had a hand in their minister's holiday, while to them all life, with its hard work ready provided for them, was still a holiday, and the coming harvest only "a fine ploy." And there were Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde in their check aprons and little shawls, and who were always at liberty with the piteous liberty of aged and lone women. All were congregated full of interest and elation to listen to the minister's story, and by no means without the inspiring consciousness that they formed collectively a spectacle to win the admiration and rouse the envy of every other congregation in Kinkell and in broad Scotland. The scene

was that dingy little schoolroom — place of many tasks and ink daubs, and to which Mr. Cameron had turned with fond, regretful comparison in the middle of the gorgeousness and brilliance of the London theatre.

It was only when the minister entered the packed space, and without a particular greeting, looking as if he saw nobody, with a white face and dim eyes, walked up to the schoolmaster's desk, and after the announcement common to all kinds of congregational meetings, that he should open the proceedings with prayer, began to pray with all his soul for strength, for pardon, and grace to be vouchsafed to him on that special occasion, that an electric thrill of comprehension passed through the people. Something was wrong, the minister had met with some fresh, heavy trial, in place of having had the refreshment that had been provided for him. He had been robbed. He had been threatened with deadly sickness. Some awful calamity was about to befall the Dis-senting Kirk of Scotland. Only Mrs. Cameron, only the person who was nearest to the minister, remained in the engrossment of her secret, stolidly impervious to the common impression.

Almost at the moment when this enlightenment passed over the assembly, when each man and woman dropped simultaneously his or her "crouseness" and "cantiness," and stared in blank dismay at the minister and at each other, farther progress was stayed by an unlooked-for intruder.

Though the schoolroom was only granted to the congregation by favor, seeing that it belonged by law to the Established Church, and by public opinion to the whole community, in courtesy it had been entirely given up this evening to the requirements of Mr. Cameron's people. No doubt these had in the ignorance and innocence of their hearts rather coveted public notice, and gone so far as to invite strangers to their body, members of other kirks to share in the instruction and entertainment so gratefully and gracefully provided by Mr. Cameron, and to contemplate the beneficial sight of the people's perfect harmony and devotion to the minister of their choice. But the members of other kirks, who were mostly of a mind to look down upon the homely anniversaries and *soirées* of the humbler Dissenters with lofty disdain, or at best with condescending tolerance, and who were at the same time not incapable of being piqued by the manifestation, considering also the limited

accommodation of the schoolroom, had almost to a man resisted the challenges and invitations of their religious rivals, and declined to be present. The very master of the place — that rural magnate in his own person had not put in an appearance.

To this absenteeism of the representatives of Church establishment and of remaining schism there proved to be, however, a very notable exception. Just as Mr. Cameron concluded his prayer, Dr. Dalrymple himself, portly and bluff, with the little bustle and sensation inevitable in the circumstances, was seen to walk into the schoolroom, to advance to the desk, and having exchanged a few words with Mr. Cameron, to take his seat beneath the rostrum, where the reverent doctor subsided, grasping his stick with both hands, while his chin rested upon his hands.

The words which had passed between the two clergymen, and been heard only by themselves, were these: —

"Good evening, sir. I was on my way to your manse, to confer with you on a matter with which we both have to do, when I bethought myself of seeking you here. Have I your permission to make one of your audience till you are at liberty to speak with me?"

"Surely, Dr. Dalrymple," said the minister, as if he would have added, "this is your schoolroom, which the law has given you, and which you can enter at any time. It is granted to us only by your grace; you need not ask my permission to do what, however little I may like it, I cannot possibly prevent." Then the more generous nature of the man prevailed, and he spoke aloud: "You do us an honor, sir; but I shall not detain you long — I shall be sooner at leisure than you may suppose."

Had the meeting preserved its original character — had there not risen up in it a skeleton, only dimly perceived as yet, but without question waiting to be revealed in its native ghastliness — the unaccounted-for presence of Dr. Dalrymple would have been hailed as the crowning triumph of the night. As it was, each member fidgeted uneasily and bemoaned beneath his or her breath the untoward accident which had brought an arch enemy to be a witness of their discomfiture; though it is necessary to confess that Dr. Dalrymple, the leader of Erastianism, or what was judged such in Kinkell, in his portliness and bluntness, was more modest in his claims and far more inclined to show a

friendly spirit to the Dissenters than many of the lairds and ladies, substantial farmers, and retired professional men and their wives, who formed the bulk of his parishioners. Even Mr. Cameron had a thought to spare for the new element in his tribulation. It was hard that his old opponent, Geordie Da'rymple's father, whom Mr. Cameron had so lately pitied, and in his condescending pity half condemned for having a son — his most promising and favorite son — a play-goer, and a heady, hardened defender of play-going, should come to the schoolhouse to-night to hear what the minister had to tell his people. But what did it matter? By to-morrow morning the whole tale — loyal and standing shoulder to shoulder as the Dissenters of Kinkell had ever shown themselves — would be all over the parish. It was too extraordinary a scandal for the scene and circumstances, too full of startling vicissitude, contradiction, and recantation, to be kept secret by any mortal congregation.

Mr. Cameron began as he had always intended to do, by thanking his people once more for their recent act of liberality and kindness to him; but the thanks, in their very sincerity, sounded sad and with a certain accent of humble deprecation which went with pain to many hearts. Why should the minister speak so, as if he were not worthy of the utmost expression of their regard? It brought a lump into several throats there to hear him.

Then he passed suddenly to the substance of the statement which he had made to his wife. His people were entitled to learn that in London an event never reckoned upon had come to pass in his history. He had found there a long-lost son — that son whom many of his elder hearers must remember, whose backsliding and downfall — he his father must speak of them once again — had been the great calamity of his own and his wife's life, ten times heavier than the removal from earth to heaven of their young daughter.

At the reference to the younger Adam Cameron, a little rustle of mingled relief and sympathy, of indignation tempered by a certain satisfaction in their own discernment, passed over the elder members of the congregation. It was no new unheard-of misfortune after all, it was only the revival of an old grievance. Yes, they had known from the first moment the minister's altered look and tone had come home to them that young Adam Cameron, the foolish scamp, was at the bottom of his poor father's distress. Here was the keynote to the whole doleful measure that

was to be performed for their edification, but certainly neither for their congratulation nor their enlivenment. Was the minister impelled to point a moral by holding up the wretched fate of his son as a beacon light to all careless offenders? Was not this more than was called for from any father, even though he were a devoted minister of a pure Kirk? The Kinkell Dissenters had, with a few exceptions, never heard of the old Roman consul who sat in condemnation on his sons, as traitors to the State; but if they had, their human hearts, descendants of old Scotch Covenanters though they boasted themselves, would have recoiled from the stern patriotism, since they were prompted to doubt the same obligation in their minister in reference to a higher State and a loftier allegiance. But the minister did not go on to lacerate his own heart and pain the sensibilities of his hearers by exposing the errors with their punishment, and by denouncing the career of his son. He was not even, as some were fain to hope, bringing back to the kirk in which young Adam had once sat a promising member, admitted to the most sacred privileges by his father's own hand, the membership in which he had heinously forfeited, tidings of the sinner's repentance.

The minister was proceeding to recount, a little to the bewilderment of his audience, that he had found his son with his wife and family maintained by the filial duty and industry of a daughter.

It was well that the minister should have some small comfort in his relations with his son at last, only why did he not take the comfort more heartily, his hearers were asking themselves? She must be a clever, capable lass, and a good manager like her grandmother, this daughter of young Adam's. "Sirs! to think the scapegrace — and he had not been without his winning qualities, as they could recall, poor sorrow* — had a daughter that length. She was not altogether a hawk out of an ill nest either, when she had the minister and Mrs. Cameron, as well as her reckless father and silly mother, for her progenitors."

This Maidie Cameron — yes, she too was a Maidie — continued the minister, like that other who had been dear and sacred in her simplicity, weakness, and goodness, to every living soul who had ever had anything to do with her — was, he was fully convinced, he told them thankfully and

solemnly, a virtuous young woman, even one of those daughters of whom it is written in every generation, "This excelleth them all." But he must also tell them that she was a play-actress.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RECEPTION OF THE CONFESSION AND ITS INTERRUPTION.

AT the anti-climax of the announcement, a great stir, a perfect "sough" of consternation and reprobation shook the assembly — down to Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde. Each man and woman shrank back, and figuratively drew in his or her garments.

Mrs. Cameron started up for a moment to her feet, and looked with strong appeal in the faces around her. Her keen gaze protested, "Much travel and the restoration of our son have made him mad. Don't you see it? It is very sad, but not bad as he would have you believe."

The minister did not stop to remark on the effect which he had produced, but hurried on, always with greater excitement and agitation, rising up on his tip-toes and descending again with an emphatic impetus, groaning out every point in his narrative. "Yes, Marget, yes, my friends, it is too true, a play-actress, yet no painted Jezebel, but a modest woman. I saw and heard her in her calling. I went into a playhouse, I need not say for the first time in my life. I meant to have cried out to both play-actors and play-goers, 'Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' I meant to have summoned and adjured them to turn from the evil of their ways, in the name and by the example of the great cloud of witnesses who have come out from the world and preferred to bear their reproach rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. I would have done it, although I was but a single man against a multitude, and what they would have considered a poor, simple, fanatical, old country parson, against the rank, wealth, and wit of London. But I could not, for my tongue was tied. It was not because I thought of the passage of Scripture that speaks of saying 'Corban — a gift,' and suffering the child to do no more for the father, though that has come into my mind since I came home. It was because of what I saw and heard. There was no encouragement there to high heads, light looks, and vain imaginations, to excess, riot, and profligacy. There was nothing save a terribly true representation of a young fool's folly,

* "Sorrow," a pathetic Scotch classification for sinner.

and a simple man's fall, of the snares of the wicked cunningly set, of the foot of the unwary caught in the toils, and the man thrown down, in the flower of his strength and comeliness, left like him who fell of old among the thieves between Jerusalem and Jericho, naked and wounded and nigh to death, with never a Samaritan to take him up and bind his wounds pouring in oil and wine, putting him on his own beast, and carrying him to the inn. Nay, there was a Samaritan, my brethren, in the guise of a fond, good woman, who stuck to the poor mad fellow when his luck was down, as he would have said, and his back was at the wall; when not only every other friend had deserted him, but the traitor had done his part, and the victim was misjudged and cast off on every hand. You and I have seen and perhaps known such women, even in this quiet country place, where, although the human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked all the world over, there are rarely, thank God, the great temptations, the deep falls, and the horrible cruelties of the crowded cities. And have we not wished such a woman well, as we looked on at her noble, faithful search, and rejoiced with her when she found, under God, the human soul that was lost? It was even thus that the play-goers — whom we have been in the habit of regarding even as the ancient Pharisee looked on the publican — watched the woman, who played her part so well that it was plain it was a second nature to her, and learnt a double lesson of Christian self-control and Christian charity. The end of the whole matter, my friends, is that it has become clear to me, incredible as it may sound to you — and, indeed, it grieves me to the heart to recognize that we who understood each other so well before, may fail to understand each other now — that the theatre, so decried and abused by the very salt of the earth — I do not deny it — so debased by the base uses of merest frivolity and yet viler ends to which it has been put, is still capable of teaching such lessons as I have described, and nobler lessons than these, lessons of purest patriotism and holiest martyrdom. Why, where has been our logic as well as our faith to doubt it, when we have long ceased to withhold from the greatest plays, from 'Lear,' 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth,' the highest praise of reverent morality equal to their art — not the ticketed, stereotyped morality of narrow sects — but something a little nearer to the spirit of the Bible itself, which is broad as human nature,

while it is high as the divine? Again, is it a fit argument to employ against the stage and theatrical representations that all experience is against them, that they have been grossly misapplied and shamefully degraded? Nay, my brethren, the same argument can be used against any institution, against the Christian Church itself when the baneful influence of much priestcraft, the unworthy walk of many professors, the corruption that still prevails in the Christian world, may be and have been quoted quite as conclusively in the same line of reasoning. But is not your answer in the cause of Christianity ready? Abuse is no evidence against the fitness of use; the higher the standard the harder the struggle, even though the Lord is on our side, to live up to it, the more conspicuous the flaws in the men and women who have adopted it as their test and aim. The more precious the thing, whether noble faculty, like that of speech, or lofty institution, like that of a Christian Church, the greater and the more certain the danger it runs, where a fallen and degenerate race are concerned, of tremendous abuse and huge misappropriation.

"And so I could not revile the calling of my granddaughter, or drag her from the stage, or do anything, it seems to me, save this that I am doing — namely, come back to you and tell you of the trial that has befallen me, and how it has opened my eyes, as I judge, on this particular point; if I am no longer sound in social views, according to the estimation of our Kirk, at least I am still a true man before God, which you will grant is of infinitely greater moment.

"In conclusion, I leave the matter in your hands, with that of the session, to deal with it and to report it to the presbytery, or to confer with myself, as you think fit. I shall abide by your decision, even to the loosing of that bond between us which I had thought only death would sever, even to the laying down of my office, if my brethren should deem it expedient, and stepping back to the ranks of laymen. I am an old man — older than in years; I could not at the best have done God and you much more service, so it matters less.

"Another word: I crave your forbearance for having come before you to-night with so different an intimation from that which I heartily grant you had every title to expect, and which in other circumstances I should have been only too proud and happy to give you. I know that this must

strike you as a poor return for your generosity, and I can only beg of you to forgive me for this among my many other shortcomings."

The minister sat down amidst a hardly smothered groan. If he had not been, as his wife implied, driven mad, in the teeth of all their sanguine calculations, by his travels, then a great and grievous calamity had indeed overtaken him and them. The blandishments of the world, especially as represented in the person of his granddaughter, the child of a reprobate son, had been too much for the steadfastness of the minister's faith and the integrity of his creed. He had yielded to overwhelming temptation, had touched pitch and become hopelessly defiled, had fallen from his high estate of rigid propriety and unswerving orthodoxy, and come back to confess his fall to his people and throw himself on their mercy, broken as he was in reputation and in the trust which he had once inspired, laboring as he did under the unspeakable misfortune for a clergyman, of a man who is no longer at one with his creed and his brethren, but who has been forced to think and judge for himself in a difference which is irreconcilable.

It was not to be supposed that Mr. Cameron's people, much as they were attached to him, could lay down at a word the prejudices of a lifetime — nay, more, the prejudices of generations of Covenanting and Dissenting forefathers whom their descendants revered to the full as highly as the devout Roman Catholics their Fathers or the strict Jews their elders. It would not have been much to the credit of Mr. Cameron's teaching or to the intelligence of his scholars if this impossibility had been possible; even if there had not been in the Scotch national character that strong polemical bias which will induce a beggar to argue for his especial dogma as stoutly as he will fight for his dish.

The first result in the meeting, which had baulked every expectation and dashed every high hope, was great consternation and sincere mourning amidst rising wrath at the backsliding of the minister.

"Oh! the fair, twa-faced cutty," Katie Macbryde almost audibly apostrophized the absent Maidie, hanging her own old, shaking head and wiping the bleared, withered eyes in which tears were well-nigh dried up, "to have so beguiled her ain worthy grandfather. Wae worth the day he ever gaed, or we ever sent him to that weary Lon'on. But eh! he who ought to have been a pillar o' the truth — I'm sure we a' thocht him sae — suld have stood mair

siccar. What can be looked for from puir auld bodies, when mighty men are taken captive like Samson?"

Katie's sentiments were very much those of the majority present, and perhaps they were all that could be looked for from any merely human assembly. The minister made no motion to dissolve it. He did not ask those who might have begun to reckon his heart and hands unclean to join with him again in prayer. He was suffering the meeting to dissolve itself in repressed tumult and passion, when Dr. Dalrymple, whose presence in the hostile camp had actually been forgotten in the civil war which had broken forth between leader and army, but who had been an exceedingly attentive and interested listener to the minister's confession, rose and arrested the retreating members by proceeding to address them.

Here was another bombshell thrown in their midst, for this was a case where no Dr. Dalrymple, of the Established Kirk, had any call to put in a word, though unquestionably the field of the contest happened to be his schoolhouse.

But it was not on his right to stand there and speak of the respect due to dignities, and the evil of schism, that the doctor was about to farther startle and dumbfound his audience.

"My friends," he said quietly, though he could not shake off the habit and tone of authority, "I came here this night, waiting to speak to your minister, my respected Christian brother, in private, of a matter between us which, now that I have heard what he has said, I have come to the conclusion, extraordinary as it may sound, had better be spoken of publicly. I have had a letter from my son George this very night, telling me of his marriage. We have it in Scripture that a man will leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and we must make up our minds to the ordinance of God and nature, little as we parents may like it sometimes. My son, who has been a good son to me till this time, will marry in a few days that very young lady whom her grandfather has just described to you as so dutiful a daughter, so virtuous a woman — and a play-actress. I have not been bred up in your abhorrence to the stage. I have known and esteemed, I am not ashamed to say it, actors and actresses, in my day, though I have not gone to see a play since I became a clergyman. At the same time I do not pretend to have courted such a connection in itself." (If Dr. Dalrymple had felt bound to disclose what was

passing in his manse at that moment, he would have had to admit that it was full of lamentation and that wife and daughters were bewailing in consort the favorite son and brother's infatuated self-sacrifice.) "I can only make the best of it, since I am well assured that my son George would no more be turned from what is in his mind by me, even if I were inclined to interfere, than I should have been turned from a lawful choice, being come to man's estate, by my father in his generation. The most satisfactory point after the one requisite is that the connection will serve to ally me with an honorable foe; one of whose worth, in his life-long labors as a fellow-worker with me in this parish, I am well qualified to judge. But that is not why I have risen here to-night, and made you prematurely acquainted with a chapter of my domestic history—an impertinent liberty as you may well think it. I ask to be permitted to endorse fully the opinion which Mr. Cameron has allowed himself to express, guardedly, of his granddaughter, my future daughter-in-law. I believe her to be a noble young woman, and an ornament to the stage, from which, however, my son will in a great measure withdraw her."

It may seem invidious to record the effect which Dr. Dalrymple's speech had on the congregation; but dawning comfort sprung up and grew in the members' minds from the bare knowledge that Dr. Dalrymple was in the same boat with their minister, that the Established Kirk could not cry fie on the Dissenters, in fact, that the stigma was in the very course of being transferred from the last to the first by the author of all the mischief being summarily transformed, like any less exceptional woman, from Maidie Cameron into Mrs. George Dalrymple. Anyhow, and henceforth, the offender would bear her husband's name, and his people and his kirk must take upon them the chief brunt of her offences.

The shock of the catastrophe was broken by its division and dispersion over a double area. The Dissenters, though they would according to their own notions have scorned to take a lesson from their Erastian brethren, were ultimately led by the equanimity with which the latter took the tidings of Dr. Dalrymple's son's *mésalliance* to look over the strange fact in these degenerate days, that their own minister had a granddaughter who had gone on the stage, and that he had not only looked on her degradation, but had come forward and defended the enormity. The Dissent-

ing presbytery was at least as wise as the laity, and agreed that it was best to pass over the breach of discipline. The minister went out and in among his people as of old, on sufferance at first, but ere long on much of the old fashion of mutual confidence and affection. Nay, there were not wanting those of his hearers who declared that the minister had, after all, drawn inspiration from his visit to London, and though he no longer fought the battles of Dissent as hotly as in his raw youth (for that matter was he not called now, in common courtesy, to toleration, seeing that he had Dr. Dalrymple's son for his grandson-in-law?), yet in enlargement of heart and in a fresh spring of hopefulness mingling with his tenderness, he was the better for his holiday.

Mrs. Cameron was certainly the better though she had never quitted the precincts of the manse. The woman was inexpressibly softened by the knowledge that her son was alive and not in misery, even before he ventured down to Kinkell and she held his hand and looked in his face once more. It rendered her gentler and more pitiful to those who diverged in the slightest degree from her rigid code, that she was conscious of what was, nevertheless, a sharp humiliation to her, that her son's daughter was an actress. Mrs. Cameron, with the rest of her husband's parishioners, had to submit to the fact that Maidie Dalrymple did not altogether desert the stage, of which she in her experience, as well as her grandfather in his ignorance, had formed a glorious conception. She would appear once and again as circumstances justified, on the scene of her old labors and triumphs. But she was no longer Maidie Cameron: she was Maidie Dalrymple, and her deeds were in a great measure her husband's and his people's concern.

When Maidie came down to Kinkell with her husband, she had to encounter an ordeal of jealous suspicion, even from some of those whom she desired should be near and dear to her. But she was well supported in her nearest relation, and she was a creature of singular breadth and magnanimity, and some intrepidity for a woman. She surmounted the ordeal successfully, and although she was still regarded with a sort of fearful curiosity and grim doubt by those natives of Kinkell at a distance from her, she won her way gradually until she stood high in the good graces of both manses. She vindicated the minister's sagacity by being in the end, after lengthened trial, approved of by Mrs.

Cameron as Maidie's own mother had never been valued. She was the dear child, the second Maidie, altogether different from the first, and yet with her own fine endowments, to the minister. In addition it was whispered that, even with daughters of his own who came round to his side at last and received Maidie as a wiser, brighter sister, she was Dr. Dalrymple's favorite daughter.

The minister's visions during the first half-hour spent in the little house at Westminster were more than fulfilled. The close, kindly network of family ties which he had once judged irretrievably rent, was reunited and stretched in an armor of defence and a chamber of delight around and about him and his aged wife. Young faces and footsteps, among which George Dalrymple's were not the least welcome, with clasping, clapping baby hands, lent the last lingering gladness and tender touches to the quiet old manse.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FROM BELGRADE TO CONSTANTINOPLE
OVERLAND.

BY HUMPHRY SANDWICH, C.B.

IN the historical days of the Crimean war, belonging to a generation now alas in the decline of life, couriers were well acquainted with the route to Constantinople, *viâ* Belgrade, Alexinatz, Nisch, Sophia, and Adrianople, and many were the horses sacrificed in carrying urgent messages from the western courts to the embassies at Constantinople, for in the years 1853-54 there were no telegraphic lines beyond the Austrian dominions. It was on this route that Colonel Townley rode his famous race against time, achieving eight hundred miles in five days and ten hours. Very possibly this has been excelled; an elderly man can never crack of a feat of bygone days but some malapert youth of thirty or forty will cap it by something still more wonderful. But let me remind these boys that Colonel Townley rode his ride quite unprepared by any training, and that his cattle were screws of the sorriest kind, resembling the animals one sees at mid-night yoked to four-wheelers in London.

Twenty years after the Crimean war and enterprises, "*quorum pars parva fui*," I determined to travel over this long-neglected route, the scene of as many historical events as any in the world. I am not obliged by paucity of material to commence my journey from London, mention-

ing the sea-sickness of the Channel, the varieties of my railroad companions, and the like, but, premising that one may perform the journey comfortably from London to Belgrade in a week, I propose to start from the latter city.

Belgrade is one of the most picturesque cities on the Danube. Its cathedral stands on a high hill, at the confluence of the two mighty rivers the Save and Danube. Near the cathedral is the fortress, and the city, containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is built round these centres. Few cities are so favored by nature for commerce as the capital of Serbia, which, however, is not so active at present as may be hoped for in the future, for the Servians are not a commercial people. It is but fifty years since Serbia was absolutely under the crushing despotism of Turkey, the land being divided amongst a lawless and brutal oligarchy of Moslem barbarians called Dahis. These were simply robbers, enthroned as landlords, who plundered the hapless peasantry at will, and but seldom showed the ordinary prudence involved in not killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. Despair at last drove the peasants into insurrection, and after various fortunes, and mainly through the aid of Russia, at war with Turkey, they succeeded in gaining a sort of autonomy and self-government, and Serbia is now all but independent. She pays (or did till the other day) a yearly tribute to the Sublime Porte, but there her duties cease. She governs herself as much as does any independent nation, but she is not allowed to have representatives at foreign courts.

Up to 1862 the large fortress of Belgrade, one of Vauban's greatest works, was, with six others in the country, garrisoned by Turkish troops. These were a constant source of annoyance and even peril to the citizens. Besides the regular artillery, all fortified places throughout the Turkish dominions have attached to the garrisons certain burgess artillery-men, who follow trades in the city, and are called upon to serve when required. These men of course have their families with them, and with their hangers-on constitute in each garrison town quite a Turkish quarter, the inhabitants of which are exempt from all municipal laws. Thus there was in 1862 a large Moslem quarter in Belgrade which carried on a constant feud with the other citizens, and the bad feeling engendered by this unwholesome state of things culminated in that year, when a Servian boy at a fountain was

killed by a Turkish soldier, who, on being arrested, was rescued with some further loss of life, and after this a general civil war began between the Moslems and Christians. The former retired into the fortress, and the commander bombarded the city. Fortunately, the shells were so old and had been so ill cared-for that few of them burst, and those few in places where they did but little injury. However, this squabble, which endured about two days, led to a far longer and fiercer diplomatic struggle, which lasted about five years and led to the evacuation of the fortresses all over the country, and Servia was left more independent than ever. This involved the loss of the Moslem population which inhabited the Turkish quarter. They were not exiled by any act of the government, but they would no longer stay; and though their absence caused to cease sundry quarrels, yet their loss in some respects was decidedly felt. They were the best and most industrious fishermen, they were good armorers, and possessed besides some beautiful ornamental arts, all of which have disappeared from the city. These so-called Turks were nevertheless Servians, but of the Moslem faith. Religion has had such political significance in the East, that nationalities and religions are confounded. Some millions are called Greeks merely because they profess that form of the Christian religion which is called Greek, though they may be Slavonians, or Albanians; and millions in Bosnia, Albania, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, and Macedonia are called Turks, who nevertheless are Slavonians, Albanians, Bulgarians, and Greeks by race.

The streets and houses in Belgrade but a few years ago resembled exactly those of all cities in Turkey in Europe. The former were narrow and ill paved, the latter little better than huts, and the shops were closed by a single falling shutter, and consisted of a board on which were spread some miserable wares, and a corner on which squatted the shopkeeper. Much of this state of things is entirely changed: the streets are spacious, many of the houses tall and stuccoed, and the shops as handsome as those of most small German towns. Strange to say, the pavement is strictly oriental, and formed of unevenly laid stones, with break-neck holes for unwary travellers.

Formerly there were no hotels worthy the name in Belgrade. The traveller, with his saddle-bags, carpet, and padded quilt, was fain to seek hospitality, as in

other Eastern cities, in the bare rooms of a khan, or at the house of a friend. Now there are several large and pretentious hotels; but they are very inferior to those of Pesth or Vienna in comfort or cookery.

After seeing the fortress, and taking a glance at the cathedral, there is little else to look at in Belgrade. It is, in fact, a new city, though doubtless other towns have been built upon the site and perished. There is no native art of any consequence, for the Servians are agriculturists and cattle-dealers, not famous or in any way clever as tillers of the earth, but raising enough maize for their own simple wants, with something to spare for their pigs, which latter they export largely, but with every drawback possible, owing to bad roads and the absence of railways. There are no manufactories in Belgrade. It is a town grown to its present importance from being the seat of government, most of the handsome houses being occupied by senators, superior officers, lawyers, and the foreign representatives of the great powers who are political agents and consul-generals.

The palace of the prince is a modest house at the end of the handsomest street, exactly resembling the house of a French *préfet*.

Being anxious to travel overland to Constantinople, I entered into negotiation with a carrier, who was the happy possessor of a comfortable cart with springs, and a strong pair of horses. For about thirty ducats he agreed to take me with two companions to Sophia. Acting under the best advice we sent on the carriage to Semendria one day, while we proceeded on the next to the same place by one of the Austrian boats. It is a short run of three or four hours to Semendria: here is a mediæval castle marvellously like that of Carnarvon; and here was formerly one of the small irritating Turkish garrisons which the late prince spent his life in getting rid of. The castle is certainly not worth a garrison, but quite worth preservation as a beautiful relic of the past. Semendria and Shabatz are the Bristol and Liverpool of Servia—populous river ports, the former on the Danube, the latter on the Save. I suppose neither town numbers more than five thousand inhabitants, but they are rising places for all that. Everything is comparative, and a populous city of Servia is quite another thing from a populous city of the north.

We found our wagon awaiting us—a light but well-built vehicle on springs, drawn by two stout Hungarian stallions.

We jolted through the village, meeting a band of gipsy musicians preceding a bride and bridegroom just married. They were attended by about a dozen friends of all ages; the little girls had their hair dyed a light auburn, not because they were wedding-guests: nearly all the children here have their hair dyed. We had not proceeded far before we met a drove of fat pigs coming from the interior, and driven by peasants whose occupation is somewhat tiresome. I was informed that their rate of travel was two hours a day. The pigs were fat ones and had to travel immense distances, so they were fed and watered at numerous stages. How cheaply must these pigs be fattened at their birth-place to make so slow a journey profitable! The Servians have been projecting a railway for many years. Each year that the railway is unmade the country may be said to lose thousands of pounds by the want of easy transport for their pigs, hides, and other products. We travelled along a fairly good road, and I admired the solidly-built cottages, the orchards of plum-trees and general air of rustic well-being. Every cottage has a plum-orchard attached to it throughout Servia. The fruit is a large and luscious damson, and in the autumn the peasant distils part of his fruit into *slivovitz*, a mild sort of alcohol by no means unpleasant and largely drunk, and the remainder he dries and exports to France, where the finest are delicately manipulated and carefully packed into gay boxes, and again exported as French plums. Magnificent oak-trees appeared from time to time, standing sometimes singly, and sometimes in groups, but most of the land was cleared and enclosed. I never saw such grievous waste of timber; the fields were fenced by a sort of *chevaux de frise* of oak timber unsparingly used. Every Servian carries an axe, and when he wants any wood for ever so trifling a purpose he hesitates not to cut down a tree. Fifty years ago the country was like Ashanti, a vast forest, with clearings round the villages. The author of "Eöthen," who travelled through Servia on this road about 1835, says, "The night closed in as we entered the great Servian forest, through which our road was to last for more than one hundred miles." The abundance of wood then justified its extravagant use, but times have changed; large tracts of country are absolutely cleared of forests, and some districts, notably the neighborhood of Belgrade, suffer considerably for want of timber. The comfort of the peasants' cottages is

remarkable, and these contrast much with the squalid huts of the gipsies, who are numerous in Servia.

Between seven and eight o'clock we arrived at Novihadgibekovatz. The *kmet*, or head man of the village, with a small deputation, called to shake hands and bid us welcome. We paid a visit to the school, which we found well furnished with the simple necessities for rudimentary education. The salary of the schoolmaster is 18% a year, and he lives on it. Nothing is more remarkable or creditable than the efforts made by all the Christian nationalities of Turkey in the direction of popular education; the Servians, Bulgarians, and Greeks vie with each other in the number and excellence of their schools, and the Turks have wisely refrained from any meddling intervention in the matter.

On the following morning we recommenced our journey at six, and arrived at Kopruinitza at nine. This was a thriving village, containing two butchers' shops and two handsome *cafés*, whose loungers were enlivened by a band of gipsy musicians. The houses were gaily painted in blue and white colors. I was curious enough to enquire the price of provisions here, and learned that an *oke* of meat (mutton) sells for three piastres — in other words, 2 1-2 lbs. sell for sixpence; a chicken sells for fourpence, which sum will also buy 2 1-2 lbs. of bread. According to my experience, however, the meat is only good at certain seasons: in the early spring there is none to be had — at least, none eatable. A succulent beef-steak or saddle of mutton at any season is the result of high and expensive art. Their bread, however, was vastly superior to English baker's bread. Two hours after leaving this village we arrived at Yagodina, a large place of five thousand people. This town differed in no wise from any Turkish town in Roumelia, except in its air of comparative prosperity, which I thought very evident. There was nothing curious to see here, so we rode on. At four we reached the town of Keupri, and came on the river Morava, which is here about the size of the Thames at Putney. Keupri is the Turkish word for bridge. That which we crossed was a pontoon bridge, and apparently recently made; but about two hundred yards higher up were the stone buttresses of a fine old Roman bridge. It would be very easy to rebuild it or make an iron one on these buttresses. We were welcomed with much distinction by the *natchalnik* of Keupri. He told us that his town contained three thousand five

hundred people, and bade us enter his house. We were entertained according to the good old fashion of the country, the wife and daughter serving us with coffee and sweetmeats while we sat smoking on a divan. Our host's walls were profusely hung with swords and pistols: amongst these last was a pair whose freedom from ornamentation, but fine workmanship, seemed very English. I asked the natchalnik where he got them, and he told me that a wandering Englishman had given him them ten years ago, when he was natchalnik at Valejvo, in the east of Servia. He was as surprised as myself when he found that we had met before, and that I was the wandering Englishman: since then a Montenegrin servant had stolen the pistols, together with a hundred ducats, on leaving for his native mountains. After much difficulty the owner had recovered the pistols, but not the money. Montenegrins are not unfrequently found as servants, gardeners, and the like, throughout Turkey in Europe. They are especially numerous at Constantinople. It is understood that they are good and trustworthy men as long as they intend to stay with their employers, but as soon as they have nearly fulfilled their appointed time they have to be sharply looked after, as they are naturally anxious to take a souvenir to their mountains.

After an hour spent with the natchalnik he took us in his carriage to Paratin, about two hours further. The natchalnik's private carriage is a Hungarian wicker-work four-wheeled vehicle, admirably adapted for the rough roads of these regions. Paratin contains about five thousand inhabitants. We put up at an hotel, not unlike the rest, that is, foully dirty. The Servians are in a transition state in respect to their houses of entertainment. Hotels are to them new inventions; until within a few years travellers were entertained by the villagers, and were expected to bring their own bedding and other necessaries. The native Servian has no idea of keeping a house where guests are expected to pay, so the trade of "licensed victualler" is handed over to gipsies and such-like runagates, whose ideas of entertainment are by no means so clear as their intentions to fleece their guests. The beds that the travellers are expected to sleep in usually swarm with vermin, and the sheets have evidently had numerous occupants and of great variety. While we were here many carts passed through full of Italian laborers coming from the railway works over the frontier. We heard that the railway had

been opened up to Tatar Bazarjik. On the following day we travelled on to Rashnè, which we reached at 10 A.M., and having breakfasted, continued our journey. We rode through a very varied country, most of which was grazing ground. We saw numerous Wallachian shepherds wearing caps of wool of the most gigantic and barbarous kind. All this country but a few years since was covered with oak forests, since recklessly destroyed. The more recent clearings were marked by the stumps of the trees, between which was growing maize. If Servia continues in this wasteful course for another hundred years, the people, or rather the descendants of the present people, will be driven to burn the dried dung of their cattle, as in Armenia, and so impoverish their land. Meantime the soil on the slopes of their hills, no longer held by tree-roots in which the rain is collected, will be washed away in floods; the springs will also dry up, and an amount of deterioration will follow difficult to estimate. The government is alive to all this, but the peasantry are too fixed in their traditional customs: no laws against wastefully destroying timber would be endured. The birds we see on the road are hoopoes (everywhere numerous), rollers, magpies, hooded crows, blue rock-pigeons, turtle doves, woodpeckers, etc.

We reached Svetiroman Monastery at noon. It is situated in a beautiful wooded gorge near the Morava. Close by is the site of an important battle fought in 1811 between the Turks and the Servian patriots combined with a small Russian force, the latter under the command of General O'Rourke, a gallant Irishman in the Russian service. He defeated the Turks, but lost a large number of Russians, who, being disciplined, bore the brunt of the Turkish attacks. There is a curious tower not far from the river here, of very massive construction. A Servian legend informs us that the Morava, now twelve hundred yards from the tower, flowed close past it before the Turkish conquest. A certain chief, named Theodor, owned it and made it his usual place of residence. In some secret manner the Turks introduced themselves into the cellars. The Lord Theodor sent a servant for wine. He not returning, another was sent; and, lastly, the *châtelaine* went, and cautiously peeping through the chinks of the door, saw the Turks and gave the alarm, too late, however, to save the lives of the family.

At the convent we met a very fine specimen of days gone by in the form of an aged courier, named Prenditch, who entered the

service of the British government in 1837, and spent his life chiefly in riding between Constantinople and Belgrade. He greeted me with "How do you do, sir?" but very soon got out of his depth in English, and was glad to converse in Turkish. He was dressed in the genuine old Tartar costume; and no dress can be more picturesque or more adapted for riding on horseback. It is neither more nor less than the Mameluke costume, so familiar in most of the battle scenes of the first Napoleon. Prenditch accompanied us to Alexinat, a fine town of about eight thousand souls. Here he proudly and gratefully welcomed us to the house which the British government had given him on his retirement. It was by far the best in the place, and well built. The rooms were most tastefully decorated with arms and vases of flowers, while the walls were hung with photographs of English travellers and old friends. Prenditch is fond of the English. He has seen but few, and those gentlemen, and under the best of circumstances. The change from the filthy inns of Servia to the luxurious table and clean sheets of our host was a welcome one indeed. On the morning of our arrival the chief judge and the natchalnik called to pay their respects. About two o'clock we bade adieu to our good friend, and set out for the frontier, accompanied by the natchalnik. In two hours we reached a Servian guardhouse, garrisoned by peasant soldiers, who turned out and presented arms in a very creditable manner. The frontier is marked by a high and strong wooden fence, precisely like the fence of an English park. We entered the Turkish territory through a large door; and on the custom-house officer approaching to examine our baggage he was instructed by the natchalnik that we were a sort of "superior persons," and therefore not likely to have contraband goods, and so we were excused the ceremony of examination.

Ever since Servia has gained her quasi-independence, her relations with Turkey have been strained; and though, as in all such cases, there may be faults on both sides, it appears to me that Servia has had much to endure. For many years past a small piece of her territory, Little Svoznik, has been actually occupied by the Turks; and, although foreign governments have decided that it is wrongfully occupied, the Porte delays from year to year making reparation—thus keeping open a sore that a single act of justice would heal forever. But worse than ac-

tual wrongs are the contempt and slights that Servian agents have to put up with at the Porte. At the time of my last visit to the capital, the Servian agent was a gentleman as remarkable for his suave and courtly manners as Earl Granville is in England, and he complained privately to me that the Turkish ministers would not show him the ordinary politeness of rising when he paid his visit. In fact, he was treated precisely as a rayah, or non-Mussulman Turkish subject.

Ever since the accession of Prince Michael, who was murdered in 1866, Servia has spent her best energies in arming for a possible contest with Turkey. She has a regular army of about five thousand, well armed and drilled; but this is only a nucleus: she has besides a militia of about two hundred thousand, organized on the Swiss model. Considering her actual population of little over a million, this is a somewhat large proportion, and it is doubtful how far she would be able to utilize the force at her command. She would unquestionably be formidable at home and on the defensive, but advancing into a well defended and contented country her forces would soon be destroyed; yet there is still another alternative. If she left her own territory she would not enter either a well-defended or contented country. If she chose her time well, she would find a population ready to rise as one man against the hated yoke of the Moslem ruler, who, whether a good administrator like Midhat Pasha, or a cruel, dishonest, grinding tyrant like Chapkun Pasha, has always contrived by contempt and disrespect to alienate the Christians of the country. All the Servian troops are armed with good breech-loading rifles, besides which there is a force of about two hundred field guns, also rifled, but poorly horsed. The cavalry, both regular and irregular, is altogether wretched in appearance. The Servian's favorite animal is the pig, which he breeds and fattens to perfection: he cannot understand the treatment of either horses or kine. At Kraguevatz, a small city in the interior of the country, the late Prince Michael established an arsenal, where Belgian workmen are employed manipulating steam-engines and turning out rifles and cannon of excellent manufacture, and cartridges by the million. In introducing the necessary material into the country the prince was greatly favored and aided by the sympathizing Roumanian authorities, and jealously watched and scolded by the Austrians and English. The government of Servia may be de-

scribed as a democratic bureaucracy. On the establishment of independence, more than fifty years ago, the heroes of the war naturally demanded tracts of land for their services, and looked forward to founding families and becoming aristocrats, even as the nobles of Hungary.

In truth this state of things seemed to be in the course of nature: they could conceive of no other system than that of landlord and laborer, just as the average Englishman can imagine no other land system than that involving landlord, tenant, and laborer. But old Milosch Obrenovitch, then in the zenith of his power, crushed this movement in the bud; he reflected that since the expulsion of the Dahis, the Moslem landlords who so plagued the people, they had done very well without any such functionaries; that the military and other duties performed by the tenants of the crown or landlords in other countries had a fatal facility of falling into abeyance, while the landlords acquired the fee-simple of the land after throwing off the duties or rent on to the nation at large: therefore he determined that each peasant should have the fee-simple of the land he occupied; only certain forests or wastes to be held by the crown; and so it comes to pass that Servia is a nation of peasant proprietors, paying no rent for their land. Like all such democracies, they are intensely conservative. The government offices are filled by a class which has sprung into existence from the demand for educated officials. They are men who have been educated abroad, sometimes in Germany, sometimes in France.

On two occasions before this journey I have seen the Servian army paraded. This army was almost entirely the creation of Prince Michael. After the bombardment of Belgrade in 1862 he bent all the energies of a determined nature to get rid of seven Turkish garrisons, which occupied as many fortresses in the country. Availing himself of a treaty right accorded to the Servians to bear arms, he managed to exchange the rude native weapons for muskets of regular calibre which he obtained from Russia, after being foiled by the British government in an attempt to get them from Birmingham. He had his militia admirably drilled and organized on the Swiss model. He next established an arsenal at Kraguevatz, where, aided by Belgian artisans, he turned out at least two hundred rifled cannon. When he had thus raised and armed a formidable force, he threatened to join the Montene-

grins in insurrection, or to raise the Bosnians and Herzegovinians, if his demands were not attended to. Thanks to Count Beust chiefly, he gained his point after being opposed to the uttermost by the British government, which has always thought that a brutal Turkish despotism was the right and proper form of government for these progressive Christians.

On leaving Servian ground, we drove through a somewhat desolate country chiefly occupied by shepherds, sheep, and goats, with here and there patches of cultivation. After a few hours we reached the important Turkish city of Nisch, which at once shows its Moslem character by the domes and minarets of the numerous mosques. We were terribly shaken by the infernal pavement, which is, if possible, a degree worse than that of the Servian cities. All Servian monotony was over: we had reached, if not a new race of people, at least one whose Asiatic religion had induced them to adopt the civilization of Arabia rather than that of Europe. Veiled and muffled figures were moving about the streets, and pretty children in brilliant-colored garments were gambolling about, while the turbaned shopkeepers dreamed away their existence as only Moslems can. The shops too were all of the Asiatic type—a small room covered by one large shutter raised and let down once in the twenty-four hours, and the contents of the most primitive kind. We were forced to go to the hotel, which we found quite as filthy as anything we had hitherto seen.

I am not aware that there is anything remarkable to record of Nisch: it has usually a strong garrison, being a frontier town. But the administration of Midhat Pasha has certainly done much for this part of the country during the last few years. Before setting out on my journey, I had scarcely expected to be able to do the whole of it in a carriage: from my former experiences of Turkey I felt sure that I should have, sooner or later, to change for the saddle. The roads in Servia were very fair, but when I reached Nisch I can say without exaggeration that they were as good as English coach-roads. I was utterly astonished at this marvellous change in the time-honored traditions of the Turkish empire. The beneficent despot was Midhat Pasha, who, about nine or ten years ago, filled some important posts in these countries. He made roads and bridges in every direction, and quite changed the face of the country. Hitherto these have been kept in excellent order,

partly owing, probably, to Midhat being from time to time prime minister. After a certain number of years the peasantry will get accustomed to the roads, and when once considered a necessity of life they will be kept in order without the aid of any central authority.

I would here pause to remark that from Belgrade to this Turkish garrison the road is clear for a *promenade militaire*. In case of war the Turks would have no obstacles (excepting always the river at Keupri) beyond those of the stout hearts of the Servians and a superior military force. This idea strongly impressed me as I jogged along in my wagon, which might represent a heavy piece of artillery. I was not surprised then when lately I heard that the famous Russian general Tchernayeff had been put in command of the Servian force which was to operate in this direction, as probably the tug of war will here be mostly felt. Partisan warfare, which consists mainly in ambushes, surprises, and the defence of passes, would here be out of place — nothing but regular tactics by disciplined troops could avail.

Early on the following morning we were trotting along the admirable high-road through well-cultivated fields bearing heavy crops of cereals, when we passed a newly-built and European-like military hospital, just outside the city, and near this was a far more interesting remnant of a far more barbarous age, albeit not more than fifty years old. I caught sight of a small square tower about twelve feet high, built of stone and mud. Had I not been looking out for it, this tower might well have been missed, for there is nothing remarkable or attractive to the casual observer. But being close to the road my eye caught something peculiar, and so I jumped out of the wagon and found what I had sought for, the Tower of Skulls. After a bloody fight and massacre of the Servian insurgents in this part of the country, the Turkish conquerors, after the ancient and Asiatic custom, collected the heads of the slain and built them into a tower to commemorate their victory and to strike terror into the conquered population. An ordinary square tower was first built of stone, with mud cement, and into this were fixed the heads of the slain. It must have been a ghastly sight some forty or fifty years ago, when hundreds of grinning skulls greeted the passing traveller. The Turks of the place were doubtless as proud of their tower as the French (excepting the Communalists) are of the

Vendome column; but as time went on a new spirit arose: the government of Sultan Mahmoud, and still more that of Abdul Mejid, conducted by Reshid Pasha, began to be anxious to be less Asiatic and more civilized, and so, hearing from time to time of the disgust of consuls and travellers on seeing this tower, orders were sent to have the skulls removed. This has been done within the reach of a man's arm; beyond that a few remain like the ripe cherries on the topmost branch of a tree, so that there is little ghastliness remaining in the famous Tower of Skulls, which will probably disappear altogether by natural means, if not otherwise interfered with, during the next fifty years.

About four hours from Nisch we came to a more mountainous country, and then entered one of the Balkan passes. We slowly ascended a winding road to a guard-house named Plotcha, where a magnificent view awaited us. Descriptions of scenery are scarcely worth reading unless they include some monument of historic interest. Doubtless the varied scenery on which we gazed of mountain, river, forest, and fertile plain, contained the sites of many struggles; but as this paper deals with the present rather than the past, I will not digress into the fields of Gibbon, but continue my journey. We presently arrived at the village of Topoliniza, situated in a broad valley, and peopled by Tatar and Circassian emigrants. Many of my readers will doubtless remember that on the invasion of the Crimea by the allied forces in 1854 the Moslem Tatars of that peninsula did not oppose a very determined resistance to the enemy, or show any romantic loyalty to the Christian emperor. On the contrary, they simply made the best of their situation, and, finding they had been invaded by an overwhelming force of good customers, who, moreover, forced them to give up their carts, horses, camels, etc., the simple Tatar peasants contented themselves by pocketing the cash which the invaders gave in return for the services offered. After the war, however, the Tatars soon found themselves in a painful position. The Russian authorities, it is alleged, commenced such a persecution that these poor people were fain to abandon their homes and fly to the dominions of the caliph. Homes were found for them in various parts of the Ottoman dominions, but the Turks made a political use of them. They planted colonies of these Moslems strategically amongst the discontented Bulgarians, and close to the frontier of dangerous Servia,

so that in case of a campaign amongst these peoples, the Turks might find oases of loyalty here and there of immense use to the intelligence and commissariat departments. The Crimean Tatars are, however, by no means bad neighbors, and far different from those not remote ancestors who used to harry Russian and Polish villages under the banner of the Crescent, and whose hardy habits and courage are so graphically described by the Baron de Tott, who campaigned with them. Some generations of them have passed under stern Russian organization, and they have become peaceful agriculturists. But four or five years passed, and another people, colonists also, appeared in these countries, who had not tasted Russian discipline, but had despairingly fled from it. During the Crimean war the Circassians, instigated by jealous Turks, refused the oft-repeated offers of English envoys of aid against the Russians. The latter keenly felt the danger they had incurred, for had these offers been accepted, it is obvious that with the Black Sea absolutely in our possession, the Caucasian passes could have been stopped, and the transcaucasian provinces would inevitably have been lost to Russia. No sooner was Russia disembarassed by the treaty of Paris from her formidable western foes than she turned the whole strength of her resources on the Circassian mountaineers. In vain did these now appeal to Turkey, to France, and to England; it was too late. They defended village by village, mountain by mountain; but the despairing courage of these gallant and picturesque mountaineers was no match for the sternly disciplined columns of the civilized power. Prodigies of valor were displayed, but their strongholds were beaten down by mountain rifled guns, their ambushes were betrayed to those who could offer handfuls of gold to hungry savages, and the strongest positions were turned and raked by grape-shot; and so mountain after mountain was occupied, and the prophet king Schamyl taken to St. Petersburg. Thousands of these gallant people committed a sort of national suicide. They crowded, with their women and children, to the pestilential coasts of the Black Sea, and there, while waiting for vessels, perished like flies; vessels came, and, being overcrowded and badly found, proved coffins to thousands more. The rest were relieved by the Turkish government, who sent officials with money to succor the starving and take them to Bulgaria. We all know what Turkish officials are: the

survivors of this fearful exodus got only a small percentage of the relief fund; but once in Bulgaria, they were better off, for the Bulgarians were forced to build them cottages, and to support them until they could support themselves. These Circassians, like the Tatars, were strategically placed amongst the Christians, but in free Circassia they had not learned to be peaceful agriculturists; on the contrary, fighting from generation to generation against their Christian invaders, it is not to be wondered at if they did not prove to be very pleasant neighbors to the Christians. Everywhere I heard that the Circassian immigrants were robbers, but some are disposed to think their sins have been exaggerated, and that they have played the part of the cat in the household, for if ever a crime is committed in Bulgaria it is ascribed to the Circassians, until it is brought home to some one else.

About midday we arrived at the village of Ak Palanka, quite a curious place. The village contained, I suppose, about a hundred huts, of the poorest sort, built of wattle and dab, and thatched with straw; and this village, covering little more than three acres, was surrounded by a wall of mud and stone and flanked by towers. It was a regularly fortified place, though absolutely untenable before even field artillery, but quite the sort of place which would stand a historic siege in Homeric days. At the principal gateway were two four-pound brass howitzers. Outside the village was a small suburb, and here was a manufactory of pottery. The pots turned out were for village use, and could not boast of much ornament, but they were of the purest classical form, and would have passed muster in any museum as Cyprian antiquities. The whole factory was contained in two cottages, and included the ancient potter's wheel, which was worked precisely as it was two or three thousand years ago.

We continued our route through a beautiful country, well cultivated in the plains, the hills being covered with forest and brushwood, and at six arrived at the town of Pirot, or Charkeui, the former name being Bulgarian, the latter Turkish. This place has a remarkable industry, that of carpets. In driving through the streets we saw carpets of the most brilliant colors hanging in every shop, and wherever the door of a courtyard was open we caught glimpses of old women and young maidens busily employed in weaving them on large and small frames. These carpets are peculiar, and by no means well known in

the English market, though coming into notice under the name of kelim carpets (*kelim* being the Turkish for carpet). They are of remarkably bright colors, quaint antique patterns, and instead of being woven on cord, as are ours, they are exactly alike on both sides. The colors too are lasting. I saw one which had been in wear (in the best room, and therefore but seldom trodden on) for thirty years, and it really looked but little the worse. They are marvellously cheap at Pirot, and are to be bought in Belgrade at a greatly reduced price. They are much used all over Turkey in Europe, at least in the Slavonian provinces, in Servia, Bosnia, etc., though, as far as I could learn, but little exported into western Europe. The gentility of Belgrade despise them, and prefer the gaudy rubbish from the looms of Austria, which does not last a tithe of the time, but then it is more "civilized" looking. I bought a lot of these barbaric carpets, and all my friends who are artistic admire them much, as they are now displayed in rooms where there are no paintings. The colors are too bright to be brought into contact with either oil or water colors. They suit admirably rooms which are rather gloomy and contain dark furniture. There are numerous Jews here of the poorest kind, and, as usual, displaying their talents as small financiers. I could not purchase my carpets without the intervention of a Jew broker, who probably earned a very few francs for his services. These people are never producers, but make themselves useful as brokers, bankers, and the like. The Servians will not allow them to settle beyond Belgrade, because they say wherever a Jew settles he begins to sell spirits and ruin the peasantry by that and by usury. The small *baccals*, or general dealers in the villages, rivals of the Jews, are especially careful of the morals of their countrymen, and are as powerful a class in the Skouptchina, or National Assembly, as the publicans in the British Parliament, so that this intolerant anti-Jewish law cannot be repealed, in spite of the representations of foreign consuls. Servia undoubtedly loses by the absence of Jews, who all over Europe, not excepting our own country, have ever been the pioneers and organizers of commerce.

On continuing our journey in the morning, I purchased an oke (two pounds and a half) of delicious cherries for twopence: this too is the price of grapes in the season. The wine about here, when made with any degree of care, is delicious, with

a decidedly peculiar and pleasant flavor. I think I should recognize it anywhere, but as far as I could learn it is not exported. I met a Frenchman in Bulgaria, and asked him his opinion of the wine. He told me that he thought it delicious, and that if he had a small capital he would settle in the country, and grow, make, and bottle wine after the manner of Bordeaux, and his gains would be enormous. Wine seemed to me to be of the price of very small beer in England.

We travelled through a very fertile and lovely country, sometimes over plains rich with cereals, at other times through beautiful passes in the mountains. At about one we reached a guardhouse called *Eutch koulak karakoli*, and shortly afterwards the top of a hill, from which we enjoyed a magnificent prospect of table-land. At about four we reached a point from which we saw the distant mosques and minarets of the city of Sophia, and two hours' more travelling brought us to the gates.

We entered the city, and found it as filthy and ruinous as Turkish cities invariably are. We wandered through the streets in search of a house of entertainment, and were at last taken to the principal khan. This was so vile a place that we determined to seek farther. Seeing an Italian signboard over an apothecary's shop, I entered and asked the owner to direct me to the best khan in the city. He told me that a Frenchman had that very day opened a hotel, and he sent a man to guide us to the house. Such luck seldom occurs to dirty, way-worn travellers. We soon found the house, a large native one, converted to suit European requirements. We revelled in soap and water, clean linen, and every luxury we could require. The Frenchman and his wife did their utmost to make us comfortable, and dressed us an admirable dinner. Cheap as every native product is in this country, anything European is usually outrageously dear and bad. We naturally expected a heavy bill for our entertainment, and were surprised to find it most moderate. We were the first guests in the new hotel, but others followed; for sundry Italian engineers employed on the new railroad arrived. They were intelligent, gentlemanly men, and were a proof that England and Germany have no longer the monopoly of the great public works of Europe. The railways of the East are now mainly planned and built by Italians. Baron Hirsch, the Belgian, has done the financing of these Roumelian lines, but Italians do almost all the rest. No work-

men, I was told, can excel, and few equal them, especially in the masons' work; they are careful, exact, and honest.

It is strange how backward these countries have been in their development in the matter of roads and bridges. Good high-roads throughout Roumelia have only existed for about eight years, *i.e.* since the time of Midhat Pasha, so that the production of this marvellously fertile country has not been a tithe of what it might have been. The cost of transport of grain from Alexinatz to the Danubian ports is never less than 3s. 6d. for 250 lbs. The consequence is that large tracts of land lie untilled. The valley of the Morava, through which we passed, is one of the most fertile tracts of country in the world, but not half cultivated.

The city of Sophia has about eighteen thousand inhabitants, of whom four thousand are Moslems, five thousand Jews, one thousand gipsies, and the rest Christians. The export of cereals is small in consequence of the expense of transport. About four hundred thousand okes of tobacco are sent to Europe *via* Salonica. The districts of Doubnitz, Jumah, and Koustin produced from seven thousand to eight thousand okes of cocoons a few years ago, but the silkworm disease has diminished the export to one thousand okes.

Sophia is full of sulphurous and alkaline hot springs. In walking through the streets I came to a public bath of immense antiquity; a large dome had been built over a natural hot spring much used by the citizens. I was shown, too, the ruined mosque of Dubinitza, which so clearly proves that God is on the side of the orthodox, for this mosque was formerly a church built by the great czar; when the Turks conquered the country they converted the church into a mosque, but a few years afterwards it was destroyed by an earthquake. Antiquaries, however, say that this edifice was originally a Roman temple. In the interior I measured fifty-one paces in length by thirty in breadth. There is a very large orthodox church recently built under the protection and patronage of Russia, and close by is a most interesting public school, conducted by M. Christo Stajanoff, a highly educated and most enlightened Russian, whose heart is evidently in his work. The school contains three hundred and eighty pupils of various ages, who receive gratuitous instruction. They are divided into two divisions of two hundred and fifty primary and one hundred and thirty secondary

scholars, and these again are subdivided, the first division into three classes, and the second into four. The city subsidises the school to the amount of about 750*l.* per annum. The education given here is of the most liberal kind: a scholar from one of the higher forms would be well prepared for a Turkish career, for he would be admirably instructed in the modern languages, including Turkish, and have a good scientific education. It appears to me that every mode of education practised abroad is more practical than any we have in England; and certain it is that our young merchants are being ousted in all Eastern countries, not only by natives, but by Germans and others, and it seems that one cause at least of this is the very unpractical education received at our ecclesiastical academies.

Where do the skins come from for kid gloves? I discovered one source at least in Sophia. The firm of Mosson & Co. buys two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand kid-skins every year in this city.

My companions wanted to see the famous convent of Rilo, while I determined to keep to the carriage-road, but to make a diversion to Samakof, where we were to meet in a few days; so I left Sophia on a fine July morning, the very courteous Austrian consul accompanying me part of the way. This gentleman is a sportsman, and possesses a beautiful spaniel, a very rare animal in these parts; he told me that there was abundance of sport in the neighborhood. Within an hour of Sophia is a marsh full of snipe, mallard, teal, widgeon, pintail duck, scaup, geese of two or three varieties, waders, spoonbills, etc. etc. In the plain are swarms of quail—we heard them chirping in the long grass at every step; partridges are abundant, so are hares; and if the sportsman is enterprising, he may find roe, the royal red deer, and bears in the mountain; the two latter, I need not say, require patience, enterprise, and money to secure. The sportsman could not do better (that is, in times of peace) than make Sophia his headquarters, where he would have every comfort; then, as the season advanced, he might run down by the railway (shortly to be opened) to Adrianople. The same kinds of game are to be found there, and in even greater abundance, with the important addition of pheasants, which swarm, and are to be had for the shooting. Then why not begin at Adrianople? Because Sophia is on an elevated plateau, and is much cooler and healthier in Sep-

tember. In that month Adrianople is decidedly too hot for shooting.

We passed through sundry villages both of Tatars and Circassians; the former everywhere spoken well of as quiet, useful farmers, the latter denounced as savage plunderers, addicted to cattle-lifting, and occasionally to murder. To my eyes they seemed like broken gentlemen turned billiard-markers, very different from the splendid warriors I knew during the Russian war; they wore the same costumes, but ragged and dirty; their brilliant arms, curiously inlaid with the precious metals, were gone or exchanged for some cheap Sheffield whittle, and their imposing head-dress had often given place to a dirty fez.

I arrived at the village of Passarik at nine, and here took leave of my Austrian friend, whose conversation had been instructive, and his attentions most hospitable.

I drove across a high hill, and along a valley, through which flowed a splendid trout-stream, and then reached a curious iron foundry. The bellows were worked by water-power, and the hands numbered only three or four; but the ore being close by and abundant, they managed to turn out a fair amount of pig iron. Surely the railway will be an immense aid to the development of these resources. As I drove on I saw numerous little foundries of the same kind; the fuel was wood, and the swift-flowing streams always afforded the means of working the bellows. The whole plain seemed to be a mass of iron ore.

I had brought a letter of introduction for Dr. Dunterberg. Had I been new to Turkey, I know not how I should have found this gentleman, for the natives of these regions can never be got to give any Europeans their correct names; but I asked for the *hekim bashi*, the chief doctor, and found that every man, woman, and child knew Hekim Bashi Antonaki, which was his local name. I was delighted to find that my new acquaintance was a most hospitable and intelligent host. He had lived here as a doctor for more than thirty years, and of course knew the country thoroughly. One would suppose that a life in a wilderness such as this would have had a sinister effect upon the intellect, but I can only say that I should be glad always to be able to enjoy such intellectual society in London.

Samakof is situated on a plain of considerable elevation about a mile from the base of a lofty range of the Balkan Mountains, in whose clefts the snow was lying

in June. The houses, pavement, and streets are precisely those of any unimproved Turkish town, but numerous streams of exquisitely pure water are conducted through the city by two different systems of conduits, one to bring drinking water, the other to carry off impurities. This, combined with the pure mountain-air, makes of Samakof quite a sanitarium.

I received a visit from the *caimakam* or governor of the town, who was one of the politest of his polite nation. He told me that he had served in the Turkish contingent, and had thereby conceived a great affection for the English.

Samakof, though not possessing more than about five thousand people, is nevertheless an important place. It manufactures no less than twenty thousand yards of cloth a week. This cloth is chiefly worn by the peasantry, and is stout, warm, and enduring, infinitely better than the fustian of the unfortunate British peasant; but a much finer kind is also made, which is worn by the wealthy. One of my comrades purchased a quantity of this, and I afterwards saw him wearing it in London, no one supposing it was anything but British tweed; the color was a dark brown, the natural color of the wool. The doctor told me as a curious and most agreeable entomological fact that neither fleas nor bugs can live in Samakof. I roamed about the streets and looked at some native jewellers working in their little mud huts. They turned out some beautiful filigree work of exquisite taste. How is it that taste is only found *generally* amongst savage or semi-civilized nations? I was tempted to make some purchases which were much admired in England. I found also some beautiful ancient repoussé work in the form of *palasklar* or cartridge boxes which I purchased for their weight in silver.

One of the most remarkable institutions in Samakof is a large nunnery situated in the midst of the town, and containing nearly one hundred nuns. We called upon the lady superior, and were very politely received in a small parlor. The members of the orthodox or Greek faith are not, I believe, as much addicted to this form of human sacrifice as are their dissenting brethren of the Roman Church; nevertheless there are far too many good, gentle, pious souls, often the salt of the earth, whose lives are lost to the world with those of their possible progeny. We were served with sweetmeats and coffee by a very beautiful nun whose age could

not have been over twenty. Her face would have served as a model for that of a saint, but she kept her eyes steadfastly on the floor of the room and seemed to be the prey of a profound melancholy. She interested me exceedingly. Her pale face seemed to tell of incessant vigils, dismal penances, and profound, even agonized repentance for probably some imaginary sin.

For one not caring for the intellectual life of Europe, I know of fewer places more agreeable to live in than Samakof. It is perfectly healthy; the natural objects, the mountains, streams, forests, and plains are beautiful. If any young gentleman beginning the consular career can manage a little job at the Foreign Office, I would recommend him to try and get appointed vice-consul at Samakof in order to watch and check Russian or Austrian intrigues in Roumelia. His place would be a charming sinecure. It is not expensive either. Trout are abundant; a fat roebuck can be obtained for sixteen shillings, or for the trouble of shooting; mutton sells for about twopence a pound, and so on.

My companions joined me at Samakof, having had a rough but delightful journey to the monastery. The two travellers had a long and very rough ride for about seven hours, and were then obliged to sleep at a very wretched khan on the bare floor, the dried mud proving a hard bed. On the following day, after some hours' scramble through rocks and torrents, they arrived at the large and imposing monastery. A very stately reception awaited them, for the arrival of a stranger at Rilo is a rare event, and the reception of a Russian prince a sort of religious ceremony. The great convent bells were rung, and a deputation of *caloyers* came out to meet the travellers. Rilo is one of the most romantic of the many romantic convents of Roumelia. It is a large building enclosing more than two acres of ground, and lying at the base of a huge amphitheatre of forest-covered mountain, and would contain some hundreds of caloyers or orthodox monks. These pious beings pass their lives in this wilderness, seeking to propitiate the Deity by prayers, fastings, and a solitary life. They are of course looked upon with a superstitious awe by the neighboring peasantry and shepherds, and mad people are brought to be cured by sundry incantations in the church. At times, too, the relatives of the dead wish to ascertain if the souls of their friends are in heaven or hell, and so the body is exhumed, and from the state of the corpse

the caloyers skilfully solve the dreadful mystery, receiving a proper fee for the same. The convent is a very ancient one, and wealthy from sundry endowments. Those connected with it have been skilful enough to secure from the reigning sultan from time to time valuable concessions and privileges; but of course the great czar of all the Russias is regarded as the pope and protector of this and all such places. My companions enjoyed immensely their visit to this curious place, and I half regretted I had not accompanied them.

Leaving Samakof and travelling onwards we met frequent signs of the railway in the shape of carts full of Italian workmen, stray engineers on horseback, and the like. At four in the afternoon we arrived at Gabrova, a small village crowded with Italians, Greeks, and Armenians, employed in the railway works. The river Maritza runs by—a clear, limpid stream suggestive of the *salmonidæ*. An Italian told me there were plenty of trout in it, and I believed him, and regretted I had no time to try this beautiful water, which runs into the Mediterranean. At Adrianople it is a large and navigable river. Travelling onwards we reached a large valley full of magnificent chestnut-trees as well as beech and oak, and about six we arrived at Belava, the first railway station! It is situated in a lovely valley, close by the clear stream of the Maritza. All seemed to be in working order, so we called on the station-master and enquired when we could take the train to Adrianople. We then learned that he was daily expecting an authorization to issue tickets, but as yet it had not arrived, so that he could not pass us on. We might have got over this difficulty, but no train would appear for some days; so we made up our minds to continue our journey, and with tired horses and unwilling attendants we pushed on another stage, and reached the village of Shikashli at nine o'clock. There was a grand rustic festival going on, and I had the pleasure of seeing a score of Bulgarian maidens dancing the *kolo* and singing, while the elders sat by and the younger lads aided in the mirth in various ways. These Bulgarian peasants, like those of all other countries I have visited, have their innocent and joyous dances on the village green. Our own peasantry are the only exception, and a very sad exception it appears to me: their only recreation seems to be stupifying themselves with drugged beer. We made our beds on the benches of the village

public, the worst quarters we had yet experienced, for Shikashli does not boast of the immunity from vermin enjoyed by Samakof. There is an insect-powder which has a certain reputation, and which is to be purchased good and genuine, I believe, in some places on the Adriatic. I carried with me a good store of this stuff bought at Belgrade. I strewed it plentifully about, I lay down in a sort of bed of it, but I could not sleep nevertheless, as the enemy treated my defences with contempt. As a crucial test I caught two or three fat bugs, and shut them up in a box of the powder: in the morning they seemed lively and well. All this was conducive to early rising, so on the following morning we were on the road before four. We travelled over a very rich plain. I never saw such gigantic hemlocks in my life — a sure sign of a rich soil.

We reached the considerable town of Tatar Bazarjik about five, after crossing a long wooden bridge spanning the Maritza, here a broad stream. We engaged new vehicles, our old coachman having become tired and insubordinate. After a few hours' rest in a filthy khan we resumed our journey through the same beautiful, well-cultivated, and fertile plain, very swampy, but well adapted for rice, which is largely cultivated. A new order of birds was observed: large storks were wading about the plains, and herons were abundant, while the white egret or paddy bird was seen here and there.

While we were admiring in the distance the towers and minarets of Phillipopoli, we met on the road a gaily-dressed man with richly ornamented pistols and sabre. My old recollections of the East taught me that this man was probably the *cavass* of one of the consuls, sent out to meet us, which indeed proved to be the case. He was the *cavass*, or government officer attached to the Russian consul, and so he turned back with us and conducted us to the city.

A great part of Phillipopoli is situated on a steep hill, and here are the best houses. There is a considerable number of wealthy people here who are Bulgarians and Greeks, whose profits as merchants in this cheap, but fertile province, must be very large. We had to climb a rugged hillside through narrow streets before we reached the house of the consul, but the goal was worth the effort, for we soon found ourselves the objects of a profuse and anxious hospitality. Tired and way-worn as we were, the change from the hot, dusty road, to the cool, clean rooms of the

Russian consulate was very delightful, still more to feel that we were made thoroughly welcome. Phillipopoli is a large and important place, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Bulgarian Christians, but with a large proportion of Moslems. On the following morning I wandered through the streets and into the bazaars, but saw nothing worthy of notice or differing in any way from the cities I had just passed through. On passing an apothecary's shop I saw a crowd of women with babies standing and sitting about the shop, which also was full. These poor little ones, many of whom were dying, were from the neighboring villages, and were suffering from diphtheria. For the last three or four years this disease has been a veritable scourge in all these regions, and indeed throughout the east of Europe. In Bucharest it is said that an infant generation was swept away three or four years ago, thirty thousand infants having fallen victims to this malady. In Belgrade, too, where I stayed some months, the disease is incessantly at work, not unfrequently killing adults, but making terrible havoc amongst the infant population. Of course the sanitary state both of towns and villages is deplorable. These cities stand upon a soil infiltrated with sewage. Under every house are cess-pools full of morbid matter, and no sanitary precautions are ever taken concerning them. In short, the people live much under the conditions of our own population a few hundred years ago, when they were from time to time decimated by "the black death;" and now, as then, the people break the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, and then have recourse to the bishops and priests to pray that the laws of nature may be suspended in their favor.

Our stay at Phillipopoli was short; we had now got within the railroad system, and determined to have recourse to that mode of progression, so at nine in the morning we took our places in some hot and stuffy carriages, lined with red velvet and adapted for a northern clime, and proceeded to Adrianople. As we descended to the warmer regions we observed sundry signs of a warm climate in the birds and vegetation. Rice is grown largely on these plains, and over these damp fields were hovering flocks of tern, and, high in the air, the brilliant-colored apiasters.

We reached Adrianople at six, and found the station situated about two miles from this great city, the second in the empire, containing a vast population of Turks,

Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Jews. There are but two really interesting objects for the traveller to view, viz. the largest mosque and a beautiful old palace containing various examples of Eastern decorative art, rapidly going to decay.

After a short visit we proceeded to Constantinople by the new railway, which, running over a nearly level plain, is almost as serpentine as the line over the Sœmmering Alps. Why has this line been made twice as long as necessary? This question can only be answered by those who know how business is done in Turkey.

The line is now most useful to the Turks for military operations. They have lately been hurrying up troops toward the Servian frontier, where are mustering the militia of that State under native and Russian officers.

Of all the populations of the vast Turkish empire, the Bulgarians are the most industrious, the most ingenious, artistic, and altogether progressive. Some of their carpets, their silver filigree and repoussé work would do credit to any nation. Politically and socially they have labored under immense disadvantages. Cut off from European influences and governed by a clique of varnished savages whose system of government was pronounced by a British ambassador to be that of the Highland cateran, these people have yet done wonders. Of late years they have freed themselves from the trammels of the corrupt Greek Church and established a Bulgarian Church; they have also founded admirable schools in almost every village, and high-class colleges in every city. Living under the organized brigandage (Midhat Pasha's rule excepted) which goes by the name of the Sublime Porte, and harassed by colonies of ferocious Circassians, it is not to be wondered at if they are not exactly "loyal" to that government. They have been accused, too, of listening to Russian agents, though such more or less imaginary individuals would seem to be unnecessary where Circassians and plundering and ravishing Zaptiés do the work of disaffection so well; they have at times, though not for many years, made here and there feeble attempts at insurrection when absolutely driven to despair, but such have always ended in wholesale massacres and hangings. During the last few months, however, their fate has been unusually severe. The rising in Herzegovina and the menacing attitude of Servia induced the Turks to carry out a severe system of disarm-

ment amongst the Christians, and at the same time to muster and arm all the Circassians and other Moslems, and to assemble a large force of Kurds and other Asiatic savages. Various isolated instances of atrocities occurred before the Salonica outrage on the consuls; there was then a lull, as a European fleet appeared before that city as a menace, and all the Moslems were cowed. No long time elapsed, however, before our Foreign Office refurbished up the old dogma of "the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire," which they appeared ready to enforce by the appearance of a powerful British fleet in Besika Bay. Residents throughout the empire testify to the extraordinary effect this demonstration caused amongst the Turks. Their spirits rose with the idea that their old ally was ready to back them against their old enemy. At once the thousands of Bashi-Bazooks, men recruited from the scum of the empire, with the savage Circassians, were let loose upon the unfortunate and unarmed Bulgarians. More than one hundred towns were utterly destroyed — men, women, and children slaughtered indiscriminately. In one instance especially a large school of both sexes was slaughtered by our allies in cold blood, and the school with its ghastly contents burned to the ground. About forty thousand Bulgarians were supposed to have been thus slaughtered up to the end of June. Worse still, the most refined tortures were applied, and as I write are being applied, to sundry notables, by fire, crucifixion, impalement, and the like. No one who is personally acquainted with the country will doubt that cruelties and horrors prevail without limit and without check.

The streets of many large cities have been turned into slave-markets for the sale and purchase of children. And here I would fain pause, for I scarcely know how to put into decent language the revolting facts that ought to be recorded. The chastity of fair Bulgarian girls and decent young matrons has been brutally outraged, and boys are sold to the keepers of vile places of entertainment.

But England, so-called Christian England, whose towns present the aspect of whole populations cleanly and decently trooping to church and chapel every Sunday, is mainly responsible for all this. To keep a road to India she prefers to have that road in the possession of barbarians whom she can threaten and cajole, and so lets crime upon crime be piled upon our consciences; no matter, we must still

diplommatize and fight "for the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire."

An intense jealousy of Russia is at the bottom of our present attitude. Everything that Russia does is ascribed to her greed of territory. It is scarcely becoming in a nation which during the last century has annexed more territory than any European power, to be very censorious with Russia on this point, nor is it fair to ascribe greed of annexation as the sole motive power in Russia. Besides more or less of this form of covetousness, the chief passion in Russia is an intense sympathy with suffering humanity in Turkey. Numerous societies are actively at work in all directions for the succor of the unfortunate victims of Turkish barbarism. The whole of society, too, is in a state of burning indignation at the news so constantly arriving of the tortures and massacres going on not far beyond the frontier of Russia. The victims are a kindred people; many individuals are well known amongst Russians, who, after all, are not equal to the calm political state of mind which, during the Cretan insurrection, induced our own foreign minister to forbid British men-of-war to rescue Christian families who from the shore were shrieking for help against armed Moslems slaughtering and ravaging their villages. Our support of these Turkish allies is, to say the least, dangerous. We are shutting our eyes to the future, which may develop flourishing civilized states in these regions, and we are drifting towards hostilities with a powerful military empire, and in a despicable, God-forsaken cause.

From The Athenæum.

THE GREAT LORD FAIRFAX.

THERE has recently been added to the Bodleian Library a somewhat interesting MS. volume. It comprises various letters, memorials, etc., of the Fairfax family, copied into a book by Mary Arthington, daughter of the great Lord Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the army of the Parliament of England — her to whom Andrew Marvell was tutor, and who, by her second marriage, became Duchess of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles the Second. Most of the letters are addressed to the copyist, either in her maiden or first married name, by three of her sisters, and other members of the family. There are twenty-five from Frances Widdrington,

exclusive of one duplicated (apparently from forgetfulness), fourteen from Dorothy Hutton, and two from Elinor Selby. Also two from Thomas Fairfax, brother to Mary; one from Charles Fairfax, her uncle; one from Frances Legard, her niece; one from Thomas Widdrington, her brother-in-law; and one from Sarah Coyne. Also five from Lady Fairfax to her husband, the general. Also "A Funeral Oration on the Honorable Lady Frances Widdrington," delivered May 5, 1649, eighteen pages in length; a poem on the same by "Rich. Booker;" two Epicadiums or Acrostics on the same by "Fran. Lenton, Gent.;" verses by "Jo. Frayour, York. May 25, 1649;" and an "Elegy on the death of Mrs. (Miss) Dorothy Widdrington, eldest daughter of the Lady Frances, late deceased, by S. Smith." In all there are fifty-eight documents.

The book was a shabby quarto, in worm-eaten calf, once hasped, with dislocated covers, and coarse, thickish paper; and is not half filled, for it contains 213 blank pages and 142 written ones. The chirography is rusty and perpendicular, and occasionally much blotted, though possessing a certain quaint grace, especially at the beginning, before the copyist became careless. The small letters are about a quarter of an inch long. What punctuation there is consists mainly of commas, used instead of full stops. The volume has since been re-bound.

The letters are of various and no dates, ranging from 1635 to 1671, and written from various places, principally London and York. They relate almost exclusively to family affairs — to births, deaths, lyings-in, sickness, mutual affection, and religion. Some are entirely devoted to the latter subject. Mary Arthington, whose autograph appears on the fly-leaf, obviously copied them, together with the other documents, into the volume, as a means of preserving such interesting family memorials. They give a pleasant and sometimes affecting picture of the domestic relations of the Fairfaxes, a family distinguished in war, letters, and diplomacy; and of the wholesome, kindly, and conscientious life of the English gentry in the seventeenth century. There are but few political allusions in them, though, in letter the second, Frances Widdrington pities her sister Mary because she "must part with her dear husband in these parrilus times," and is sorry she cannot invite her (to "Yorke the 28th of — 1640"), "for truly we have some thoughts of flying

with our poore little ones we know not whither;" and mentions Wentworth. In No 7 (not dated but evidently written from London) Mrs. Widdrington speaks of her husband being "at the hall," probably Westminster. In 8 (the duplicated one), dated "Yorke, Dec. 11, 1639," she has been, that day, at the "sollem sad funerall" of Lady Hoyle, who died suddenly. In 17, writing again from York, Jan. 20, 1642, she states that correspondence "is not now safe: troubles are again upon us, and greater expected every day." And in 26, dated March 23, 1646, she condoles on the death of "our dear Father (obviously her husband's father and her father-in-law, for Fairfax lived to assist the Restoration, going to the Hague as chief representative of the Parliament, to carry its invitation to the king) taken away from the evils coming upon the poor land." As we have seen, Lady Frances Widdrington only survived till May, 1649; for, on the 15th of that month, her late husband, Thomas, writes a touching letter to his "dear sister," Mary Arthington, on the decease of his wife in child-birth, the baby being still-born.

But the gems of the collection are the five letters to her husband from Lady Fairfax—the redoubtable Presbyterian and royalist dame, who, it may be remembered, accompanied the general to the field, and falling into the hands of the enemy, was chivalrously sent back to Fairfax by the Marquis of Newcastle, in his own coach, escorted by a troop of royalist horse; and who lived to insult the regicide judges at Charles's trial, by exclaiming, "He has too much sense to be here!" when her absent husband's name was called. In these purely domestic letters, she appears, not as a partisan or zealot, but as a most careful and loving English wife. It is an exquisite portrait, unconsciously self-painted. The letters are as follows, *verbatim et literatim*.

T. B. GUNN.

My Mother's Letters to my Father.

Deare Sweet heart

I haue recieued your letter in which I perceiue you haue beene very sicke I am sorry to heare it, I pray let me heare from you as soone as you can for I shall thinke it long till I heare in the meane time I will pray for your good health I would desire you not to stire out too soone I giue you many kinde thanks for your loue & care over me which am not at this time very well but I thanke god our little ones are all well so sweet heart hoping of your amendment I rest

Your obedient and louing wife
MARY FAIRFAX.

good sweet heart

I haue lived in hopes the parlament would haue been short but methinkes it hath beene long & I feare the worst yet it may be you will get leaue to come downe but I feare not long enough. I pray god send you your health and us a joyfull meeting both in this world & in the world to come. I percieve your care of me both by your letters & other wayes for which I haue to thanke you which I will lay up in my heart and will study to deserue it if it please god to giue me leaue. I haue receiued the rent of Billbrough & of my father the causes of expences hath beene much your land-lady had for rent a 11l. 8s. & I am to buy a cupple of kie the rest I shall make you a reconing when you come home & please god according to my simplicity I will spend nothing but what needs must. I am at this time with my father & urslay with me, Franke & the mades at Skough the little one with her Nurse, I thanke god she mends very well, good sweet heart send me word whether you would haue me at home or if you will I had as leaue be at home for I feare our charge is no less for my being here & our household afares goes not so well forward as they should, for my owne contentment I should be as well there as here till your coming home though I be made more of than I deserue. your horse mends very fast, about a fortnighth hence he will be ready to go to grasse if you please, for he hath spent a great many of oates besides Anniseeds & bread but it is well bestowed on him for he likes very well thus hoping that this will be the last letter till I se you remembering my loue to you & desiring your blessing to your little ones & your loue to mysele I reste

Your very louing and dutyfull wife
MARY FAIRFAX.

deare Sweet heart

I am very glad to heare you are well, my father & Mother & all my little ones are well also if I could haue recieued a letter I should haue taken it very kindly, I heard you expected one by gorge Brethed but the time was so short & I not very well that did hinder me and for my minde and heart they are (*blot*) -thing more at quiet my comfort is I desire to serue the Lord though I finde nothing in me able to performe my desire but I will trust in him, my lord was saying you may haue Tows-ton* if you will & for my coming home when please you, I should be very glad to see you so remembering my dearest loue to you I rest

Your louing & obedient wife
MARY FAIRFAX.

deare sweet heart

I thanke you for your letter wherein I finde my father's bounty to you I am very glad to heare of it & I shall thinke mysele much bound to him for it, I feare you will stand in need of it all some 3 pound of it is left behind

* Evidently a horse named after the Battle of Towton, in Yorkshire, during the Wars of the Roses.

& please god it shall not be spent in anything but what is needfull & for other things in the house my best care shall not be wanting I percieve you set forward next Munday I pray god send you a happy journey & your helth & I hope all things will be well, I pray remember my duty to my father & Mother & I hope it will not be long before there coming god be prased our little ones are very well & all other things at this time thus remembering my hartie loue to your selfe I rest

Your louing & obedient wife
MARY FAIRFAX.

Sweet heart

For feare you should thinke it for want of loue or forgetfullnes I write these few lines as witnes of my true louing affection which I hope to god he will euer giue me grace to cary my selfe as a dutifull wife to you thus hoping you will take these few lines written in good part & desiring god to send you your health & giue you grace to serue him with an vpright heart I commit you to god's protection & resteth

your louing & dutifull wife
till death
MARY FAIRFAX.

From The Spectator.

"RETRIBUTION" AS A FAITH AND A SUPERSTITION.

THE *Times* of Thursday publishes a letter from a British officer, signing himself "An Old Cambrian," who was present at Scio when in 1822 the Turkish capitan pasha or minister of marine massacred the population of that island, and excited in Europe a healthy wrath, which Europe under scientific guidance seems to have lost the capacity to feel. He helped to save the remnant of the islanders, and records with intelligible though irrational satisfaction that "the capitan pasha met with speedy retribution; his ship was burnt by a Greek fire-ship commanded by Canaris, and he and the greater part of his crew destroyed." We wonder how those who positively deny the existence of an intuitional conscience, and attribute its teachings entirely to the accumulation of experience, or to early training in invented religious dogmas, account for the rise, the universal diffusion, and the persistent survival of the idea underlying our extract from that letter, — an idea from which we venture to say no man who lives or ever did live is entirely free, which indeed is one of the extremely few beliefs over which definite religious systems appear to exercise no power. The idea is certainly not the result of the teaching of experi-

ence, for if experience teaches anything to savage and sage alike, it is that "retribution," in the "Old Cambrian's" sense — adequate earthly punishment — does not follow upon crime; that crime, especially of the high-handed and violent kind — crime like the extirpation of Judaism in Spain — is very often, to all outward appearance, perfectly successful. Every savage knows that extirpation is a most successful method of making war, and every one above the savage recognizes that in at least an equal number of cases the wicked man flourishes like a green bay-tree. It is Abraham Lincoln, not Ferdinand of Naples, who is reached by the assassin; Louis Seize, not Louis Quinze, whose head falls into the basket. It is on Columbus, not Pizarro, that the heart-break falls. All history teaches that the king, or noble, or oppressor who carries wickedness through may escape retribution, or even profit by his crimes; that Nadir Shah, or the pope who nearly destroyed the Waldenses, or the emperor Ferdinand of Austria, or the general who gave the order for the sack of Drogheda, or many another ruler who has from any motive committed crime on the gigantic scale, has, on earth, suffered no retribution whatever. The highest poetry, the loftiest oratory, burns with the thought, half-complaining, but half-trustful, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and never fails to meet with its response in mortal hearts. If indeed this were the teaching of experience, if retribution followed crime, immediately, visibly, as cause follows effect, crime would almost cease, human nature failing to resist the consistent lesson of experience, just as it fails to resist its teaching in regard to the action of fire, or to the consequence of any action invariably followed by pain. Nobody would steal if toothache followed theft, or lie if falsehood produced cancer of the tongue, or murder if murder inevitably resulted in blindness or mutilation. It is because the experience of mankind shows them the uncertainty of retribution in "An Old Cambrian's" sense that evil continues so active, and that a persistently criminal class contrives in all countries to survive the indefinitely stronger, keener, and more courageous forces arrayed for its extirpation. No doubt in occasional cases retribution has followed crime, and even followed with dramatic swiftness and completeness, but even then experience does not show that the penalty was intended for retribution. On the contrary, retribution, like punishment, is apt to fall most heavily

on the innocent. It is a matter of everyday observation that the punishment of the drunkard, the minor criminal, and the criminal who is a ruler, falls most heavily not on the man, but on his family, his dependants, or his subjects. In the very case quoted by "An Old Cambrian," the captain pasha, who was guilty, was burnt alive; while the sultan, whose orders sent him to Scio, and who was much more guilty, died a triumphant man, and the sailors, who were innocent, and possibly more than innocent, being Greeks who sympathized with their countrymen, were burnt up too. So constant is this experience, that men have come to regard it as natural or inevitable, and the Hellene describes the slaughter of a city as the consequence of the crime of its ruler; and the Jew narrates how Israel was decimated because David was puffed up, without a thought of the outrageous injustice that, on his theory of retribution, he is attributing to the superior powers. Men, so far from deducing from experience the theory that retribution strikes the guilty, deduce just the contrary one, and fill their literatures with proverbs telling how the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge; how the consequences of evil follow a course which is not direct retribution, but covers the unoffending also. And if this doctrine of visible retribution is not the lesson of experience, certainly it is not that of theology. With the possible and partial exception of popular Judaism, and of that strange subsection of Evangelicism whose followers believe that they make money or incur bankruptcy in proportion to their fear of God or love for the world—there is such a class, though our readers may not believe it—no theology worthy of the name has ever taught retribution or reward in "An Old Cambrian's" sense. The lower creeds, as we have pointed out, teach that God's wrath, being evoked, will fall, but do not teach that it will fall on the guilty only or at all; while the higher always make the mental emotion, and not the act, the essence of the wrong, and therefore cannot teach inevitable consequences. They do not teach the superfluous doctrine that if you put your finger in the candle it will burn you, but that if you put your finger in the candle wickedly, and do not repent the wickedness, the fire will burn you, and that not here, but hereafter.

Whence, then, did men obtain an idea which is as much opposed to experience as the idea that the sun does not rise and set, yet which survives all evidence, and that

in so strong a form that, as we have said, no man probably ever lived who was entirely without it,—who did not think, when he heard of a great catastrophe which included the wicked, that it was the direct result of their wickedness? Is it not at all events probable that this is one of the innate thoughts, naturally consequent on the other innate thought, that right and wrong differ, and like that sense of difference, surviving all doubts raised either by experience or by early teaching? Wrong is not right, therefore must meet with retribution, if not here, then elsewhere,—why should not that be as intuitional an idea as the other one that safety is not danger, which we all see in the child's instinctive and not experienced fear of falling out of its nurse's arms? That the idea is false, so far as this world is concerned, is not only no proof that it is not intuitional, but is the very best proof that it is, inasmuch as man in holding it reverses the teaching of experience, and in the case of a vast mass of men, the bad, who hold the idea at least as strongly as the good, reverses it in spite of his own decided inclination to believe that experience is right. The idea survives, till men like Dr. Fraser, who know that the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, who believe steadfastly that it is not here that we are to look for justice, who are aware that the massacre of Scio was a success, still cannot resist a hope amounting to a belief that the atrocities in Bulgaria will be visited visibly and quickly on the Turkish empire; till we ourselves who write this *feel* the belief as strongly as any, even while we point out that the only reason for feeling it is that intuitional sense of the relation between right and wrong for which experience and history afford so slight a warranty. Cruelty is the greatest of the crimes against our fellow-creatures, but cruelty has not always failed.

From The Saturday Review.
COLLAPSE.

HEAT, as we have been taught by Professor Tyndall to believe, is a mode of motion. But it obviously possesses the power of annihilating motion in the people and things that fall under its influence. It seems, indeed, to have the same paralyzing influence that extreme cold has, only the cold brings with it a numbness which deadens its victims' sufferings; in the fiery grasp of the heat one melts away,

too exhausted to writhe or struggle, but deeply conscious of anguish. There would seem to be a special irony in an extraordinary attack of heat coming upon London just at the period when more people are likely to be afflicted by it than at any other time. After a season of unwonted commercial dulness, many people who generally flee from London directly the season is over have found it advisable to stay on in town. And they have no doubt consoled themselves with the vain hope that, when all the people were out of it, London would become delightfully fresh and pleasant. Unfortunately for these hopes, in the first place, a great many of the population seem to have been struck with the same notion of staying in town; in the second, whatever London has become, it would be rash as yet to call it fresh or pleasant. Not for fifteen or sixteen years has "Phibbus' car" been known to "shine from far" with such force and pertinacity. Indian travellers have their memories of past days violently aroused, and their interlocutors envy them with all the little energy they have left for possessing even the remembrance of punkahs. There is a certain amount of truth in the remark uttered with some acerbity by an Indian officer that the absence of punkahs and other protections against heat in London is due to mere affectation. But it is an affectation which is not altogether contemptible. Matter for admiration is found in the first Napoleon's buttoning up his coat as he crossed the burning sands; and the same spirit perhaps prevents Londoners from resorting to palliatives which they may think somewhat effeminate. On the other hand, it may be that their inaction in this matter springs from mere laziness, induced by the heat; and yet again it may be that they have not the readiness which is able to combat an unexpected enemy. Under certain conditions, of which the most important is idleness, the heat would be not only endurable, but to many people absolutely delightful. A canopy of green leaves intertwining and showing the blue sky through their spaces, a hammock balanced so as to swing gently at will, a Catullus or a sensational novel according to taste, and, for the more earthly sort, a table laden with artfully compounded drinks within reach — these things might make one careless of the exact height of the mercury. Flirting may of course be added at discretion, or indiscretion; but sensible people of mature years will hardly think the exertion of flirting desirable; it

may be left to giddy and adventurous youth.

To him whose vocations keep him from day to day breathing the same heavy air, traversing the same arid wastes of pavement, trying in vain with lowered blinds and open windows and doors, and with "making believe very much," to secure some resemblance of freshness, dreading the sound of the hated organ or German band which it is almost too much trouble to send away, the dream of fresh woods may have in it a kind of bitter pleasure. He may persuade himself with proper care that, after all, the imagination is much better than the reality would be. He may discover all kinds of valid objections to his finding any pleasure in a country or foreign life at this particular moment. He may indeed have almost attained some kind of self-content, when a letter reaches him penned by some one into whose composition little mercy enters. "The heat here," he will learn on opening it, "has been quite exceptional, but generally tempered with a breeze; and it is always cool at night and morning. We are several hundred feet above the sea, and are surrounded by green hills. From the bottom of the lawn one hears constantly the babbling of a burn." After reading such a letter as this, what hope can there be of any happiness or peace of mind for the man who is chained to London? At one blow the vainness of the imaginings with which he has fenced himself about to keep off envious longings is made plain, even as the weakness of Don Quixote's helmet was. For the rest of the day the vision of his correspondent wandering among green hills and listening to the prattling streams haunts him and fills him with fruitless desires.

It has been said that the best safeguard against the annoyance of great heat is to be constantly busied; and it would certainly seem that, as in the case of other troubles, those who have the least time to give to self-pity suffer least. And the possession of leisure, which has always been held a powerful instrument of evil, assuredly induces many to aggravate their sufferings in the attempt to lessen them. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands and mouths to do; the natural longing for iced drinks, once indulged, will most likely grow instead of being quenched with each application. The victims of indigestion during hot weather are apt to throw all the blame of their discomfort upon the state of the temperature; but they might possibly find a nearer ex-

planation in the mere quantity of liquid which they absorb. And it is to be observed that the enervating influence of a blazing sun begets a kind of demoralized recklessness which drives men to a wild combination within themselves of incongruous elements which would, in their stronger moments, fill them with horror. Urged by an unwise spirit of defiance, or following with inert submission the suggestion of tempters who long for companions in vice, they will try one remedy after another, until they almost act in their own person the ogreish traveller in Murray's conversation handbooks, whose first care on entering an hotel is to order every conceivable variety of drink from tea to seltzer and brandy. The human stomach, it has been well observed, is not a retort; and this axiom might be remembered with advantage at the present moment.

However, it is difficult even for a man who uses the most prudent and praiseworthy precautions to avoid being infected with the spirit of collapse, which perhaps not unnaturally has asserted itself beneath the fury of the sun. There is a story of an Italian shopman who was so overcome by a day somewhat hotter than usual, that to a customer who asked for some object that was not within his reach as he sat, he replied pathetically, "Do you really want it very much?" This may of course have been a case of constitutional laziness, and the shopman may have been the same who, when asked what was the meaning of a noise of artillery heard close at hand, said languidly, "*Niente, niente; una rivoluzione.*" Something of this indifference has gained lately upon all the inhabitants of London. Very few of the theatres are open; and it seems that there is not enough energy in any of them to produce a new piece. One theatre puts forward as an attraction that it is the coolest in London; and under existing circumstances this is perhaps the greatest possible inducement to visit it. It may be noted that on the other side of the water none of this apathy exists. The Victoria this week has been offering to its shirt-sleeved and enthralled audiences a play of Shakespeare's every night, followed by "Dick Turpin and Tom King." It is curious to observe the varying estimation in which, according to the bill, the different plays are held. "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's splendid tragedy; "Othello" is Shakespeare's magnificent tragedy; and "The Merchant of Venice" drops suddenly down into Shakespeare's play. The performance of "Hamlet" was not unamusing, as it realized with very toler-

able accuracy Dickens's account of Mr. Wopsle's appearance in that play; and it was a healthy sign that, when the fencing was gone through with the swords carried at the performers' sides, there was a distinct hiss from the pit. The noise may, however, have been caused by a tear falling on the floor.

It may console uncharitable people to learn that they have companions in misfortune in Paris. *Figaro* observes that the time has now really come to pull out from the drawer the old paragraph beginning "*Paris ne'st plus dans Paris. Nos boulevards sont déserts,*" etc.; and goes on to say that the drivers and horses of the omnibuses have taken to going through their duties in a state of sleep. The horses mechanically wake and stop at the stations; and this rouses the drivers, who murmur feebly "*Place . . . plait,*" and then sleep possesses them all again. There are stories of boot-heels found buried in the boulevard; and the Polar bears in the Jardin des Plantes have exhibited all the symptoms of despair. The director, fearing that they might tear off their fur, has had tragedies read out to them with excellent sedative effect. The owner of a favorite dog has had clogs made for it to traverse the asphalt with; and their maker, who has put up over his door "Dogs' Clog-Maker," expects to make a fortune. This story might appear extravagant, but it is a fact that some ten days ago a poodle was observed by several trustworthy witnesses walking down the boulevard protected by a parasol, the handle of which he held in his mouth. We have not the same authority to confirm *Le Figaro's* statement that several camels have been observed strolling about the streets; but it is easy to believe that the proprietors of picture-galleries which contain paintings of Alpine or even of ordinary winter subjects are driving a good trade. It is a natural impulse to think of the frosty Caucasus, not indeed in order to hold a fire in one's hand, but to attain even the momentary image of snow, ice, and that most pleasant form of work which approaches to idleness in that it is unnecessary.

A New York paper has discovered that the great heat is due to too much magnesium being supplied to the sun, and has connected this fact with the exodus from the city of scientific men, to avoid, as is suggested, all responsibility in the matter. It is strange that as yet no Dr. Cumming has arisen to make capital out of the state of the atmosphere. Perhaps it is too hot.

From The Saturday Review.

TEMPORARY DUTY.

AT this time of year, when members of Parliament seek refreshment and repose amongst the heather or by the side of a salmon river, whilst fashionable doctors and successful lawyers cool themselves in Alpine valleys, the greater number of our hardworking clergy are obliged to be content if they can manage to exchange one sphere of labor for another. For those who have many children it is difficult to obtain even this half-holiday. They need not answer advertisements in which sea-bathing, picturesque scenery, or a steam launch is offered. They must resign all hope of "the moderate use of a pony carriage" or the enjoyment of living in a pretty house. These advantages are reserved for the fortunate few who can describe themselves as "without encumbrance." The lot of a poor man, rich in the possession of a dozen or more children, is not likely to fall in pleasant places. If he can afford to move at all, he will probably be obliged to accept the charge of some uninteresting, unhealthy, or secluded parish which has been declined by perhaps less worthy men. The area from which he can choose is small, because he cannot afford much money for travelling-expenses, and it is still further restricted by the necessity of finding sufficient accommodation for his patriarchal household. But a married clergyman without children, if he has some standing in his own diocese, or if he has acquired a literary reputation, however limited or undeserved, will find his only difficulty in selecting from the number of pleasant parishes placed at his disposal. To those who like extending their knowledge of places and people there is often considerable enjoyment to be taken out of "locum tenancy." To a novelist, in some cases, the position would be invaluable. Many are the curious peeps at life to be had from the vicarage windows. Many a tragedy may be watched through more than one act during the month's sojourn in a country village. A startling revelation is often made to the sympathetic parson simply because he is a stranger. He does not know too much of the collateral features of the story, and it is so much the more easy to consult him upon a difficult question of duty, and to him is revealed the skeleton which has slumbered in the cupboard during the reign of the real vicar. And there is something, too, of comedy in occupying that personage's place, stepping straight into his

shoes, fulfilling his duties, though he is utterly unknown, wearing his surplice, being attended by his servants, and followed by his dog. It is not without interest to take up the threads which another has been weaving, to keep them smooth if they are found so, or to try to disentangle the knots if matters have gone wrong in the parish. It is often possible for a judicious man to clear up misunderstandings and heal wounds which have long been open. It is also, of course, quite possible to set a whole parish by the ears before the end of a week, and to leave the unfortunate incumbent a legacy of lawsuits, quarrels, and disputes that will make him afraid ever to take another holiday.

It is very amusing sometimes to watch the perplexities of a Broad Churchman who by some train of events has chanced to become *locum tenens* for an extreme Evangelical. His sense of decorum makes him anxious not to contradict the teaching of the man whose place he had undertaken to fill for a few weeks; yet he chafes inwardly at the idea of seeming to conceal his own opinions. The old sermons he has intended to preach have become useless, unless he happily discovers that by peppering his manuscript plentifully with texts, without much regard to their suitability, and by carefully winnowing out every sentence in which there is a suspicion of common sense, he may reach the level to which his hearers are accustomed. He is very careful when visiting the sick poor to throw no doubts upon the personality of the devil, and not to question the probability of their all going to perdition and deserving it. He studiously ignores the village cricket-club, though he may long to improve the boys' round-hand bowling. He is even careful to avoid discussions on religion or politics at dinner-parties; but he will be clever indeed if he succeeds in steering clear of all rocks of offence. He may fail when a neighboring clergyman announces his devotion to snipe-shooting, and in an unguarded moment he fancies he has found a muscular Christian at least. Or his presence of mind breaks down and he lets fall the sheep's clothing in which he has hitherto protected himself, when the squire would administer too strong a dose of Toryism. A Broad Churchman, however, is better able to adapt himself to circumstances than a High Churchman. The exact angle of his eastward position, the note of his monotone, the cut of his whisker, may be the cause of deep misgiving in the congregation. He may insert a redundant collect

after the sermon, omit to turn his back on the people at every convenient opportunity, and may have lax views on Gregorians and the confessional. All such things are of deep importance in a country parish, and the absent incumbent receives letters, often anonymous, as to his substitute's enormities. Clergymen who take duty in the country every summer come by degrees to know as many different orders of divine service as there are days in the week, and as many "uses" as there were before the Act of Uniformity. Bands and black gowns linger in some places. There are diversities of administration of matrimony. Strange local hymn-books are found in use, and customs of bell-ringing and organ-playing are kept up.

Perhaps the most trying position for the *locum tenens* is where the parson's wife and family remain in the parish, and he becomes their guest. Then indeed he feels himself obliged to order his goings circumspectly. He gives offence equally if he is too stiff or too playful. What he would prefer to treat as a holiday is sober earnest to them. He must not wear any but a white tie in the parish, nor lie full length on the lawn in the sun, nor flirt with the parson's pretty daughter, nor jump the churchyard fence, nor play lawn tennis on Saturday. He has to fight over again at the dinner-table all the controversies which he has been so unwise as to start in his sermons, and to give many reasons for every expression of the faith that is in him. This ordeal is gone through at intervals all the week; the opinions of the parishioners, especially of the old women, are quoted for his benefit, and he had better have resigned at once than have hinted in an unguarded moment at doubts as to the authenticity of a Greek text. The children, if there are any, treat him as a superior kind of tutor, or an inferior curate, and the chances are that one of them tells him that mamma has declared him of questionable orthodoxy, and that papa in his letters habitually refers to him as the hireling.

It is not easy to choose among the advertisements with which at certain seasons the Church papers teem. Sometimes a clergyman announces that he "will receive as a guest during September a gentleman in priest's orders, who, in return, will assist in the Sunday services;" the word "gentleman" being printed in capitals. Sometimes greater inducements are held forth in the shape of shooting, or, more frequently, fishing. Of a picturesque neighborhood the most is made, and a clergyman is

allured to the north by the promise that, if he can assist on Sunday, he may be "free to visit the Lakes, the Isle of Man, or Ireland, during the week;" or he is informed that "Rokeby, High Force, and Cauldron Snout are in the immediate neighborhood," and that "five or six hours at Windermere or Ullswater are practicable daily." Of another charming place he may hear even more: "A beautiful neighborhood, six miles from the sea, on the banks of the Camel. Anglican views." Mere curiosity to know how Anglican views appear on Camel's banks must secure hundreds of replies for such an advertisement. Sometimes the intended tenant advertises himself. One clergyman "would be happy to officiate for accommodations for three weeks in a pleasurable locality," and he asserts of his two children of twelve and ten that their "careful conduct could, under all conditions, be safely guaranteed." There is something very rash in this promise. Children of twelve and ten must be greatly above the average in carefulness if the fondest parent can guarantee their breaking no windows and eating no unripe fruit; unless indeed he purpose keeping them in respirators and handcuffs, or under chloroform, during their visit. Those clergymen who have no such encumbrances are anxious to state the fact, as a greater advantage than even ability to intone, or "medium opinions." Some also think it worth while to say that they "can preach," and nearly all consider a pony carriage indispensable. Now and then the advertiser restricts himself in the length of his notice. "M. A. Oxon." announces briefly that he is "single, moderate, free," adding the word "temporary," which must be taken to refer rather to the kind of engagement he needs than to the evanescent nature of singleness, moderation, or freedom. When the place is at last decided upon there is a period of anxiety until it has been fully tried, and many are the tragic experiences of the annual *locum tenens*. At one place he may find himself tied to a house overrun with wild animals all eager for a taste of the newcomer, and may have to make his first appearance among the congregation with eyes and forehead swelled and red from the combats of the night. Or the incumbent may have locked up the library, and not a book is to be found except an almanac five years old. Or the fruit in the orchard has all been pulled green and boiled down, and the garden thoroughly exhausted. The horse has been turned out to grass, and the cows are all dry.

But such experiences are not common, and they matter the less because the feeling on the part of the parishioners is one of hospitality and welcome. The *locum tenens* is the guest of the whole parish. If he has come from London, he is looked upon with an extra allowance of the pity which country folks always bestow on town folk. He is forced to make new acquaintances such as he might never meet at home, and friendships for life sometimes ensue. He may in rare cases be able to fan into a flame the spark of genius in some local poet or painter, and may come upon talent in other ways where he least expects it. He obtains bird's-eye views of a social situation previously quite unknown to him, and has opportunities of extending and improving his knowledge of human nature. And, if he is the object of much kindness, he may also be the cause of a little scheming. The churchwardens will perhaps take advantage of his presence to get their own way on some point of procedure in which they have long differed with the vicar.

From The Athenæum.

A LETTER OF MISS MARTINEAU'S.

WE are enabled by the courtesy of the person to whom it was addressed to publish the following letter of Miss Martineau:—

The Knoll, Ambleside, October 5.

Dear Mr. —,

Your packet and I arrived here almost together. I must beg of you to thank Mr. — very heartily for me for the wonderful pleasure he has sent me in this little volume. Like most other people (whom I have met with, at least), I shrank from a whole volume of published griefs; and the more, because I knew Arthur Hallam; and, like every body that has read it, I forego my objection (which I still think natural) during the reading. I began to cut and read last night; and I stopped at last, by a virtuous effort, from the feeling that I ought not to be able to take in so much at once — that I ought to spread it out, — though, happily, I have the volume to refer to at all times. I cannot honestly say that I had any thing like so much pleasure from "The Princess." There are bits of wisdom and of beauty, — many; but the impression of the whole is more than odd — it is very disagreeable, — to my feeling. It does not follow that

I am not glad to know it; still less, that I am not as much obliged to you for making me read it as if I had liked it ever so much.

And now, I am wondering how Mr. J. and you can see any "answer" in those two poems of T.'s to any thing Mr. Atkinson and I have said. Who has ever said that men are only brain? Does any one say that an orange grove is only carbon, silica, etc.; or the nightingale only a chemical and mechanical compound, — passing over the product or result, — making no mention of the fragrance and the music? If any one did say so, and could establish it, would he not be elevating the chemical and mechanical elements and forces, and not lowering the blossom and the bird? There they are! — beyond his power to disparage. And so, "we are what we are, — however we came to be," as I said in that book. "Science" is very far from pretending to say that men are "magnetic mockeries," or any sort of mockeries; but the most real of all things that men can have cognizance of; and therefore, proper subjects of science. Science goes to show us that there is far more in man than Tennyson or any one else has ever dreamed of; and the one very thing that science most strenuously and constantly insists on is that we do not, and cannot, know any thing whatever of essence, but only of attributes or qualities, — say phenomena. — As for the other poem, we should scarcely object to any part of it, and eagerly agree with most of it. You know, we think it nonsense, — a mere jingle of words to profess to disbelieve in a First Cause. It is an inseparable, — an essential part of human thought and feeling to suppose a First Cause. (See our book, pp. 240, 342.) It is only when men presume to say what are the attributes or qualities, — making it out a magnified human being (which Xenophanes so well saw our tendency to do), that we decline to abet such hardihood, and to attach our awe and reverence to an idol. — As for our making Bacon a "blackguard" (*your* word, you know), the question is one of fact, — always remembering that the avowal of convictions on speculative subjects is not the same virtue in all times. I do not admit the "blackguardism" of Moses, for instance, but rather regard his avowal of so much as he did declare as worthy of reverent admiration. Bacon was awfully faulty in that matter; but, as you well know, far more criminal in others; — a thorough "blackguard" as chancellor, — if timid and cunning as a philosopher. But you

can satisfy yourself about this, which is better than taking any body's word for it. *Study* him well, — ascertaining his bearings, and not forgetting to look into the dates of his various writings, and see how the matter is: and don't blame us for Bacon's weaknesses: — nor yet judge him by the circumstances of your and my station and time. (— For that matter, however, do you know no very good people who sanction what they believe to be untrue, for other folks' good, yet more than their own peace and quiet?) — As for your question about the grounds of our aspiration after self-sacrifice, etc., — our ground is much the same as yours, I should think. If you were asked why you obey the will of God, you would say that it is because your nature impels you so to do; — because you *feel* it to be best; — because you long, and yearn, and love so to do. So we, — if asked *why* we prefer health to sickness, peace to turmoil of mind, benevolence to self-indulgence, — reply simply that we do. Our moral, like our physical faculties, indicate health and happiness as our natural action: and, as we incline to temperance as the rule of health, we naturally aspire to a life of self-sacrifice, or, say rather, of active good-will, because it is inexpressibly desirable in our eyes. This is one ground. But I think it is a higher, and therefore more natural, state (when simply living, and not arguing) not to think about the matter expressly at all, but simply to give way to our love of our neighbor, and act from it, without reviewing any "grounds." — As for the reviewers — they have been more *fraudulent* (in misquotations and the like) than I had supposed possible; but that is their affair, and not ours. As for their wrath — we must bear in mind that most of them are divines, doctors, or somehow concerned in metaphysics; and that we have attacked the very staple of their thoughts and lives. Thus, great allowance is to be made for them, and they really *cannot* do us justice. We do not see that any one of them has touched any one point of our book; and they answer one another so effectually as to save us the trouble of doing it. We have brought a great deal of censure on ourselves through the form of our book, — its mere epistolary form, and its stopping short in the middle. Some day we shall probably give out our views in a more complete and orderly way. Meantime, we have the pleasure of some hearty sympathy; and, where we are most abused, it is a true satisfaction to sympathize the more with our enemies, the less

they are able to do so with us. There is nothing but the sheer dishonesty (of which I am sorry to say there is a terrible deal) that afflicts us at all.

I am much obliged for all you have done and promised about Co-operative matters. My finishing the History with such a summary depends upon Mr. Knight, and will to the last minute. When I last saw him, he engaged me to do it; but he is so impressible and variable, that there is no saying when and how it may be, nor whether at all. I can't make out, to this hour, whether he means to give us the new Cyclopaedia or not; though I worked hard to get him ten subscribers, nearly two years ago. But I think he *will* finally authorize my doing what I told you. At all events, I hope your and Mr. —'s pains will not be wasted. . . .

Our field prospers. Every lot is sold; and all were paid for in one day — to the last shilling. The money is in the Bank; and I am thinking how to get up baths and a Reading-room with it. The roofs *are* on the two cottages now nearly finished; and very nice houses they are. I find my ground will admit of two, and I have been asking — whether I may not venture on a second. . . . I have lost (you kindly inquire, you know) some of my potatoes this year, and nearly all my turnips, — from the absence of frost last winter. All else is flourishing, and beautiful beyond description. I come home, with work for two years on my hands, — in full health, — after a capital holiday with my family, — and with not a care in the world.

Now I think I have answered all your questions. And what a quantity I have given you to read! Believe me truly your obliged

H. MARTINEAU.

O yes, — I have Austin's "Jurisprudence" on my shelves.

From The Academy.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

MR. BANCROFT has successfully carried through his great undertaking, and anthropologists are already finding the advantage of having on their shelves a compressed library of reference for the interesting Pacific region of North America. It would not be useful to summarize here

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. London: Longmans & Co., 1875-6.

in two or three columns a work which is itself a summary (in five volumes of about eight hundred pages each) of all that several hundred authors have recorded as to the pre-European inhabitants of this vast district. The reviewer's task of giving a notion of this literary museum may be best accomplished by calling attention to a few salient points, especially in the last four volumes.

Most of the available information is here to be found as to that curious problem of American ethnology, the connection between the nations of Mexico and those of Central America. Uxmal, Palenque, Copan, and other Central-American cities whose ruins still remain among the wonders of barbaric architecture, were built by the Maya-Quiché peoples, and the evidence is conclusive that these had derived more or less of their civilization from the nations of Mexico, the Aztecs or kindred peoples. The Aztec astronomical calendar with its cycles of zodiac-like signs combined with numbers to mark out years and days, its 13-day and 20-day periods, and its solar years of 360 days made up to 365 by the intercalation of five "empty days," is at once one of the clumsiest and most characteristic chronological systems in the world, and it reappears with but superficial changes in Central America. There seems distinct connection in the religious systems of the two districts. For example, the characteristic Mexican mode of human sacrifice, by cutting open the victim's breast and tearing out the heart to offer to the god, reappears in Central America with its accompanying cannibal feast; the rite of penance by drawing blood with thorns from different parts of the body was also common to the two districts (vol. ii., pp. 688-9). In thorough harmony with these facts is a curious feature of Central-American legend. Readers of Prescott's "Mexico" are familiar with the picturesque figure of the white and bearded divine ascetic, reformer, high-priest, and king, who bore the name of Quetzalcoatl, or Feather-Snake. Now, this religious reformer appears also in the traditions of Central America, his names there being of equivalent meaning, Cukulcan or Gucumatz (vol. ii., pp. 693, 699, 717; vol. iii., p. 45, etc.). Without going farther into the argument, it is certainly a great step towards understanding the history of North America before the conquest, to be able with a certain confidence to consider as historically allied the two groups of nations most remarkable for the height to

which they had raised a barbaric civilization.

Mr. Bancroft's fourth volume is in great part devoted to the antiquarian relics, especially ruins of temples and palaces, in Mexico and Central America, with other remarkable architectural remains, especially the walled forts and towns known as the Casas Grandes of north Mexico, and beyond these again the immense earth-works of the western United States, raised by the mysterious people known as the mound-builders. Is there, one may well ask, any historical link between the builders of these rude but remarkable structures and the nations of Old Mexico and Yucatan? Did the ancestors of the Aztecs migrate, as is sometimes thought, across the continent from the north-west, leaving these ruder ruins as tokens of their barbarism before they rose to higher civilization on the plateaus and amid the forests farther south? In this volume, though the sketches of ruins from each district are not so many and complete as in separate works of Prescott, Humboldt, Bartlett, Squier, etc., etc., yet we have specimens of each kind before us, and can form our own judgment. That of most readers will be that the evidence of connection does not come to much. The earth-mounds and camps of the Western and Southern States (vol. iv., p. 751, etc.) are not so like the mounds and camps of Mexico as to prove anything. The strong-walled house-forts of sun-dried bricks, or of masonry in the New Mexico district (p. 604, etc.), do not resemble the usual architecture either of the mound-builders, the Mexicans, or the Central Americans. It is of course possible that closer study of the ruined works may show more correspondences between them, but in the mean time there seems little evidence for connecting the nations of Mexico with the north-west, beyond Buschmann's well-known proof from the occurrence of Mexican words in the language of Sonora, etc. Even here who can say whether these words were left by Aztecs migrating down the continent, or on the contrary were carried out from Mexico and left among the outer barbarians?

Turning from these specially American enquiries, let us glance at some points which throw light on human ways generally. Among the customs noted by our author there are a few of marked peculiarity. It is by no means usual in the world to find a squint admired as a beauty; but it appears that in Yucatan mothers

would intentionally produce it by arranging a tuft of hair to hang between the eyes, or attaching an ornament to hang over the forehead (vol. ii., p. 730). Another custom mentioned is a working out of the magical notion (which may be conveniently described by the German term of the *Angang*) according to which the first creature met with, as on rising in the morning, is supposed to have ominous influence or significance to the beholder. This is an idea familiar to students of magic, but it was stretched to an extreme in that Mexican district, where (if the story is true) men were married by *Angang*.

In Ixcatlan, he who desired to get married presented himself before the priests, and they took him to the temple, where, in presence of the idols he worshipped, they cut off some of his hair, and, showing it to the people, shouted, "This man wishes to get married!" From thence he was obliged to descend and take the first unmarried woman he met, in the belief that she was especially destined for him by the gods (vol. ii., p. 261).

One may imagine comic situations arising from such a matrimonial plan — some light-footed damsel cutting in at the temple-steps, while the stout heiress provided by the family is still panting round the corner. Again, the custom of killing one of twins, practised in so many parts of the world and accounted for by so many divergent explanations, was known in Mexico with an interpretation even odder than usual. "The birth of twins was believed to foretell the death of one of the parents at the hands of their child; to prevent this, one of the infants was killed" (p. 269). The so-called "Chinese" foot-balancing trick, in which a man lying on his back spins a heavy pole on the soles of his feet, throws it up, catches and twirls it, was practised with great skill in ancient Mexico; the Aztec juggler would even twirl the pole with a man sitting at each end of it (p. 295). There is a good picture of this performance in Clavigero, "*Storia del Messico*." As every similarity in customs between eastern Asia and Mexico may be a proof of intercourse, it would be curious to ascertain whether our modern jugglers derived the feat from the Aztecs, or whether there is any reason to give it an Old World origin. It is worth noticing that the "Flying Game," or giant stride, as well known to the New Zealanders as now in our Board School playgrounds, was also practised in Mexico. A tall pole was set up in the public square, on the top of which was a revolving frame with four ropes,

each wound thirteen times round the pole, by which four men in bird-costumes flew round. It is suggested that the thirteen turns of the rope, with the four flyers, represented the four thirteen-year divisions of the Aztec cycle of years (p. 295). Very likely this was really so. Had it been in England, it would have been interpreted as symbolizing the four seasons with their thirteen weeks each, if not the four suits of a pack of cards.

It appears that America, like Africa, has devised a rite of Mumbo Jumbo:—

Several northern California tribes have secret societies, which meet in a lodge set apart, or in a sweathouse, and engage in mummeries of various kinds, all to frighten their women. The men pretend to converse with the devil, and make their meeting-place shake and ring again with yells and whoops. In some instances, one of their number, disguised as the master-fiend himself, issues from the haunted lodge, and rushes like a madman through the village, doing his best to frighten contumacious women and children out of their senses. This, it would seem, has been going on from time immemorial, and the poor women are still gulled by it, and even frightened into more or less prolonged fits of wifely propriety and less easy virtue (vol. iii., p. 160).

Lastly, among these remarks on customs, it is worth while to notice reasons assigned for the practice of confession of sins, which prevailed in parts of North America. Among the Tacullis, savages of the north-west coast, who hold the common belief in disease being caused by possessing demons, the sick, in extreme cases, often resort to confession to the magician, "on the truth and accuracy of which depend the chances of a recovery" (p. 143). This suggests a reason for confession quite apart from the moral idea of unburdening the conscience. If the patient is being punished by offended demons, it follows that the medicine-man who has to deal with these demons must be informed what sins have been committed, that he may take the proper steps for propitiation in the proper quarters. With this interpretation in our minds, we may see our way into the origin and meaning of the secret confession of sins as preached among the old Mexicans and Central Americans (pp. 220, 380, 494, etc.), without looking to any wonderful exaltation of motive, or fancying that the rite must have come across from some more cultured religion with highly developed morality.

Mr. Bancroft's wide and critical survey of American mythology may do real service in bringing some of its perplexed

problems to rational solution. Hard to manage as the subject is, many points seem likely to throw light both on American "pre-history," and on the working of the human mind. Take, for instance, the following myth told among the Thlinkets of the north-west coast. In old days they had no fresh water, but Khanukh, the progenitor of the Wolf clans, had it all. He lived in an island east of Sitka, and he kept the precious fluid in his well, having built his hut over it for better security. But Yehl, the creator and raven-god, progenitor of the raven clans, went in his boat to get water for his people. The two gods met, and at once had a dispute, but Khanukh vanquished the other by taking off his hat, which caused a dense fog to enshroud the helpless Yehl, who howled and wept till his adversary put his hat on again, and the fog vanished. Khanukh then invited Yehl to his house, and entertained him with many luxuries, among which was fresh water. Yehl contrived by a dirty trick to send his host down to the sea, and then, having drunk himself full with the fresh water to the very beak, he put on his shape of a raven, and flew up the chimney to escape; but he stuck in the flue, and got well smoked by Khanukh when he came home, so that ravens, which were at first white, have been black ever since. However, the raven got away, and flying back to his own country scattered the water in drops large and small, so that there are springs and lakes there to this day (p. 102). Mr. Bancroft calls attention to the remarkable correspondence between this tale and the Scandinavian story of Suttung's mead, that mystic compound of blood and honey that gave to all who drank it the skald's gifts of wisdom and song. In vain it was that Suttung kept hidden in his cavern the jars that held the wondrous liquor, for Odin got in by guile, sucked it all up, and then in eagle's shape flew off to Asgard, and poured it out among the Aesir. Such a coincidence may well encourage mythologists to search further for stories which may have been brought by the Norsemen to Greenland and thence spread over the continent by the Eskimo. Beside the general resemblance in this case, it is worth noticing that Odin's raven and wolf are both here, though on contrary sides, and that the cloud-hat suggests the wide hat with which the heavenly Odin himself shades his face. This same Yehl, the raven-god, is also the hero of a local version of that world-wide myth, the stealing of fire. In old days the fire was hidden

in an island of the sea, but the raven flew there and brought home a brand in his beak, and got home just in time to drop it almost burnt to embers, and its sparks fell among the sticks and stones, whereby it came to pass that men still get fire by striking stones and rubbing sticks together (p. 101). Perhaps the stories of closest resemblance to this belong to Australia. Tribes there believe that fire at first belonged to the old spirits, but the crow brought it down to earth and gave it to the blackmen; or, that the bandicoot at first had a firebrand and kept it jealously till the birds got it away from him, the pigeon making a dash for it, and the hawk knocking it across the river just when it was being thrown in, and so man got fire. (Wilson, "Prehistoric Man," vol. i., p. 139.)

It is a good point about such myths as these that they are not suspect of modern introduction by white men. Nothing can be more delusive than the arguments which have not seldom treated as native the stories which have been mixed up with scraps of Christian ideas derived from missionaries. For instance, there has been put on record a belief among some tribes of lower California that Niparaya, the Great Spirit, would not receive the slain in battle into his paradise, but sent them down into the prison-cavern of his adversary, Wac. (See Tylor, "Primitive Culture," vol. ii., p. 87.) We now get from Mr. Bancroft proofs clearer than ever of the historical worthlessness of the religion of these people. They said that Niparaya, the creator, had three divine children, of whom one was a real man and born on earth, who lived with the ancestors of the Pericues. "The men at last killed this their great hero and teacher, and put a crown of thorns upon his head" (p. 169). Of the deluge-myths of America, again, some are genuine and instructive, and some stupid modern fictions. Mr. Bancroft's collection is extremely full (vol. v., p. 13, and elsewhere), and he weighs them with a critical appreciation. It is satisfactory to find him insisting forcibly (vol. iii., p. 68) on the spuriousness of the famous story of Coxcox, the so-called Mexican Noah, to which, unluckily, even Humboldt lent his authority. The present reviewer takes this occasion of mentioning a point which has for years seemed to him conclusive against the authenticity of this whole tale, but which neither Señor Ramirez nor Mr. Bancroft seems to have remarked. It is this. The best copy of the Aztec picture-writing on which the tale is founded is that of Gemelli Careri in his

"*Giro del Mondo.*" Here, together with the picture of Coxcoxtli and his wife in the boat, and the talking bird above, and the horned mountain which is the picture-name of the kingdom of Culhuacan, there is also the hieroglyph of a hand grasping a bundle of reeds. This, being interpreted, must be seen to stand for the name of King Acamapichtli (*i.e.*, Reed-handful). But by authentic Mexican history it is known that about the end of the thirteenth century there reigned in Culhuacan a real King Coxcoxtli, whose son was King Acamapichtli. It is clearly to the modern times of these real people that we are to refer the migrations by land and water which are recorded in the picture-writing; the deluge-myth which modern commentators have found in it is a mare's nest.

To conclude: it is needless to repay Mr. Bancroft's costs and labors with phrases of congratulation. He has done what he wanted to do. He has raised his Pacific district into higher importance in the educated world, and every one appreciates his work. By making accessible so much valuable material, and sweeping away so much accumulated rubbish, he has made a great move toward the production of a real system of American anthropology, some outline of which he may even hope to see in his lifetime. We trust his example may lead others to do the like work in regions whose ethnological materials are unmanageable because no student can get them before him as a whole. Especially we want a Bancroft for India, and a Bancroft for Asiatic Russia.

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HEARING. — The Berlin *Journal of Chemistry* is responsible for the following facts, which it gathers from a medical journal. It states that Herr Urbantschitch calls attention to the fact that if a watch be held at a little distance from the ear, the ticking is not heard uniformly, but there is a swelling and diminishing of the sound. If held at such a distance as to be scarcely audible, the ticking will come and go, being at times perceived distinctly, but at times becoming wholly inaudible, as if the watch were being moved to and from the ear. This variation in perception is not always gradual; it is sometimes sudden. The same holds good for other weak sounds, as that of a weak water-jet, or a tuning-fork. Since breathing and pulsation have not the least influence on the phenomenon, the interruptions of the sensation must be attributed to the organ of hearing itself; our ear is unable to feel weak acoustic stimuli uniformly, but has varying times of fatigue. To decide finally where the peculiarity lay, M. Urbantschitch made both ear-passages airtight and applied a tuning-fork and watch to the head. The sounds seemed not continuous, but intermittent. The cause must therefore be in the nerves of hearing.

of coral limestone twenty-nine hundred or three thousand feet above the sea level, about twenty miles in a straight line from the Pacific. The corals are of modern aspect, although the species are undescribed. The fact that there are extensive saline basins at a height of even seven thousand feet on the coast of Peru would seem to indicate that the submergence was at one time still greater than that suggested. Indeed, eight species of *Allorchestes*, a salt-water genus of amphipod crustaceans found in Lake Titicaca, would seem to indicate that this lake, twelve thousand five hundred feet above the sea, must have been at one time at the sea-level.

Nature.

WINDS OF SPITZBERGEN. — In the *Austrian Journal* for May 15 we have an abstract of a paper by Dr. Wijkander, published in the *Öfversigten* of the Swedish Academy. He points out that the most remarkable phenomena of the storms in the Arctic seas is their irregularity, vessels on different sides of a large floe having different winds, all blowing hard, while inside there is calm. The Swedes at Polhem had few storms in spring, the Germans at Pendulum Island had as many as in winter, owing to the proximity of open water. The path of the storms was generally southerly, and one remarkable feature was the warmth and dryness of the southerly winds at Polhem, partly due to the fact that the air must have passed over the high land of Spitzbergen, and warmed itself in descending to the sea-level. The same circumstances are noticed with the warm south-east winds of Greenland.

Academy.

MR. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, in his recent trip to Peru, found occasion to conclude that the Pacific, within a comparatively recent time, extended through gaps in the Coast Range, and made an internal sea which stood at a height of not less than twenty-nine hundred feet, and probably much above this. This is proved by the fact of the occurrence

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POETRY.

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TO SUMMER.

SUMMER, summer, lovely summer,
List, O list to what I say;
Is thy reign so quickly ended?
Canst thou, then, no longer stay?

Autumn cometh, crowned with glory;
What is that, I pray, to me?
All my soul the dearest loveth,
Summer, is entwined with thee.

'Mid thy green leaves' shimmering glory,
Waving in the balmy air,
Hope peers forth, with smile entrancing,
Tells me life is passing fair.

And the roses' bloomy petals
Whisper softly in mine ear
Breezy poems, sweet romances,
Tender songs I love to hear.

Velvet pansies, nodding near me,
Tell of happy, golden hours,
And some useful, heaven-taught lesson
Do I learn from all the flowers.

Waving ferns, by brooklets springing,
Perfumed lilies, fair of face,
Whisper low of modest virtue,
Purity and joy and grace.

With the spring my fond hopes budded,
And in thy rich loveliness
Have they grown, and bloomed and blossomed
Into ripest perfectness.

And when autumn leaves are faded,
And the winds of winter blow,
Shall they, like thy peaceful beauty,
Hidden lie beneath the snow?

Summer, summer, lovely summer,
If thy parting hour is near,
Leave me peace and love and blessings,
Guardian angels for the year.

Summer, may thy memory linger
In my heart forevermore,
And, the dreary winter ended,
May I welcome thee once more.
Transcript. K. M. K.

HOPE.

WITHIN the heart a merry bird
Poured out through life's dull toils its music
sweet;
What though one soul alone its warblings
heard,
And to itself its carols would repeat.

Tempest nor cold could drive the bird away —
Through leafless boughs still swept its tire-
less song;
Sadder, perhaps, when skies were lowering,
gray,
But with the rosy tints how loud, how long.

Hunger nor thirst could bid the bird depart,
Around for want's scant crumbs it warbling
flew;
In the forsaken chambers of the heart,
Through poverty, its lays the sweeter grew.

And when despair the cage wide open set,
Still did it linger, still it would not go —
Its daily welcome it could not forget,
It had its cheering notes even for woe!

And when affection's hand must loose its hold,
And loving accents fail the death-dulled ear,
Still in the heart its wings 't will softly fold,
Still will its song the passing spirit cheer.
Salem. LYDIA L. A. VERY.

Transcript.

JUST A FEW WORDS.

JUST a few words, but they blinded
The brightness all out of a day;
Just a few words, but they lifted
The shadows and cast them away.

Oh! the pain of the wounds,
Of the harden'd word's sting;
Oh! the balm and the brightness
That kind ones will bring.

Only a frown, but it dampen'd
The cheer of a dear little heart;
Only a smile, but its sweetness
Check'd tears that were ready to start.

Sullen frowns — how they chill,
Happy smiles — how they lure
One to smile, one to raise,
One to kill, one to cure.

Oh that the rules of our living
More like to the golden would be!
Much, oh! so much more of sunshine
Would go out from you and from me.

Less profession, more truth,
In our every-day life,
More justice, then surely,
Lighter hearts and less strife.

For better and kinder we all mean to be,
But there's lack in the thinking of both you
and me.

Transcript.

GEORGIANA NOURSE.

From The Quarterly Review.

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS ON THE PROBABLE AGE OF THE WORLD.*

A SHORT time ago Sir William Thomson took occasion, at a meeting of the Geological Society of Glasgow, to make a somewhat startling statement. He said that the tendency of British popular geology was, at the time he spoke, in direct opposition to the principles of natural philosophy.

So strong an opinion expressed by the man who is, perhaps, foremost in this country in applied mathematics and natural science, naturally attracted great attention, and it is not too much to say that in the six years which have since elapsed a very great change has taken place in the views of those best able to form an opinion on the subject of Sir William Thomson's animadversions.

Whether or not we are correct in saying that such a change has actually taken place in educated public opinion it is the object of this paper to show; but we may at least affirm at the outset, without fear of contradiction, that a very smart conflict has been raging on the subject in the scientific world. The opposing forces are the geologists and the mathematicians. There has been hard hitting on both sides, and no quarter given. Of late the mathematicians have brought up their reserve, a contingent of natural philosophers, who have done good service. The latest intelligence from the seat of war speaks of a suspension of hostilities. The mathematicians will make no concessions, but the geologists appear likely to abate somewhat of their high demands. There is even some talk of an amalgamation of the opposing armies. In plain English, there

has been a dispute as to the age of the world. Geologists declared that the centuries of its duration could only be denoted by an array of figures so large as to paralyze the reasoning faculties and convey no definite impression to the mind. Other branches of science have shown cause for attributing to the solar system a limit of duration, vast indeed, but not absolutely inconceivable.

To those whose interest in such matters is literary rather than scientific, the progress of such a controversy is often very entertaining. It is true that the actual battles take place in places beyond our ken, generally at meetings of scientific societies, where the orators have it all their own way and confound their adversaries — till the opposition society meets. But though the philosophers retire for fighting-purposes, and do battle in the clouds with weapons, phrases, and formulæ, that we cannot understand, they always come down again to earth to proclaim their victories or palliate their defeats. Once they come down, and we catch them with pens in their hands, the outsiders have their turn.

It is not, however, in the great books of Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, Helmholtz, Tait, or Thomson, that we may seek food for amusement. In these works every thought is in full dress and every phrase decorous. But there is another sort of literature in which we see the great men, so to speak, with their coats off. The "Proceedings" of the learned societies where the real fighting goes on are full of entertainment. Students of human nature need no further proof that though every man may not be a philosopher, every philosopher is certainly a man. With what frank enjoyment they fight! With what irony — what sarcasm they annihilate their foes! It must, however, be confessed, that sarcasm is not, as a rule, the strong point of the learned. The editor of a northern newspaper of our acquaintance was one day speaking in terms of praise of his sub-editor: "The brilliancy of yon young man," said he, "is surprising; the facility with which he jokes amazes me. I, myself, am in the habit of joking, but I joke with difficulty." We have observed the same peculiarity

* 1. *Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science.* By Professor P. G. Tait, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1876.

2. *On Geological Dynamics.* By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S. "Transactions of the Geological Society of Glasgow," 1869.

3. *On Geological Time.* By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., Geological Society of Glasgow. 1868.

4. *Sur le Ralentissement du Mouvement de Rotation de la Terre.* Par M. Delaunay. Paris, 1866.

5. *Climate and Time.* By James Croll. H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland. London, 1875.

6. *Principles of Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell. Fourteenth Edition. London, 1875.

among other learned persons. They joke, but not with ease.

Most of the books which we have prefixed to this paper contain their authors' thoughts polished *ad unguem*. It would not be fair to judge of the opinions of the scientific persons we quote by any other standard than that which they have themselves carefully prepared; but yet we cannot refrain from entertaining a preference for the rough-and-ready, hard-hitting pamphlets, lectures, "proceedings," inaugural addresses, and the like, from which, almost without exception, these works have been compiled. For example, Mr. Croll's work on "Climate and Time" is everything which a scientific work should be that requires deep research and laborious thought, combined with the boldest generalization; but it is a digest of some five or six and thirty papers contributed to scientific magazines and periodicals during several years. Mr. Croll gives a list of his papers at the end of his volume. But though it is most convenient to see the whole before us at a glance, and to have them all under our hand or on the library shelf, yet we acknowledge that while thinking over Mr. Croll's volume, for the purposes of this review, we found ourselves again and again going back to the pages of the *Reader* and the *Philosophical Magazine*, in which we first made acquaintance with them. It may be prejudice in favor of old acquaintances, but we liked them better before. Digressions, perhaps, are cut out; some little rash speculation quietly withdrawn; some hit at an opponent suppressed; but they do not always command the same ready assent, or appear so interesting as they did in their old form.

These remarks do not apply to Professor Tait. His lectures now before us, from their nature, belong to the class of composition for which we avow our predilection. They were delivered extempore to a scientific audience, and printed from short-hand notes. They lose nothing of their vigor, to use an expression of Lord Macaulay, by translation out of English into Johnsonese. We are allowed to seize the thought in the making, and if it loses

anything in grace, the loss is more than counterbalanced by power.

Those who wish thoroughly to understand the subject of this paper should study Professor Tait's lectures on the sources of energy, and the transformation of one sort of energy into another. Matthew Arnold's phrase, "Let the mind play freely round" any set of facts of which you may become possessed, often recurs to the mind on reading these papers. There is a rugged strength about Professor Tait's extempore addresses, which taken together with their encyclopædic range, and the grim humor in which the professor delights, makes them very fascinating. They have another advantage. Men not professionally scientific find themselves constantly at a loss how to keep up with the rapid advance which has characterized recent years. One has hardly mastered a theory when it becomes obsolete. But in Professor Tait we have a reporter of the very newest and freshest additions to scientific thought in England and on the Continent, with the additional advantage of annotations and explanations by one of the most trustworthy guides of our time.

We propose to discuss the books and papers whose titles are prefixed to this article, in so far as they throw fresh light on the probable length of time during which the solar system may be supposed to have existed. It is but in recent times that any materials have been amassed for forming an opinion on the subject. Before the end of the last century geology hardly existed as a science; an inquiry as to the age of the world would have been unhesitatingly answered by the assertion, that the earth was created in six days, 4004 years before the birth of Christ. Though further research has shown that the sacred text bears no such interpretation, those copies of the authorized version of the Bible, which are enriched with notes and marginal references, still keep up the formal assertion.

A story is told in Brydone's "Tour in Sicily" which will serve to recall the state of public opinion on the subject of chronology at the end of the last century. The canonico Recupero, a Sicilian priest,

was Brydone's guide when he explored Mount Etna. Recupero (who afterwards wrote a history of his native mountain) told the traveller that he had been vastly embarrassed by the discovery that many strata of lava, each covered deeply with earth, overlaid each other on the mountain-side. "Moses," said he, "hangs like a dead weight upon me, for I have not the conscience to make the mountain so young as that prophet makes the world." "The bishop," adds Brydone, "who is strenuously orthodox — for it is an excellent see — has warned him to be on his guard, and not to pretend to be a better historian than Moses."

The worthy Bishop of Catania was not alone in his views. Nearer home it was the generally received opinion that to doubt the literal accuracy of the chronology supposed to be involved in the Mosaic account was a grave impiety. The poet Cowper, mildest of men, became fiercely satirical under the provocation of geology. Though few people read "The Task" nowadays, the lines will no doubt be remembered, —

Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register by which we learn
That He who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.

Fortunately, it is no longer considered impious to try and "extract a register" from the earth. Those who were inclined to be afraid that the Mosaic record would be discredited have long since laid aside their fears. It has been found that, far from being upset by scientific inquiry, the Bible account of the creation accords in a very remarkable manner with modern discoveries; and long before Max Müller put the feeling into words, it was felt that only "by treating our own sacred books with neither more nor less mercy than the sacred books of other nations, they could retain their position and influence."

When once the plunge was made, it was soon found, as might have been expected, that the fault was not in the oracle, but in the interpretation; and it is very remarkable in how many and unexpected directions the testimony of Moses has been strengthened by the criticism, not always

friendly, which it has received. Of course, when the anciently accepted date of the creation was proved to be incorrect, and chronology was, as it were, thrown open to the public, there was nothing to prevent philosophers from allowing the freest scope to their imagination. In proportion as the six thousand years formerly assigned as the age of created matter was too small, the reaction of opinion claimed for it an antiquity which workers in other branches of physics feel it impossible to concede; and at the present moment there is among scientific men a revolt against the extreme views of the geologists. The latter affirmed with truth, that creation in six solar days was demonstrably untrue, not because God could not create the world at a stroke, but because the world bears ample evidence that he did not so exercise his power. It was inconsistent alike with reasoning from probability or the investigation of facts. In all the operations of nature as they unfolded themselves before our eyes God worked by law — by the process of slow development — by means beautifully simple, and involving no violence and no haste, yet irresistible. There was abundant evidence that these causes had been at work for thousands — perhaps millions — of years before the date of the supposed miracle. Beginning from the present age, the time was calculated that each development would require, till the united ages of all amounted to the enormous sum of three hundred millions of years.

Modern English geology holds that all geological changes have been effected by agents now in operation, and that those agents have been working silently at the same rate in all past times; that the great changes of the earth's crust were produced, not by great convulsions and cataclysms of nature, but by the ordinary agencies of rain, snow, frost, ice, and chemical action. It teaches that the rocky face of our globe has been carved into hill and dale, and ultimately worn down to the sea-level, not only once or twice, but many times over during past ages; that the principal strata of the rocks — hundreds and even thousands of feet thick — have been formed on ocean-floor beds by the slow

decay of marine creatures and matter held in solution by the waves; that every part of the earth has been many times submerged, and has again been lifted into the air. This slow rising and sinking of the ground is an axiom of the geological creed. We are told that it is now going on, and that there are large areas of subsidence and of elevation on the surface of the globe. But when we consider the slow rate at which that oscillation is now proceeding, and argue back from the known to the unknown, we are landed in conclusions as to the length of time required for geological changes which the opponents of the theory declare to be absolutely inadmissible.

Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and Mr. Croll, argue the question as one of geological dynamics. They find reason, in recent discoveries of science, to assert that the sun and the earth, from their physical condition, cannot possibly have existed for the enormous length of time supposed. Playfair, the founder of what is called the uniformitarian school of geology, declares on the other hand, that in the existing order of things there is no evidence either of a beginning or of an end. "In the planetary motions," he says, "where geometry has carried the eye so far both into the future and the past, we discover no mark either of the commencement or the termination of the present order. The author of nature has not given laws to the universe, which, like the institutions of men, carry in themselves the elements of their own destruction." This was a bold assertion: it was adopted with very little limitation by Sir Charles Lyell, and the later geologists—his disciples and contemporaries. Indeed, if they admitted any limitations at all, they placed the origin of the world so many hundreds of millions of years ago that the figures convey no practical idea to the mind, and amount in effect almost to what a distinguished geologist calls "eternity *à parte ante*."

The principal grounds upon which scientific opinion has recently declared itself in favor of limited periods for the duration of the solar system are based, first, on the belief that the earth is cooling—if not rapidly—at such a rate as to make it impossible that it should have existed for very many millions of years; secondly, because there is reason to believe that the earth is not now rotating on her axis with the same rapidity as in former ages, and that, as her shape would have been different if, at the time she was in a molten

state, she had been rotating more rapidly than now, she has not been rotating so long as has been supposed; thirdly, because the sun is parting with caloric at such a rate as to make it certain that he could not have continued to radiate heat at the same rate for more than a few millions of years; and lastly, because the changes in the earth's crust, stupendous and varied as they are, could have been, and probably were, accomplished in the course of much shorter periods than popular geology has hitherto considered possible.

It will, of course, be understood that any inquiry as to the date of creation must necessarily have relation only to the solar system—the sun, that is, and the planets which accompany the earth in its orbit round the central luminary.

The investigation is of necessity thus narrowed, because we have not, and cannot expect to have, any definite information as to the age of the rest of the visible universe. The stars are forever beyond our ken. If the spectroscope can bring intelligence of their component elements, it is as much as we can hope to attain. For their immeasurable distance effectually removes them from investigation. No action of gravity emanating from those distant luminaries affects the internal economy of the solar system. In the vast eternity of space the sun and his attendant satellites are altogether alone.

It is difficult to gaze upon the thousands of stars that brighten the night with their radiance and yet realize our entire isolation. The solar system, with the radius of its orbit stretching from the sun to farthest Neptune, is but a point in a vast solitude. No star is nearer to us than two hundred millions of millions of miles.

It is difficult, in dealing with such enormous numbers, to retain a definite impression on the mind. Our powers of conception are fitted rather to the wants of common life than to a complete survey of the universe.

Perhaps an intelligent may be substituted for a merely formal assent to these numbers, if they are considered on a greatly diminished scale. Consider the figures on the scale of one mile to 100,000,000. On that scale the sun's distance from the earth will be represented by nearly one mile. Let the sun be represented by a globe on the top of St. Paul's cathedral, and the earth by a little ball on the top of the clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament. The interior planets would revolve round St. Paul's as a centre; Mercury, at the distance of St. Clement's

Church in the Strand; Venus, at the distance of St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square; Mars would be at Lambeth Bridge; Jupiter, at Walham Green; Saturn, in the middle of Richmond Park; Uranus, a little nearer the centre than Slough; Neptune, a couple of miles short of Reading. The outermost planet of the solar system, then, would on this scale revolve in an orbit, comprising London and its neighborhood as far as Stevenage on the north, Chelmsford and Rochester on the east, and Horsham on the south.

On that same scale the nearest fixed star would be nearly as far away as the moon is in the actual heaven.*

This inconceivable remoteness shows that the sun and his satellites lie apart in space. They form one whole, interdependent on each other, but completely removed, as regards their internal economy, from the influence of any attraction outside.

There are reasons for concluding that the system, thus organized and isolated, was brought into existence by one continuous act of creative energy, and that, however long the period over which the process may have been spread, the whole solar system forms part of one creation; and though it has been sometimes thought that the earth was made by itself, and that the sun was introduced from outside space, or created where he is at a different time, the evidence is strong against such a supposition.

In the first place, the orbits of all the planets are nearly in one plane, and describe very nearly concentric circles. If, when they received the original impulse which sent them revolving round the sun, any of them had been started with a little more original velocity, such planets would revolve in orbits more elongated. If, therefore, they had been the result of several distinct acts of creation, instead of being parts of one and the same act of creation, their orbits would probably have been so many ovals, narrow and wide in all degrees, and intersecting and interfering with each other in all directions. Yet if this want of harmony had existed, even

to a small degree, it would have been sufficient to destroy the existing species of living creatures, and cause to disappear all security for the stability of the solar system. If the earth's orbit were much more eccentric than it is, all living creatures would die, for the extremes of heat and cold at different periods of the year would be fatal to life. If the orbit of Jupiter were as eccentric as that of Mercury, the attraction of the larger planet would cause the smaller to change their approximately circular orbits into very long ellipses; such would be the disturbance that they would fall into the sun or fly off into remote space. The moon would approach nearer and nearer to the earth with every revolution; the year would change its character; violent heat would succeed to violent cold; the planets would come nearer and nearer; we should see them portentous in size and aspect, glaring and disappearing at uncertain intervals; tides like deluges would sweep over whole continents; and finally the fall of the moon or one of the planets to the earth would result in the absolute annihilation of both of them.

Another reason for supposing that the solar system is the result of one separate act of creation is, that all parts of it are subject to one uniform law — that of gravitation. By that law every particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force directly proportionate to its mass. This force varies as the inverse square of the distance: that is, if the attractive force of a given mass at one mile were called 1, at two miles it would be $2 \times 2 = 4$, or 1-4 of one, and so on. This law of the inverse square, as it is called, is but the mathematical expression of a property which has been imposed upon matter by the Creator. It is no inherent quality, so far as we know. It is quite conceivable that the central law might have been different from what it is. There is no reason why the mathematical fact should be what it is except the will of the Being who imposed the law. Any other proportion could equally well be expressed mathematically, and its results calculated. As an instance of what would occur if any other proportion than the inverse square were substituted as the attractive force of gravity, suppose, at distances 1, 2, 3, the attractive force had varied as 1, 2, 3, instead of the squares of those numbers. Under such a law any number of planets might revolve in the most regular and orderly manner. But under this law the weight of bodies at the earth's surface would cease to exist; nothing would fall

* On the scale of one mile to one hundred million miles: —

	Miles.
Mercury would be distant from the sun	0'35
Venus	0'66
The earth	0'91
Mars	1'39
Jupiter	4'75
Saturn	8'71
Uranus	17'52
Neptune	27'43
And α Centauri, the nearest fixed star	206,560'00

or weigh downwards. The greater action of the distant sun and planets would exactly neutralize the attractive force of the earth. A ball thrown from the hand, however gently, would immediately become a satellite of the earth, and would for the future accompany its course, revolving about it in the space of one year. All terrestrial things would float about with no principle of coherence or stability—they would obey the general law of the system, but would acknowledge no particular relation to the earth. It is obvious that such a change would be subversive of the entire structure and economy of the world. From these and similar considerations, it follows that although other laws are conceivable under which a solar system might exist, the solar system, such as we know it, could only exist under the actual laws which have been imposed upon its motions. And this seems entirely to exclude the idea that the various bodies of the system could have been created at different times or brought together from different parts of infinite space. We may then safely conclude that the solar system is absolutely isolated in space, and is collectively the result of one act of creation. To the solar system, therefore, our inquiry is exclusively confined.

Although the received chronology of the world has for ages rested upon the supposed authority of the Bible, the sacred text really says nothing at all upon the subject. But, though the assertions which were so long made upon its supposed authority are not really contained in the Pentateuch, it is curious to observe how exactly the words of Moses appear to fit the most recent discoveries of science. No one has supposed that we were intended to learn science from the Bible; it is, therefore, an unexpected advantage to find that its short but pregnant sentences directly support the interpretation put by modern research upon the hieroglyphics of nature. Moses teaches, just as modern science teaches, that the starry heavens existed far back in past duration, before the creation of the earth. He describes in majestic words the "emptiness" of chaos, and the condition of affairs from which light arose. He describes the formation of the sun, and its gradual condensation into a "light-holder" to give light upon the earth, in terms that almost seem to anticipate Herschel and Laplace. Far from assigning any date to the creation, he is content to refer it to "former

duration." No date is either mentioned or implied.

The so-called chronology was derived from two lists, one extending from Adam to Noah, the other from Noah to Abraham. These lists purport to give the direct line of descent from father to son, and the age of each individual member of the genealogy at the time when the next in succession was born. As Adam was supposed to have been created six days after the commencement of the creation, it was simple work to add up the sum and fix the age of the world. As long as the progress of physical science showed no necessity for supposing a lengthened period to elapse between the creation of the world and the creation of man, it was taken for granted almost without discussion, that when God had created the heavens and the earth in the beginning, he at once set about the work of arranging them for the use of man; that he distributed this work over six ordinary days, and at the close of the sixth day introduced our first parent on the scene.

Nowadays, all divines, English and foreign, agree that the word employed by Moses, and translated in our Bible by "the beginning," expresses duration or time previous to creation. *Reshith*, the Hebrew word for beginning, is in the original used without the definite article. The article was expressly omitted in order to exclude the application of the word to the order of creation, and to make it signify previous duration or previous eternity. The words of Moses then, "In former duration God created the heavens and the earth," may mean millions of years just as easily as one. A few verses later, describing the second day of creation, Moses declares that God made the firmament and called it heaven. It is plain from this that the heavens of the first day's creation are different from the heavens of the second day; the difference of time proves a difference of subject. The heavens of the first verse were made in former duration, before the moving of the Spirit, before the creation of light; the heavens of the second day were made after the earth and after light.

Another statement made by Moses is an extraordinary anticipation of the most recent cosmological doctrines. "The earth was desolation and emptiness and darkness upon the face of the raging deep, and the Spirit of God brooding upon the face of the waters." It is now hardly doubtful that the earth was a molten

sphere, over which hung, in a dense vapor, all the water which now lies upon its surface. As the crust cooled, the aqueous vapor that surrounded it became condensed into water and rested on the surface of the land. The conflicts between the waters and the fiery heat, as the crust of the earth was broken, fell in, or was upheaved, are well described by the words of Moses, "The earth was desolation and emptiness." It is curious that the great facts of the submersion of the earth and its condition of emptiness should have been thus exactly described by Moses.

We are then told that God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Celsus, Voltaire, and a writer in "Essays and Reviews" have found it strange that there should have been light before the creation of the sun; but according to the theory of cosmogony now almost universally received, the earth did in fact exist before the condensation of the sun. Light there would be, from the gradually condensing mass of nebulous and incandescent matter which occupied the whole space now circumscribed by the orbit of the earth. If Moses had wished to describe the modern doctrine concerning light, he could not have done so more happily. The sun is not called *ór*, light, but *maór*, a place of light, just what modern science has discovered it to be. If light be not matter, but vibrations of luminiferous ether, no words could more precisely explain what must have occurred when God set in motion the undulations which produced light, and said, "Let light be." The account given of the creation of the sun very closely anticipated modern science: "Let there be light-holders in the firmament of heaven, and let them be for light-holders in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth . . . and the stars." When the sun began to give his light, then, for the first time, the earth's fellow-planets, the stars, began to reflect his brilliance, and became luminaries also.

"Vestiges of Creation" was one of the first books which fairly awakened public interest in the debatable land which lies between that which is certainly known to science and that which must always defy inquiry. Before the appearance of that remarkable book, the theory that the sun and its attendant planets were produced by the condensation of a vast nebula, was but little known to the unscientific world. The idea was originally entertained by Sir William Herschel, and affords one of the greatest proofs of his commanding genius. It was afterwards elaborated by Laplace;

but that great astronomer was himself distrustful of it, and while he expounded the mechanical laws by which the proposed explanation could be supported, he was careful to speak of it only as an hypothesis. As time goes on, it seems probable that the saying of Arago will be accepted, and that the views of Laplace will be universally acknowledged to be "those only which, by their grandeur, their coherence, and their mathematical character, can be truly considered to form a physical cosmogony."

But though Laplace is thus credited by Arago with the origination of this grand conception, he was not its author. Sir William Herschel gave the earliest sketch of the theory. His views were expressed with so much precision, that one cannot help feeling a little jealousy for the prior right of discovery of the English astronomer. Herschel so plainly preceded Laplace, that it seems hard that Laplace should have the credit of it. Herschel began to search after *nebulæ* in 1779, and soon formed a catalogue comprising an enormous number of them. By degrees it dawned upon his mind that the differences he observed in them were systematic, and at length occurred the magnificent intuition that the *nebulæ* are stars in process of formation.

They lie in enormous numbers in every part of the heavens, and apparently in every stage of progressive development. The slow growth of worlds, extending over ages of time, cannot, of course, be watched by any single observer. No more can a single tree among the trees of a forest be so observed. But a forest contains specimens of saplings, young trees, trees of vigorous growth, and trees in decay. In like manner the heavens contain specimens of worlds in the making, from the chaotic mass of vapory matter which forms the first stage of cosmical existence to the perfect, self-luminous star. Herschel arranged them in classes showing this gradual development, and he declares that each class is so nearly allied to the next, that they do not differ so much as would the annual description of a human figure, if it were given from the birth of a child till he comes to be a man in his prime. His catalogue arranges the objects he has actually observed somewhat in the following fashion: first, patches of extensive diffused nebulosity; "milky nebulosity," with condensation; round *nebulæ*; *nebulæ*, with a nucleus; and so on till he reaches stellar *nebulæ*, nearly approaching the appearance of stars.

The evidence grows irresistible as we read, that in these wonderful objects we are gazing at works in process of formation as they lie plastic under the creative hand of the Almighty. Nor is it possible to withhold the inference—thus probably was the world we live in, and the solar system of which we form a part, evolved out of chaos.

The labors of Laplace commenced where Herschel ended. Herschel described what he saw. Laplace showed by mathematics how the known laws of gravitation could form, and probably did form, from such partially condensed mass of matter an entire planetary system.

It is supposed that a film of vaporous matter filled up the space which is now bounded by the orbit of the outermost planet of our system. To the eye of an observer, if such there were, in a distant star, such a vapor would appear like one of the numerous nebulae which are everywhere visible in the heavens.

Laplace supposed that this nebula, extending beyond what is now the orbit of Neptune, possessed a rotatory motion round its centre of gravity, and that the parts of it which were situated at the limits where the centrifugal force exactly counterbalanced the attractive force of the central nucleus, were abandoned by the central mass. Thus, as the nucleus became more and more dense under the action of gravity, were formed a succession of rings concentric with and revolving round the centre of gravity. Each ring would break up into masses which would be endued with motions of rotation, and would in consequence assume a spheroidal form. These masses formed the various planets, which in their turn condensing, cast off in some instances their outlying rings, as the central mass had done, and thus formed the moons or satellites which accompany the planets. As each planet was in turn cast off, the central mass contracted itself within the orbit of that last formed; till, after casting off Mercury, it gathered with immense energy round its own centre and formed the sun.

Laplace's mechanical explanation does not rest only on theory. It has been experimentally shown that matter under certain conditions would exhibit phenomena similar in many important particulars to those which Laplace was led by mathematical considerations to suppose. Professor Plateau, several years ago, tried the experiment of pouring olive oil into alcohol and water, mixed in such proportions as exactly to equal the density of the oil.

The oil thus became a liquid mass relieved from the operation of gravity, and free to take any exterior form which might be imposed by such forces as might be brought to bear upon it. The oil instantly took the form of a globe by virtue of molecular attraction. Professor Plateau then introduced a wire into the globe of oil in such a manner as to form for it a vertical axis. The wire had on it a little disc coincident with the centre of the globular mass, and by turning the axis the oil was made to revolve. The sphere soon flattened at the poles and bulged out at the equator, thus producing on a small scale an effect which is admitted to have taken place in the planets. The experiment has since been several times repeated. When the rotation becomes very rapid, the figure becomes more oblately spheroidal, then hollows out above and below round the axis of rotation, stretches out horizontally until finally the outside layer of oil abandons the mass and becomes transformed into a perfectly regular ring. After a little while the ring of oil losing its own motion gathers itself once more into a sphere. As often as the experiment is repeated the ring thrown off immediately takes the globular form. These are seen to assume at the instant of their formation a movement of rotation upon themselves, which takes place in the same direction as that of the ring. Moreover, as the ring at the instant of its rupture had still a remainder of velocity, the spheres to which it has given birth tend to fly off at a tangent; but as on the other side, the disc, turning in the alcoholic liquor, has impressed on the liquor a movement of rotation, the spheres are carried along and revolve for some time round the disc. Those which revolve at the same time upon themselves "present the curious spectacle of planets revolving at the same time on themselves and in their orbit." Another curious result is almost always exhibited in this experiment. Besides three or four large spheres into which the ring resolves itself, there are almost always two or three very small ones which may thus be compared to satellites. The experiment presents, therefore, an image in miniature of the formation of the planets according to the hypothesis of Laplace, by the rupture of the cosmical rings attributable to the condensation of the solar atmosphere.

Modern discoveries carry the matter on much further. Recent investigations into the doctrine of the conservation of energy, have shown the generation of cosmical

heat. The amount of force comprised in the universe, like the amount of matter contained in it, is a fixed quantity, and to it nothing can either be added or taken away. It is therefore constantly undergoing change from one form to another. If it ceases in one form it is not destroyed, it is converted. The blow of a hammer on an anvil sets a certain amount of energy in motion. The anvil stops the blow, but the force changes into heat. Hammer a nail and it will burn your fingers. Apply a brake to a wheel and you will stop the motion, but the force will be changed into heat which will burn you if you touch the brake. Measure the hammered nail and you find that it has expanded by the vibration of its particles; heat it still more, and the particles will overcome the attraction of cohesion and revolve about each other, that is, they will become molten; heat them still more and they will assume the vaporous or gaseous form. Now seeing that motion was convertible into heat, and heat into motion, it became an object of inquiry what was the exact relation between the two. Dr. Mayer in Germany, and Dr. Joule in England, set themselves to the solution of this problem. By various experiments it was demonstrated, that every form of motion being convertible into heat, the amount of heat generated by a given motion may be calculated. If the particles of a vast vaporous mass were brought into collision from the effect of their mutual attraction, intense heat would ensue. The amount of caloric generated by the arrest of the converging motion of a nebula like the solar system would be sufficient to fuse the whole into one mass and store up a reserve of solar heat for millions of years.

Such, then, is the most probable conjecture respecting the origin of our system. We now turn to consider the grounds on which attempts have been made to fix the probable date of its creation. It will be convenient to examine the views of modern geologists on the subject, and the objections, based on recent results of physical science, which natural philosophers have adduced against their speculations.

The great representative, in late years, of British geology, is the late Sir Charles Lyell. But a few months before his death he published the new edition of his "*Principles of Geology*," the title of which we have placed at the head of this paper. While he lived he bestowed upon the correction of his works unwearied labor. Edition after edition was called for, and in

each whole passages — sometimes whole chapters — were remodelled. A quotation from one of the earlier editions may not improbably be searched for in vain in those which subsequently left his hands; and there are not wanting instances in which an opinion, contested by competent adversaries, was quietly dropped without any formal parade. His judgment was always open to appeal, and his clear and manly intellect acknowledged no finality in matters of opinion; therefore, on matters which we know to have been brought before him, with their accompanying evidence, we may consider ourselves as possessing his final verdict. It would not be fair, when quoting, as we must do, comments unfavorable to some of the conclusions at which Sir Charles Lyell arrived, to refrain from acknowledging the care with which his opinions were formed, and the candor with which they were surrendered if ever his better judgment considered them untenable. For instance, as head of the uniformitarian school, he was exceedingly anxious that the evidence for his favorite doctrine should be duly and impartially weighed. With this view he advocated, in his "*Principles of Geology*,"* "an earnest and patient endeavor to reconcile the indications of former change with the evidences of gradual mutations now in progress."

Upon this remark Dr. Whewell† fell with merciless severity: "We know nothing," says he, "of causes; we only know effects. Why then should we make a merit of cramping our speculations by such assumptions? Whether the causes of change do act uniformly; whether they oscillate only within narrow limits; whether their intensity in former times was nearly the same as it is now: these are precisely the questions which we wish science to answer us impartially and truly. Where, then, is the wisdom of 'an earnest and patient endeavor' to secure an affirmative reply?"

This was rough handling of a pet theory, or, rather, of an argument in favor of a pet theory; but that Sir Charles Lyell felt its force, is shown by the fact that no trace of the appeal attacked by Whewell appears in such later editions of the "*Principles*" as we have consulted.

As another instance of the same spirit, the following remark was made by Dr. Hooker, the president of the Royal Society, when addressing the British Association

* Lyell, b. iv., p. 328, fourth edition.

† History of the Inductive Sciences, b. viii., sec. 2. Edit. 1857.

at Norwich. He was speaking of the progress made in public estimation by the theories of Mr. Darwin. "Sir Charles Lyell," he says, "having devoted whole chapters of the first editions of his 'Principles' to establishing the doctrine of special creations, abandons it in the tenth edition. I know no brighter example of heroism, of its kind, than this, of an author thus abandoning late in life a theory which he had for forty years regarded as one of the foundation stones of a work that had given him the highest position attainable among contemporary scientific writers."

Among eminent persons holding the geological opinions, to which the name of catastrophism has been given, the name of the late master of Trinity must occupy a foremost place. The words in which he avows his opinion are remarkable, not only for their exquisite beauty, but because they have a peculiar significance as almost the last utterance of a great man. The passage which follows* occurs in the third of a series of sermons preached in the University Church at Cambridge, in 1827. But it is curious to learn, from his memoirs, published this year, that he again used the same words in his college chapel just before his death.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Indefinite duration and gradual decay are not the destiny of this universe. It will not find its termination only in the imperceptible crumbling of its materials, or the clogging of its wheels. It steals not calmly and slowly to its end. No ages of long and deepening twilight shall gradually bring the last setting of the sun—no mountains sinking under the decrepitude of years, or weary rivers ceasing to rejoice in their courses, shall prepare men for the abolition of this earth. No placid euthanasia shall silently lead on the dissolution of the natural world. But the trumpet shall sound—the struggle shall come—this goodly frame of things shall be rent and crushed by the arm of its omnipotent Maker. It shall expire in the throes and agonies of some fierce convulsion; and the same hand which plucked the elements from the dark and troubled slumbers of chaos shall cast them into their tomb, pushing them aside that they may no longer stand between his face and the creatures whom he shall come to judge.

Holding these opinions, and believing as Professor Whewell did that the upheavals and subsidence of strata which characterize the earth's crust, were produced suddenly, and by violent agencies,

* Sermons in the University Church at Cambridge, 18th February, 1827.

the school to which he belonged were little likely to attempt to fix a date for the creation of the world. To their minds the facts of geology gave no evidence as to time. It is, therefore, to Sir Charles Lyell and his followers that we must turn for an estimate of duration drawn from the "testimony of the rocks."

It is impossible to deny that periods of very vast duration must have elapsed while the changes took place of which we see the traces. If, for instance, we search below the sand on English shores, we find, perhaps a bed of earth with shells and bones; under that, a bed of peat; under that, one of blue silt; under that, a buried forest, with the trees upright and rooted; under that, another layer of blue silt, full of roots and vegetable fibre; perhaps under that again, another old land-surface with trees again growing in it; and under all, the main bottom clay of the district. In any place where boulder clay crops out at the surface—in Cheshire or Lancashire, along Leith shore near Edinburgh, or along the coast at Scarborough—it will be found stuffed full of bits of different kinds of stone, the great majority of which have nothing to do with the rock on which the clay happens to lie, but have come from places many miles away. On examining the pebbles, they will prove to be rounded, scratched, and grooved, in such fashion, as to show that at some period they have been subjected to a grinding force of immense violence. Among the pebbles in the clay, and on plains far away from mountains, are found great rocks of many tons in weight. They were carried on the backs of icebergs, which, at some time, covered the now temperate regions of the earth, and were dropped by the melting ice either in the shape of pebbles, as moraines of ancient glaciers, or as boulders stranded when the icebergs melted in the lowlands.

Such evidence points to vast periods of more than Arctic winter, which must have endured for many thousand years. But in close juxtaposition with these glacial shells and pebbles lie remains which tell of tropical climates that alternated with the dreary ages of ice. Fossil plants and the remains of animals prove that all northern Europe was once warmer than it is now; that England bore the flora and fauna of the torrid zones. Underneath London there lies four or five hundred feet of clay. It is not ice clay; it belongs to a later geological formation, and was, in fact, the delta of a great tropical river. The shells in this clay are tropical. Nautili, cones, fruits and seeds of nipa palms, now

found only at Indian river-mouths ; anona-seeds, gourd-seeds, acacia-fruits. The bones, too, of crocodiles and turtles ; of large mammals allied to the Indian tapir, and the water hog of the Cape. All this shows that there was once, where London stands, a tropical climate, and a tropic river running into the sea. We find in it the remains of animals which existed before the ice age. The mammoth, or woolly elephant, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave lion, the cave bear, the reindeer, and the musk ox, inhabited Britain till the ice drove them south. When the climate became tolerable again, the mammoth and rhinoceros, the bison and the lion, reoccupied our lowlands ; and the hippopotamus from Africa and Spain wandered over the plains where now the English Channel flows, and pastured side by side with animals which have long since retreated to Norway and Canada.

When the ages necessary for all these changes is allowed for, we have not, even yet, got beyond the latest period into which the history of the globe has been divided. Under the tertiary deposits lies the chalk, a thousand feet in thickness, which is composed of the shells of minute animals, which must have been deposited age after age at the bottom of a deep and still ocean, far out of reach of winds, tides, or currents. Recent dredgings in ocean depths have proved beyond a doubt that the greater part of the Atlantic Sea floor is now being covered by a similar deposit. It must have taken ages to form, and, if the geologists are right in their estimate of the slow rate of upheaval, many more ages to become elevated above the ocean bed where it lay. Not only once, but many times, the chalk was alternately above and beneath the waves. It is separated by comparatively thin and partial deposits of sand and clays, which show that it has been at many different points in succession a seashore cliff. The chalk is not flat as it must have been at the seabottom, it is eaten out into holes by the erosion of the sea waves, and upon it lie flints, beds of shore shingle, beds of oysters lying as they grew, water shells standing as they lived, and the remains of trees. Yet, again, there lie upon the chalk sands, such as those of Aldershot and Farnham, containing in their lower strata remains of tropical life, which disappeared as the climate became gradually colder and colder, and the age of ice once more set in. Everywhere about the Ascot Moors the sands have been ploughed by the shore-ice in winter, as they lay awash in the shallow

sea, and over them is spread in many places a thin sheet of ice-borne gravel. All this happened between the date of the boulder clay and that of the new red sandstone on which it rests.

We need not follow the geologist through the lower systems which overlies the metamorphic rock. The oolite contains remains of plants and animals now extinct, the most remarkable being huge reptiles ; the triassic has fossils like the oolite ; and the Permian has remains like those in the coal on which it rests. Then follow the coal measures, the fossil remnants of tropical vegetation ; the old red sandstone, with fossils principally of fishes and shells ; the Silurian, in which are found the earliest forms of life ; and, lastly, the hard and crystalline rocks, devoid of fossils, which are supposed to be the earliest constituent mass of our planet.

Sir Charles Lyell and his followers allege that the rate at which species of animals change is tolerably uniform. The fossils of one age differ but little from those of ages immediately preceding and following it. We must go back, he says, to a period when the marine shells differ as a whole from those now existing to form one complete period. Counting back in stages measured by changes of fossils, we have four such stages in the tertiary formations above the chalk.

Lyell saw reason to believe, on evidence which we shall presently examine, that the age of ice commenced about a million of years ago. The place of this age of ice among the series of fossil-changes is easily marked, and so he concludes that each of his four periods above the chalk "would lay claim to twenty millions of years." We must allow Sir Charles to work up to his stupendous conclusion in his own words :—

The antecedent Cretaceous, Jurassic, and Triassic formations would yield us three more epochs of equal importance to the three Tertiary periods before enumerated, and a fourth may be reckoned by including the Permian epoch with the gap which separates it from the Trias. In these eight periods we may add, continuing our retrospective survey, four more, namely the Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian ; so that we should have twelve in all, without reckoning the antecedent Laurentian formations which are older than the Cambrian. . . . If each therefore of the twelve periods represents twenty millions of years on the principles above explained, we should have a total of two hundred and forty millions for the entire series of years which have elapsed since the beginning of the Cambrian period.

Eighty millions since the lower tertiary formation, one hundred and sixty millions since the formation of the coal measures, and two hundred and forty millions since the beginning of the Cambrian period! And beyond that inconceivable antiquity lie the whole range of the primary rocks which contain no fossils.

Mr. Darwin * assigns to the world even a greater age. "In all probability," he says, "a far longer period than three hundred millions of years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period." Other geologists exceed even this estimate. Mr. Jukes, for instance, after referring to this passage, in which Mr. Darwin has given an estimate of the length of time necessary for wearing down the space between the North and South Downs, declares it is just as likely that the time which actually elapsed since the first commencement of the erosion, till it was nearly as complete as it now is, was really a hundred times greater than his estimate, "or *thirty thousand millions of years*!"

To any one but a professed geologist, it would almost seem as if these ideas of geological periods had been framed on the principle which guided Mr. Montague Tigg in fixing the capital of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. "What," asked the secretary, "will be the paid-up capital according to the next prospectus?" "A figure of two," says Mr. Tigg, "and as many noughts after it as the printer can get into the same line."

It is hard for imagination to compass the meaning of a million, and when that number is multiplied by hundreds, the effort is altogether beyond us. But we need not dwell on this consideration; we turn at once to the practical comments made by physical science on these and such-like opinions. The first is founded on the secular cooling of the earth.

If a red-hot ball be taken from a furnace, it begins at once to part with heat at a certain definite rate. As it becomes colder it cools more and more slowly. From the known laws of heat it is quite possible roughly to approximate to the period during which the earth has been habitable for animals and plants such as we now find upon it. Whenever a body is hotter at one part than at another, the tendency of heat is to flow from the hotter body to the colder. As the earth's crust is warmer as we go further down, there must be a steady increase of heat from the

surface to the centre, and the earth is even now losing heat at a perfectly measurable rate; therefore it is possible to calculate what was the distribution of heat a hundred thousand or a thousand thousand years ago, supposing the present natural laws to have been then in existence. According to these data, about ten millions of years ago the surface of the earth had just consolidated, or was just about to consolidate; and in the course of comparatively few thousand years after that time the surface had become so moderately warm as to be fitted for the existence of life such as we know it. If we attempt to trace the state of affairs back for a hundred millions instead of ten millions of years, we should find that the earth (if it then existed at all) must have been liquid, and at a high white heat, so as to be utterly incompatible with the existence of life of any kind with which we are acquainted.*

The next argument, namely, that founded on the earth's retardation by the tidal wave, is more recondite, and the theory that there is such a retardation at all is quite of recent date. Theoretical reasons connected with mechanics caused it to be adopted, and its establishment depends on the most refined astronomical investigation.

It is one of the peculiarities of time-measurement, that from the nature of things no two periods of time can be compared directly one with another. The standards by which we measure time are less and less precise as we recede further into the past. To-day we have as the standard unit of duration the interval between two successive transits of a star over the cross-wires of a fixed observatory telescope. This measure has been considered until lately as absolutely fixed and invariable. And so it is for all practical purposes; the sidereal time of any heavenly body passing the meridian on a given day in 1880, may be ascertained from the "Nautical Almanac" to-day, and it will be found true within one hundredth of a second. But that throws no light on the question what is the absolute length of an hour or a second. They are both definite fractions of a day; and a day is a revolution of the earth on its axis; no artificial measurement of such an interval can prove whether the interval itself remains from age to age unchanged. To quote Humboldt as a sure guide to the received opin-

* "The Doctrine of Uniformity in Geology briefly refuted." Proceedings of the R. Soc. Edinburgh, Dec. 1865.

* Origin of Species. Edition 1859, p. 287.

ions of scientific men thirty years ago,* "The comparison of the secular inequalities in the moon's motion, with eclipses observed by Hipparchus, or during an interval of two thousand years, shows conclusively the length of the day has certainly not been diminished by one hundredth part of a second."

The assertion is derived from Laplace, and even now is mentioned as an unquestioned fact in the most recent astronomical text-books. Halley it is true, in 1695, discovered that the average velocity with which the moon revolves round the earth had apparently been increasing from year to year, and this acceleration remained unexplained during more than a century. Halley compared the records of the most ancient lunar eclipses of the Chaldean astronomers with those of modern times. He likewise compared both sets of observations with those of the Arabian astronomers of the eighth and ninth centuries. The result was an unexplained discrepancy, which set all theory at defiance for a century or more. It appeared that the moon's mean motion increases at the rate of eleven seconds in a century; and that quantity, small in itself, becomes considerable by accumulation during a succession of ages. In twenty-five hundred years the moon is before her calculated place by $1\ 1.2^\circ$ — enough to make a very material difference in place of visibility of a solar eclipse. Laplace at last, as Sir John Herschel says, stepped in to rescue physical astronomy from its reproach, by pointing out the real cause of the phenomenon. Laplace accounted for the apparent acceleration by showing that the motion of the earth in her orbit was disturbed by the other planets, in a manner before insufficiently appreciated, and the explanation was accepted for many years as complete and satisfactory. The acceleration was calculated to the utmost point of precision attainable in mathematics by MM. Damoiseau and Plana. Using the formulæ of Laplace, and the numbers deduced from them, it was found that the circumstances and places of ancient eclipses, as recorded by historians, were brought into strict accordance with the times and circumstances as they ought to have been if the theory were true. Laplace's explanation rests upon the fact, that for many thousands of years past the orbit of the earth has been tending more and more to a perfect circle: that is, the minor axis is increasing while the major

axis remains unchanged. The result is, that the average distance of the moon from the sun is greater than it was in past ages. But in proportion as the moon is released from the sun's influence she revolves faster round the earth.

When it was seen how completely the difficulties in ancient observations were explained away by the calculations of Laplace, all doubt was considered to be at an end, and astronomers supposed that the whole truth was known. But in 1853 it occurred to Professor Adams to recalculate Laplace's investigations, and the result was the detection of a material error, which vitiated the whole series of observations. The results of Professor Adams's calculations were submitted to the Royal Society* in a paper, the explanatory part of which is very short indeed, occupying but a couple of pages of the "Proceedings." The brief statement is followed by a corroborative sea of high mathematics, into which we have no intention of asking the reader to plunge. The result, roughly stated, was to halve the amount of acceleration calculated by Laplace, and thus to leave half the acceleration of the moon necessary for his explanation of ancient eclipses to be found in some other way. Astronomers were now in a condition almost as bad as that from which they had been rescued by Laplace.

Adams communicated his final result to M. Delaunay, one of the great French mathematicians; and it seems to have been during the investigations which that astronomer undertook to verify the calculations of Adams, that it occurred to him to inquire whether our measure of time itself remains unchanged. In other words, whether the earth itself may not be rotating more slowly, instead of the moon more quickly, than in bygone ages. It is plain that the moon will appear to be moving more quickly round the earth, if the earth itself — which is furnishing the standard by which the moon's revolution is to be measured — is rotating more and more slowly from age to age.

Newton laid it down in his first law of motion, that motion unresisted remains uniform forever; and he gave as an instance of constant motion, unaffected by any external causes, this very rotation of the earth about its axis. But M. Delaunay remembered that Kant had pointed out the resistance which the earth must incur from the tide-wave, and had even approximately calculated its amount. The

* Cosmos, i. 161.

* June 16, 1853.

tidal wave is lifted up towards the moon, and on the side of the earth opposite the moon; so that as Professor Tait puts it, the earth has always to revolve within a friction-brake. Adams adopted this theory of tidal friction; and in conjunction with Professor Tait and Sir William Thomson, assigned twenty-two seconds per century as the error by which the earth would in the course of a century get behind a thoroughly perfect clock (if such a machine were possible).

It may be asked, if the earth's movement be diminishing gradually in rapidity, will it eventually stop altogether? No; if ever the earth shall so far yield to the action of the tidal wave as to rotate not more rapidly than the moon, she will present to the moon always the same part of her surface. Then the liquid protuberance directed towards the moon will no longer be a cause of delay, and the retardation will cease. This cessation of effect, owing to the cause having ceased, appears to have actually happened with regard to the moon herself. At some time the moon's crust, and, indeed, her whole substance, was in a molten state. Enormous tides must have been produced by the attraction of the earth in this viscous mass of molten rock, and the time of the moon's rotation must have been quickly compelled, by the friction, to become identical with the time of its revolution round the earth, and now, as is well known, the moon always presents to the earth the same side of her sphere.

It being thus established that there is retardation of the earth's motion, and the amount of retardation being calculated, it remains only to inquire how the fact affects the question of the world's age. We know that the flattening at the poles and bulging at the equator is the result of rotation; from the amount of retardation it can be calculated how fast the earth was rotating in bygone ages. Two thousand millions of years ago she would, according to such calculation, have been revolving twice as fast as at present, and the amount of centrifugal force at the equator would have been four times as great as now. If the earth, subjected to such strong centrifugal force, had been liquid or even pasty, when it began to rotate, the equatorial protuberance would have been much greater than it is. It therefore follows that she was rotating at about the same rapidity as now, when she became solid, and as the rate of rotation is certainly diminishing, the epoch of solid-

ification cannot be more than ten or twelve millions of years ago.

A third argument for restricted periods is founded on an examination of the question, how long can the sun be supposed to have kept the earth, by its radiation, in a state fit to support animal and vegetable life? Here, as might be expected, a wider range of opinion exists.

It will be conceded at once that the age of organic life upon the earth must, of necessity, be more recent than the age of the sun. The several theories as to the way in which the sun may have derived his heat, may be put aside in favor of that of Helmholtz, viz., that the sun has been condensed from a nebulous mass, filling at least the entire space at present occupied by the whole solar system. The gravitation theory of Helmholtz is now generally admitted to be the only conceivable source of the sun's heat. The opinion that it can be obtained from combustion is not tenable for a moment. The amount of heat radiated is so enormous, that if the sun were a mass of burning coal, it would all be consumed bodily in five thousand years! * On the other hand, a pound of coal falling on the surface of the sun from an infinite distance, would produce six thousand times more heat from concussion than it would generate by its combustion. An idea of the amount of energy exerted by one pound weight falling into the sun, will be conveyed by stating that it would be sufficient to hurl the "Warrior," with all its stores, guns, and ammunition, over the top of Ben Nevis! † But, if we accept gravitation as the source of energy, we accept a cause, the value of which can be mathematically determined with very considerable accuracy.

The amount of heat given off by radiation in a year, ‡ is known; the total amount of work performed by gravitation in condensing a nebulous mass to an orb

* To maintain the present rate of radiation, it would require the combustion of 1500 lbs. of coal on every square foot of the sun's surface, per hour. — *Croll*, 346.

† The velocity with which a body falling from an infinite distance would reach the sun would be equal to that which would be generated by a constant force equal to the weight of the body at the sun's surface operating through a space equal to the sun's radius. One pound would at the sun's surface weigh about 28 lbs. Taking the sun's radius at 441,000 miles, the energy of a pound of matter falling into the sun from infinite space would equal that of a 28-lb. weight descending upon the earth from an elevation of 441,000 miles, supposing the force of gravity to be as great at that elevation as it is at the earth's surface. It would amount to upwards of 65,000,000,000 foot-pounds.

‡ The total amount radiated from the whole surface of the sun per annum is $8,340 \times 10^{40}$ foot-pounds. — *Croll* 346.

of the sun's present size, is known. The result is, that the amount of heat thus produced by gravitation would suffice for about twenty millions and a quarter of years. This is on the assumption that the nebulous matter composing the sun was originally cold, and that heat was generated in it by the process of condensation only. It is, however, quite conceivable that the nebulous mass possessed a store of heat previous to condensation, and that the very reason why it existed in the gaseous condition was that its temperature was excessive. The particles composing it would have had a tendency, in virtue of gravitation, to approach one another if they had not been kept apart by the repulsive energy of heat; it is not then unreasonable to suppose that the attenuated and rarified mass was vaporous by reason of heat, and began to condense only when its particles began to cool. By the known laws under which heated gases condense, the amount of heat originally possessed by the gas bears a definite and known proportion to the amount of heat generated by condensation; and, on the assumption that the analogy holds good in the case of the sun, which holds in the condensation of other heated gases, nearly fifty millions of years' heat must have been stored up in the mass as original temperature. This, added to the twenty and a quarter millions which resulted from gravitation, gives rather more than seventy millions of years' sun-heat.

As, however, this quantity gives the total amount of heat given out by the mass since it began to condense, the earth could not have had an independent existence till long after that time. The sun must have had time to condense from its outer limits as a nebula, to within the limit of the earth's orbit, before that separate existence could begin; for before then the earth must have formed part of the fiery mass of the sun. This calculation, like the others, falls short by nearly two hundred millions of years of the period estimated by Sir Charles Lyell for the commencement of life upon the earth.

But it would not be satisfactory to see a theory upset, if with the theory the means of accounting for observed facts were also destroyed. One great reason which weighs with geologists in assigning an almost incalculable age to the earth, is that among the fossils of the latest glacial epoch there are found the remains of tropical plants and animals, deposited in alternate strata with the remains of temperate climates, and this not once, but many times over. A hot climate prevailed at one

time, and the earth became peopled with the flora and fauna appropriate to those conditions; after a lapse of many ages, the land subsided, and became the bed of the ocean; a vast period of upheaval then ensued, and dry land once more appeared; the climate gradually changed and ice set in; after ages more there was another slow subsidence, another equally slow upheaval, and another change of climate; and so on without end. Seeing the slow way in which the land sinks or is upheaved nowadays, it naturally appeared that no conceivable lapse of time could be enough to explain that which had obviously taken place.

Mr. Croll, however, has recently afforded an explanation at once beautiful, simple, and complete. About the facts to be accounted for there can be no doubt. The land has been many times under the sea, and the most violent changes of climate have succeeded one another. Mr. Croll's explanation is partly astronomical, and partly rests on geological dynamics. The heat of the sun is great in proportion to his distance from the earth. This distance is greater at one time of year than another. The orbit of the earth is not quite circular, but its eccentricity varies slowly from century to century. It is just now very small, and the summer of the northern hemisphere happens when the earth is at its greatest distance from the sun. Both these circumstances tend to produce in Europe a moderate climate. But the longitude of the perihelion, as this state of things is called, is constantly changing, and the line joining the solstices moves round the orbit in about twenty-one thousand years. It follows that every ten thousand years, or thereabouts, the winter of the northern hemisphere will occur when the earth is at its farthest from the sun; and if at that time the earth's orbit is very eccentric, the two causes combined will produce a very severe climate. Eleven thousand years hence the northern hemisphere will be nearest to the sun in summer, and farthest from him in winter. Now if when that state of things occurred, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit happened to be very great—if the earth in winter-time was at a part of her orbit several millions of miles farther from, and in summer-time was very much nearer, the sun than she is now, the climate of the northern hemisphere would be very different from what it is.

One such period of great eccentricity occurred about two million five hundred thousand years ago. Fifty thousand years

later there was another. Again, eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago there was a third, and two hundred thousand years ago a fourth. Those periods were characterized by cold such as we have no conception of. More than Arctic winter lingered far on into the spring, and unmelted ice of one year accumulated through the next, till from the pole to the south of Scotland the earth was covered with a vast ice-cap, probably several miles in thickness.

Now, in Europe and America, wherever in fact any records are left of the glacial epoch, it is remarked that a general subsidence of the land followed closely on the appearance of the ice. This fact led certain geologists to conclude that there was some physical connection between the two phenomena, and Mr. Jamieson suggested to the Geological Society that the crust of the earth might have yielded under the enormous weight of the ice. Mr. Croll, however, gives a different explanation; and the more it is understood the more it appears to gain ground with those capable of forming an opinion. He says that the surface of the ocean always adjusts itself in relation to the earth's centre of gravity, no matter what the form of the earth happens to be. If a large portion of the water of the ocean were formed into solid ice, and placed round the north pole, its weight would naturally change the centre of gravity of the earth. The centre would be changed a little to the north of its former position. The water of the ocean would then forsake its old centre, and adjust itself with reference to the new. The surface of the ocean will therefore rise towards the north pole and fall towards the south. The land will not sink under the sea, but what amounts to the same thing, the sea will rise upon the land. The extent of submergence will be in proportion to the weight of the ice.

It is easy to see that glaciation would not be contemporaneous on both hemispheres. One hemisphere would be covered with ice and snow, while the other would be enjoying a perpetual spring. A glacial epoch resulting from the eccentricity of the earth's orbit would extend over a period of a hundred thousand years. But for the reason given above, the glaciation would be transferred from one hemisphere to another every ten thousand years. A glacial epoch extending over a hundred thousand years would therefore be broken up into several warm periods. The warm period in one hemisphere would

coincide with the cold one in the other, and there would be elevation of the land during the warm period and subsidence during the cold.

This cause would be quite sufficient to effect the alternate upheaval and depression. During the successive ages that each pole alternately was subjected to glaciation, the winter ice, unmelted by the brief summer, would accumulate till a cap many thousand feet thick formed at the pole, and would ultimately spread far down into what is now the temperate zone. If such an ice-cap were only equal in density to one thousand feet of earth, accumulated say on the north side of the globe, the centre of gravity would be shifted five hundred feet to the north; and as the ocean would accommodate itself to the centre there would be a subsidence at the north pole equal to five hundred feet. But this is not all, for at the time the ice-sheet was forming on the northern hemisphere, a sheet of equal size would be melting on the southern. This would double the effect, and produce a total submergence of one thousand feet at the north pole and a total elevation of one thousand feet at the south pole.

It is clear that all the upheavals and submergences of land which have so impressed geologists with the immensity of time required for their execution can thus be accounted for within periods, stupendous indeed if compared to historical time, or even to the duration of man on the earth, but still conceivable by human imagination. The nightmare of subsidence and emergence need no longer oppress the geologist. He has only to remark surface changes and see how far forces now at work are capable of effecting them, and if so, how long they would take. The discovery of Mr. Croll upsets the whole scale of geological time. Sir Charles Lyell was quite right in saying that the earth could not have subsided and emerged from the sea half-a-dozen times, in less than a million of years, if it sank or rose in the leisurely manner which has characterized it in recent times: consequently he could not accept as "the glacial epoch" the most recent period of great eccentricity. He was obliged to go back to the next, which happened nearly a million years ago. Sir Charles Lyell's standard of measurement is the date of the age of ice. If, therefore, the age of ice is assigned to a period two hundred thousand years ago instead of a million years ago, the standard of Sir Charles Lyell is diminished by four-fifths; and

adapting his conclusions to the altered premisses, we should have forty-eight millions of years instead of two hundred and forty millions for the age of the fossiliferous rocks.

This change of standard would agree very well with the fact that there are evidences in the eocene and miocene periods of ice-ages antecedent to the last. These might well be referred to the former periods of high eccentricity.

Enormous as are the periods which have undoubtedly passed since the creation of the world, it need not startle us to be told that every succession of events of which we have any evidence may well have occurred within a manageable number of millions of years. Could we stand as Mr. Croll says, upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and were we informed that the little streamlet was able in one year to wear off only one-tenth of an inch of its rocky bed, what would be our conception of the prodigious length of time that it must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled when on making the necessary calculations we found that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million years.

The absolute settlement of the question must ever be above our powers. For a few centuries only we have the comparative daylight of historical times, thence backward lies the rapidly gathering twilight of tradition; beyond that, geological periods the duration of which can be only vaguely guessed at, and beyond all these, far back in past eternity, the epoch when time began. The old belief which limited the existence of the earth to less than seven thousand years, gave way once for all, almost within living memory. All men are now agreed that the six days of creation were periods of indefinite extent. They are not solar days—for evening happened and morning happened, three times over before the sun was created. Not being days measured by the sun, we know not how many thousands of years they may have endured. The reaction was sudden and complete. Geology jumped to the conclusion that the past history of the world was without any limits that human imagination could conceive. But in quite recent years, as we have tried to show, the calm light of science has proved that the practical eternity of matter is not more tenable than the

arbitrary limitation by which thought was formerly confined.

I dare say [says Professor Tait] that many of you are acquainted with the speculations of Lyell and others, especially of Darwin, who tell us that even for a comparatively brief portion of recent geological history three hundred millions of years will not suffice! We say, so much the worse for geology as at present understood by its chief authorities, for . . . physical considerations render it impossible that more than ten or fifteen millions of years can be granted.

Sir William Thomson is not so sweeping in his assertion; but then the nature of the problem before him did not require any such opinion at his hands. His argument aimed at disproving Playfair's assertion, that neither the heavenly bodies nor the earth offered any evidence of a beginning, or any advance towards an end. If, therefore, Sir William Thomson was able to show that there was good evidence both of a beginning and an end, he was not concerned to speculate how long past time had existed, or when the end would come. His summing up is this:—

We must admit *some* limit. . . . Dynamical theory of the sun's heat renders it almost impossible that the earth's surface has been illuminated by the sun many times ten million years. And when finally we consider underground temperature we find ourselves driven to the conclusion that the existing state of things on the earth, life on the earth, and all geological history showing continuity of life, must be limited within some such period of past time as one hundred million years.

We have passed in rapid review the evidence upon which guesses, more or less plausible, as to the age of the world, have been founded. Whatever may be the opinion at which men will ultimately arrive, it cannot but be satisfactory to note from how many quarters and in how many ways natural science has in latter days cast light on the inquirer's path.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.

THE SQUARE.

IT was a rainy afternoon when Cara reached the square. It had been settled, against Miss Cherry's will, that she was to go alone. The girl, who was often

"queer," especially when anything connected with her natural home, her father's house, was in question, had requested that it should be so — and Miss Charity approved, to whose final decision everything was submitted at Sunninghill. "Don't interfere with her," Miss Charity had said; "she is like her mother. She has a vein of caprice in her. You never could argue (if you remember) with poor Annie. You had either to give in to her, or to say no once for all, and stick to it. Carry is not like her mother all through — there are gleams of the Beresford in her. But there is a vein of caprice, and I wouldn't cross her, just at this crisis of her life."

"But I don't see why it should be such a crisis. It is a change of scene, to be sure, and leaving us ought to be a trial," said Miss Cherry dubiously. The feeling within herself was, that she would have been glad had she been more sure that this was a trial. Girls were ungrateful in their light-heartedness, and sometimes loved the risks of independence. "It is not as if she were going among strangers," said Miss Cherry. "She is going to her home, and to her father."

"A father whom she has never known since she was a child — a house that has never lost the shadow of that dying!"

"Then why must not I go with her?" said Miss Cherry. The old lady shrugged her shoulders, but said no more. And Cara got her way. As she was to go alone, she was packed, with all her belongings, into the carriage; nurse going with her, who was to help in the housekeeping, and take care of the young mistress of the old familiar house. The railway, it is true, would have carried them there in half the time; but Cara liked the preparation of the long, silent drive, and it pleased the elder ladies that their darling should make her solitary journey so to her father's house. The road led through beautiful royal parks, more than one, and by glimpses of the pleasant river. It was like an old-fashioned expedition made in the days before railways, with full time for all the anticipations, all the dreams of what was to come. Though her mind was full of natural excitement and sadness, Cara could not help feeling herself like one of the heroines of Miss Austen's novels as she drove along. She had plenty of grave matters to think about, and was very much in earnest as to her life generally; yet, with the unconscious doubleness of youth, she could not help feeling only half herself, and half Elizabeth Burnet or Catherine Moreland going

off into the world. And, indeed, without sharing the difficulties of these young ladies, Cara Beresford in her own person had no small problem before her. To fill the place of her mother, an accomplished woman, she who was only a girl; to make his home pleasant to her father: to set a-going once more something like family life. And she only seventeen, and so differently situated, she said to herself, from other girls! Had she not enough to think of? The trees and the bridges, the gleams of shining river, the great stretches of wooded country, all glided past her like things in a dream. It was they that were moving, not she. Nurse talked now and then; but nurse's talking did not disturb Cara; she knew by long experience just how to put in convenient ayes and noes, so as to keep the good woman going. And thus she went on, her head full of thoughts. Her difficulties were more grave than those which generally fall to the lot of so young a girl — but, nevertheless, with the frivolity of youth, she could feel herself something like Catherine Moreland, hurrying along to Northanger Abbey, and all the wonders and mysteries there.

She had expected to find her father already arrived and awaiting her; but he did not come until she had been an hour or two in the house — which was half a relief and half an offence to her. She was received with a kind of worship by John and cook, to whom their young mistress, whom they had known only as a child, was a wonder and delight, and who mingled a greater degree of affectionate familiarity with the awe they ought to have felt for her than was quite consistent with Cara's dignity. They were anxious to pet and make much of her on her arrival — cook hurrying up-stairs, unnecessarily Cara thought, to show how prettily her room had been prepared, and John bringing her tea, with cake and the daintiest bread and butter, and a broad smile of pleasure on his face. Cara thought it incumbent upon her to send away the cake and bread and butter, taking only the tea, to prove beyond all power of misconception that she was no longer a child — but she was sorry for it after, when John, protesting and horrified, had carried it away down-stairs again. Still, though one is slightly hungry, it is best to keep up one's dignity, and "begin," as Aunt Cherry said, "as you meant to go on." Cara would not let herself be governed by old servants, that she had determined — and it was best to show them at once that this could not be.

Then she went up with some shrinking, feeling like a sea-bather making the first plunge, into the drawing-room, which no one had used for the last five years. She was obliged to confess that it was very pretty, notwithstanding that it frightened her. She half expected some one to rise from the chair before the first newly-lighted October fire to receive her as she went in. The little cabinet, the pretty brackets for the china, the scraps of old lace upon the velvet, the glimmer of old, dim, picturesque mirrors, the subdued yet brilliant color in the bits of tapestry, all moved her to admiration. At Sunninghill they had, as became a ladies' house, many pretty things, but with as little idea of art as it is possible in the present day to succeed in having. Miss Cherry knew nothing of art, and it had been invented, Miss Charity thought, since her days, which was the time when people liked to have respectable solid furniture, and did not understand æsthetics. The graceful balance and harmony of this new old house gave Cara a new sensation of admiring pleasure — and yet she did not like it. It would be hard to tell what was the cause of the painful impression which prejudiced her mind — yet there it was. Her own mother — her dead mother — that visionary figure, half nurse, half goddess, which gives a quite visionary support and consolation to some motherless children, did not exist for Cara. She remembered how she had been sent off to the Hill when they went away to enjoy themselves, and how she had been sent off to the nursery when they sat talking to each other. It had been a happy home, and she had been petted and made much of by times — but this was what she recollected most clearly. And then there rose up before her, intensified by distance, that scene in her mother's room, which she had never confided to any one. She resented this mystery that was in the past, which returned and wrapped her in a kind of mist when she came back. Why had not her parents been straightforward people, with no mysteries such, as Cara said to herself, she hated? Why was there a skeleton in the cupboard? All the things she had read in books about this had made Cara angry, and it vexed her to the heart to feel and know that there was one in her home. She had buried the secret so completely in her own bosom that it had made an aching spot all round it where it lay: like that bit of a garden which lies under a noxious shadow — like that bit of a field where a fire has been — was this place in

her heart where her secret lay. She felt it, in all its force, when she came home. At the Hill there were no secrets; they lived with their windows open and their hearts, fearing no sudden appearance, no discovery. But here it seemed that the old trouble had been waiting all these years, till the girl went back who alone knew all about it, the father's past and the mother's past; and even the atmosphere of the long-shut-up house felt pernicious. Cara did not like to look round her as it came to be dark, lest she see *some one* sitting in the corner in the shadow. It seemed to her more than once that somebody moved in the distance, going out or coming in, with a sweep of a long skirt, just disappearing as she looked up. This meant, I suppose (or at least so many people would say), that her digestion was not in such good order as it should have been — but digestion was not a thing which came within Cara's range of thought.

Her father arrived about half past six by the Continental train. Cara stood at the door of the drawing-room, with her heart beating, wondering if she ought to run down and embrace him, or if he would come to her. She heard him ask if she had come, and then he added, "I will go to my room at once, John. I suppose dinner is nearly ready. I did not expect to have been so late. Bring my things to my room."

"Shall I call Miss Cara, sir?"

"No; never mind. I shall see her at dinner," he said.

And Cara instinctively closed the drawing-room door at which she had been standing, as she heard him begin to come up the stairs. She stood there, with her heart beating, in case he should call her; but he did not. Then she too went to dress, with a chilled and stifled sensation, the first sense of repulse which she had ever experienced. When she was ready, she went back again very quickly and noiselessly, leaving the door open. By-and-by her father's step became audible coming down, and he paused when he got to the door; but then resumed and went on again, sending her word that she would find him in the dining-room. It was unreasonable, the high swelling of offence and injured pride that she felt in her heart — but there it was. Was this how he meant to use her — her, his only child — now the mistress of his house? She went down, after an interval of proud and painful reluctance, a slim, girlish creature, in her white dress, her blue eyes somewhat strained and large, more widely opened

than was consistent with perfect composure. She was not beautiful, like her mother. A certain visionary youthful severity was in her looks. She was different altogether, different in every way, from the pet and darling of the ladies at the Hill. Her father had not seen her since she had leaped into long dresses and young-womanhood, and he was startled by the change. Involuntarily, as he looked at her, her mother's description of the child Cara came back to his mind. Perhaps he was all the more quick to notice this that his eye had been caught as he paused at the drawing-room door by the last purchase he had made in bric-à-brac, the Buen Retiro cup, of which his wife had said playfully that Cara would insist that he should tell the dealer the exact value before he bought it. This strange idea brought a half-smile to his face, and yet his memories were so far from smiling. The cup had been broken to bits in the careless packing of that last journey home, when bric-à-brac had lost all interest in the gathering mists of suffering and despondency, and then afterwards, in an interval of apparent improvement, had been carefully put together and placed on a shelf, high up, where its imperfections were not visible. It was the sight of it which had kept Beresford from going into the room. He would have made the effort for Cara's sake, he thought, but that this relic, so connected with the last chapter of all, had thrust that recollection upon him. He had never entered poor Annie's drawing-room since the week she died.

"Well, Cara, my dear, I am glad to see you," he said, putting his arm round his daughter, and kissing her. "You must forgive me for not coming up-stairs. How you have grown—or rather, you have become a young lady all at once. I don't know that you are much taller."

"No; I have not grown," said Cara. "I suppose the long dress makes a difference. It is that, perhaps."

"Yes," he said. "Sit down, my dear; dinner waits. I have had a long journey, and I want something. I never eat much when I am travelling. I came by Dieppe, which is a route I detest. Ah, I forgot! You have never been across the Channel yet, Cara."

"No."

They both recollected why—and that "the next expedition" after those long honeymooning travels was to have been accompanied by "the child." Cara remembered this with a certain bitterness;

her father merely with melancholy sentiment.

"Ah!" he said, vaguely, "we must mend that—some day. And how are the aunts? I can fancy that my sister looks just as she always did. She and I are at the age when people change little. But Aunt Charity? she is getting quite an old woman now—over seventy. Have you been dull in the country, Cara? or have they petted you so much that you will feel it dull to be here?"

He looked at her with a smile which lit up his face, and touched her heart just a little; but the question touched something else than her heart—her pride and sense of importance.

"I was not dull," she said. "One is not dull when one has something to do—and is with those whom one loves."

"Ah!" he said, looking at her with a little curiosity; "that is a better way of putting it, certainly," he added, with a smile.

Then there was a pause. John, behind Mr. Beresford's chair, who had been in the house when Cara was born, and who thought he knew his master thoroughly, had much ado not to interfere, to whisper some instructions in her father's ear as to how a child like this should be dealt with, or to breathe into Cara's an entreaty that she would humor her papa. He said to his wife afterwards that to see them two sitting, pretending to eat their dinners, and never speaking, no more nor if they were wax images—or, when they did talk, talking like company—made him that he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. How many hints our servants could give us if decorum permitted their interference! John felt himself a true friend of both parties, anxious to bring them as near to each other as they ought to be; but he knew that it would have been as much as his place was worth had he ventured to say anything. So he stood regretfully, wistfully, behind backs and looked on. If he could but have caught Miss Carry's eye! but he did not, not even when, in the confusion of his feelings, he offered her mustard instead of sugar with her pudding. *Her* feelings were so confused also that she never noticed the mistake. Thus the dinner passed with nothing but the sparest company conversation. There were but these two in the world of their immediate family, therefore they had no safe neutral ground of brothers and sisters to talk about.

"Is your room comfortable?" Mr.

Beresford said, when they had got through a comfortless meal. "If I had been here sooner, I should have refurnished it; but you must do it yourself, Cara, and please your own taste."

"I don't think I have any taste," she said.

"Ah, well — perhaps it does not matter much; but the things which pleased you at ten will scarcely please you at seventeen. Seventeen are you? and *out*, I suppose? One might have been sure of that. Cherry would have no peace till she had you to go to parties with her."

"We very rarely go to parties," said Cara, with dignity. "Of course at seventeen one is grown up. One does not require parties to prove *that*."

He looked at her again, and this time laughed. "I am afraid you are very positive and very decided," he said. "I don't think it is necessary, my dear, to be so sure of everything. You must not think I am finding fault."

Her heart swelled — what else could she think? She did not wish, however, to appear angry, which evidently was impolitic, but shifted the subject to her father's recent travels, on which there was much to be said. "Are you going to the geographical meeting? Are they to have one expressly for you, like last year?" she said, not without a hidden meaning, of which he was conscious in spite of himself.

"You know what they said last year? Of course there was no reason for it; for I am not an explorer, and discovered nothing; but how could I help it? No; there will be no meeting this time, thank heaven."

And he saw that a faint little smile came upon Cara's lips. Instead of being delighted to see that her father had come to such honor, this little creature had thought it humbug. So it was — but it galled him to know that his daughter felt it to be so. Had she laughed out, and given him an account of the scene at the Hill; how Aunt Cherry had read the account out of the papers with such joy and pleasure; and Aunt Charity had wiped her spectacles and taken the paper herself to read the record of his valiant deeds — the little family joke would have drawn them together, even if it had been half at his expense. But no man likes to feel that his claims to honor are judged coolly by his immediate belongings, and the little remark wounded him. This, he said to himself, was not the sort of sweet girl who would make the house once more a home

to him. He let her go up-stairs without saying anything of his further intentions for the evening. And Cara felt that she had been unsuccessful in the key-note she had struck; though without blaming herself seriously, for, after all, it was he and not she who ought to have struck this key-note. She went up-stairs in a little flutter of dissatisfaction with herself and him. But, as soon as she had got up-stairs, Cara, with true feminine instinct, began to make little overtures of reconciliation. She went round the room to see what could be done to make it more homelike. She lighted the candles on the mantelpiece, and placed some books uppermost on the table, about which she could talk to him. She was not fond of work in her own person, but she had read in good story-books that needlework was one of the accessories to an ideal scene of domesticity — therefore she hunted up a piece of work and an oft-mislaid case with thimble and scissors, and placed them ready on a little table. Then she called John, softly, as he went up-stairs, to ask him if her father took tea, or rather when he took tea, the possibility of leaving out that ceremonial altogether not having occurred to her.

"If you please, miss," said John, with a deprecating air, "master has had his cup of coffee, and he's gone out. I think he ain't gone no further than next door; and I'll make bold to say as he'll be back — soon," said John.

Cara went back to her chair, without a word — her heart beat high — her face grew crimson in spite of herself. She retreated to her seat and took up a book, and began to read at a furious pace. She did not very well know what it was about, but she had read a long chapter before John, going down-stairs and then coming up again in a middle-aged, respectable butler's leisurely way, could place the little tea-tray on the table near her. There was but one cup. It was evident that she was expected to take this refreshment alone. She gave a little good-humored nod at the man as he looked round with the comprehensive glance of his class, to see if anything wanted removal — and went on reading. The book was about unconscious cerebration, and other not highly intelligible things. Some of the phrases in it got entangled, like the straws and floating rubbish on a stream, with the touch of wild commotion in her mind, and so lived in her after this mood and a great many others had passed away. She went on reading till she had heard

John go down, and reach his own regions at the bottom of the stairs. Then she put the book down, and looked up, as if to meet the look of some one else who would understand her. Poor child! and there was no one there.

This was Cara's first night in the square.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. MEREDITH.

It was Mrs. Meredith who lived next door — an old friend, who was the only person Mrs. Beresford had permitted to come and see her when she returned ill, and of whom Miss Cherry had felt with confidence that Cara would find a friend in her. She had lived there almost ever since Cara was born, with her two sons, boys a little older than Cara; a pretty, gentle woman, "not clever," her friends said — "silly," according to some critics, of whom poor Annie Beresford had been one — but very popular everywhere and pleasant; a woman whom most people were glad to know. It would be hard to say exactly in what her charm lay. There were handsomer women than she to be met with by the score who were much less beloved — and as for her mind, it scarcely counted at all in the estimate of her merits. But she was kind, sympathetic, sweet-mannered — affectionate and caressing when it was becoming to be so — smiling and friendly everywhere. Great talkers liked her, for she would listen to them as if she enjoyed it; and silent people liked her, for she did not look bored by their side, but would make a little play of little phrases, till they felt themselves actually amusing. She had very sweet liquid brown eyes — not too bright or penetrating, but sympathetic always — and a soft, pretty, white hand. She was not young, nor did she look younger than she was; but her sympathies flowed so readily, and her looks were so friendly that she belonged to the younger part of the world always by natural right. Her boys were her chief thought and occupation. One of them was six, one four, years older than Cara; so that Oswald was three-and-twenty and Edward on the eve of his majority when the girl arrived at her father's house. Mrs. Meredith's perpetual occupation with these boys, her happiness in their holiday times, her melancholy when they went to school, had kept her friends interested for a number of years. Men who breathed sighs of relief when the terrible period of the holidays came to an end, and their own

schoolboys were got rid of, put on soft looks of pity when they heard that Oswald and Edward were gone too; and mothers who were themselves too thankful that no drownings or shootings, not even a broken collar-bone or a sprained ankle, had marked the blissful vacations in their own house, half cried with Mrs. Meredith over the silence of hers "when the boys were away." They came and carried her off to family dinners, and made little parties to keep her from feeling it; as if there had been no boys in the world but those two. "For you know her circumstances are so peculiar," her friends said. The peculiarity of her circumstances consisted in this, that though she had lived alone for these fifteen years in the square, she was not a widow — neither was she a separated or in any way blamable wife. All that could be said was that the circumstances were very peculiar. She who was so sweet, whom everybody liked, did not somehow "get on" with her husband. "'Abody likes me but my man," said a Scotch fisherwoman in a similar position. Mrs. Meredith did not commit herself even to so terse a description. She said nothing at all about it. Mr. Meredith was in India — though whether he had always been there, or had judiciously retired to that wide place, in consequence of his inability to get on with the most universally liked of women, it was not generally known. But there he was. He had been known to come home twice within the fifteen years, and had paid a visit at the square among other visits he had paid — and his wife's friends had found no particular objections to him. But he had gone back again, and she had remained, placidly living her independent life. She was well off. Her boys were at Harrow first, and then at the University, where Edward still was disporting himself; though he had just got through his examination for the Indian Civil Service, and had more practical work in prospect. Oswald, who had ended his career at Oxford, was living at home; but even the grown-up son in the house had not removed any of her popularity. She had a perpetual *levée* every afternoon. Not a morning passed that two or three ladies did not rush in, in the sacred hours before luncheon, when nobody is out, to tell her or ask her about something; and the husbands would drop in on their way from business, from their offices or clubs, just for ten minutes before they went home. This was how her life was spent — and though sometimes she would speak of that life despondently, as one passed under a

perpetual shadow, yet, in fact, it was a very pleasant, entertaining, genial life. To be sure, had she been passionately attached to the absent Mr. Meredith, she might have found drawbacks in it; but, according to appearances, this was scarcely the case, and perhaps never had been.

This lady was the first visitor Cara had in the square. She came in next morning, about twelve o'clock, when the girl was languidly wondering what was to become of her. Cara had not spent a cheerful morning. Her father had come to breakfast, and had talked to her a little about ordinary matters, and things that were in the newspaper. He was as much puzzled as a man could be what to do with this seventeen-year old girl whom he had sent for, as a matter of course, when he himself came home to settle, but whom now he found likely to be an interruption to all his habits. He did not know Cara, and was somehow uneasy in her presence, feeling in her a suspicion and distrust of himself which he could by no means account for. And Cara did not know him, except that she did distrust and suspect him, yet expected something from him, she could not tell what; something better than the talk about collisions and shipwrecks in the papers. She tried to respond, and the breakfast was not a sullen or silent meal. But what a contrast it was from the bright table at the Hill, with the windows open to the lawn, and all the spontaneous happy talk, which was not made up for any one, but flowed naturally, like the air they breathed! Mr. Beresford was much more accomplished than Aunt Cherry; a clever man, instead of the mild old maiden whom everybody smiled at, but — All this went through Cara's mind as she poured out his coffee, and listened to his account of the new steamboat. There was a perfect ferment of thought going on in her brain while she sat opposite to him, saying yes and no, and now and then asking a question, by way of showing a little interest. She was asking herself how things would have been if her mother had lived; how they would have talked then: whether they would have admitted her to any share in the talk, or kept her outside, as they had done when she was a child? All these questions were jostling each other in her mind, and misty scenes rising before her, one confusing and mixing up with the other — the same breakfast-table, as she remembered it of old, when the father and mother in their talk would sometimes not hear her questions, and sometimes say, "Don't tease, child," and sometimes bid her run

away to the nursery; and as it might have been with her mother still sitting by, and herself a silent third person. Mr. Beresford had not a notion what the thoughts were which were going on under Cara's pretty hair, so smoothly wound about her head, and shining in the autumn sunshine, and under the pretty dark-blue morning dress which "threw up," as Cherry meant it to do, the girl's whiteness and brightness. She could make *him* out to some degree, only putting more meaning in him than he was himself at all aware of; but he could not make out her. Did thought dwell at all in such well-shaped little heads, under hair so carefully coiled and twisted? He did not know, and could no more divine her than if she had been the sphinx in person; but Cara, if she went wrong, did so by putting too much meaning into him.

When breakfast was over, he rose up, still holding his paper in his hand. "I am afraid you will feel the want of your usual occupations," he said. "Lessons are over for you, I suppose? It is very early to give up education. Are you reading anything? You must let me know what you have been doing, and if I can help you."

How helpless he looked standing there, inspecting her; but he did not look so helpless as he felt. How was he, a man who had never done any of life's ordinary duties, to take the supervision of a girl into his hands? If she had been a boy, he might have set her down by his side (the confusion of pronouns is inevitable) to work at Greek — a Greek play, for instance, which is always useful; but he supposed music and needlework would be what she was thinking of. No; if she had been a boy, he would have done better than take her to his study and set her down to a Greek play; he could have sent her to the University, like Edward Meredith, like every properly educated young man. But a girl of seventeen, he had always understood, was of an age to take the control of her father's house — was "out" — a being to be taken into society, to sit at the head of his table (though rather young); and the idea that she might require occupation or instruction between the moments of discharging these necessary duties had not occurred to him. It did now, however, quite suddenly. What was she going to do? When he went into his library, she would go to the drawing-room. Would she take her needle-work? would she go to the long-disused piano? What would the young strange female creature do?

"Thank you, papa," said Cara, which was of all others the most bewildering

reply she could have given him. He gazed at her again, and then went away in his utter helplessness.

"You will find me in the library, if you want me," he said aloud. But in himself he said, with more confidence, "Mrs. Meredith will know;" or rather, perhaps, if the truth must be said, he thought, "*She* will know. She will see at once what ought to be done. She will tell me all about it to-night!" And with this consolation he went into his library and betook himself to his important morning's work. He had to verify a quotation, which he thought had been wrongly used in his friend Mr. Fortis' book about Africa. He had to write to one or two fellows of his pet society, about a series of lectures on an interesting point of comparative science, which he thought the great authority on the subject might be persuaded to give. He had to write to Mr. Sienna Brown about a Titian which had been repainted and very much injured, and about which he had been asked to give his opinion by the noble proprietor, whom he had met on his return home. It will be perceived that it would have been a serious disadvantage to public interests had Mr. Beresford been required to withdraw his thoughts from such important matters, and occupy them with the education of an unremarkable girl.

And Cara went up-stairs. She had already seen cook, who had kindly told her what she thought would be "very nice" for dinner, and had agreed humbly; but had not, perhaps, been quite so humble when cook entreated "Miss Cara, dear," with the confidence of an old servant, not to be frightened, and assured her that she'd soon get to know her papa's ways.

When she got to the drawing-room, she went first to the windows and looked out, and thought that a few more plants in the balcony would be an advantage, and recollected how she used to play in the square, and gave a sidelong glance at the railings of next door, wondering whether "the boys" were at home, and if they had changed. Then she came in, and went to the fire, and looked at herself and the big silent room behind her in the great mirror on the mantelpiece. Cara was not vain — it was not to see how she looked that she gazed wistfully into that reflection of the room in which she was standing, so rich and full with all its pictures, its china, its tapestries and decorations confronting her like a picture, with one lonely little girl in it, in a dark-blue dress and white collar, and big, sad, strained blue eyes.

What a forlorn little thing that girl seemed! nobody to interchange looks with even, except herself in the glass; and the room so crowded with still life, so destitute of everything else: so rich, so warm, so beautiful, so poor, so destitute, so lonely! What was she to do with herself for the long, solitary day? She could not go out, unless she went with nurse, as she used to do when she was a child. She was an open-air girl, loving freedom, and had been used to roam about as she pleased in the sweet woods about the Hill. You may imagine how lost the poor child felt herself in those stony regions round the square.

And it was just then that Mrs. Meredith arrived. She came in, rustling in her pretty rich silk gown, which was dark blue too, like Cara's. She came and took the girl into her kind arms and kissed her. "If I had known when you were coming yesterday, I should have been here to receive you," she said; "my poor, dear child, coming back all by yourself! Why did not Aunt Cherry come with you, to get you a little used to it before you were left alone?"

"We thought it was best," said Cara, feeling all at once that she had brought the greatest part of her troubles on herself. "We thought papa would like it best."

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Meredith, giving her a kiss, and then shaking a pretty finger at her, "you must not begin by making a bugbear of papa. What he wishes is that you should be happy. Don't look sad, my darling. Ah, yes, I know it is a trial coming back here. It is a trial to me even," said Mrs. Meredith, looking round and drying her soft eyes, "to come into your poor mamma's room, and see everything as she left it; and think what a trial it must be for *him*, Cara?"

"He has never been here," said the girl, half melted, half resisting.

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Meredith. "Poor man! Oh, Cara! if it be hard for you, think what it is for him! You are only a child, and you have all your life before you, you dear, young, happy thing."

"I am not so very happy."

"For the moment, my darling; but wait a little, wait," said the kind woman, her eyes lighting up — "till the boys come home. There you see what a foolish woman I am, Cara. I think everything mends when the boys come home. I ought to say when Edward comes home, to be sure, for I have Oswald with me

now. But Edward always was your friend; don't you remember? Oswald was older; and it makes a great difference somehow when they are men. A man and a boy are two different things; and it is the boy that I like the best. But I have been so calculating upon you, my dear. You must run in half-a-dozen times a day. You must send for me whenever you want me. You must walk with me when I go out. I have no daughter, Cara, and you have no mother. Come, darling, shall it be a bargain?"

The tears were in this sweet woman's eyes, whom everybody loved. Perhaps she did not mean every word she said—who does? but there was a general truth of feeling in it all, that kept her right. Cara ran straight into her arms, and cried upon her shoulder. Perhaps, because she was frightened and distrustful in other particulars of her life, she was utterly believing here. Here was the ideal for which she had looked—a friend, who yet should be something more than a friend; more tender than Cara could remember her mother to have been, yet something like what an ideal mother, a mother of the imagination, would be. Sweet looks, still beautiful, the girl thought in the enthusiasm of her age, yet something subdued and mild with experience—an authority, a knowledge, a power which no contemporary could have. Cara abandoned herself in utter and total forgetfulness of all prejudices, resistances, and doubts, to this new influence. Her mother's friend, the boys' mother, who had been her own playmates, and about whom now she was so curious, without knowing it—her nearest neighbor, her natural succor, a daughterless woman, while she was a motherless girl. Happiness seemed to come back to her with a leap. "I shall not mind anything if I may always come to you, and ask you about anything," she said.

"And *of course* you must do that. Did not Cherry tell you so? I thought Cherry would have been faithful to me. Ah! she did? then I am happy, dear; for if I have one weakness more than another it is that my friends should not give me up. But Cherry should have come with you," said Mrs. Meredith, shaking her head.

"It was all for papa——"

"But that is what I find fault with—papa's only daughter, only child, thinking for a moment that her happiness was not what he wanted most."

Cara drooped her guilty head. She was guilty; yes, she did not deny it, but proba-

bly this goddess-woman, this ideal aid and succor, did not know how little in the happier days had been thought of Cara. *She* had always thought of "the boys" first of all; but then Mr. Meredith—Cara had an odd sort of recollection somehow that Mr. Meredith was not first, and that perhaps this might account for the other differences. So she did not say anything, but sat down on a stool at her new-old friend's feet, and felt that the strange, rich, beautiful room had become home.

"Now I never could do anything like this," said Mrs. Meredith, looking round. "I am fond of china too; but I never know what is good and what is bad; and sometimes I will see your papa take down a bit which I think beautiful, and look at it with such a face. How is one to know," she said, laughing merrily, "if one is not clever? I got the book with all the marks in it, but, my dear child, I never recollect one of them; and then such quantities of pretty china is never marked at all. Ah, I can understand why he doesn't come here. I think I would make little changes, Cara. Take down that, for instance"—and she pointed at random to the range of velvet-covered shelves, on the apex of which stood the Buen Retiro cup—"and put a picture in its place. Confuse him by a few changes. Now stop: is he in? I think we might do it at once, and then we could have him up."

Cara shrank perceptibly. She drew herself a little away from the stranger's side. "You are frightened for him," cried Mrs. Meredith, with a soft laugh. "Now, Cara, Cara, this is exactly what I tell you must not be. You don't know how good and gentle he is. I can talk to him of anything—even my servants, if I am in trouble with them; and every woman in London, who is not an angel, is in trouble with her servants from time to time. Last time my cook left me—— Why, there is nothing," said Mrs. Meredith, reflectively, "of which I could not talk to your papa. He is kindness itself."

This was meant to be very reassuring, but somehow it did not please Cara. A half resentment (not so distinct as that) came into her mind that her father, who surely belonged to her, rather than to any other person on the face of the earth, should be thus explained to her and recommended. The feeling was natural, but painful, and somewhat absurd, for there could be no doubt that she did not know him, and apparently Mrs. Meredith did; and what she said was wise; only some-

how it jarred upon Cara, who was sensitive all over, and felt every touch, now here, now there.

"Well, my dear, never mind, if you don't like it, for to-day; but the longer it is put off the more difficult it will be. Whatever is to be done ought to be done at once I always think. He should not have taken a panic about this room; why should he? Poor dear Annie! everything she loved ought to be dear to him; that would be my feeling. And Cara, dear, you might do a great deal; you might remove this superstition forever, for I do think it is superstition. However, if you wish me to say no more about it, I will hold my tongue. And now what shall we do to-day? Shall we go out after luncheon? As soon as you have given your papa his lunch, you shall put on your things, and I will call for you. My people never begin to come before four; and you shall come in with me and see them. That will amuse you, for there are all sorts of people. And your papa and you are going to dine with us; I told him last night you must come. You will see Oswald and renew your acquaintance with him, and we can talk. Oswald is very good-looking, Cara. Do you remember him? Fine dark hair and dark eyes; but I wish he had always remained a boy; though of course that is not possible," she said, shaking her head with a sigh. "Now I must run away, and get through my morning's work. No, don't disturb your papa; evening is his time. I shall see him in the evening. But be sure you are ready to go out at half past two."

How little time there seemed to be for moping or thinking after this visit! Cara made a rapid survey of the drawing-room when she returned to it, to see what changes could be made, as her friend suggested. She would not have had the courage to do any such thing, had it not been suggested to her. It was her father's room, not hers; and what right had she to meddle? But somewhat a different light seemed to have entered with her visitor. Cara saw, too, when she examined, that changes could be made which would make everything different, yet leave everything fundamentally the same. Her heart fluttered a little at the thought of such daring. She might have taken such a thing upon her at the Hill, without thinking whether or not she had a right to do it; but then she never could have had time to move anything without Miss Charity or Miss Cherry coming in, in the constant cheery intercourse of the house. But for these

changes she would have abundant time; no one would come to inspect while her rearrangements were going on. However there was no time to think of them now; the day was busy and full. She came down-stairs for luncheon with her bonnet on, that she might not be too late. "I am going out with Mrs. Meredith," she said to her father, in explanation of her out-of-door costume.

"Ah, that is right," he said. "And we are to dine there this evening." Even he looked brighter and more genial when he said this. And the languid day had grown warm and bright, full of occupations and interest, even of luxury; for to keep Mrs. Meredith *waiting*—to be too late—that would never do!

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

MRS. MEREDITH'S drawing-room was not like the twin room next door. It was more ornate, though not nearly so beautiful. The three windows were draped in long misty white curtains, which veiled the light even at its brightest and made a curious artificial semblance of mystery and retirement on this autumn afternoon, when the red sunshine glowed outside. Long looking-glasses here and there reflected these veiled lights. There was a good deal of gilding, and florid furniture, which insisted on being looked at. Cara sat down on an ottoman close to the further window after their walk, while Mrs. Meredith went to take off her bonnet. She wanted to see the people arrive, and was a little curious about them. There were, for a country house, a good many visitors at the Hill, but they came irregularly and sometimes it would happen that for days together not a soul would appear. But Mrs. Meredith had no more doubt of the arrival of her friends than if they had all been invited guests. Cara was still seated alone, looking out, her pretty profile relieved against the white curtain like a delicate little cameo, when the first visitor arrived, who was a lady, and showed some annoyance to find the room already occupied. "I thought I must be the first," she said, giving the familiar salutation of a kiss to Mrs. Meredith as she entered. "Never mind, it is only Cara Beresford," said that lady, and led her friend by the hand to where two chairs were placed at the corner of the fire. Here they sat and talked in low tones with great animation, the "he says" and "she says" being almost all that reached Cara's ear, who,

though a little excited by the expectation of "company," did not understand this odd version of it. By-and-by, however, the lady came across to her and began to talk, and Cara saw that some one else had arrived. The room filled gradually after this, two or three people coming and going, each of them in their turn receiving a few minutes' particular audience. Nothing could be more evident than that it was to see the lady of the house that these people came; for though the visitors generally knew each other, there was not much general conversation. Every new-comer directed his or her glance to Mrs. Meredith's corner, and if the previous audience was not concluded relapsed into a corner, and talked a little to the next person, whoever that might be. In this way Cara received various points of enlightenment as to this new society. Most of them had just returned to town. They talked of Switzerland, they talked of Scotland; of meeting So-and-so here and there; of this one who was going to be married, and that one who was supposed to be dying; but all this talk was subsidiary to the grand object of the visit, which was the personal interview. Cara, though she was too young to relish her own spectator position, could not help being interested by the way in which her friend received her guests. She had a different aspect for each. The present one, as Cara saw looking up, after an interval, was a man, with whom Mrs. Meredith was standing in front of the furthest window. She was looking up in his face, with her eyes full of interest, not saying much; listening with her whole mind and power, every fold in her dress, every line of her hair and features, falling in with the sentiment of attention. Instead of talking, she assented with little nods of her head and soft acquiescent or remonstrative movements of her delicate hands, which were lightly clasped together. This was not at all her attitude with the ladies, whom she placed beside her, in one of the low chairs, with little caressing touches and smiles and low-voiced talk. How curious it was to watch them one by one! Cara felt a strong desire, too, to have something to tell; to go and make her confession or say her say upon some matter interesting enough to call forth that sympathetic, absorbed look—the soft touch upon her shoulder, or half embrace.

It was tolerably late when the visitors went away—half past six, within an hour of dinner. The ladies were the last to go, as they had been the first to come, and

Cara, relieved by the departure of the almost last stranger, drew timidly near the fire, when Mrs. Meredith called her. It was only as she approached—and the girl felt cold, sitting so far off and being so secondary, which is a thing that makes everybody chilly—that she perceived somebody remaining, a gentleman seated in an easy-chair—an old gentleman (according to Cara; he was not of that opinion himself), who had kept his place calmly for a long time without budging, whosoever went or came.

"Well, you have got through the heavy work," said this patient visitor, "and I hope you have sent them off happier. It has not been your fault, I am sure, if they are not happier; they have each had their audience and their appropriate word."

"You always laugh at me, Mr. Somerville: why should not I say what I think they will like best to the people who come to see me?"

"Ah, when you put it like that," he said, "certainly, why shouldn't you? But I think some of those good people thought that you gave them beautiful advice and consolation, didn't you? I thought it seemed like that as I looked on."

"You are always so severe. Come, my darling, you are out of sight there, come and smooth down this mentor of mine by the sight of your young face. This is my neighbor's child, Miss Beresford, from next door."

"Ah, *the* neighbor!" said Mr. Somerville, with a slight emphasis, and then he got up somewhat stiffly and made Cara his bow. "Does not he come for his daily bread like the rest?" he said in an undertone.

"Mr. Beresford is going to dine with me to-night, with Cara, who has just come home," said Mrs. Meredith, with a slight shade of embarrassment on her face.

"Ah, from school?" said this disagreeable old man.

It had grown dark, and the lady herself had lighted the candles on the mantelpiece. He was sitting immediately under a little group of lights in a florid branched candlestick, which threw a glow upon his baldness. Cara, unfavorably disposed, thought there was a sneer instead of a smile upon his face, which was partially in shade.

"I have never been to school," said the girl, unreasonably angry at the imputation; and just then some one else came in—another gentleman, with whom Mrs. Meredith, who had advanced to meet him, lingered near the door. Mr. Somerville

watched over Cara's head, and certainly his smile had more amusement than benevolence in it.

"Ah!" he said again, "then you miss the delight of feeling free: no girl who has not been at school can understand the pleasure of not being at school any longer. Where have you been, then, while your father has been away?"

"With my aunts, at Sunninghill," said Cara, unnecessarily communicative, as is the habit of youth.

"Ah, yes, with your aunts. I used to know some of your family. Look at her now," said the critic, more to himself than to Cara — "this is a new phase. This one she is smoothing down."

Cara could not help a furtive glance. The new-comer had said something, she could not hear what, and stood half-defiant at the door. Mrs. Meredith's smile spoke volumes. She held out her hand with a deprecating, conciliatory look. They could not hear what she said, but the low tone, the soft aspect, the extended hand, were full of meaning. The old gentleman burst into a broken, hoarse laugh. It was because the new-comer, melting all at once, took the lady's hand and bowed low over it, as if performing an act of homage. Mr. Somerville laughed, but the stranger did not hear.

"This is a great deal too instructive for you," he said. "Come and tell me about your aunts. You think me quite an old man, eh? and I think you quite a little girl."

"I am not so young! I am seventeen."

"Well! And I am seven-and-fifty — not old at all — a spruce and spry bachelor, quite ready to make love to any one; but such are the erroneous ideas we entertain of each other. Have you known Mrs. Meredith a long time? or is this your first acquaintance?"

"Oh, a very long time — almost since ever I was born."

"And I have known her nearly twenty years longer than that. Are you very fond of her? Yes, most people are. So is your father, I suppose, like the rest. But now you are the mistress of the house, eh? you should not let your natural-born subjects stray out of your kingdom o' nights."

"I have not any kingdom," said Cara, mournfully. "The house is so sad. I should like to change it if papa would consent."

"That would be very good," said the volunteer counsellor, with alacrity. "You

could not do anything better, and I dare say he will do it if you say so. A man has a great deal of tenderness for his wife's only child when he has lost her. You have your own love and the other too."

"Have I?" said the girl, wistfully. Then she remembered that to talk of her private affairs and household circumstances with a stranger was a wonderful dereliction of duty. She made herself quite stiff accordingly in obedience to propriety, and changed her tone.

"Is not Oswald at home?" she said. "I thought I should be sure to see him."

"Oswald is at home, but he keeps away at this hour. He overdoes it, I think; but sons like to have their mothers to themselves; I don't think they like her to have such troops of friends. And Oswald, you know, is a man, and would like to be master."

"He has no right to be master!" said Cara, the color rising on her cheeks. "Why should not she have her friends?"

"That is exactly what I tell him; but most likely he will understand you better. He is not my ideal of a young man; so you have no call to be angry with me on account of Oswald."

"I — angry with — you; when I don't know you — when I never saw you before! I beg your pardon," cried Cara, fearing that perhaps this might sound rude; but if it was rude it was true.

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Meredith to her visitor. "Well, I will not delay you, for it is late; but that is all over, is it not? I cannot afford to be misunderstood by any one I care for. Won't you say 'How d'ye do?' to Mr. Somerville, my old friend, whom you see always, and Miss Beresford, my young friend, whom you have never seen before?"

"I have not time, indeed," said the stranger, with a vague bow towards the fireplace; "but I go away happy — it is all over, indeed. I shall know better than ever to listen to detractors and mischief-makers again."

"That is right," she said, giving him her hand once more. When he was gone she turned back with a little air of fatigue. "Somebody had persuaded that foolish boy that I thought him a bore. He is not a bore — except now and then; but he is too young," said Mrs. Meredith, shaking her head. "You young people are so exigent, Cara. You want always to be first, and in friendship that, you know, is impossible. All are equal on that ground."

"I am glad you have a lesson now and then," said Mr. Somerville. "You know my opinion on that subject."

"Are you going to dine with us, dear Mr. Somerville?" said Mrs. Meredith sweetly, looking at her watch. "Do. You know Mr. Beresford is coming, who is very fine company indeed. No? I am so sorry. It would be so much more amusing for him, not to speak of Cara and me."

"I am very sorry I can't amuse you to-night," he said, getting to his feet more briskly than Cara expected. Mrs. Meredith laughed; and there was a certain sound of hostility in the laugh, as though she was glad of the little prick she had bestowed.

"Cara, you must run and dress," she said; "not any toilet to speak of, dear. There will only be your father and Oswald; but you must be quick, for we have been kept very late this evening. I wonder you can resist that young face," she said, as Cara went away. "You are fond of youth, I know."

"I am not fond of affording amusement," he said. He limped slightly as he walked, which was the reason he had allowed Cara to go before him. "Yes, I like youth. Generally it makes few phrases, and it knows what it means."

"Which is just what I dislike."

"Yes, elderly sirens naturally do. But next time Beresford comes to dine, and you ask me, if you will give me a little longer notice I will come, for I want to meet him."

"Let it be on Saturday, then," she said; "that is, if he has no engagement. I will let you know."

"As if she did not know what engagements he had!" Mr. Somerville said to himself: "as if he ever dreamt of going anywhere that would interfere with his visits here!" He struck his stick sharply against the stairs as he went down. He had no sense of hostility to Mrs. Meredith, but rather that kind of uneasy liking akin to repugnance, which made him wish to annoy her. He felt sure she was made angry by the sound of his stick on the stairs. Her household went upon velvet, and made no noise, for though she was not fanciful she had nerves, and was made to start and jump by any sudden noise.

Cara heard him go with his stick along the square, as nurse, who was her maid, closed the windows of her room. The sound got less distinct after this, but still she could hear it gradually disappearing. What a disagreeable old man he was,

though he said he did not think himself old; at seven-and-fifty! Cara thought seven-and-twenty oldish, and seven-and-thirty the age of a grandfather, and yet he did not think himself old! So strange are the delusions which impartial people have to encounter in this world. Nurse interrupted her thoughts by a question about her dress. One of her very prettiest evening dresses lay opened out upon her bed.

"That is too fine," said Cara; "we are to be quite alone."

"You haven't seen Mr. Oswald, have you, Miss Cara dear? He has grown up that handsome you would not know him. He was always a fine boy; but now — I don't know as I've ever seen a nicer-looking young man."

"I will have my plain white frock, please, nurse — the one I wore last night," said Cara, absolutely unaware of any connection that could exist between Oswald Meredith's good looks and her second-best evening dress — a dress that might do for a small dance, as Aunt Cherry had impressed upon her. It never occurred to the girl that her own simple beauty could be heightened by this frock or that. Vanity comes on early or late, according to the character; but, except under very favorable (or unfavorable) circumstances, seldom develops in early youth. Cara had not even begun to think whether she herself was pretty or not, and she would have scorned with hot shame and contempt the idea of dressing for effect. People only think of dress when they have lost the unconsciousness of youth. She did not understand enough of the A B C of that sentiment to put any meaning to what nurse said, and insisted upon her plain muslin gown, laughing at the earnestness of the attendant. "It is too fine," she said. "Indeed I am not obstinate: it would be a great deal too fine." Her father was waiting for her in the hall when the simple toilette was completed, and Mrs. Meredith had not yet made her appearance when the two went into the drawing-room next door. Mr. Beresford sat down with his eyes turned towards the door. "She is almost always late," he said, with a smile. He was a different man here — indulgent, gentle, fatherly. Mrs. Meredith came in immediately after, with pretty lace about her shoulders and on her head. "Oswald is late, as usual," she said, putting her hand into Mr. Beresford's. He looked at her, smiling, with a satisfied, friendly look, as if his eyes loved to dwell upon her.

He smiled at Oswald's lateness; did not look cross, as men do when they are waiting for their dinner. "Cara is punctual, you see," he said, with a smile.

"Cara is a dear child," said Mrs. Meredith. "She has been with me all day. How odd that you should be made complete by a daughter and I by a son, such old friends as we are. Ah! here is Oswald. Would you have known him, Cara? Oswald, this is ——"

"There is no need to tell me who it is," said Oswald. Cara saw, when she looked at him, that what the others had said was true. It did not move her particularly, but still she could see that he was very handsome, as everybody had told her. He took her hand, which she held out timidly, and, without any ceremony, drew it within his arm. "We must go to dinner at once," he said, "or Sims will put poison in the soup. She longs to poison me, I know, in my soup, because I am always late; but I hope she will let me off for your sake, Cara. And so really you are little Cara? I did not believe it, but I see it is true now."

"Why did not you believe it? I think I should have known you," said Cara, "if I had met you anywhere. It is quite true; but you are just like Oswald all the same."

"What is quite true?" Oswald was a great deal more vain than Cara was, being older and having had more time to see the effect of his good looks. He laughed and did not push his question any further. It was a pleasant beginning. He had his mother's sympathetic grace of manner, and, Cara felt at once, understood her, and all her difficulties at a glance, as Mrs. Meredith had done. How far this was true may be an open question, but she was convinced of it, which for the moment was enough.

"We did not come down-stairs so ceremoniously last time we met," he said. "When you came for the nursery tea, with nurse behind you. I think Edward held the chief place in your affections then. He was nearer your age; but thank heaven that fellow is out of the way, and I have a little time to make the running before he comes back!"

Cara did not know what it meant to "make the running," and was puzzled. She was not acquainted with any slang except that which has crept into books, but an expression of pleasure in Edward's absence appalled her. "I remember him best," she said, "because he was more near my age; but you were both big boys — too big to care for a little thing like me.

I remember seeing you come in with a latch-key one afternoon and open the door — ah!" said Cara, with a little cry. It had been on the afternoon of her mother's death when she had been placed at the window to look for her father's coming, and had seen the two big boys in the afternoon light, and watched them with an interest which quite distracted her attention for the moment, fitting the key into the door.

"What is it?" he said, looking at her very kindly. "You have not been here for a long time — yes, it must bring back so many things. Look, Cara! Sims is gracious; she will not poison me this time. She has not even frowned at me, and it is all because of you."

"I like Sims," said Cara, her heart rising, she could not tell why. "I like everybody I used to know."

"So do I — because you do; otherwise I am not so fond of my fellow-creatures; some of them plague one's life out. What are you going to do when you get used to the excitement of seeing us all again? You will find yourself very badly off for something to do."

"Do you?" said Cara, innocently.

"My mother does for me. She thinks me very idle. So I am, I suppose. What is the good of muddling what little brains one has in work? One in a family who does that is enough. Edward is that excellent person. He goes in for Greek so that my head aches; though why he should, being intended for the Civil Service, I don't know."

"Won't it do him any good?" said Cara, with regret. She was practical, and did not like to hear of this waste of labor. "Is Edward — changed — like you?" she added softly, after a pause. He looked at her with laughing bright eyes, all softened and liquid with pleasure. He knew what she meant, and that his handsome face was having its natural effect upon Cara; though, being much older than Cara, he could not have believed how little effect his good looks really had.

"I think he is very like what he always was," he said; "he is such a good fellow, Cara. If any one asks you which is the best of the Merediths, say Edward. You may be sure you are right. Listen what the elders are saying; they are talking about you and me."

"Why about you and me?" Cara was always slightly alarmed to hear that she was being talked of. It roused the latent suspicion in her which had been startled into being at her mother's death. She

stopped talking, and looked at the other two. His mother was opposite to Oswald, and her father was opposite to her. What an odd arrangement it seemed when you came to think of it! If papa had got one of the boys, and she, Cara, had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Meredith — would that have been better? She looked at Oswald's mother and wondered; then bethought herself of the Hill and blushed. No, such an idea was nothing but treachery to the Hill, where it was Cara, and no other, who was the chosen child.

"She has grown into a little lily," said Mrs. Meredith. "She is shy, but open and winning, and I like girls to be shy like that. I do not wonder that you are proud of her."

"Am I proud of her? I am not sure. She is nice-looking, I think."

"Nice-looking! She has grown into a little lily. It is wonderful how she blends two likenesses: I see you both. Ah! have I said too much? A happy child so often does that; you will forgive me if I say anything that hurts —"

"You could not say anything that hurts," he said in a low voice, "it would not hurt coming from you."

"Well, perhaps it ought not," she said, with a smile, "because it is said in true friendship. I noticed that at once in Cara — sometimes one and sometimes the other — like both. That is not the case with my boys. I shall not have Edward till Christmas. You know it has always been my happy time when the boys were here."

"Is Oswald doing anything?" A close observer would have seen that Mr. Beresford was not fond of Oswald. He was not nearly so well-disposed to him as Mrs. Meredith was to Cara. Perhaps it was purely on moral grounds and justifiable; perhaps the young man and his senior came in each other's way more than the girl and the matron did. This abrupt question rather put a stop to poor Mrs. Meredith. She blushed a little and faltered as she replied.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. A MONOGRAPH.

I.

It is just twenty years since one of the most fascinating and artistic biographies in the English language was given to the world. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" no sooner appeared than it took firm possession of the public mind; and

it has ever since retained its hold upon all who take an interest in the career of one who has been called, in language which is far less extravagant in reality than in appearance, "the foremost woman of her age." Written with admirable skill, in a style at once powerful and picturesque, and with a sympathy such as only one artist could feel for another, it richly merited the popularity which it gained and has kept. Mrs. Gaskell, however, labored under one serious disadvantage, which no longer exists in anything like the same degree in which it did twenty years ago. Writing but a few months after Charlotte Brontë had been laid in her grave, and whilst the father to whom she was indebted for so much that was characteristic in her life and genius was still living, Mrs. Gaskell had necessarily to deal with many circumstances which affected living persons too closely to be handled in detail. Even as it was she involved herself in serious embarrassment by some of her allusions to incidents connected more or less nearly with the life of Charlotte Brontë; corrections and retractations were forced upon her, the later editions of the book differed considerably from the first, and at last she was compelled to announce that any further correspondence concerning it must be conducted through her solicitors. Thus she was crippled in her attempt to paint a full-length picture of a remarkable life, and her story was what Mr. Thackeray called it, "necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable."

Mrs. Gaskell also seems to have set out with the determination that her work should be pitched in a particular key. She had formed her own conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, and with the passion of the true artist and the ability of the practised writer she made everything bend to that conception. The result was that whilst she produced a singularly striking and effective portrait of her heroine, it was not one which was absolutely satisfactory to those who were the oldest and closest friends of Charlotte Brontë. If the truth must be told, the life of the author of "Jane Eyre" was by no means so joyless as the world now believes it to have been. That during the later years in which this wonderful woman produced the works by which she has made her name famous, her career was clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, is perfectly true. That she was made what she was in the furnace of affliction cannot be

doubted; but it is not true that she was throughout her whole life the victim of that extreme depression of spirits which afflicted her at rare intervals, and which Mrs. Gaskell has presented to us with so much vividness and emphasis. On the contrary, her letters show that at any rate up to the time of her leaving for Brussels, she was a happy and high-spirited girl, and that even to the very last she had the faculty of overcoming her sorrows by means of that steadfast courage which was her most precious possession, and to which she was so much indebted for her successive victories over trials and disappointments of no ordinary character. Those who imagine that Charlotte Brontë's spirit was in any degree a morbid or melancholic one do her a singular injustice. Intensely reserved in her converse with all save the members of her own household, and the solitary friend to whom she clung with such passionate affection throughout her life, she revealed to these

* The other side, the novel
Silent lights and darks undreamed of,

which were and have remained hidden from the world, but which must be seen by those who would know what Charlotte Brontë really was as a woman. Alas! those who knew her and her sisters well during their brief lives are few in number now. The Brontës who plucked the flower of fame out of the thorny waste in which their lots were cast survive in their books and in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But the Brontës, the women who lived and suffered thirty years ago, and whose characters were instinct with so rare and lofty a nobility, so keen a sensitiveness, so pure a humility, are known no longer.

Yet one mode of making acquaintance with them is still open to some among us. From her school-days down to the hour in which she was stretched prostrate in her last sickness, Charlotte Brontë kept up the closest and most confidential intercourse with her one life-long friend. To that friend she addressed letters which may be counted by hundreds, scarcely one of which fails to contain some characteristic touch worthy of the author of "Villette." No one can read this remarkable correspondence without learning the secret of the writer's character; none, as I believe, can read it without feeling that the woman who "stole like a shadow" into the field of English literature in 1847, and in less than eight years after stole as noiselessly away, was truer and nobler even than her works, truer and nobler even than that

masterly picture of her life for which we are indebted to Mrs. Gaskell.

These letters lie before me as I write. Here are the faded sheets of 1832, written in the schoolgirl's hand, filled with the schoolgirl's extravagant terms of endearment, yet enriched here and there by sentences which are worthy to live, some of which have already, indeed, taken their place in the literature of England; and here is the faint pencil note written to "my own dear Nell" out of the writer's "dreary sick-bed" which was so soon to be the bed of death! Between the first letter and that last note what outpourings of the mind of Charlotte Brontë are embodied in this precious pile of cherished manuscript! Over five-and-twenty years of a blameless life this artless record stretches. So far as Charlotte Brontë's history as a woman, and the history of her family are concerned, it is complete for the whole of that period, the only breaks in the story being those which occurred when she and her friend were together. Of her early literary ventures we find little here, for even to her friend she did not dare in the first instance to betray the fearful joys which filled her soul when she at last discovered her true vocation, and spoke to a listening world; but of her later life as an author, of her labors from the day when she owned "Jane Eyre" as the child of her brain, there are constant and abundant traces. Here, too, we read all her secret sorrows, her hopes, her fears, her communings with her own heart. Many things there are in this record too sacred to be given to the world. Even now it is with a tender and a reverent hand that one must touch these "noble letters of the dead;" but those who are allowed to see them, to read them and ponder over them, must feel as I do, that the soul of Charlotte Brontë stands revealed in these unpublished pages, and that only here can we see what manner of woman this really was who in the solitude and obscurity of the Yorkshire hill-parsonage built up for herself an imperishable name, enriched the literature of England with treasures of priceless value, and withal led for nearly forty years a life that was rendered sacred and sublime by the self-repression and patient endurance which were its most marked characteristics.

Mrs. Gaskell has done her work so well that the world would scarcely care to listen to a mere repetition of the Brontë story, even though the story-teller were as gifted as the author of "Ruth" herself. But those who have been permitted to gain a

new insight into Charlotte Brontë's character, those who are allowed to command materials of which the biographer of 1857 could make no use, may venture to lay a tribute-wreath of their own upon the altar of this great woman's memory—a tribute-wreath woven of flowers culled from her own letters. And it cannot be that the time is yet come when the name or the fame or the touching story of the unique and splendid genius to whom we owe "Jane Eyre" will fall upon the ears of English readers like "a tale of little meaning" or of doubtful interest.

II.

In the late autumn of 1847 the reading public of London suddenly found itself called to admire and wonder at a novel which, without preliminary puff of any kind, had been placed in its hands. "Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell," became the theme of every tongue, and society exhausted itself in conjectures as to the identity of the author, and the real meaning of the book. It was no ordinary book, and it produced no ordinary sensation. Disfigured here and there by certain crudities of thought and by a clumsiness of expression which betrayed the hand of a novice, it was nevertheless lit up from the first page to the last by the fire of a genius the depth and power of which none but the dullest could deny. The hand of its author seized upon the public mind whether it would or no, and society was led captive, in the main against its will, by one who had little of the prevailing spirit of the age, and who either knew nothing of conventionalism, or despised it with heart and soul. Fierce was the revolt against the influence of this new-comer in the wide arena of letters, who had stolen in, as it were in the night, and taken the citadel by surprise. But for the moment all opposition was beaten down by sheer force of genius, and "Jane Eyre" made her way, compelling recognition, wherever men and women were capable of seeing and admitting a rare and extraordinary intellectual supremacy. "How well I remember," says Mr. Thackeray, "the delight and wonder and pleasure with which I read 'Jane Eyre;' sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me, and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through." It was the same everywhere. Even those who saw nothing to commend in the story, those who revolted against its free employment of

great passions and great griefs, and those who were elaborately critical upon its author's ignorance of the ways of polite society, had to confess themselves bound by the spell of the magician. "Jane Eyre" gathered admirers fast; and for every admirer she had a score of readers.

Those who remember that winter of nine-and-twenty years ago know how something like a "Jane Eyre" fever raged among us. The story which had suddenly discovered a glory in uncomeliness, a grandeur in overmastering passion, moulded the fashion of the hour, and "Rochester airs" and "Jane Eyre graces" became the rage. The book, and its fame and influence, travelled beyond the seas with a speed which in those days was marvellous. In sedate New England homes the history of the English governess was read with an avidity which was not surpassed in London itself, and within a few months of the publication of the novel it was famous throughout two continents. No such triumph has been achieved in our time by any other English author; nor can it be said, upon the whole, that many triumphs have been better merited. It happened that this anonymous story, bearing the unmistakable marks of an unpractised hand, was put before the world at the very moment when another great masterpiece of fiction was just beginning to gain the ear of the English public. But at the moment of publication "Jane Eyre" swept past "Vanity Fair" with a marvellous and impetuous speed which left Thackeray's work in the distant background; and its unknown author in a few weeks gained a wider reputation than that which one of the master-minds of the century had been engaged for long years in building up.

The reaction from this exaggerated fame, of course, set in, and it was sharp and severe. The blots in the book were easily hit; its author's unfamiliarity with the stage-business of the play was evident enough—even to dunces; so it was a simple matter to write smart articles at the expense of a novelist who laid himself open to the whole battery of conventional criticism. In "Jane Eyre" there was much painting of souls in their naked reality; the writer had gauged depths which the plummet of the common storyteller could never have sounded, and conflicting passions were marshalled on the stage with a masterful daring which Shakespeare might have envied; but the costumes, the conventional by-play, the scenery, even the wording of the dialogue, were poor enough in all conscience. The

merest playwright or reviewer could have done better in these matters — as the unknown author was soon made to understand. Additional piquancy was given to the attack by the appearance, at the very time when the “Jane Eyre” fever was at its height, of two other novels, written by persons whose sexless names proclaimed them the brothers or the sisters of Currer Bell. Human nature is not so much changed from what it was in 1847 that one need apologize for the readiness with which the reading world in general, and the critical world in particular, adopted the theory that “Wuthering Heights” and “Agnes Grey” were earlier works from the pen which had given them “Jane Eyre.” In “Wuthering Heights” some of the faults of the other book were carried to an extreme, and some of its conspicuous merits were distorted and exaggerated until they became positive blemishes; whilst “Agnes Grey” was a feeble and commonplace tale which it was easy to condemn. So the author of “Jane Eyre” was compelled to bear not only her own burden, but that of the two stories which had followed the successful novel; and the reviewers — ignorant of the fact that they were killing three birds at a single shot — rejoiced in the larger scope which was thus afforded to their critical energy.

Here and there, indeed, a manful fight on behalf of Currer Bell was made by writers who knew nothing but the name and the book. “It is soul speaking to soul,” cried *Fraser’s Magazine* in December, 1847. “It is not a book for prudes,” added *Blackwood*, a few months later; “it is not a book for effeminate and tasteless men; it is for the enjoyment of a feeling heart and critical understanding.” But in the main the verdict of the critics was adverse. It was discovered that the story was improper and immoral; it was said to be filled with descriptions of “courtship after the manner of kangaroos,” and to be impregnated with a “heathenish doctrine of religion;” whilst there went up a perfect chorus of reprobation directed against its “coarseness of language,” “laxity of tone,” “horrid taste,” and “sheer rudeness and vulgarity.” From the book to the author was of course an easy transition. London had been bewildered, and its literary quidnuncs utterly puzzled, when such a story first came forth inscribed with an unknown name. Many had been the rumors eagerly passed from mouth to mouth as to the real identity of Currer Bell. Upon one point there had, indeed, been something like

unanimity among the critics, and the story of “Jane Eyre” had been accepted as something more than a romance, as a genuine autobiography in which real and sorrowful experiences were related. Even the most hostile critic of the book had acknowledged that “it contained the story of struggles with such intense suffering and sorrow as it was sufficient misery to know that any one had conceived, far less passed through.” Where then was this wonderful governess to be found? In what obscure hiding-place could the forlorn soul, whose cry of agony had stirred the hearts of readers everywhere, be discovered? We may smile now, with more of sadness than of bitterness, at the base calumnies of the hour, put forth in mere wantonness and levity by a people ever seeking to know some new thing and to taste some new sensation. The favorite theory of the day — a theory duly elaborated and discussed in the most orthodox and respectable of the reviews — was that Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp were merely different portraits of the same character; and that their original was to be found in the person of a discarded mistress of Mr. Thackeray, who had furnished the great author with a model for the heroine of “Vanity Fair,” and had revenged herself upon him by painting him as the Rochester of “Jane Eyre”! It was after dwelling upon this marvellous theory of the authorship of the story that the *Quarterly Review*, with Pecksniffian charity, calmly summed up its conclusions in these memorable words: “If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has for some sufficient reason long forfeited the society of her own sex.”

The world knows the truth now. It knows that these bitter and shameful words were applied to one of the truest and purest of women; to a woman who from her birth had led a life of self-sacrifice and patient endurance; to a woman whose affections dwelt only in the sacred shelter of her home, or with companions as pure and worthy as herself; to one of those few women who can pour out all their hearts in converse with their friends, happy in the assurance that years hence the stranger into whose hands their frank confessions may pass will find nothing there that is not loyal, true, and blameless. There was wonder among the critics, wonder too in the gay world of London, when the secret was revealed, and men were told that the author of “Jane Eyre” was no passionate light-o’-love who had merely

transcribed the sad experiences of her own life; but "an austere little Joan of Arc," pure, gentle, and high-minded, of whom Thackeray himself could say that "a great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always." The quidnuncs had searched far and wide for the author of "Jane Eyre;" but we may well doubt whether, when the truth came out at last, they were not more than ever mystified by the discovery that Currer Bell was Charlotte Brontë, the young daughter of a country parson in a remote moorland parish of Yorkshire.

That such a woman should have written such a book was more than a nine days' wonder; and for the key to that which is one of the great marvels and mysteries of English literature we must go to Charlotte Brontë's life itself.

III.

THERE is a striking passage in Mr. Greg's "Enigmas of Life," in which the influence of external circumstances upon the inner lives of men and women is dwelt upon somewhat minutely, and, by way of example, the connection between religious "conviction" and an imperfect digestion is carefully traced out. That we are the creatures of circumstance can hardly be doubted, nor that our destinies are moulded, just as the coral reefs are built, by the action of innumerable influences, each in itself apparently trivial and insignificant. But the habit which leads men to find a full explanation of the lives of those who have attained exceptional distinction in the circumstances amid which their lot has been cast cannot be said to be a very wholesome or happy one. Few have suffered more cruelly from this trick than the Brontë family. Graphic pictures have been presented to the world of their home among the hills, and of their surroundings in their early years; whilst the public have been asked to believe that some great shadow of gloom rested over their lives from their birth, and that to this fact, and to the influence of the moors, must be attributed, not only the peculiar bent of their genius, but the whole color and shape of their lives. Those who are thus determined to account for everything that lies out of the range of common experience would do well, before they attempt to analyze the great mystery of genius, to reveal to us the true cause of the superlative excellence of this or that rare *cru*, the secret which gives Johannisberg or Château d'Yquem its glory in the eyes of connoisseurs. Circumstances apparently have

little to do with the production of the fragrance and bouquet of these famous wines; for we know that grapes growing close at hand on similar vines and seemingly under precisely similar conditions, warmed by the same sun, refreshed by the same showers, fanned by the same breezes, produce a wine which is comparatively worthless. When the world has expounded this riddle, it will be time enough to deal with that deeper problem of genius on which we are now too apt to lay presumptuous and even violent hands.

The Brontës have suffered grievously from this fashion, inasmuch as their picturesque and striking surroundings have been allowed to obscure our view of the women themselves. We have made a picture of their lives, and have filled in the mere accessories with such pre-Raphaelite minuteness that the distinct individuality of the heroines has been blurred and confused amid the general blaze of vivid color, the crowd of "telling" points. No individual is to be blamed for this fact. The world, as we have seen, was first introduced to "Currer Bell" and her sisters under romantic circumstances; the lives of those simple, sternly honest women were enveloped from the moment when the public made their acquaintance in a certain color of romantic mystery; and when all had passed away, and the time came for the "many-headed beast" to demand the full satisfaction of its curiosity, it would have nothing but the completion of that romance which from the first it had figured in outline for itself.

Who then does not know the salient points of that strange and touching story which tells us how the author of "Jane Eyre" lived and died? Who is not acquainted with that grim parsonage among the hills, where the sisters dwelt amid such uncongenial and even weird influences; living like recluses in the house of a Protestant pastor; associated with sorrow and suffering, and terrible pictures of degrading vice, during their blameless maidenhood; constructing an ideal world of their own, and dwelling in it heedless of the real world which was in motion all around them? Who has not been amused and interested by those graphic pictures of Yorkshire life in the last century, in which the local flavor is so intense and piquant, and which are hardly the less interesting because they relate to an order of things which had passed away entirely before ever the Brontës appeared upon the stage? And who has not been moved by the dark tragedy of Branwell Brontë's life, hinted

at rather than explicitly stated, in Mrs. Gaskell's story, but yet standing out in such prominence that those who know no better may be forgiven if they regard it as having been the powerful and all-pervading influence which made the career of the sisters what it was? The true charm of the history of the Brontës, however, does not lie in these things. It is not to be found in the surroundings of their lives, remarkable and romantic as they were, but in the women themselves, and in those characteristics of their hearts and their intellects which were independent of the accidents of condition. Charlotte herself would have been the first to repudiate the notion that there was anything strikingly exceptional in their outward circumstances. With a horror of being considered eccentric that amounted to a passion, she united an almost morbid dread of the notice of strangers. If she could ever have imagined that readers throughout the world would come to associate her name, and still more the names of her idolized sisters, with the ruder features of the Yorkshire character, or with such a domestic tragedy as that amid which her unhappy brother's life terminated, her spirit would have arisen in indignant revolt against that which she would have regarded almost in the light of a personal outrage.

And yet if their surroundings at Haworth had comparatively little to do with the development of the genius of the three sisters, it cannot be doubted that two influences which Mrs. Gaskell has rightly made prominent in her book did affect their characters, one in a minor, and the other in a very marked degree. The influence of the moors is to be traced both in their lives and their works; whilst far more distinctly is to be traced the influence of their father. As to the first there is little to be said in addition to that which all know already. There is a railway station now at Haworth, and all the world therefore can get to the place without difficulty or inconvenience. Yet even today, when the engine goes shrieking past it many times between sunrise and sunset, Haworth is not as other places are. A little manufacturing village sheltered in a nook among the hills and moors which stretch from the heart of Yorkshire into the heart of Lancashire, it bears the vivid impress of its situation. The moors which lie around it for miles on every side are superb during the summer and autumn months. Then Haworth is in its glory: a grey stone hamlet set in the midst of a vast sea of odorous purple,

and swept by breezes which bear into its winding street the hum of the bees and the fragrance of the heather. But it is in the drear, leaden days of winter, when the moors are covered with snow, that we see what Haworth really is. Then we know that this is a place apart from the outer world; even the railway seems to have failed to bring it into the midst of that great West Riding which lies close at hand with its busy mills and multitudes; and the dullest therefore can understand that in the days when the railway was not, and Haworth lay quite by itself, neglected and unseen in its upland valley, its people must have been blessed by some at least of those insular peculiarities which distinguished the villagers of Zermatt and Pontresina before the flood of summer tourists had swept into those comparatively remote crannies of the Alps. Nurtured among these lonely moors, and accustomed, as all dwellers on thinly-peopled hillsides are, to study the skies and the weather, as the inhabitants of towns and plains study the faces of men and women, the Brontës unquestionably drew their love of nature, their affection for tempestuous winds and warring clouds, from their residence at Haworth.

But this influence was trivial compared with the hereditary influences of their father's character. Few more remarkable personalities than that of the Rev. Patrick Brontë have obtruded themselves upon the smooth uniformity of modern society. The readers of Mrs. Gaskell's biography know that the incumbent of Haworth was an eccentric man, but the full measure of his eccentricity and waywardness has never yet been revealed to the world. He was an Irishman by birth, but when still a young man he had gone to Yorkshire as a curate, and in Yorkshire he remained to the end of his days. He appears to have been a strange compound of good and evil. That he was not without some good is acknowledged by all who knew him. He had kindly feelings towards most people, and he delighted in the stern rectitude which distinguished many of his Yorkshire flock. When his daughter became famous, no one was better pleased at the circumstance than he was. He cut out of every newspaper every scrap which referred to her; he was proud of her achievements, proud of her intellect, and jealous for her reputation. But throughout his whole life there was but one person with whom he had any real sympathy, and that person was himself. Passionate, self-willed, vain,

habitually cold and distant in his demeanor to those of his own household, he exhibited in a marked degree many of the characteristics which Charlotte Brontë afterwards sketched in the portrait of the Mr. Helston of "Shirley." The stranger who encountered him found a scrupulously polite gentleman of the old school, who was garrulous about his past life, and who needed nothing more than the stimulus of a glass of wine to become talkative on the subject of his conquests over the hearts of the ladies of his congregation. As you listened to the quaintly-attired old man who chatted on with inexhaustible volubility, you possibly conceived the idea that he was a mere fribble, gay, conceited, harmless; but at odd times a searching glance from the keen, deep-sunk eyes warned you that you also were being weighed in the balance by your companion, and that this assumption of light-hearted vanity was far from revealing the real man to you. Only those who dwelt under the same roof knew him as he really was. Among the many stories told of him by his children there is one relating to the meek and gentle woman who was his wife, and whose lot it was to submit to persistent coldness and neglect. Somebody had given Mrs. Brontë a very pretty dress, and her husband, who was as proud as he was self-willed, had taken offence at the gift. A word to his wife, who lived in habitual dread of her lordly master, would have secured all he wanted; but in his passionate determination that she should not wear the obnoxious garment, he deliberately cut it to pieces and presented her with the tattered fragments. Even during his wife's lifetime he formed the habit of taking his meals alone; he constantly carried loaded pistols in his pockets, and when excited he would fire them at the doors of the outhouses, so that the villagers were quite accustomed to the sound of pistol-shots at any hour of the day in their pastor's house. It would be a mistake to suppose that violence was one of the weapons to which Mr. Brontë habitually resorted. However stern and peremptory might be his dealings with his wife (who soon left him to spend the remainder of his life in a dreary widowhood), his general policy was to secure his end by craft rather than by force. A profound belief in his own superior wisdom was conspicuous among his characteristics, and he felt convinced that no one was too clever to be outwitted by his diplomacy. He had also an amazing persistency, which led him to pursue any course

on which he once embarked with dogged determination. It happened in later years, when his strength was failing, and when at last he began to see his daughter in her true light, that he quarrelled with her regarding the character of one of their friends. The daughter, always dutiful and respectful, found that any effort to stem the torrent of his bitter and unjust wrath when he spoke of the friend who had offended him, was attended by consequences which were positively dangerous. The veins of his forehead swelled, his eyes glared, his voice shook, and she was fain to submit lest her father's passion should prove fatal to him. But when, wounded beyond endurance by his violence and injustice, she withdrew for a few days from her home, and told her father that she would receive no letters from him in which this friend's name was mentioned, the old man's cunning took the place of passion. He wrote long and affectionate letters to her on general subjects; but accompanying each letter was a little slip of paper, which professed to be a note from Charlotte's dog "Flossy" to his "much-respected and beloved mistress," in which the dog, declaring that he saw "a good deal of human nature that was hid from those who had the gift of language," was made to repeat the attacks upon the obnoxious person which Mr. Brontë dared no longer make in his own character.

It was to the care of such a father as this, in the midst of the rude and uncongenial society of the lonely manufacturing village, that six motherless children, five daughters and one son, were left in the year 1821. The parson's children were not allowed to associate with their little neighbors in the hamlet; their aunt, who came to the parsonage after their mother's death, had scarcely more sympathy with them than their father himself; their only friend was the rough but kindly servant Tabby, who pitied the bairns without understanding them, and whose acts of graciousness were too often of such a character as to give them more pain than pleasure. So they grew up strange, lonely, old-fashioned children, with absolutely no knowledge of the world outside; so quiet and demure in their habits that years afterwards, when they invited some of their Sunday scholars up to the parsonage, and wished to amuse them, they found that they had to ask the scholars to teach them how to play—they had never learned. Carefully secluded from the rest of the world, the little Brontë children

found out fashions of their own in the way of amusement, and marvellous fashions they were. Whilst they were still in the nursery, when the oldest of the family, Maria, was barely nine years old, and Charlotte, the third, was just six, they had begun to take a quaint interest in literature and politics. Heaven knows who it was who first told these wonderful pigmies of the great deeds of a Wellington or the crimes of a Bonaparte; but at an age when other children are generally busy with their bricks or their dolls, and when all life's interests are confined for them within the walls of a nursery, these marvellous Brontës were discussing the life of the great duke, and maintaining the Tory cause as ardently as the oldest and sturdiest of the village politicians in the neighboring inn.

There is a touching story of Charlotte at six years old, which gives us some notion of the ideal life led by the forlorn little girl at this time, when, her two elder sisters having been sent to school, she found herself living at home, the eldest of the motherless brood. She had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and had been fascinated, young as she was, by that wondrous allegory. Everything in it was to her true and real; her little heart had gone forth with Christian on his pilgrimage to the Golden City, her bright young mind had been fired by the Bedford tinker's description of the glories of the Celestial Place; and she made up her mind that she too would escape from the City of Destruction and gain the haven towards which the weary spirits of every age have turned with eager longing. But where was this glittering city with its streets of gold, its gates of pearl, its walls of precious stones, its streams of life and throne of light? Poor little girl! The only place which seemed to her to answer Bunyan's description of the celestial town was one which she had heard the servants discussing with enthusiasm in the kitchen, and its name was Bradford! So to Bradford little Charlotte Brontë, escaping from that Haworth parsonage which she believed to be a doomed spot, set off one day in 1822. Ingenious persons may speculate if they please upon the sore disappointment which awaited her when, like older people, reaching the place which she had imagined to be heaven, she found that it was only Bradford. But she never even reached her imaginary Golden City. When her tender feet had carried her a mile along the road, she came to a spot where overhanging trees made the highway dark and

gloomy; she imagined that she had come to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and fearing to go forward, was presently discovered by her nurse cowering by the roadside.

Of the school-days of the Brontës nothing need be said here. Every reader of "Jane Eyre" knows what Charlotte Brontë herself thought of that charitable institution to which she has given so unenviable a notoriety. There she lost her oldest sister, whose fate is described in the tragic tale of Helen Burns; and it was whilst she was at this place that her second sister, Elizabeth, also died. Only one thing need be added to this dismal record of the stay at Cowan Bridge. During the whole time of their sojourn there the young Brontës scarcely ever knew what it was to be free from the pangs of hunger.

Charlotte was now the head of the little family; the remaining members of which were her brother Branwell and her sisters Emily and Anne. Mrs. Gaskell has given the world a vivid picture of the life which these four survivors from the hardships of Cowan Bridge led between the years 1825 and 1831. They spent those years at Haworth, almost without care or sympathy. Their father saw little in their lot to interest him, nothing to drag him out of his selfish absorption in his own pursuits; their aunt, a permanent invalid, conceived that her duty was accomplished when she had taught them a few lessons and insisted on their doing a certain amount of needlework every day. For the rest they were left to themselves, and thus early they showed the bent of their genius by spending their time in writing novels.

Mrs. Gaskell has given us some idea of the character of these juvenile performances in a series of extracts which sufficiently indicate their rare merit. She has, however, paid exclusive attention to Charlotte's productions. All readers of the Brontë story will remember the account of "The Play of the Islanders," and other remarkable specimens, showing with what real vigor and originality Charlotte could handle her pen whilst she was still in the first year of her teens; but those few persons who have seen the whole of the juvenile library of the family, bear testimony to the fact that Branwell and Emily were at least as industrious and successful as Charlotte herself. Indeed, even at this early age, the *bizarre* character of Emily's genius was beginning to manifest itself, and her leaning towards weird and supernatural effects was exhibited whilst she composed her first fairy-tales within the

walls of her nursery. It may be well to bear in mind the frequency with which the critics have charged Charlotte Brontë with exaggerating the precocity of children. What we know of the early days of the Brontës proves that what would have been exaggeration in any other person was in the case of Charlotte nothing but a truthful reproduction of her own experiences.

IV.

THE years have slipped away and the Brontës are no longer children. They have passed out of that strange condition of premature activity in which their brains were so busy, their lives so much at variance with the lives of others of their age; they have even "finished" their education, according to the foolish phrase of the world, and having made some acquaintances and a couple of friends at good Miss Wooler's school at Roehead, Charlotte is again at home, young, hopeful, and in her own way merry, waiting with her brother and her sister till that mystery of life which seems filled with hidden charms to those who still have it all before them, shall be revealed.

One bright June morning, in 1833, a handsome carriage and pair is standing opposite the Devonshire Arms at Bolton Bridge, the spot loved by all anglers and artists who know anything of the scenery of the Wharfe. In the carriage with some companions is a young girl, whose face, figure, and manner may be conjured up by all who have read "Shirley;" for this pleasant, comely Yorkshire maiden, as we see her on this particular morning, is identical with the Caroline Helston who figures in the pages of that novel. Miss N—— is waiting for her quondam schoolfellow and present bosom friend, Charlotte Brontë, who is coming with her brother and sisters to join in an excursion to the enchanted site of Bolton Abbey hard by. Presently, on the steep road which stretches across the moors to Keighley, the sound of wheels is heard, mingled with the merry speech and merrier laughter of fresh young voices. Shall we go forward unseen and study the approaching travellers whilst they are still upon the road? Their conveyance is no handsome carriage, but a rickety dog-cart, unmistakably betraying its neighborhood to the carts and ploughs of some rural farmyard. The horse, freshly taken from the fields, is driven by a youth who, in spite of his countrified dress, is no mere bumpkin.

His shock of red hair hangs down in somewhat ragged locks behind his ears, for Branwell Brontë esteems himself a genius and a poet, and, following the fashion of the times, has that abhorrence for the barber's shears which genius is supposed to affect. But the lad's face is a handsome and a striking one; full of Celtic fire and humor, untouched by the slightest shade of care, giving one the impression of somebody altogether hopeful, promising, even brilliant. How gaily he jokes with his three sisters; with what inexhaustible volubility he pours out quotations from his favorite poets, applying them to the lovely scene around him; and with what a mischievous delight, in his superior nerve and mettle, he attempts feats of charioteering which fill the timid heart of the youngest of the party with sudden terrors! Beside him, in a dress of marvellous plainness and ugliness, stamped with the brand "home-made" in characters which none can mistake, is the eldest of the sisters. Charlotte is talking too; there are bright smiles upon her face; she is enjoying everything around her, the splendid morning, the charms of leafy trees and budding roses, and the ever-musical stream; most of all, perhaps, the charm of her brother's society, and the expectation of that coming meeting with her friend, which is so near at hand. Behind sit a pretty little girl, with fine complexion and delicate regular features, whom the stranger would at once pick out as the beauty of the company, and a tall, rather angular figure, clad in a dress exactly resembling Charlotte's. Emily Brontë does not talk so much as the rest of the party, but her wonderful eyes, brilliant and unfathomable as the pool at the foot of a waterfall, but radiant also with a wealth of tenderness and warmth, show how her soul is expanding under the influences of the scene; how quick she is to note the least prominent of the beauties around her, how intense is her enjoyment of the songs of the birds, the brilliancy of the sunshine, the rich scent of the flower-bespangled hedgerows. If she does not, like Charlotte and Anne, meet her brother's ceaseless flood of sparkling words with opposing currents of speech, she utters at times a strange, deep, guttural sound which those who know her best interpret as the language of a joy too deep for articulate expression. Gaze at them as they pass you in the quiet road, and acknowledge that in spite of their rough and even uncouth exteriors, a happier four could hardly be met with in this

favorite haunt of pleasure-seekers during a long summer's day.

Suddenly the dog-cart rattles noisily into the open space in front of the Devonshire Arms, and the Brontës see the carriage and its occupants. In an instant there is silence; Branwell contrasts his humble equipage with that which already stands at the inn-door, and a flush of mortified pride colors his face; the sisters scarcely note this contrast, but to their dismay they see that their friend is not alone, and each draws a long, deep breath, and prepares for that fiercest of all the ordeals they know, a meeting with entire strangers. The laughter is stilled; even Branwell's volubility is at an end; the glad light dies out of their eyes, and when they alight and submit to the process of being introduced to Miss N——'s companions, their faces are as dull and commonplace as their dresses. It is no imaginary scene we have been watching, Miss N—— still recalls that painful moment when the merry talk and laughter of her friends were quenched at sight of the company awaiting them, and when throughout a day to which all had looked forward with anticipations of delight, the three Brontës clung to each other or to their friend, scarcely venturing to speak above a whisper, and betraying in every look and word the positive agony which filled their hearts when a stranger approached them. It was this excessive shyness in the company of those who were unfamiliar to them which was the most marked characteristic of the sisters. The weakness was as much physical as moral; and those who suppose that it was accompanied by any morbid depression of spirits, or any lack of vigor and liveliness when the incubus of a stranger's presence was removed, entirely mistake their true character. Unhappily, first impressions are always strongest, and running through the whole of Mrs. Gaskell's story, may be seen the impression produced at her first meeting with Charlotte Brontë by her nervous shrinking and awkwardness in the midst of unknown faces.

It was not thus with those who, brought into the closest of all fellowship with her, the fellowship of school society, knew the secrets of her heart far better than did any who became acquainted with her in after life. To such the real Charlotte Brontë, who knew no timidity in their presence, was a bold, clever, outspoken, and impulsive girl; ready to laugh with the merriest, and not even indisposed to join in practical jokes with the rest of her schoolfellows.

The picture we get in the "Life" is that of a victim to secret terrors and superstitious fancies. The real Charlotte Brontë, when stories were current as to the presence of a ghost in the upper chambers of the old school-house at Roehead, did not hesitate to go up to these rooms alone and in the darkness of a winter's night, leaving her companions shivering in terror round the fire down-stairs. When she had left school, and began that correspondence with Miss N—— which is the great source of our knowledge, not merely of the course of her life, but of the secrets of her heart, it must not be supposed that she wrote always in that serious spirit which pervades most of the letters quoted by Mrs. Gaskell. On the contrary, those who have access to the letters will find that even some of the passages given in the "Life" are allied to sentences showing that the frame of mind in which they were written was very different from that which it appears to have been. The following letter, written from Haworth in the beginning of 1835, is an example:—

Well, here I am as completely separated from you as if a hundred, instead of seventeen, miles intervened between us. I can neither hear you nor see you nor feel you. You are become a mere thought, an unsubstantial impression on the memory, which, however, is happily incapable of erasure. My journey home was rather melancholy, and would have been very much so but for the presence and conversation of my worthy companion. I found him a very intelligent man. He told me the adventures of his sailor's life, his shipwreck and the hurricane he had witnessed in the West Indies, with a much better flow of language than many of far greater pretensions are masters of. I thought he appeared a little dismayed by the wildness of the country round Haworth, and I imagine he has carried back a pretty report of it.

What do you think of the course politics are taking? I make this inquiry because I now think you have a wholesome interest in the matter; formerly you did not care greatly about it. Baines, you see, is triumphant. Wretch! I am a hearty hater, and if there is any one I thoroughly abhor it is that man. But the Opposition is divided. Red-hots and luke-warms; and the duke (par excellence *the* duke) and Sir Robert Peel show no signs of insecurity, although they have been twice beat. So, "Courage, *mon amie!*" Heaven defend the right! as the old cavaliers used to say before they joined battle. Now, Ellen, laugh heartily at all that rodomontade. But you have brought it on yourself. Don't you remember telling me to write such letters to you as I wrote to Mary? There's a specimen! Hereafter should follow a long disquisition on books; but I'll spare you that.

Those who turn to Mrs. Gaskell's "Life" will find one of the sentences in this letter quoted, but without the burst of laughter over "all that rodomontade" at the end which shows that Charlotte's interest in politics was not unmingled with the happy levity of youth. Still more striking as an illustration of her true character, with its infinite variety of moods, its sudden transition from grave to gay, is the letter I now quote:—

Last Saturday afternoon, being in one of my sentimental humors, I sat down and wrote to you such a note as I ought to have written to none but M——, who is nearly as mad as myself; to-day, when I glanced it over, it occurred to me that Ellen's calm eye would look at this with scorn, so I determined to concoct some production more fit for the inspection of common sense. I will not tell you all I think and feel about you, Ellen. I will preserve unbroken that reserve which alone enables me to maintain a decent character for judgment; but for that I should long ago have been set down by all who know me as a Frenchified fool. You have been very kind to me of late, and gentle; and you have spared me those little sallies of ridicule which, owing to my miserable and wretched touchiness of character used formerly to make me wince as if I had been touched with a hot iron; things that nobody else cares for enter into my mind and rankle there like venom. I know these feelings are absurd, and therefore I try to hide them; but they only sting the deeper for concealment, and I'm an idiot! Ellen, I wish I could live with you always, I begin to cling to you more fondly than ever I did. If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness.

Mrs. Gaskell has made a very partial and imperfect use of this letter by quoting merely from the words "You have been very kind to me of late," down to "they only sting the deeper for concealment." Thus it will be seen that an importance is given to an evanescent mood which it was far from meriting, and that lighter side to Charlotte's character which was prominent enough to her nearest and dearest friends is entirely concealed from the outer world. Again, I say, we must not blame Mrs. Gaskell. Such sentences as those which she omitted from the letter I have just given are not only entirely inconsistent with that ideal portrait of "Currer Bell" which the world had formed for itself out of the bare materials in existence during the author's lifetime; but are also utterly at variance with Mrs. Gaskell's personal conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, founded upon her brief acquaintance

with her during her years of loneliness and fame.

The quick transitions which marked her moods in converse with her friends may be traced all through her letters to Miss N——. The quotations I have already made show how suddenly on the same page she passes from gaiety to sadness; and so her letters, dealing as they do with an endless variety of topics, reflect only the mood of the writer at the moment that she penned them, and it is only by reading and studying the whole, not by selecting those which reflect a particular phase of her character, that we can complete the portrait we would fain produce.

Here are some extracts from letters which are not to be found in the "Life," and which illustrate what I have said. They were all written between the beginning of 1832 and the end of 1835:—

Tell M—— I hope she will derive benefit from the perusal of Cobbett's lucubrations; but I beg she will on no account burden her memory with passages to be repeated for my edification, lest I should not fully appreciate either her kindness or their merit; since that worthy personage and his principles, whether private or political, are no great favorites of mine.

I am really very much obliged to you [she writes in September, 1832] for your well-filled and *very* interesting letter. It forms a striking contrast to my brief, meagre epistles; but I know you will excuse the utter dearth of news visible in them when you consider the situation in which I am placed, quite out of the reach of all intelligence except what I obtain through the medium of the newspapers, and I believe you would not find much to interest you in a political discussion, or a summary of the accidents of the week. . . . I am sorry, very sorry, that Miss —— has turned out to be so different from what you thought her; but, my dearest Ellen, you must never expect perfection in this world; and I know your naturally confiding and affectionate disposition has led you to imagine that Miss —— was almost faultless. . . . I think, dearest Ellen, our friendship is destined to form an exception to the general rule regarding school friendships. At least I know that absence has not in the least abated the sisterly affection which I feel towards you.

Your last letter revealed a state of mind which promised much. As I read it, I could not help wishing that my own feelings more nearly resembled yours; but unhappily all the good thoughts that enter *my* mind evaporate almost before I have had time to ascertain their existence. Every right resolution which I form is so transient, so fragile, and so easily broken, that I sometimes fear I shall never be what I ought.

I write a hasty line to assure you we shall be happy to see you on the day you mention. As you are now acquainted with the neighborhood and its total want of society, and with our plain, monotonous mode of life, I do not fear so much as I used to do, that you will be disappointed with the dulness and sameness of your visit. One thing however will make the daily routine more unvaried than ever. Branwell, who used to enliven us, is to leave us in a few days, and enter the situation of a private tutor in the neighborhood of U——. How he will like to settle remains yet to be seen. At present he is full of hope and resolution. I, who know his variable nature and his strong turn for active life, dare not be too sanguine. We are as busy as possible in preparing for his departure, and shirt-making and collar-stitching fully occupy our time.

April, 1835.

The election! the election! that cry has rung even among our lonely hills like the blast of a trumpet. How has it been round the populous neighborhood of B——? Under what banner have your brothers ranged themselves? The blue or the yellow? Use your influence with them; entreat them, if it be necessary on your knees, to stand by their country and religion in this day of danger! . . . Stuart Wortley, the son of the most patriotic patrician Yorkshire owns, must be elected the representative of his native province. Lord Morpeth was at Haworth last week, and I saw him. My opinion of his lordship is recorded in a letter I wrote yesterday to Mary. It is not worth writing over again, so I will not trouble you with it here.

Even these brief extracts will show that Charlotte Brontë's life at this time was not a morbid one. These years between 1832 and 1835 must be counted among the happiest of her life — of all the lives of the little household at Haworth, in fact. The young people were accustomed to their father's coldness and eccentricity, and to their aunt's dainty distaste for all northern customs and northern people, themselves included. Shy they were and peculiar, alike in their modes of life and their modes of thought; but there was a wholesome, healthy happiness about all of them that gave promise of peaceful lives hereafter. Some literary efforts of a humble kind brightened their hopes at this time. Charlotte had written some juvenile poems (not now worth reprinting), and she sought the opinion of Southey upon them. The poet-laureate gave her a kindly and considerate answer, which did not encourage her to persevere in these efforts; nor was an attempt by Branwell to secure the patronage of Wordsworth for some productions of his own more successful. Had anybody ventured into the wilds of Ha-

worth parish at this new year of 1835, and made acquaintance with the parson's family, it is easy to say upon whom the attention of the stranger would have been riveted. Branwell Brontë, of whom casual mention is made in one of the foregoing letters, was the hope and pride of the little household. All who knew him at this time bear testimony to his remarkable talents, his striking graces. Small in stature like Charlotte herself, he was endowed with a rare personal beauty. But it was in his intellectual gifts that his chief charm was found. Even his father's dull parishioners recognized the fire of genius in the lad; and any one who cares to go to Haworth now and inquire into the story of the Brontës, will find that the most vivid reminiscences, the fondest memories of the older people in the village, centre in this hapless youth. Ambitious and clever, he seemed destined to play a considerable part in the world. His conversational powers were remarkable; he gave promise of more than ordinary ability as an artist, and he had even as a boy written verses of no common power. Among other accomplishments, more curious than useful, of which he could boast, was the ability to write two letters simultaneously. It is but a small trait in the history of this remarkable family, yet it deserves to be noticed, that its least successful member excelled Napoleon himself in one respect. The great conqueror could dictate half-a-dozen letters concurrently to his secretaries. Branwell Brontë could do more than this. With a pen in each hand, he could write two different letters at the same moment.

Charlotte was Branwell's senior by one year. In 1835, when in her nineteenth year, she was by no means the unattractive person she has been represented as being. There is a little caricature sketched by herself lying before me as I write. In it all the more awkward of her physical points are ingeniously exaggerated. The prominent forehead bulges out in an aggressive manner, suggestive of hydrocephalus, the nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and the mouth made unnecessarily large; whilst the little figure is clumsy and ungainly. But though she could never pretend to beauty, she had redeeming features, her eyes, hair, and massive forehead all being attractive points. Emily, who was two years her junior, had, like Charlotte, a bad complexion; but she was tall and well-formed, whilst her eyes were of remarkable beauty. All through her life her temperament was more than merely peculiar. She inherited

not a little of her father's eccentricity, untempered by her father's *savoir faire*. Her aversion to strangers has been already mentioned. When the curates, who formed the only society of Haworth, found their way to the parsonage, she avoided them as though they had brought the pestilence in their train; on the rare occasions when she went out into the world she would sit absolutely silent in the company of those who were unfamiliar to her. So intense was this reserve that even in her own family, where alone she was at ease, something like dread was mingled with the affection felt towards her. On one occasion, whilst Charlotte's friend was visiting the parsonage, Charlotte herself was unable through illness to take any walks with her. To the amazement of the household Emily volunteered to accompany Miss N—— on a ramble over the moors. They set off together, and the girl threw aside her reserve and talked with a freedom and vigor which gave evidence of the real strength of her character. Her companion was charmed with her intelligence and geniality. But on returning to the parsonage Charlotte was found awaiting them, and as soon as she had a chance of doing so she anxiously put to Miss N—— the question, "How did Emily behave herself?" It was the first time she had ever been known to invite the company of any one outside the narrow limits of the family circle. Her chief delight was to roam on the moors, followed by her dogs, to whom she would whistle in masculine fashion. Her heart indeed was given to these dumb creatures of the earth. She never forgave those who ill-treated them, nor trusted those whom they disliked. One is reminded of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" by some traits of Emily Brontë:—

If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly;
and, like the lady of the poem, her tenderness and charity could reach even

the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

One instance of her remarkable personal courage is related in "Shirley," where she herself is sketched under the character of the heroine. It is her adventure with the mad dog which bit her at the door of the parsonage kitchen whilst she was offering it water. The brave girl took an iron from the fire where it chanced to be heating, and immediately cauterized the wound on her arm; making a broad, deep scar, which was there until the day of her

death. Not until many weeks after did she tell her sisters what had happened. Passionately fond of her home among the hills, and of the rough Yorkshire people among whom she had been reared, she sickened and pined away when absent from Haworth. A strange untamed and untamable character was hers; and none but her two sisters ever seem to have appreciated her remarkable merits, or to have recognized the fine though immature genius which shows itself in every line of the weird story of "Wuthering Heights."

Anne, the youngest of the family, had beauty in addition to her other gifts. Intellectually she was greatly inferior to her sisters; but her mildness and sweetness of temperament won the affections of many who were repelled by the harsher exteriors of Charlotte and Emily.

This was the family which lived happily and quietly among the hills during those years when life with its vicissitudes still lay in the distance. Gay their existence could not be called; but their letters show that it was unquestionably peaceful, happy, and wholesome.

V.

MOVED by the hope of lightening the family expenses and enabling Branwell to get a thorough artistic training at the Royal Academy, Charlotte resolved to go out as a governess. Her first "place" was at her old school at Roehead, where she was with her friend Miss Wooler, and where she was also very near the home of her confidante, Miss N——. Emily went with her for a time; but she soon sickened and pined for the moors, and after a trial of but a few months she returned to Haworth. A great deal of sympathy has been bestowed upon the Brontës in connection with their days as governesses; nor am I prepared to say that this sympathy is wholly misplaced. Their reserve, their affection for each other, their ignorance of the world, combined to make "the cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses"—to use Charlotte's own phrase—particularly distasteful to them. But it is a mistake to suppose that they were treated with harshness during their governess life, or that Charlotte, at least, felt her trials at all unbearable. It was decidedly unpleasant to sacrifice the independence and the family companionship of Haworth for drudgery and loneliness in the household of a stranger; but it was a duty, and as such it was accepted without repining by two, at least, of the sisters. Emily's peculiar temperament

made her quite unfitted for life among strangers; she made many attempts to overcome her reserve, but all were unavailing; and after a brief experience in one or two families in different parts of Yorkshire, she returned to Haworth to reside there permanently as her father's housekeeper. There is no need to dwell upon this episode in the lives of the Brontës. They were living among unfamiliar faces, and had little temptation to display themselves in their true characters, but extracts from a few of Charlotte's letters to her friends will show something of the course of her thought at this time. With the exception of a detached sentence or two these letters will be quite new to the readers of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life:" —

I have been waiting for an opportunity of sending a letter to you as you wished; but as no such opportunity offers itself, I have at length determined to write to you by post, fearing that if I delayed any longer you would attribute my tardiness to indifference. I can scarcely realize the distance that lies between us, or the length of time which may elapse before we meet again. Now, Ellen, I have no news to tell you, no changes to communicate. My life since I saw you last has passed away as monotonously and unvaryingly as ever — nothing but teach — teach — teach, from morning till night. The greatest variety I ever have is afforded by a letter from you, a call from the T——'s, or by meeting with a pleasant new book. The "Life of Oberlin" and Leigh Richmond's "Domestic Portraiture," are the last of this description I have perused. The latter work strongly attracted and strangely fascinated my attention. Beg, borrow, or steal it without delay; and read the "Memoir of Richmond." That short record of a brief and uneventful life I shall never forget. It is beautiful, not on account of the language in which it is written, not on account of the incidents it details, but because of the simple narration it gives of the life and death of a young, talented, sincere Christian. Get the book, Ellen (I wish I had it to give you), read it, and tell me what you think of it. Yesterday I heard that you had been ill since you were in London. I hope you are better now. Are you any happier than you were? Try to reconcile your mind to circumstances, and exert the quiet fortitude of which I know you are not destitute. Your absence leaves a sort of vacancy in my feelings which nothing has as yet offered of sufficient interest to supply. I do not forget ten o'clock. I remember it every night, and if a sincere petition for your welfare will do you any good you will be benefited. I know the Bible says: "The prayer of the *righteous* availeth much," and I am *not righteous*. Nevertheless I believe God despises no application that is uttered in sincerity. My own dear E——, good-bye. I can write no

more, for I am called to a less pleasant avocation.

DEWSBURY MOOR, Oct. 2, 1836.

I should have written to you a week ago, but my time has of late been so wholly taken up that till now I have really not had an opportunity of answering your last letter. I assure you I feel the kindness of so early a reply to my tardy correspondence. It gave me a sting of self-reproach. . . . My sister Emily is gone into a situation as teacher in a large school of near forty pupils near Halifax. I have had one letter from her since her departure. It gives an appalling account of her duties. Hard labor from six in the morning till near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she will never stand it. It gives me sincere pleasure, my dear Ellen, to learn that you have at last found a few associates of congenial minds. I cannot conceive a life more dreary than that passed amidst sights, sounds, and companions all alien to the nature within us. From the tenor of your letters it seems that your mind remains fixed as it ever was, in no wise dazzled by novelty or warped by evil example. I am thankful for it. I could not help smiling at the paragraphs which related to —. There was in them a touch of the genuine unworldly simplicity which forms part of your character. Ellen, depend upon it, all people have their dark side. Though some possess the power of throwing a fair veil over the defects, close acquaintance slowly removes the screen, and one by one the blots appear; till at last we see the pattern of perfection all slurred over with stains which even affection cannot efface.

The affectionate commendations of her friend are constantly accompanied by references of a very different character to herself.

If I like people [she says in one of her letters] it is my nature to tell them so, and I am not afraid of offering incense to your vanity. It is from religion that you derive your chief charm, and may its influence always preserve you as pure, as unassuming, and as benevolent in thought and deed as you are now. What am I compared to you? I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I'm a very coarse, commonplace wretch! I have some qualities that make me very miserable, some feelings that you can have no participation in—that few, very few people in the world can at all understand. I don't pride myself on these peculiarities. I strive to conceal and suppress them as much as I can, but they burst out sometimes, and then those who see the explosion despise me, and I hate myself for days afterwards.

All my notes to you, Ellen, are written in a hurry. I am now snatching an opportunity. Mr. J—— is here; by his means it will be transmitted to Miss E——, by her means to

X—, by his means to you. I do not blame you for not coming to see me. I am sure you have been prevented by sufficient reasons; but I do long to see you, and I hope I shall be gratified momentarily, at least, ere long. Next Friday, if all be well, I shall go to G—. On Sunday I hope I shall at least catch a glimpse of you. Week after week I have lived on the expectation of your coming. Week after week I have been disappointed. I have not regretted what I said in my last note to you. The confession was wrung from me by sympathy and kindness, such as I can never be sufficiently thankful for. I feel in a strange state of mind; still gloomy, but not despairing. I keep trying to do right, checking wrong feelings, repressing wrong thoughts—but still—every instant I find myself going astray. I have a constant tendency to scorn people who are far better than I am. A horror at the idea of becoming one of a certain set—a dread lest if I made the slightest profession I should sink at once into Phariseism, merge wholly in the ranks of the self-righteous. In writing at this moment I feel an irksome disgust at the idea of using a single phrase that sounds like religious cant. I abhor myself; I despise myself. If the doctrine of Calvin be true, I am already an outcast. You cannot imagine how hard, rebellious, and intractable all my feelings are. When I begin to study on the subject I almost grow blasphemous, atheistical in my sentiments. Don't desert me—don't be horrified at me. You know what I am. I wish I could see you, my darling. I have lavished the warmest affections of a very hot, tenacious heart upon you. If you grow cold it is over.

Here it will be seen that the religious struggle was renewed. The woman who was afterwards to be accused of "heathenism" was going through tortures such as Cowper knew in his darkest hours, and, like him, was acquiring faith, humility, and resignation in the midst of the conflict. But such letters as this are only episodic; in general she writes cheerfully, sometimes even merrily.

What would the *Quarterly Reviewer* and the other charitable people, who openly declared their conviction that the author of "Jane Eyre" was an improper person, who had written an improper book, have said had they been told that she had written the following letter on the subject of her first offer of marriage—written it, too, at the time when she was a governess, and in spite of the fact that the offer opened up to her a way of escape from all anxiety as to her future life?

You ask me whether I have received a letter from T—. I have about a week since. The contents I confess did a little surprise me; but I kept them to myself, and unless you had questioned me on the subject I would

never have adverted to it. T— says he is comfortably settled at —, and that his health is much improved. He then intimates that in due time he will want a wife, and frankly asks me to be that wife. Altogether the letter is written without cant or flattery, and in a common-sense style which does credit to his judgment. Now there were in this proposal some things that might have proved a strong temptation. I thought if I were to marry so — could live with me, and how happy I should be. But again I asked myself two questions. Do I love T— as much as a woman ought to love her husband? Am I the person best qualified to make him happy? Alas! my conscience answered "no" to both these questions. I felt that though I esteemed T—, though I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable, well-disposed man, yet I had not and never could have that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him—and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*. Moreover I was aware he knew so little of me he could hardly be conscious to whom he was writing. Why it would startle him to see me in my natural home character. He would think I was a wild, romantic enthusiast indeed. I could not sit all day long making a grave face before my husband. I would laugh and satirize, and say whatever came into my head first; and if he were a clever man and loved me, the whole world weighed in the balance against his smallest wish would be light as air. Could I, knowing my mind to be such as that, conscientiously say that I would take a grave, quiet young man like T—? No; it would have been deceiving him, and deception of that sort is beneath me. So I wrote a long letter back in which I expressed my refusal as gently as I could, and also candidly avowed my reasons for that refusal. I described to him, too, the sort of character I thought would suit him for a wife.

The girl who could thus calmly decline a more than merely "eligible" offer, and thus honestly state her reasons for doing so to the friend she trusted, was strangely different from the author of "Jane Eyre" pictured by the critics and the public. Perhaps the full cost of the refusal related in the foregoing letter is only made clear when it is brought into contrast with such a confession as the following, made very soon afterwards:—

I am miserable when I allow myself to dwell on the necessity of spending my life as a governess. The chief requisite for that station seems to me to be the power of taking things easily when they come, and of making oneself comfortable and at home wherever one may chance to be—qualities in which all our family are singularly deficient. I know I cannot live with a person like Mrs. —; but I

hope all women are not like her, and my motto is, "Try again."

From one of her situations as governess in a private family (she had long since left the kind shelter of Miss Wooler's house) she writes in 1841 a series of letters showing how little she relished the "cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses."

It is twelve o'clock at night; but I must just write you a word before I go to bed. If you think I'm going to refuse your invitation, or if you sent it me with that idea, you're mistaken. As soon as I had read your shabby little note, I gathered up my spirits directly, walked on the impulse of the moment into Mrs. —'s presence, popped the question, and for two minutes received no answer. "Will she refuse me when I work so hard for her?" thought I. "Ye—e—es." drawled madam in a reluctant, cold tone. "Thank you, madam!" said I with extreme cordiality, and was marching from the room when she recalled me with "You'd better go on Saturday afternoon then, when the children have holiday, and if you return in time for them to have all their lessons on Monday morning, I don't see that much will be lost." You *are* a genuine Turk, thought I; but again I assented, and so the bargain was struck. Saturday after next, then, is the day appointed. I'll come, God knows, with a thankful and joyful heart, glad of a day's reprieve from labor. If you don't send the gig I'll walk. I am coming to taste the pleasure of liberty; a bit of pleasant congenial talk, and a sight of two or three faces I like. God bless you! I want to see you again. Huzza for Saturday afternoon after next! Good night, my lass!

T. WEMYSS REID.

From The Contemporary Review.
AN EXCURSION IN FORMOSA.

A BULWARK of islands, single and in groups, protects — like some great system of natural fortification — the eastern shore of Asia. Beginning at the southern extremity of Kamschatka, this chain of advanced works extends beyond the northern tropic. At first come the Kurile Islands, then the Japanese group, then the Linschotten Isles, the Loochooan Archipelago, and the Meiacosima group resting, as on a flank defence, on the great island of Formosa. There is nothing fanciful in this comparison of the long line of islands, that is interposed between the Asiatic coast and the broad expanse of the North Pacific, to a protective fortification. Behind this screen the ports of China from Amoy to the Yellow Sea enjoy an almost,

if not quite, perfect immunity from that terrible scourge of the Eastern seas, the dreaded typhoon.* Round the right flank of the line they sweep with unbroken fury, and, repulsed by the lofty mountains of Formosa, carry havoc and dismay to Hong-Kong and Macao on the southern coast of China. Thus this great island fills in the geography of the far East a position commensurate with its physical characteristics, and with the interest with which it has long been regarded.

Few names have been more correctly bestowed. Formosa is indeed majestic in its beauty. It may be regarded as a fortunate event in the history of geographical nomenclature that its sponsors were early Spanish navigators, who inherited a sense of the beautiful and the romantic with their southern blood. The seas about are studded with the uncouth patronymics of rival Dutch explorers, which throw into brighter contrast this well-deserved appellation. A line of Alpine heights runs along the island in the interior. On the west this splendid range sinks into an extensive plain, fertile and rich in streams, which has received a multitude of industrious colonists from the neighboring Chinese province of Foh-kien. There these colonists have built cities and have turned the country into a garden. But where the mountains begin, their occupation ceases; and the eastern part of the island, abrupt and mountainous to the very shore, is inhabited by tribes of savages who still live in unreclaimed barbarism. The territory in the possession of the Chinese stretches across the northern end of the island from sea to sea; but its extent on the Pacific shore, is very limited, and may be said to end at the seaport of Kelung.

Coasting along the eastern side the voyager is repeatedly struck by the magnificence of the scenery. The central range rises to a height of above twelve thousand feet; whilst between it and the water are mountains of an elevation at least half as great. Their outline is at once beautiful and fantastic. Domes, and peaks, and wall-like precipices succeed each other in striking variety. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which dash cascades that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight. Occasionally on rounding a

* "They (the typhoons) do not extend into the Formosa Strait. . . . There is only one case on record of their having reached Amoy; and northward of Formosa they are of rare occurrence. . . . Eastward of Formosa they extend as far as the Bonin Islands and probably right across the Pacific." — "China Sea Directory," iii., p. 8. Published by order of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty. London, 1874.

headland a deep gorge is revealed, and in the shadow cast by the enclosing heights can be dimly discerned the outlines of a native village.

A short excursion made into the country near Kelung enabled me to see many of the beauties of the island. It was undertaken chiefly with a view to visit the coal-mines which abound in that part, and to form some idea of the manner of working them and of transporting the coal to the coast for exportation. As May had already begun, and as the weather was hotter than was pleasant for travelling on foot in the middle of the day, a start was made in the early morning. Soon after six o'clock I landed with one companion on the little island which forms the eastern side of the harbor, and to which Europeans have given the name of Palm Island. On it there are two villages, one inhabited exclusively by Chinese, and the other by a mixed race of Chinese and Peppy-hoans, a tribe of natives less barbarous than their fellows, who here, at least, have to some extent coalesced with the colonists from the mainland.

Our landing took place at the nearest point of the former village. On our way we passed several of the inhabitants engaged in fishing in *sampans*, or Chinese boats, which seemed like rude copies of those found at Amoy, and at all other places to which the roving natives of Foh-kien migrate. We were received by a respectable concourse of the remaining villagers. It was soon evident that Europeans were not frequent visitors, as whenever we encountered women or the younger children they fled to their houses at first sight of us. The men, and some dozen valiant little urchins of more mature age, perhaps eight or ten years, exhibited no signs of alarm or even of surprise, and seemed anxious to show us every civility. The former, in several cases, came forward and offered us their long bamboo pipes to smoke; whilst the latter, with that inexpressible love of fun so characteristic of Chinese children, did their best to heighten the terrors of their younger companions by shouting loudly at any who exhibited signs of fear at our approach.

Fishing-villages in any part of the world are seldom remarkable for cleanliness; and a Chinese fishing-village might be expected to surpass all others in abominations of sight and smell. This one, however, of Searle-how seemed an exception to the rule. There was a very remarkable air of comfort and well-being

about the place. The boats were numerous and well found. The street was laid out with a fair amount of regularity. The inhabitants were well dressed, and the women, all tottering on their poor crushed feet, wore many ornaments. A temple of considerable size occupied a prominent position, and, strange to say, it was comparatively clean and in good repair, whilst, still stranger, an attendant was positively engaged in sweeping and in generally embellishing the paved space in front of the central door. Early as it was, voices of small Chinese scholars learning their lessons came from a wing of the building on the right. The houses were well-built, comfortable, and cleanly. As a rule one plan was followed. A large central building, generally of neatly cut blocks of the sandstone of which the island is formed, ran parallel to the roadway; from it a wing jutted out at right angles at either end; the whole house thus forming three sides of a square. In the central building was a large hall, containing, right opposite the door, the family altar and the shrine of the household deities. This seemed to be the principal living-room of the dwelling; the wings were chiefly used as store-houses. We were civilly invited by signs to enter and inspect one of the best of the houses, and were even tempted by the offer of chairs; but as we had some distance to go, we declined the friendly invitation. In front of the village was a noble tree, throwing a vast shade around it, under which the whole village might assemble.

The other village was on the same beach, a few hundred yards further on. Behind both there was much cultivated land, many plots being laid out as vegetable gardens and rice-fields. The high style of Chinese cultivation was everywhere noticeable, as also the rarer sight of well-kept fences and hedges. The houses at this latter place were not so large nor so well-built as those at Searle-how. Many were constructed of wooden frames filled in with fragments of coral from the beach, but in design they were almost exactly similar. Here also in front of the village was a magnificent tree of even nobler proportions than the other. Its trunk was a gnarled and knotted mass bound and overlaid with the stems of innumerable creepers. Beneath a vertical sun it would cast a shadow considerably over a hundred feet in diameter; whilst so thick was its foliage that not a ray could penetrate it.

The Peppy-hoan villagers bore some

resemblance to their Chinese neighbors. They had adopted the Chinese dress, and the men had shaven heads and the regular queue. The women, on the contrary, dressed their hair in a different fashion, tying it up in a loose knot behind with some bright-colored cord. Their feet too were bare and as nature had formed them. They were a tall, fine-looking people. The men had a sturdier and more manly air than is common amongst Chinamen, whilst the women could boast a stature and a stateliness of figure almost unknown amongst their Chinese sisters. Handsome faces were not common; their complexions somewhat resembled those of the lighter-skinned Chinese, though they were decidedly of a fresher hue than those of the yellow-visaged nation. The type of feature was unmistakably Mongolian. The island is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait, through which there was a boiling tide rushing at the time of our visit. We tried to engage a boat to cross it, but it was intimated to us by signs that the owners were away. At length a boat of large size deeply laden was seen coming through the strait with the tide. We called out to the boatmen, and made them understand our wish to be ferried across. With some little difficulty in that swift current they succeeded in picking us up, and landing us at a pretty little bay on the opposite shore. There were four men in the boat, all Chinese. When we landed we offered them a small sum of money as our fare; to our astonishment they civilly but firmly refused to accept it, though they must have been considerably delayed in their voyage, and two of them had actually got into the water and stood in it up to their waists to assist us in landing.

The scenery of the mainland was very fine. Even the views we had had on our way up the coast had not at all prepared us for it. The copious moisture of a tropical climate was apparent in the rich luxuriance of the vegetation. The varied outlines of the heights which rose on either side told of earthquakes and of a volcanic region. Inland from the head of the little bay to which we had been brought across ran a narrow valley, through which water had at some time evidently forced its way. On each hand were tokens of a great upheaval. The strata dipped steeply towards the west; and the edges of the seams of rocks were scored and eaten away by the action of the water. Yellow sandstone and masses of coralline limestone abounded. The

former exhibited in the little promontories and points that jutted out into the sea the strangest forms. Blocks of the soft stone stood upright near the water's edge, and here and there they were rounded off and scraped away near the lower part till they looked like gigantic mushrooms, or huge egg-cups or wineglasses, or took some other quaint shape. In some cases so exact was the resemblance to these objects that it was difficult to believe that art had not been called in to aid nature in fashioning them.

The bottom of the valley was laid out in rice-plots. The rice had been recently transplanted, and each plant had a clear space around it of several inches. The surface of the ground was covered to a slight depth with water. The brilliant green of the young rice formed a charming contrast to the more sombre foliage of the shrubs and trees which half hid the steep cliffs on both sides of the valley. The number and beauty of the wild-flowers were extraordinary. We were first struck by a convolvulus of enormous size, of a rich violet hue striped with crimson, which covered the bank by the side of which the path ran. Then a white lily of exquisite shape and delicate perfume delighted us. Orchids of varied colors fringed the pathway. A graceful creeper with a tiny lilac blossom trailed along the narrow strip of sward that edged the rice-field on our right. A cottage or two lay half-hidden behind a hedge of bamboo and screw-pine, above which waved the graceful leaves of the plantain-tree. A splendid variety of tree-fern, like a dwarf palm, grew in great profusion. A variety of willow is a common object in most Chinese villages, and some of the delicately-leaved trees which we met with in our further progress, bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the aspen.

At the head of the valley we came upon the sea. A sandy beach swept round with a wide curve towards the east, beneath a line of almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs. Midway along it was a little hamlet of fishermen's cottages. Some of the inhabitants were on the beach repairing their boats and nets. Imitating in pantomimic action the occupation of coal-miners, we asked, and were readily shown the way to the pits. Our road lay by the shore beneath the cliffs, then round the headland which they formed. A geologist would have been charmed with the scene laid open to our view. At the water's edge were numberless rocky pinnacles, and cup-shaped masses like those

we had already seen. The beach itself was strewn with boulders in every stage of formation. Some of the sandstone stems were so eaten away by the waves that the globular mass on the summit was ready to fall, others had but recently been broken off, whilst on the ground lay many rolled about to a greater or less degree of sphericity. As the path led round the extremity of the headland, two parallel lines of rock in crystallized blocks, as level and as regular as a tiled footway, ran out for some hundreds of yards into the sea. It was the Giant's Causeway on a larger scale. These long and shapely roads, that almost joined the point on which we stood to another promontory in front of us, were just the edges of strata tilted up from where the sea now flows, and inclining towards the land. On our right or inshore hand great sandstone cliffs towered above us. Superimposed on these was a line of perpendicular coralline limestone, edged at the summit with shrubs and creepers, and presenting, with its buttressed projections, and grey and hoary surface, the appearance of an old castle wall. Indeed, so closely in this did nature resemble art, that we were forced to make a close inspection before we could get rid of the idea that we were actually passing beneath ruined walls. The flowers had followed us still. The giant convolvulus still shone upon the prominences and projections of the cliffs; and the snowy lily grew boldly in clumps far out on the rocks towards the sea.

More rice-fields filled up a narrow plain which succeeded to the cliffs. Then the straggling houses and vegetable gardens of a small village built by the seaside appeared. The houses came down close to the edge of a snug and picturesque harbor, and many of them stood in the deep shadow of noble trees. Junks and cargo-boats were lying moored close to the shore, and a line of carriers was descending and ascending a steep hill-path, carrying loads to and from the craft below. We soon came upon symptoms of a coal-mining neighborhood. Heaps of coal, and great masses of "slack" and refuse formed a background to the village between the houses and the surrounding hills. The carriers, who went and came in an endless procession, were bearing baskets of the black mineral, slung from a pole across their shoulders. The bright verdure, the luxuriant tropical shrubs, the smooth sandy beach was soiled by the foul dust from the black heaps that were piled up beneath the hill.

We ascended the path, which was so steep that we almost had to climb. The carriers, nevertheless, came down it fearlessly and with sure foot in spite of their heavy loads. At the summit we saw that the path dropped into a valley, which it crossed between wet rice-fields, and then again mounted a ridge on the other side. This we found, as we went on, was repeated over and over again. In some places so precipitous was the way, that steps were cut in the soft sandstone of the hill-side to facilitate the ascent. We encountered still an unbroken stream of carriers with their loads; though diverging paths showed that they came from mines in different quarters.

These continuously succeeding valleys revealed the volcanic nature of the formation, and were evidences of violent convulsions. There was a certain sameness in the features of many. The sides were abrupt, seldom rising above four hundred feet in height; the surrounding ridges were sharp and with a broken sky-line, and the low ground was a kind of floor, flat and level throughout. Yet they were sufficiently unlike to give, as we ascended ridge after ridge, a succession of changing views. The aspect of all was extremely picturesque. The level rice-fields with their emerald-hued plants lay like a brilliant carpet beneath our feet. At one side ran a purling brook, whose murmurs struck softly on the ear. Trees and shrubs of various tints clad the hillsides, while patches of bamboo added further variegation to the foliage, and decked the outline of the heights with groups of graceful forms. The giant convolvulus still clung to the banks and thicker clumps of shrubs; but a brilliant scarlet lily replaced the delicate white one of the seashore. Closer inspection was often disappointing. In the rice-fields, wallowing on hands and knees, and kneading the liquid mud about the plants, were Chinese peasants engaged in the revolting rice-culture. By the side of the streams were huge heaps of refuse coal, which stained the waters to dinginess. The tropical* air was warm and moist, and fragments of cloud hung about the higher peaks around us. At first sight these valleys reminded us of sunken craters, such as Agnano, near Naples, or still more the picturesque peninsula of Uraga in Japan. Perhaps there is almost sacrilege in the latter comparison, for in that lonely land, if anywhere, are

* The tropic of Cancer crosses the island of Formosa.

More pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.*

The road of the coal-carriers was long and troublesome. Carrying a heavy load for at least four miles, as those who came from some of the mines were doing, up and down steep hills in such an atmosphere and such a temperature, must have been superlatively distressing. Many of them bore a forked stick on which they rested at their halts — the pole to which their coal-baskets were slung. These halts were, however, infrequent. Here and there in some sequestered nook, some umbrageous fold in the hillside, an enterprising Chinaman had established a little tea-house, and in front of it a knot of carriers stopped to refresh themselves. Elsewhere there were stalls beneath an awning of mats for the sale of sweetmeats, or bits of sugarcane.

The mines were worked in a most primitive fashion. A hole, not much bigger than would be necessary to admit one person, was dug horizontally into the side of the steep face of a hill. Into this a miner carried a shallow flexible basket, and when he had scraped it full, he dragged it out with a rope, and transferred its contents to the two baskets which the carriers use. The coal was of two descriptions; a lustrous, black, bituminous sort, and a brittle, dull, yellow kind which came out in small lumps, and abounded in sulphur and iron pyrites. The slack and refuse was cast forth from the pit's mouth to lie where it might. By this rude method of raising it a considerable quantity of the mineral is brought into the market. It is believed that as much as ten thousand tons have been raised in a single year. A rude estimate of the capabilities of the present mines, as now worked, fixes the possible out-put at one hundred tons a day, the actual amount being assumed on fairly good data, as one thousand *piculo*, or about half. The great customers of the Kelung miners are the factories and furnaces of the Chinese naval arsenal near Foo-Chow. A considerable quantity also is exported in junks, for household use, at other ports in China. The government has at length become alive to the important source of wealth which lies hidden in the coal-fields of northern Formosa. Four English miners arrived just before my

visit to the island, to instruct the native colliers, and an engineer, who had already inspected the mines, was in England purchasing the requisite machinery for mining on Chinese government account. The local officials had issued a proclamation desiring the inhabitants to treat the foreigners with civility; a mandate which, in the case of a casual visitor — judging only from my own experience — was quite uncalled for. The same authority has also intimated that the government only proposes to open new mines, and not in any way to interfere with the working of those previously dug.

This will undoubtedly very considerably modify the position of the aboriginal savages of Formosa. The increase of the commercial importance of Kelung will mean the extension of Chinese occupation along the eastern coast. Already, thanks to the action of the Japanese government, which nearly caused a war between it and that of China, a Chinese garrison is stationed at Sauo Bay, some way south of Kelung harbor. In a few years, probably, these wild tribes, who have so long preserved a primeval barbarism on the very borders of a most ancient civilization, will be surrounded by patient and industrious Chinamen, cut off from the sea, and driven to the mountains of the interior, there to disappear before the Mongolian race, as the red men have before the Anglo-Saxon.

At the foot of a high hill, far up on the sides of which yawned the black mouths of two coal-pits, out of and into which an ant-like stream of miners and carriers unceasingly swarmed, stood a little hamlet of tea-houses, rice-planters' cottages, and a blacksmith's shop. Above it rose a smooth, grassy eminence, which broadened at the summit to an open down. A fair extent of green sward, placed thus amidst the dense foliage of the neighboring hills, heightened considerably the beauty of the landscape. In front of the village ran a little stream, across which was thrown a frail bridge of a single plank, a giddy passage for the laden carriers from the mines. A few huge water buffaloes were feeding in the valley, and the green sward was dotted with swine and goats browsing on the shrubs. A wide plantation of bamboo waved in feathery masses on an opposite height, and hedges of the screw-pine fenced the village gardens behind the houses. Up the face of the green hillock, behind the village, ran our road to the town of Kelung, which the rising temperature warned us it was time to gain.

From the higher ground we caught

* These lines of Wordsworth (Protesilaus' description of the Elysian Fields) are not inappropriate in a reference to the lovely part of Japan alluded to, near Yokosuka and Kanasawa, as the district goes by the name of the "Plains of Heaven."

glimpses of distant peaks, and of valleys carpeted with the growing rice. The way, which hitherto had too often been but a mere track upon the summit of a narrow dyke between water-covered fields, was now along a well-made *chaussée*, neatly paved with stones. It led us beneath jutting crags and eminences crowned with shady copses, and by the side of a swiftly running stream. Occasionally it dipped down into a narrow ravine, or wound gradually up a steep ascent. At length we descended into an extensive plain; through it flowed the stream we had so long followed, broad and sluggish as a canal. By this stream much of the produce of the mines is brought into the town, and at the head of the navigation lay a small fleet of boats, deep with their sombre cargo. Its banks were so smooth and regular that it had evidently been "canalized" by the industrious people whose patient toil has converted the surrounding country into a garden. An opening in the ridge that seemed to block up the end of the valley enabled us to see the masts of the junks lying in the shallow harbor, and the trees and houses of Kelung. As we approached the town we walked by primly cultivated gardens, and past snug homesteads, embowered in trees. We met strings of people carrying back their purchases from the town, and now and then we came upon a gaudily painted sedan-chair borne by two men and carrying a small-footed woman. A little colony of boat-builders occupied a convenient creek just without the town wall, which was visible on our left. Above it showed the fantastic gables and tawdry ornaments of a large joss-house, or temple, the most conspicuous building in the place. A sharp turn to the right brought us past the end of a long bridge, thrown across the stream just before it falls into the harbor, and to the low wicket gate which formed the entrance to Kelung. Arrived within it, we found ourselves once more amidst the horrors of Chinese streets.

We had yet to go a mile farther, and were glad to hail a *sampan* and complete our journey by water instead of threading the filthy labyrinths of the town. We dropped down quietly in our little boats, sculled by a single boatman, past a long line of junks loading and discharging cargo, and landed beneath the ruins of a fort on a low promontory at the custom-house quay. A row of neat bungalows and a tall white flagstaff, flying the dragon-flag, belonged to the Imperial Maritime Customs, one of the institutions of New China

which tends perhaps more than any other to bring her within the family of nations. Immediately opposite was a large building with a high-pitched, matted roof, in which was stored the salt belonging to the mandarins, its sale being a government monopoly in China. So that, separated by a narrow strip of water, stood face to face symbols of the two methods, which perhaps will soon strive in China for the mastery, — restriction and freedom, the ancient and the new.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

From The Spectator.

THE SWARMING OF MANKIND.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers this week showing that the population of France does not increase, while the populations of Germany and England do, and thereupon have been based a new series of glorifications of the two branches of the Teutonic stock, which are visibly taking possession of the world, and will before long make it a place too tiresome to live in. The boasting is not unnatural, for every race likes to think the future belongs to it; but it is becoming a little wearisome, and the boasters in their vainglory are becoming a little too contemptuous of all but momentary facts. They will have it that the French cannot colonize — because Frenchmen, being now contented at home, choose to stay there, rather than "fight the wilderness" as people in London, who appeal to the magistrates because cocks crow, think it the bounden duty of Frenchmen to do — and forget that the only colony which Frenchmen, as distinct from the French government, ever seriously attempted to found has been a perfect success, has lasted a hundred years, has remained intensely French — though French of the pre-Revolutionary type — and has alone among foreign communities resisted successfully the absorbent influence of the dominant Anglo-Saxon race. The French settled in Canada formed one of the happiest, best-ordered, and most peaceful communities in the world; and after a history of a hundred years and after suffering conquest by the English that community remains French, still unabsorbed, with a life and a society and a mental atmosphere all its own. Half-a-dozen French Canadas would, we admit, be better than one, but still the French established one which has not

died. The boasters assert that the Germans colonize, and forget that, like the Irish, they do nothing of the kind; never conquer, never "settle," never found, but simply "go abroad," to be absorbed into the new English-speaking race which is gradually filling up North America, and which may be destined, if the Chinese immigration does not interfere with the process, permanently to occupy the splendid spaciousness of that continent. The English, it is true, colonize, but the concurrent assumption that they will always go on colonizing, or indeed multiplying, is a mere assumption, without evidence in science and strongly against the evidence of history. They may, but also they may not, for if there is any historic subject upon which philosophers, historians, or savans are still profoundly ignorant, it is the law under which races increase, become stationary, or decrease in numbers. Some economists used to believe they had discovered a law, namely, that races increased under prosperity, that plenty of food meant plenty of population, that with manufactures States obtained more hands to work them; but it was entirely opposed to the facts of history, which show that one of the most miserable of earthly races — the Irish under the penal laws — multiplied like flies, while another race of the same blood, and under nearly the same conditions — the French peasantry under Louis XV. — were slowly perishing away. The negro slaves of the South, amid all their toil, and with all their poor food, increased faster than their masters. Statistics show that the English people in the western states of the Union tend always to increase, though the same people in the eastern states are dying slowly out; while a people as brave, as strong, and once as prosperous as they are, with lands as wide and far more fertile, with a history of conquest behind them, and everything to gain from the increase of their numbers, is stationary everywhere, and in some places slowly receding. If there is a law proportioning population to means of subsistence, why do not the Spaniards and Portuguese, who still own wider and fairer territories than we English, fill them up with population; while Mongolians increase till China cannot contain them, and Bengalees multiply under foreign domination until the problem of feeding them is studied as one of the gravest of the future? The fierce, beef-fed islanders of whom Froissart wrote were as well off as ever Englishmen have been, as well off as Ohio citizens are now, yet the population of Britain increased

almost imperceptibly, while in Ohio the same race advances now by leaps and bounds. To talk of epidemics is useless, for it only pushes back the question one step, the secret of liability to epidemics being but one of the secrets of increase or decrease of population.

Indeed it is very doubtful if prosperity or the provision of means of subsistence is the ultimate cause of increase of population, for the upper classes die out sooner than the lower, and one main difficulty of civilization is to keep culture sufficiently hereditary. After a thousand years of feudalism, the "noble" classes of France were ascertained, says De Tocqueville, when the Revolution broke out, not to reach two hundred thousand in number; while the patriciat of Rome, the best-off class that ever existed, died completely out. If the explanation is health, why does not the Jewish race, which has had nearly two thousand years in which to spread abroad, which thrives in all climates and under all conditions, which suffers less than any from epidemics, and which three thousand years ago established a sanitary code, number two hundred millions, as, had they been Englishmen, they would have done? They were oppressed? Yes, and so were the Irish, and so are the Chinese and the Bengalees, with at least as grievous an oppression, different as it may be in kind. Why do not the well-to-do, brave, and physically powerful Parsees show any tendency to regain the numbers they possessed before the Mussulmans so nearly extirpated them? If the secret is race, why did the Greek people, after swarming over the islands and Asia Minor and Egypt, leave off spreading and become stationary? Nobody is oppressing Greeks in Greece, and yet Greece is not filled up. *Why* is not an island like Samos eaten up, as Ireland was, by its own children? "Peasant-proprietorship," answers the *Times*, which, with equal division of property, always tends to keep down the number of a population afraid to become too poor. Very good; that is definite and intelligible; but will the *Times* just explain why those other peasant-proprietors, the majority of men in the United States, do not die out, while their rivals, the Spaniards in South America do; or why Bengalees, every one of whom is a peasant-proprietor living under the most peremptory law of equal division of property, are becoming too numerous for their land? It is all climate? Very good, but which climate breeds large races? We English grow and grow in the north, and

the Bengalees grow and grow in the south, and Provençals do not grow in their lovely land, and Italians grow slowly in their equally lovely one, and the Spaniards in Chili, which is Italy over again, are nearly stationary; while the Irish, in their cold, humid country, grow too fast, till nature avenged herself in a frightful famine. Why does not a race like the Dutch, which can colonize, and fight, and sail ships, and blunder about the world just as we and the Germans do, grow out of its dykes, as either of the kindred families would? There is no room? There is endless room in Scandinavia and Holstein, and the Scandinavians and Holsteiners, who once settled here and in America have grown to seventy millions, in their own territories scarcely grow at all. Is it religion? Well, the five most rapidly increasing races are the English Protestants, the Irish Catholics, the German Freethinkers, the Bengalee idolaters, and the Chinese worshippers of the Manchester ideas. Is it virtue? Chinese swarm, and Puritans decay. Is it energy, the extraordinary force which appears in each race at some moments of its history, and after a longer or shorter period dies out? Well, there is something to be said for that solution, vague and indefinite as it is. The great period of some races, as the Roman, the Spanish, the Arab, has been synchronous with their swarming period; but still that does not explain facts like the population of Ireland, or the increase of the negroes in slavery, or the advance of the Bengalees, or the swarming-out of the Chinese everywhere, or, above all, the increase believed, on strong evidence, to be occurring among the Slavons. The French must have increased once, why not again? The English population fell back once, why not again? The circumstances of, say, Michigan, are said to be so fortunate that the filling-up of Michigan without immigration would cause no surprise; but why should Michigan fill faster than the South-African settlements, which fill so slowly that after Europe has possessed them for a hundred years, it is doubtful whether tribes in nothing raised above the red Indians, and in religion decidedly below them, may not eat up the white man after all? The plain truth of the matter is that we have not discovered the law on which the increase and decrease of the races of man depends, and that therefore all these hymns now sung over our colonizing capacity, and these rather exulting dirges over the decay of France, may be caused by move-

ments which in the long life of nations must be pronounced only momentary. Numbers for numbers, the Portuguese did more to colonize the world than we have done, and took up a higher position in it, and except when she worries us by claiming some South-African port, or some West-African slave-trader, who thinks of Portugal now?

From The Saturday Review.

THE LIMITS OF FICTION.

IT is a sudden transition to pass from the novel as it was left by Sterne to its latest development in the work of a writer like George Eliot. The distance is almost too great to be spanned by a single term of art. In such a novel as "Romola" the limits of prose fiction may be said to be reached. We do not speak now of the merit of the book judged by the standard it creates, nor of the individual genius of its author; we are concerned at the moment only with the scope of its attempt. The writer of prose fiction has here entered into rivalry with the poetic dramatist. Still retaining the machinery of the novel, with its faithful record of the actual progress of life, and its method of grouping together petty occurrences and small passions, the novelist now seeks to fathom the profoundest problems of the soul. Fiction is no longer content to picture manners, or to stop short at an understanding of the vices and virtues that float to the surface of common life. Accepting the title and the duties of an artist, the novel-writer has become at each step more ambitious in his desire for profound truth and more eager to treat of an ideal existence. All that he now claims in distinction from the poet is greater freedom in the methods of workmanship. He will deal with motives and passions that are of poetic height and grandeur, but he will take the liberty of revealing these motives and passions by a machinery more minute in its working than the poet is permitted to use. He keeps in this way the earlier function of the novelist—to record the common every-day routine of life—and, in addition, he uses his right of trivial description to aid the expression of the deepest thoughts and emotions. To laugh at the follies of society or to ridicule its petty vices no longer survives as the main purpose of the writer of fiction. His work now claims to be judged by the rules applicable to the judgment of a great poem or

a great picture; it stands or falls by its purely artistic value. The earlier ambition of the novelist to be a deliberate satirist of manners may be said to have found its last considerable expression in "Vanity Fair." Since then, even in Thackeray's own works, and more decidedly in the works of others, all that is merely satirical has held a subordinate place. Manners are painted, but without regard to their folly or their fitness, their value to the author consisting solely in the means they afford of expressing character or emotion. The strict localization of the scene, which was at first only tentatively employed, is now diligently studied. To each person of the drama is given his appropriate setting, and even his particular costume is not thought unworthy of description. And these principles of workmanship are combined with a largeness of design that will more than bear comparison with any of the works where a broader method of treatment was employed.

It must be remembered in considering the two schools of fiction that the poetry of the last century approached very near to the region of prose. What was attempted by the satiric and moral verse of the time in exposing the vices of society could be done more fully, if not so finely, by prose, and there was no wrongful encroachment upon alien soil when the novelist undertook to perform work which poetry could very well leave undone. But the level that existed then between these two branches of art could not always be maintained on the same terms. Poetry has had a new birth and has learned a higher flight since the last century, and it by no means follows that prose fiction will be able to fill the enlarged domain. The question will arise whether in such a work as "Romola" the limits of the art are not overstepped? We may be inclined to ask whether the profoundest problems of character can be fitly treated by artists who have hitherto accepted cheerfully the lesser duty of picturing manners. To some it will seem that the novel is unduly weighted by its new burdens, and that its machinery is not the best for the lately chosen task. Poetry, with its right to select the supreme moments of life, and to suggest by its mode of expression the harmony it seeks to find in human action, can do with ease what prose only laboriously attempts. The poet is not fettered by the need of a precise portraiture of vestments as well as

of the individualities they clothe. He can neglect the manners which form the material of the novelist, and transport each character at once to an ideal world with only so much surrounding of circumstances as may assist the expression of the highest truth. But the point specially to be noted is that this enlargement of the general scope of the novel has been accompanied by an increasing regard for exactness in detail. In the novel of Fielding or Smollett the action never passes out of the region of comedy. The ills described are never such as the climax may not cure, and the characters, although very human in their constant frailty, are not penetrated by any very profound human emotion. The imagination scarcely entered into the work in the sense in which it is now used by the most gifted writers of fiction, and yet the treatment is always broad and bold as compared with the minute and careful style that is now practised. The secret of this later method is to be found, as we have hinted, in the novel of Sterne. He was the first to anticipate the modern manner of intense and watchful portraiture, and to seek for the larger meaning of art by a perfect embodiment of the individual. In "Tristram Shandy" we find a deliberate attempt to reproduce the drama of every-day life. The dialogue is no longer a mere reflex of the artificial utterances of the theatre; it is an exact and faithful imitation of common speech. Much that is extravagant does not destroy the value of the quiet scenes wherein the characters are revealed. Social failings do not occupy the same importance as in the works of Fielding, and, although the tendency to discursiveness is certainly not less, we are conscious throughout that the author's supreme motive is to reveal, and to leave with us, perfect portraits of his creations. And this also is the desire of the modern novelist. He rejects the temper and manner of the satirist, for he is not so much concerned to castigate folly as to present certain individual portraits, and to this end he records with anxious particularity whatever may give vividness and truth to the picture. The wider significance of fiction, which in Fielding's art was obtained by the exercise of satiric power employed upon rich resources of observation, is now seldom sought and still more seldom found. In the highest development of modern fiction this larger meaning is gained by a study of the problems hitherto reserved for poetry.